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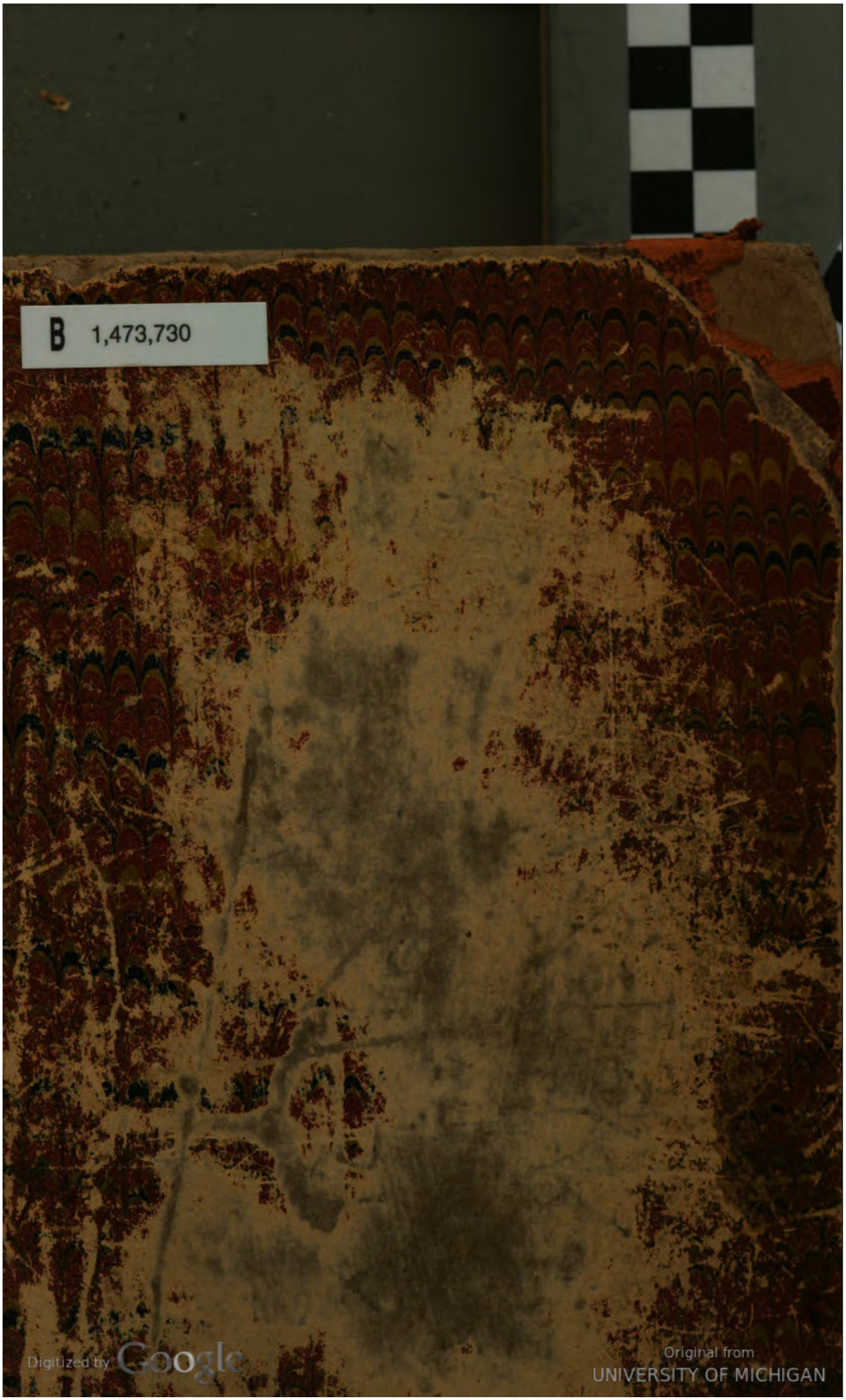


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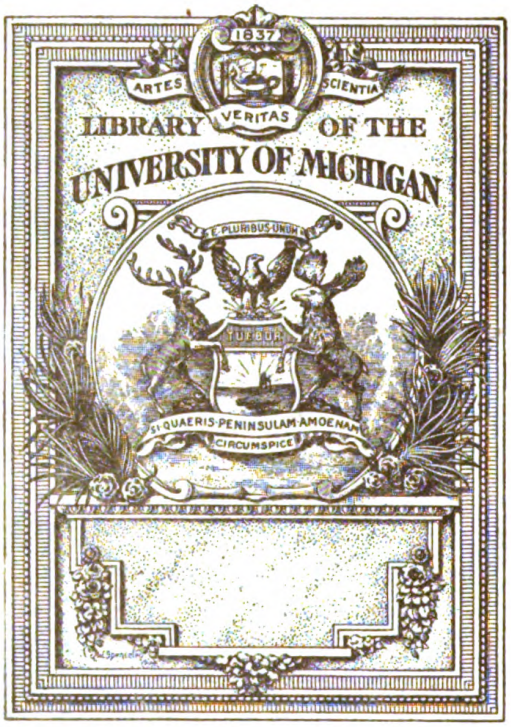
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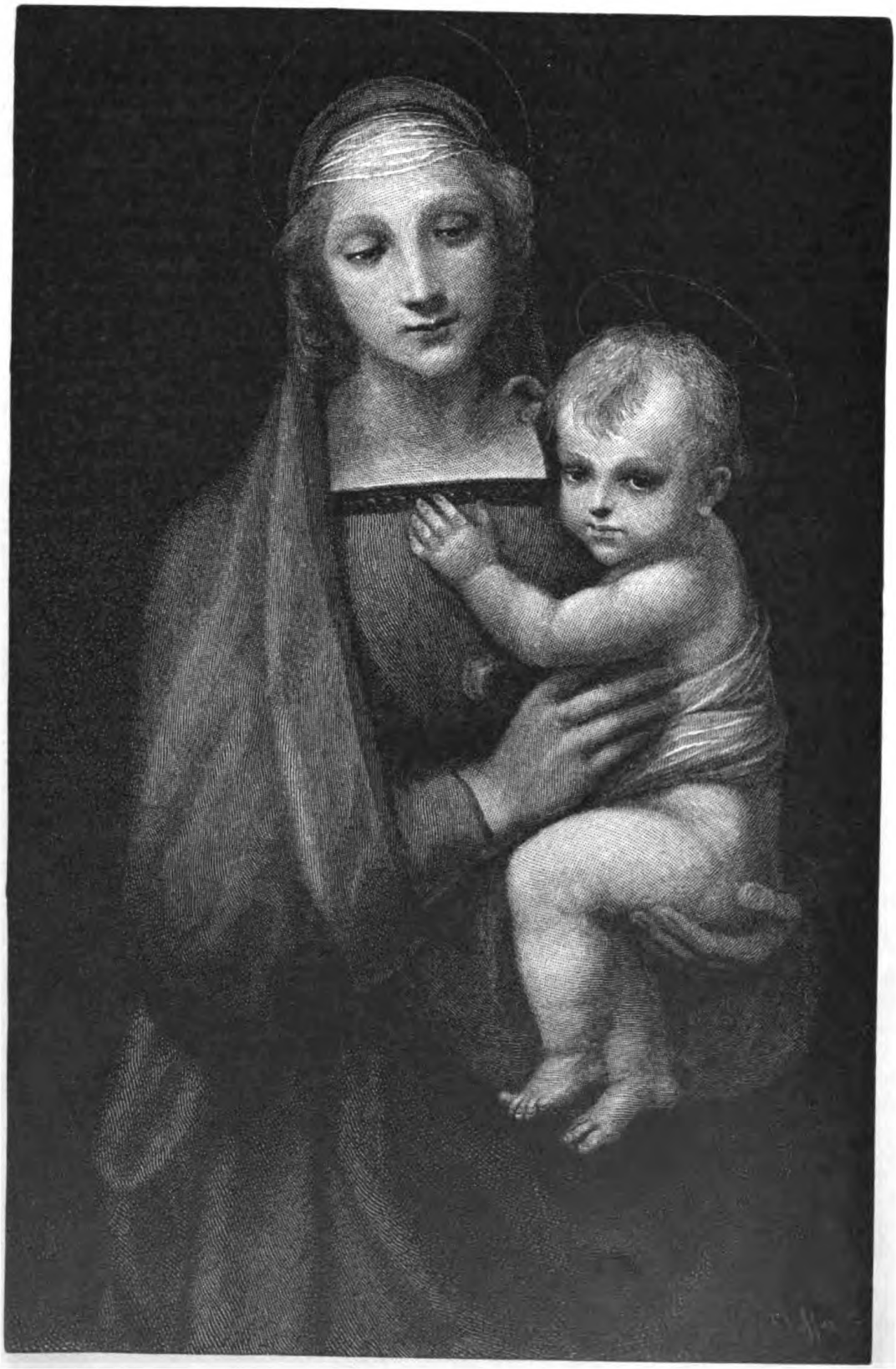
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THE MADONNA DEL GRANDUCA.
From Raphael's Painting in the Pitti Gallery, Florence.—Engraved by W. B. Closson.

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXII. DECEMBER, 1885. No. CCCCXXVII.

THE NATIVITY IN ART.



FROM SARCOPHAGUS OF FOURTH CENTURY.

THE great cycle of divine events which is exhibited in the Bible is divided into two series, the Old Testament history and the Gospel history. The dividing point is a fact, the crown and culmination of the first series, the germ and beginning of the second. The theophanies of the Old Testament are all surpassed and summed up, the redemption history of the New Testament is opened and secured, in the *Nativity of Christ*. The personal entrance of God into humanity, the visible coming of the Saviour who is to redeem the world, the historical appearance of the Eternal Word in mortal flesh, the birth of the divine Jesus in Bethlehem of Judæa, is the central fact of Christianity. It is the foundation not only of its own specific doctrines of the Incarnation, but of all the others which are most essential to the system. It is the great miracle which makes the miraculous credible. Take this away, and the whole fabric falls in ruins. The Old Testament is falsified because its prophecies remain unfulfilled. The New Testament is reduced to insignificance because its central figure becomes unreal, and all its events lose the heart of their meaning. This fact is pivotal. Accept this as real, believe that the Son of God was conceived of the Holy Ghost and born of the Virgin Mary in the stable at Bethlehem, and the entire cycle of Christian truth becomes clear, beautiful, harmonious, and credible.

It would fall quite outside the scope of this article to attempt any proof or disproof of this historical fact. What I want to do is simply to show the place which it has taken and the treatment which it has received in Christian art. What has the Nativity meant to those who have believed in it, and how has this meaning been interpreted to the imagination of the faithful in stone and on canvas?

And here, at the very outset, we meet with something strange and surprising. Should we not expect to find that from the beginning the Nativity has been the favorite theme of Christian art, the subject with which the reverent fancy of the infant church has occupied itself most frequently and most fondly, the scene which occurs earliest and is most constantly repeated in the pictorial illustrations of the Gospel history? So the majority of essayists who have written upon this subject have told us. But they have not told exactly the truth. Their statements come rather from a sense of what ought to be than from an accurate knowledge of what is. As a matter of fact, the Nativity does not appear in any form of art until the fourth century; it is represented less frequently than many other events both of the Old and of the New Testament history; it does not begin to appear in a central and dominant position until the thirteenth century, and it falls again, at the close of the sixteenth century, into a comparative neglect.

What are the reasons of this?—for reasons there must be, and not merely theoretical explanations, but actual historical causes. An individual may suppress or divert the play of his feelings according to rule or whim. He may exalt or depress an event in his imagination, he may choose or refuse to picture it with his mind or his hand, for purposes which are artificial and premeditated. But a community, a generation of men, is more natural and naïve. Its legends, its literature, and,

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above all, its art, inevitably betray its inmost thought and feeling. If the Nativity is pictured but rarely in early Christian art, it is simply because the early Christians did not think very often or feel very deeply about the Nativity.

But this reason is itself so strange and wonderful that we can not help looking behind it for a further explanation. We must find the reasons of the reason; and to do this we must understand something of the inmost life and thought of the primitive church in the first three centuries. Here we enter at once into a dim and misty region. The systems of Christian doctrines are not yet elaborated. The order of church festivals is not yet established. Even the canon of Holy Scripture remains in partial uncertainty and confusion. But a few great facts loom up massively in the twilight, so that we can hardly mistake them.

And first of all, we feel the predominant influence of the Resurrection on the thought of the early Christians. This was for them incomparably the greatest event in the history of Christ, because it was the pledge and proof not only of His Messiahship, but also of their own immortality. His crucifixion was inseparably connected with it, as the consummation of His redeeming work. The entire history of salvation was summed up for them in the words "He died for our sins and rose again for our justification." They did not feel any pressing need of looking beyond this to inquire how Christ came into the world, or what connection there was between His birth and His atoning death. It was enough for them that He was there, that He had been crucified and raised again for the world's redemption; and therefore they were content to centre their thought and feeling upon the festival of Easter, in which these two great events were commemorated. Moreover, the predominant element in their conception of Christ was the thought of His divinity. All the apostles, many of the other disciples, had seen Him in His resurrection glory; none of them had looked upon Him as a helpless babe in the cradle. Especially the controlling mind of St. Paul was filled with the glory of the only form in which he had ever seen the Christ—that form of splendor shining above the brightness of the Syrian noon—and dwelt naturally upon the vision of divine majesty rather than upon the lowly picture of human infancy. The epistles were written before the gospels; and of the gospels only one lingers with tender emotion upon the details of the birth in Bethlehem. Perhaps the early Christians feared to weaken their sense of Christ's present exaltation by dwelling too much upon His past humiliation. Certainly they were more willing to give up His humanity than to limit in any way their assertion of His divinity. The earliest heresy was Doketism, which reduced the human nature of Christ to an illusion, a mere mask and simulacrum of manhood; and throughout the first three centuries we find only here and there one of the church fathers who seems to realize that Jesus was truly bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh.

This was unfortunate in many ways, but it was not unnatural; for we must remember that humanity was not very humane to the early Christians. This world was a hard home to them. Indeed, it was not a home at all; they did not regard it so. They were oppressed and persecuted and martyred, alike by Jews and by pagans. It was no benefit to them to be born. To die was their true escape and felicity. And so it came to pass naturally that they lived entirely in the heavenly future, despising the present life, and celebrating the martyrs' death-days as their true birthdays. Thus the great Origen, in a homily on Leviticus, xii. 2, assures his hearers that "none of the saints can be found who ever held a feast or a banquet upon his birthday, or rejoiced on the day when his son or his daughter was born. But sinners rejoice and make merry on such days. For we find in the Old Testament that Pharaoh, King of Egypt, celebrated his birthday with a feast, and that Herod, in the New Testament, did the same. But the saints not only neglect to mark the day of their birth with festivity, but also, filled with the Holy Ghost, they curse this day, after the example of Job and Jeremiah and David." While the leading teacher of the church was holding forth after this wise, we can hardly expect to find the Christians thinking much about the Nativity, or dreaming of a celebration of Christmas. They regarded the entrance of the Son of God into humanity as an incidental circumstance in the history of redemption. It was necessary, merely, as one must pass through a door in order to get into the room where one is to work. It was a shameful humiliation, but with-

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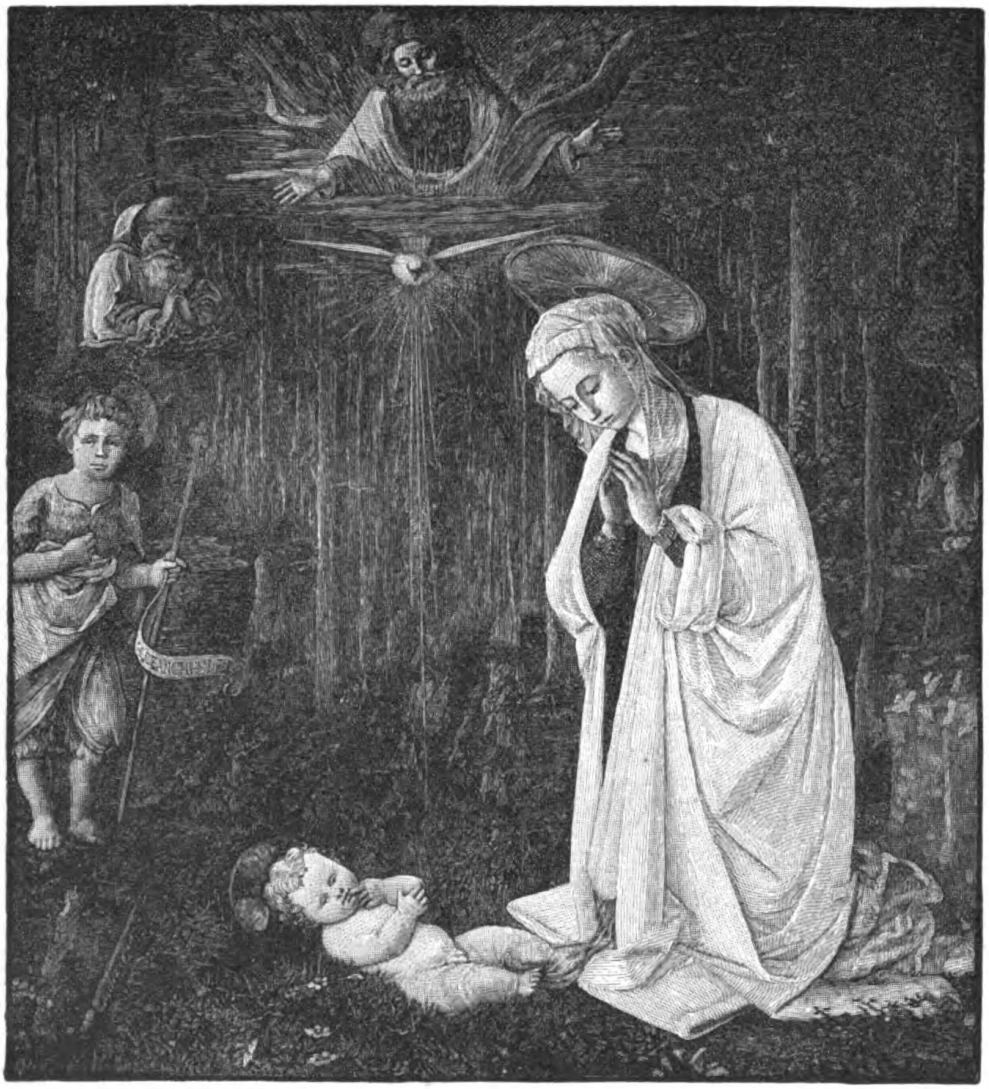
"THE MANGER."—GIOTTO.

out special significance. They had grasped the great doctrine of Atonement, but they had not yet taken hold of the larger doctrine of Incarnation. They believed that Christ was born in order that He might die: they had not yet come to see that He had to die because He had been born.

I do not mean to assert that this was the universal and unbroken condition of thought and feeling in the church during the first three centuries. There were some men in advance of their age who had learned to think of the whole life of Christ in its unity as a life for and with man, crowned by His vicarious death and resurrection. Irenæus in particular is worthy of special mention and enduring honor as the first of the fathers to bring out the unfolding of all the stages of human life in Jesus Christ; and even though he had never written another word than this, he deserves to be immortal in the memory of the church for having said, "The Son of God became a child among the children in order that childhood might be made holy."

This sentence holds the heart of Christmas. But it was not until long after it was uttered, it was not until the latter half of the fourth century, that the church at large began to feel and to unfold its meaning. Then it was that she emerged from the storm of persecution into the sunshine of imperial favor. Then she saw that she

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"THE VIRGIN IN A WOOD."—FILIPPO LIPPI.

had a work to do here on earth in the cleansing and adorning of human life with the beauty of holiness. Then she realized that patient suffering and faithful death were not the only duties of the Christian, but that, following God in love, it was possible to begin in this world the purity and peace of heaven. Then she began to feel the wondrous significance of the living entrance of the Son of God into the life of man, and his perfect pattern of holiness in every human relation. Then she passed from the lower conception of a church saved out of the world, to the higher conception of a world to be saved through the ministry of the church, a natural year to be transformed by reverent devotion and wholesome piety into the Christian year, a redeeming life as well as an atoning death of Christ, to be preserved in living remembrance by the perpetual commemoration of its chief events. Then it was that, opening her heart to the humanity of religion, she began to draw near to the humanity of Jesus, and to seek with eager interest for the day of His birth that she might make it holy.

But what clew was there to direct the search? What reason could be given for choosing one day rather than another for the Christmas festival? The gospels, always meagre in dates, were quite silent here. They gave no hint of the day or month of the Nativity. Oral tradition, we may be sure, was equally reticent or

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indifferent. There were, indeed, a few scattered suggestions of the date of Christ's birth floating here and there among the writings of the fathers; but these were all of late origin, manifestly unhistorical, and, above all, quite contradictory. Clement of Alexandria said that many Christians regarded the 20th of May as the day of the Nativity, others preferred the 20th of April, but he favored the 19th of November. In the Eastern Church the 5th or 6th of January was celebrated as the date of Christ's baptism, and the Nativity was joined with this on no better ground than a forced interpretation of Ezekiel, i. 1–3, as a prophecy of the Incarnation.



"MATER PIA."—LUCA DELLA ROBBIA.

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"THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS."—GHIRLANDAJO.

Others again fixed upon the 21st of March as the day of Christ's birth. Between such varying and slightly supported assumptions there was little to choose. A historical date was clearly out of the question. Nothing was left for the church to do but to select some day on grounds of convenience and symbolic significance, and celebrate it by common consent as Christmas Day.

It would take too long for me to trace the many reasons which probably led to the choice of the 25th of December. It was doubtless connected by a process of deduction with the day which had already been generally accepted as the common date of the Annunciation and of the creation of the world. Assuming that the world was made in the spring, because it was commanded to bring forth grass and herbs, and that it was made when light and darkness were equally divided, because "the evening and the morning were the first day," it was natural, though somewhat naïve, to fix upon the vernal equinox (according to the Julian calendar, March 25) as the exact date of the creation. He who could question the value of such a straightforward and scriptural argument as this must have had more logic and less piety than belonged to the early Christians. And once having discovered by this easy method the very day on which the world came into being, and the glorious light sprang out of darkness, what more simple than to as-

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"THE NATIVITY."—BERNARDINO LUINI.

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sume that it was the same day on which the power of the Almighty overshadowed Mary, and the "Day-spring from on high" began His entrance into the world? Nothing could be plainer. Even the least imaginative of chronographers could reckon forward from this fixed point of the Annunciation nine months, and arrive at December 25 as the day of the Nativity. And here another wonderful coincidence meets him. This is the day of the winter solstice, the day when the world's darkness begins to lessen, and the world's light to grow; the day which the ancient world had long celebrated as the birthday of the sun—*dies natalis solis invicti:* what more appropriate day could be found for the birth of the "Sun of Righteousness"? "Behold, my brethren," says St. Augustine, "another instance of the wondrous fulfillment of Scripture. St. John the Baptist is born on June 25, the summer solstice, when the sun begins to decline. The Lord Jesus is born on December 25, the winter solstice, when the sun begins to ascend. And in this is fulfilled the saying, 'He must increase, but I must decrease.'"

Does any disciple of modern criticism sneer at this very simple exegesis? Does he venture to think that the early Christians may have been very pious, but must have been even more foolish? Nay, my self-satisfied but otherwise discontented friend, it is you who are foolish, when you suppose that the early Christians imagined that they were making history, or settling chronology as a science, by these simple speculations. Other and later commentators, the fathers of the "Hard Church," like Archbishop Usher, may have thought their elaborate conclusions definite and exact. But in the primitive age faith was less mathematical, and all that the early Christians ever meant to do was to bind their devotions into harmony with the year of nature, and utter their profound belief in the vital unity of the life of Christ with the life of the world. Creation and redemption, resurrection and daybreak, nativity and the returning of the unconquered sun—these are united in the thought of God, and in the gratitude of man. And though the shepherds of Bethlehem may not have watched in the fields by night amid the rigors of midwinter, though the tax registration of Publius Sulpicius Quirinus may not have taken place in December, every heart that feels the simplicity and beauty of the Christian faith can join in the gladness of that Christmas Day which has been consecrated by centuries of holy joy, and which celebrates the forthcoming of a new light from the darkest and longest of the nights of earth.

The earliest mention of the 25th of December as Christmas Day is found in an ancient catalogue of church festivals about 354 A.D. And it is surprising to see with what alacrity the date was received and the Nativity celebrated throughout Christendom. It seems as if the world had been waiting for this festival of divine and human childhood, and was ready to welcome it at once with songs of joy. In the year 360 it was already celebrated in Rome by vast multitudes thronging the churches. Twenty years later, Antioch had taken it up with great popular enthusiasm. And in little more than fifty years from its earliest suggestion, the observance of December 25 as the day of the Nativity had become the universal practice of Christians. St. Chrysostom, in a Christmas sermon preached at Antioch, called it the fundamental feast, or the root from which all other Christian festivals grow.

It is precisely at this time, the latter part of the fourth century, when the Christmas festival begins to take its place in the church year, that the Nativity makes its appearance in art. In the church of St. Celsus at Milan there is a rude stone sarcophagus carved in relief with five scenes from the life of Christ. The first of these is probably one of the oldest known representations of the birth of Jesus. It is a rude and simple carving, as the engraving at the beginning of this article shows. It was cut by some unknown hand of little skill, and as a work of art, in the technical sense, it is hardly worthy of a moment's notice; but as a revelation of child-like faith and reverent feeling, it is most precious. See how simply and yet how truthfully the humble stone-cutter has told the story. The child, wrapped in swaddling-clothes, lies in a manger. The thatched roof which covers it is evidently the roof of a stable; for this primitive artist knows nothing of the later tradition which laid the scene of Jesus' birth in a grotto. The ox and the ass are there, not chosen by chance from the possible inhabitants of a stable, but with reference to the words of the ancient prophet: "The ox knoweth his owner,

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"LA NOTTE."—CORREGGIO.

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"THE ADORATION."—ROGER VANDER WEYDEN.

and the ass his master's crib, but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider." None of the great and wise men of the nation are present, not even a group of lowly and pious peasants have assembled to welcome the coming of the Lord. Every line of this simple carving tells of the poverty, the humility, the obscurity, in which the babe Jesus was born.

But where is the Virgin Mary, the holy mother? and where is Joseph, her husband and protector? Even these familiar figures are absent, hidden in the background, or left out at the side of the picture; for the artist will have all our thought and love fixed upon the central figure, the innocent and helpless child in the strange cradle. He has not yet learned to divide the honors of the divine Son with the favored mother, nor turned from the lowliness of infancy to spend his skill upon the fancied splendors of a deified womanhood. Other and later artists will centre their reverence upon the handmaid, but this man exalts her Lord; for the worship of Mary has not yet begun, and the simple stone-cutter knows nothing of "the Queen of Heaven."

But one ray of heavenly glory he must have—one touch to show that this birth, so lowly to the outward eye, has a divine significance. And so above the roof he puts an angel, with his right hand lifted in wonder at the sight, and his left hand bearing a cross, the sign of the way of suffering and death in which Jesus must

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afterward walk. Thus reverently and with an admirable reserve does our old carver of stone coffins tell us what he thinks of the Nativity, and with not a stroke too much or too little for his meaning, he leaves the Christ-child lying alone in deep and solemn stillness between the beasts of the stall and the angel of God.

"Oh," but you say, "no one can really admire such rude and primitive work as this. It is coarse and stiff, like a child's drawing on a slate. It is positively ugly, and to pretend to like it is the merest affectation of a singular taste."

Granted at once, if by liking it you mean liking the execution, or if by admiration you mean the mere pleasure of the eye. There is nothing here to wonder at



"HOLY FAMILY."—ALBERT DÜRER.

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in the way of technique, and I suppose there are a hundred pupils at the Cooper Union or South Kensington to-day who could do better modelling. But the spirit, the sentiment, the straightforward honesty, the dignified reticence, show us that this man knew what the Nativity meant, and pictured it because he believed in it and loved it. This is more than we can always say of Raphael or Rubens. And, after all, this is the principal thing. For though we demand something more than pure feeling and honest expression for the production of perfect art, yet if we must absolutely choose between perfection of technique and sincerity of purpose, surely we will keep the heart rather than the face.

But if we look, and not unnaturally, for men who shall have the skill and training to express their thought of the Nativity with some approach to symmetry and life-likeness, we must pass by the sarcophagi and mosaics and menologies of Byzantine art, with all their curious symbolic traditions, and come down to the time of Giotto, the true beginner of the Italian Renaissance. Here is a man who knows how to paint. We may laugh at his ideas of perspective, and compare the limbs and garments of his figures to those of the wooden puppets in a Noah's ark. We may observe that when he wishes to represent a figure lying down he simply tips it over on its side or face without breaking a joint or relaxing a muscle. But, for all that, we can not help seeing that his people are alive; they may not have blood visibly coursing beneath the skin, like Titian's, but they have thought and feeling in their faces, and they are really taking part in events of the greatest importance to them and to us.

Look at this "Nativity," copied from one of the frescoes in the lonely, neglected Chapel of the Arena in Padua. Impossible rocks, the most childish attempt at a stable, an absurdly somnolent Joseph, five ligneous sheep, and a goat like a unicorn; but above the roof there is the music of heaven, and within the narrow stall there is the holiest joy of earth, for the virgin mother is reaching out her arms to fold her new-born child for the first time to her breast. There is a tenderness of love, a wondering solicitude, in her face and in her touch that none but a great poet could ever have conceived. Three of the angels in the sky are lifting up their hands in adoration—"Glory to God in the highest"; one of them is stooping to tell the shepherds his glad tidings of "good-will to men"; but the fifth angel bends with folded hands of silent reverence above the couch in the stable; and we feel that here indeed is "peace on earth," a peace of which every mother's heart knows something.

This was the best that the fourteenth century could do, and for a hundred years afterward the world saw nothing else so good. Fra Angelico touched the Nativity with his own purity and reverence of spirit; but he needed the vision of paradise to call forth his best work. He was never quite at home on earth, even in Bethlehem. Masaccio might have interpreted the scene with a power even beyond that of Giotto, but in his too brief life he was not called, or did not choose, to treat this subject. And the other painters merely lent themselves, as devotees of the growing worship of Mary, to the adornment of the Virgin's crown and robe with gems, and her transformation from the lowly maiden mother into a queenly figure fitted to take her place among goddesses as a sort of Christian Juno. It is enough to mention in this connection the work of Simone Martini, Gentile da Fabriano, and the Murani. Only a jeweller's show-window could reproduce the opulent glories of their pictures.

But about 1420 there came an orphan lad into the Carmelite monastery at Florence who was destined at once to bring much discredit upon the brotherhood and to do great service to art. His brush was delightfully natural, but his life carried the pursuit of nature somewhat to excess. Impulsive, ardent, pleasure-loving, irresponsible—a bad boy in a cowl—Brother Filippo Lippi was continually breaking convent bounds, undertaking wild adventures, falling into evil company, and doing that which he ought not to have done. But he did some things which he ought to have done, and through all his wanderings he must have preserved somewhere in his turbulent breast a spring of pure imagination, for no man has painted the Nativity with more delicacy and sentiment than he. The "Virgin in a Wood," which is one of the treasures of the Berlin Museum, shows us what beautiful work the old monk could do. I remember well my first sight of this picture. Hitherto the "old masters" had seemed unattract-

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"THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS."—MURILLO.

ive and dry. And this little panel of sombre green with its few spots of light—could anything be more stupid, or less worthy of its stars in the catalogue? So I thought as I first looked at it; but as I passed it again and again, and began to linger a little before it, trying to reach its secret, something in the slender grace, the sweet humility, of this virgin's figure, the simplicity of the child looking up from its bed of wild flowers (each one painted as carefully as if the artist loved it), a breath of poetry from the dark cool shadows of the wood fascinated me more and more, and at last I appreciated my first "old master."

This picture is a beautiful illustration of a mode of treating the Nativity which afterward became a favorite with Italian painters. The scene, the locality, the historical accessories of the event are disregarded. The Virgin's loving adoration for her Saviour, who has come into the world as her son, becomes the central idea. It is not the *Mater Dei* of theology, but the *Mater Pia* of the human heart. Every mother thinks her child wonderful, but most of all this mother, who beholds the Light of the World lying in her cradle. As Jeremy Taylor sweetly says, "She blesses Him, she worships Him, she thanks Him that He would be born of her."

Sometimes the Virgin's adoration is offered in the shady stillness of a grove, as in this picture of Brother Filippo's, while the Father bends above, and the Sacred Dove flies downward, and St. Bernard

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kneels in the background, with young St. John beside him. Sometimes the scene is in a garden, as in Francia's most lovely picture, where the Virgin stands alone before her babe, with hands crossed upon her breast, and behind her a paling covered with roses, in allusion to the verse in Canticles, "My love is a garden inclosed." Sometimes the angels, visible to us but invisible to the mother, come fluttering around and kneeling to the child. And sometimes a row of saints and the donors of the picture join in the worship. It was thus that Perugino delighted to paint this subject; and his saintly spectators, with all their heads a little on one side, and their hands reverently folded, seem almost as if they belonged to the scene.

Mrs. Jameson has classed these pictures of the "Adoring Mother" among the Madonnas rather than among the Nativities. But I venture to think she is wrong in this, for certainly in such pictures as I have mentioned the germinal idea is the wonder of the Incarnation; and not only Mary's adoration, but our own, is directed to the divine babe. Indeed, it seems to me that there is a fundamental error in Mrs. Jameson's general conception of the place which the Nativity occupies in art. She makes it belong to the "Legends of the Madonna," instead of treating it as part of the "Life of our Lord." I know the dividing line between these two cycles is slight and difficult to trace, and doubtless many of the pictures of the Nativity were painted more for the sake of the Virgin Mary than for the sake of her child. But still, art in its pure beginnings, as we have already seen, and in its highest development, as we shall hereafter see, was true to itself and to the gospel story in making the divine child the central figure, and waking our reverence for the holy mother chiefly by the beauty of her reverence for her son.

We may find another illustration of this in Luca della Robbia's exquisite bass-relief in Verona. This artist was the legitimate successor of Brother Filippo, working not on canvas, but in glazed terra-cotta. He caught the half-humorous, half-pathetic beauty of infantile faces as no one else has ever done before or since. There is the same sentimental delicacy in this bit of pottery that we saw in Lippi's picture, and the kneeling Virgin might almost have been studied from the painting. The same slender neck, fair waving hair, long fingers sensitive to the very tips, and face of gentle, almost tremulous delight. But Luca's Christ-child has more life and beauty than Filippo's. Delicate fleecy clouds float above His head. A family of loveliest angels, all alike, yet different as children of the same house, cluster about the Heavenly Father; and lest we should forget that they are singing, Luca has given us the score of the "Gloria in Excelsis" in the centre of the panel.

With the second generation of Florentine painters we come to the period which was most fertile in pictures of the Nativity. Pollajuolo, Ghirlandajo, Botticelli, and the whole "goldsmith school" brought a new knowledge of anatomy and technique, a new conception of humanity, and a new liberty of treatment into the field of Christian art. They did not hesitate to introduce details of classical architecture and portraits of living persons into their sacred pictures. They took great pains to make the ox and the ass more life-like, and filled the background with glimpses of fair Italian landscape: cities, towns, vineyards, rivers, mountains, ferry-boats, flocks of birds, companies of pilgrims, draw the eye far into the distance, and seem to bring the birth of Christ down into the midst of every-day life. There is a picture by Ghirlandajo which illustrates very clearly the average merits and defects of this school in its treatment of the Nativity. Two Corinthian pillars, evidently brought from some ruined temple, support a rude thatched roof, beneath which the ox and the ass are sheltered. A richly carved sarcophagus, with a Latin inscription, does duty for the manger. The Christ-child lies on the ground in front of it, and the mother worships Him. But she does not quite forget herself. There is less ecstasy and more dignity in her look than Fra Lippi or Luca della Robbia would have given her. And yet she is womanly and beautiful. In the foreground there are two kneeling figures, and a third standing behind them with a lamb in his arms. These represent the shepherds. But they are unmistakable citizens of Florence—portraits (and excellent portraits too), as we can see at a glance. They are grave, cultivated, worldly-wise gentlemen of the Medicean type, knowing about as much of sheep as the first well-dressed acquaint-

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"THE HOLY FAMILY."—DEFREGGER.

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"VIRGIN AND CHILD WITH ANGELS."—A STUDY BY BOUGUEREAU.

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ance whom you may meet in an afternoon walk on Fifth Avenue. It seems strange to us to see them "assisting," as the French say, at the Nativity. It would be a bold painter to-day who would venture to introduce Mr. Cyrus P. Thompson or the Hon. Augustus Jones into a scene from the sacred history, and his picture would be well laughed at. But Ghirlandajo did not think it strange, nor did the Florentines laugh at him. Was it because they had a lower idea of the sacred event, or was it because they had a higher idea of the dignity and worth of humanity than prevails in the nineteenth century? At all events, neither he nor his contemporaries scrupled to represent the merchants and bankers of Florence or Perugia or Bologna as participants in the scenes of the life of Christ.

But the most noticeable feature in this picture of Ghirlandajo's is the background. It is connected with the foreground by the figure of Joseph, who kneels in the centre, and, turning around, looks out beyond the columns into a rich landscape. Following his look, we see a distant city, a rocky hill-side where the angel is appearing to the shepherds, a Roman causeway, and a triumphal arch, through which a long procession is rapidly approaching. Horsemen and footmen, with fluttering robes and rich caparisons—a royal escort for the Kings of Orient—come sweeping onward to the lowly shed. It seems as if the whole world were hastening to give a joyful welcome to the Prince of Peace. It is thus that the painter, a citizen of rich and prosperous and luxurious Florence, has expressed his conception of the meaning of Christmas.

In Umbria another school of artists was at work developing a very different ideal of the Nativity. Silence, mystery, and a deep devotional feeling pervade the pictures of Niccolo Alunno, Perugino, and Francia. The very atmosphere is filled with the clear softness of twilight, and a tender, half-dreamy look rests on all the faces. Venice cherished still another ideal. Stronger, richer, and more earthly in their imagination, the Bellini and their disciples painted the Madonna with less of maidenly grace and more of matronly dignity. The Child lies upon her lap or on a marble balustrade before her, and the mother looks at Him with a face in which there is hardly a trace of deep emotion. She is proud, classical, almost indifferent, a female Christopher (Christ-bearer), and the splendid infant sleeps serenely, or listens with royal approval to the angels who make music for Him with guitar and violin. In Padua the painters were even more influenced by classical models and the spirit of the Renaissance than in Venice. A careful study of their pictures is as good as a lesson in Greek and Roman antiquities; but, with the exception of Mantegna in his simpler moods, they have little to tell us about Bethlehem and the wonderful birth. Lorenzo di Credi, of Florence, combined, more than any other man, the excellences of these different schools, and his numerous Nativities are among the best that ever have been painted.

The appearance of the great triumvirate Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and Raphael Sanzio marks the highest period of Italian art. Each of these men was his own master, although each of them owed much to his instructors. Michael Angelo had perhaps the mightiest and most original genius of the three. But he has left no picture of the Nativity. It is doubtful whether his proud and sombre spirit could have entered into its meaning. His so-called "Holy Family" in the Uffizzi is harsh and unpleasant. Raphael, the apostle of sweetness and light, the worshipper of beauty, the wonderful scholar of Perugino, who so soon surpassed his teacher, and yet in his best work never entirely lost the devout and reverent spirit of his early Umbrian training—Raphael painted the Nativity but seldom. Most of his pictures of the Holy Family centre in the Madonna rather than in the infant, or belong to a later time in the life of Jesus, when He stands as a child at His mother's knee, or plays with the young St. John. The "Adoration of the Shepherds" in the Vatican is painted in his worst and most affected manner. The shepherds are absurd Arcadians and the angels are sanctified fairies. If we wish to understand how Raphael could have painted the Nativity at his best, we must go back to his earlier work, and look at a picture like the "Madonna del Granduca." This is not a Madonna, after all, but a picture of the infant Jesus and His mother. I do not feel that any excuse is needed for presenting this illustration in an article on the Nativity. It has the true Christmas spirit; not Christmas on the street or in the church, but Christmas joy and peace in

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the mother's heart, and Christmas blessing in the eyes of the Child. How sweet and virginal is Mary's downcast face! *Ecce ancilla Domini!* The power of the Most High has overshadowed her, subdued and uplifted, humbled and glorified her, and the Holy Child in her arms presses His cheek lovingly against her shoulder, and looks out gently but somewhat sadly on the world which He has come to save. This little panel is worth a hundred of Raphael's "Entombments" or "Transfigurations." We do not wonder that the Grand Duke Ferdinand III., who bought it in 1799, became so fond of it that he carried it about with him wherever he went, even into exile, and believed that it was a talisman of blessing to his life.

It is common to trace in this picture, which is among the earliest of Raphael's Florentine period, the influence of Perugino. And any one who has become familiar with the tender and devout manner of the old Umbrian can not fail to recognize it here. But, unless I am mistaken, there is also a touch of a more subtle and potent influence in this "Madonna del Granduca." The mighty spirit of Leonardo has exercised its fascination upon the young Raphael, and he has given to the Virgin's face something of that intellectual refinement, that secret spiritual charm, which is so wonderful in the "Madonna of the Lily." The Christ-child also is painted as Leonardo might have imagined Him, with an unfathomable depth of thoughtfulness in His serene eyes.

A thousand times have I regretted that Leonardo did not leave a picture of the Nativity. His "Adoration of the Magi" in the Uffizzi is unfinished. His "Vierge aux Rochers" in the Louvre is unavailable for our present purpose. And so we must content ourselves with an illustration from Bernardino Luini, his noblest disciple. But surely even the wise master himself could hardly have done better work than this picture by "dear little Bernard." It is a true Nativity, idealized enough to lift it above the level of mere photographic literalism, and yet free from the slightest taint of affectation or display. The pilgrim's flask and bag tell the story of the long journey to Bethlehem. The lovely angels bring the air of heaven into the rude stable. The Virgin's figure is sweet and pure beyond description. And Joseph is worthy to kneel beside her. For this last grace especially we thank Luini. Most of the artists have treated Joseph with scant respect. They have represented him as an ugly and decrepit old man. They have shoved him away into a corner, or propped him up against the wall, ridiculously fast asleep. They have almost used him as a comic figure in the scene. The ox and the ass are often more venerable. But Luini, with better authority in the gospel narrative and the earliest traditions of Christian art, has given us a noble and manly Joseph, with a face which corresponds to the dignity and generosity of his conduct. I do not know a lovelier, more serene, and reverent picture of the Nativity than this; and it loses none of its simplicity and sincerity by the touch of intellectual beauty in the Virgin's face, which Luini could only have learned from Leonardo.

But, it may be asked, is such a picture as this true to nature and history? Have we any right to imagine so much beauty and grace in a Jewish peasant maiden? Was not the stable at Bethlehem a dark, mean place, and the Nativity, like every birth, a scene of anguish and confusion? Is there not a touch of falsehood in thus idealizing it and turning it into poetry? If the painter is strictly accurate and literally truthful, will he not feel bound to paint a common girl of the Hebrew people for the Virgin, a Galilean carpenter for Joseph, an ordinary Eastern cattle shed for the stable, and an uncomely infant for the Christ-child? Indeed, we may go further, and ask whether the literally truthful artist will not feel bound to avoid the Nativity altogether as an unseemly subject.

And certainly, if the "truthful artist" is such an idiot as that, he will do well to avoid it, for his touch will only degrade and spoil. Exclude all poetry from the treatment of the Nativity! Why, the very heart and life of it is poetry—not poetic fiction, but *poetic fact*. The Virgin Mary, peasant though she be, is the descendant of a kingly house more ancient and more honored than any of our modern monarchies. She is the crown of womanhood, the flower of virgins, the lily among thorns, the one true princess among Eve's daughters. We bring no dismal idolatries to her shrine, but hands full of white blossoms, and hearts full of sweet thoughts, and words of praise and love for the beauty of her pure motherhood. *Ave Maria, gratia plena! Dominus tecum, benedicta*

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tu in mulieribus! If the angel of God spake thus to her in the humble home at Nazareth, was she not royal by divine grace as well as by human birth? And shall we wonder that the hour of her wondrous exaltation at Bethlehem has gathered to itself melodious songs, and angelic forms, and fair colors, and supernal light, and all grace and loveliness from every age of Christian faith? Read again the opening chapters of St. Luke's gospel, and see if they are not overflowing with the poetry of the Nativity. The heavenly messengers who announce Christ's coming, the old priest Zacharias and his wife Elizabeth, the venerable Anna and Simeon waiting in the temple, Mary herself in her maidenly simplicity, all speak in poetry by a spontaneous impulse. A new star blossoms in the celestial fields, a new music rings through the vault of night, a new worship calls the shepherds from their flocks into the secret shrine of incarnate Divinity. And all this, so far from seeming strange and untruthful to us, must appear only natural, and the strongest confirmation of the truth of the narrative. For if the Nativity is anything at all, if there is any reality in it, it is surely the one supreme event of the world, and not otherwise could the story of it be told. As Horace Bushnell has said: "Having wings in the spiritual outfit of our nature, it would be a kind of celestial impropriety if God's spirit did not spread them here. Why, the very ground ought to let forth its reverberated music, and all the choirs and lyres and ringing cymbals of the creation, between the two horizons and above, ought to be discoursing hymns, and pouring down their joy, even as the stars do light."

I hold, therefore, that no painter can enter into the spirit of the Nativity, or help us to understand the reality of it, who does not feel its poetry, and rise above the dead literalism of painting a faithful description of Oriental costume and Galilean peasants and Syrian sheep, into the mystery and ideal beauty of the Holy Night.

What shall we say, then, of Correggio's "La Notte," that third treasure of the Dresden Gallery, and most popular of all pictures of the Nativity? There is no crude realism here. It is an indubitable poem on canvas. But we may still question a little whether the poetry is exactly of the right kind. It is too lyrical; the movement is overstrained; it lacks repose and delicacy of rhythm. This big shepherd, with his violent gesture of wonder, this woman with contracted brows and hand lifted to shade the dazzle of light, these wonderfully agile celestial limbs vibrating in ecstasy—a man who truly believed in the Nativity, and felt it most profoundly, would have left these out. But Correggio was too excitable, too sensuous, too fond of showing his skill in foreshortening and contrast of light and shade. He was a wonderful artist, but his genius was not pure, sincere, reverent, and therefore there is a touch of affectation in his work. He is like a preacher who tries to say witty or pretty things in a sermon on the life of Christ. We detect the false note, and it spoils our devotion.

But, for all that, the heart of this picture —the mother half embracing, half worshipping her child—remains a marvel of beauty, and the world has a right to love it. It was no new or original idea to make all the light of the stable come from the divine babe. We find it in the Arabic "Gospel of the Infancy"; and one of the fathers says, "When Christ was born His body shone like the sun when it rises." Hugo Vander Goes and many other painters have used the thought. But none has done it so beautifully as Correggio. The glory that streams from the infant is a white, brilliant, supernatural radiance, manifestly of heaven; and away behind the hills the dawning of the earth-light looks cold and gray.

We must turn now from Italy, where we have traced the treatment of the Nativity from the simplest to the most consummate art, to the Northern countries. The early Flemish and German schools of painting afford many examples of the way in which this subject was conceived by the Teutonic mind. I do not think a better illustration can be found than the centre piece of the famous triptych in the Berlin Museum, which is now commonly attributed to Roger Vander Weyden, the greatest pupil of the Van Eycks. The two wings of this painting represent, with great vigor and simplicity, the legendary appearance of the Virgin and Child to the Emperor Augustus, and the three Magi worshipping their star, which wears the form of a radiant infant in the sky. The central panel is a repetition of the familiar theme of the "Adoring Mother." But how different is the manner of the painter here from that

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to which we have grown accustomed in Italy! Here are the hardest forms, the most ungraceful outlines. Definition is carried to excess, and lucidity is sacrificed to sharpness. One feels tempted to adapt the venerable pun of Pope Gregory the Great, and say that the picture is full, not of angels, but of angles. Why is Mary's robe so stiff and her attitude so ungraceful? Why is Joseph so thin and so crooked? Why have the little angels, with their colored wings, such heavy woollen garments? Simply because the painter lived in the North, surrounded by Gothic influences, and not in the South, where the reigning spirit of classic art filled the atmosphere with a subtle sense of physical beauty. If Ghirlandajo had been a Fleming instead of a Tuscan, he would have painted just such pictures as this, with Middleburg instead of Florence in the background, and angular burghers instead of graceful citizens for his models. And even if he had done his best he could not have surpassed old Roger Vander Weyden in the reverent sincerity of his thought, or the patient, faithful skill of his execution. Look at this "Herr Schatzmeister Bladolin," at whose cost the picture was painted for the Middleburg church, and who kneels so gravely in the foreground. Does he not show us how an honest, pious treasurer of that day actually appeared, how he thought (and how all good Christian souls ought to think) of the Nativity? And can we not feel the tender simplicity of the virgin mother as she kneels before her helpless, shining babe? Surely this picture has a charm, a loveliness, of its own, although we may have to wait a little while before it finds us; and Lübke is right when he describes it by a word which has no equivalent in English, *gemüthlich*.

In Albert Dürer the influences which controlled and moulded the development of German art reached their culmination, and in his work we see at once its weakness and its strength. He was, beyond question, a mighty genius, but always and indubitably a Teutonic genius, never breaking, never seeking to break, the narrow bounds of his native environment. He often signed his pictures "A German," or "A Nuremberger"—patriotic but superfluous, for no one who looks at them needs to be told where they were produced. They are genuine; they smack of the soil. Thus, in all his representations of the Nativity and the Holy Family—and they are many—the Virgin is a simple Nuremberg mother in her housewife's dress, the Child is just such an infant as Dürer might have seen in his neighbor's cradle, and the landscape is a wonderful reproduction of what the traveller may find to-day in the quiet corners of Franconia. He treats the theme with what Mr. Comyns Carr has well called "an unflinching realism," which often leads him into ugliness, and sometimes into triviality. We can see some indications of this tendency in the accompanying engraving. The characteristic trait is *domesticity*—a thoroughly German quality—and one certainly poetic enough to be worthily expressed in the most perfect art, but needing always to be guarded against falling into mere *homeliness*, which is quite another thing. Dürer's pictures of the Christ-child and the Virgin always remind me of the old German Christmas carols. We may smile at them, but we can not help loving them.

Rubens and the later masters of Northern art often painted the Nativity, or at least they gave that title to many of their pictures. But I have yet to see one of them which has anything sacred about it except the name. Even Rembrandt, whose etching-needle has so marvellously illumined some of the later scenes from the life of Christ, is coarse when he comes into the stable at Bethlehem. He can not feel the miracle of the Incarnation. And when we come down to Italy at the end of the sixteenth century, we find art completely secularized and degraded. The spirit of devotion, which Raphael and his contemporaries could at least appreciate, although they may not always have felt it personally, has now completely vanished, and the painters are concerned only with "art for art's sake." They give us *chiar-oscuro*, and modelling, and wonderful scenic effects—brawny shepherds, self-conscious virgins, sentimental angels, dazzling contrasts of light and shade, "the 'Gloria' on a brass band"—but the inspiration, the divine light, the sweet music of heaven, are gone, and the birth of Jesus has become an unreality.

In Spain, however, the spirit of sacred art still lived, and it flowered about the middle of the seventeenth century in the last of the great religious painters, Bartolomé Estebán Murillo. He was a child of the people, and a painter for the people of all time. His pictures are known through-

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out the world, and more highly prized than those of any other man except Raphael. He could paint the ragged children of Seville, and the devout monks who were his companions in works of charity, and the glad angels who thronged the heaven of his holy thoughts, with an equal skill. He was humble, reverent, humane, believing, living well up to the light that was given him, loving his art only less than he loved his faith and his fellow-men, doing his duty as well as he could, and dying in honorable poverty. The contrast between him and his great rival, Velasquez, has been admirably described by Mr. Charles B. Curtis in his catalogue of their works, and he sums it all up by saying, "A few admired Velasquez, but all loved Murillo."

This was the man who should touch the Nativity once more with the hand of faith and love, as the earliest artists touched it, but with an incomparably greater skill. Look at this picture of the "Adoration of the Shepherds," from the museum at Madrid. No engraver, however skillful and patient, can hope to render anything more than the cold shadow and suggestion of its wonderful effect. It is a miracle of painting—warm, rich, full of a soft and mellow charm, satisfying the eye with its depth of light and color—and at the same time it overflows with the purest and most sacred feeling. See this old shepherd, with his toil-hardened feet and his rugged head; he does not exaggerate his emotion and fling his arms about like Correggio's giant, but the awe and tenderness of his emotion are manifest in every line of his figure as he kneels with rude, unconscious grace before the new-born Prince of Peace. And how natural, how infantile, yet how serenely divine and luminous, is the Christ-child, over whom His mother bends with mingled solicitude and adoration! Surely there is something more in this picture than what Ruskin slightingly calls a "brown gleam of gypsy Madonnahood." It is a perfect illustration of the old French *Noël*:

> "Dieu parmy les pastoreaux,
> Sous la crèche des toreaux,
> Dans les champs a voulu naistre,
> Et non parmy les arroys
> Des grands princes et des roys—
> Lui des plus grands roys le maistre."

And now whither shall we turn to look for our later pictures of the Nativity? To Nicolas Poussin and the classicists of France? They painted it like a scene from the Roman mythology. To Sir Joshua Reynolds and the portrait school of England? His well-known "Nativity" might as well be called a "Portrait of a Lady and Child." It is probably not too daring to say that it is the worst picture he ever painted. To Teniers and Jan Steen and the Dutchmen? They were in love with vulgarity, and could not see the difference between a peasant and a boor. To Watteau and Boucher and the children of frivolity? We can hardly expect anything serious from butterflies. To Horace Vernet and the clever realists? Palestine of to-day is not a holy land save to the heart of faith, and the mother of Christ was certainly not a Bedouin.

One pale gleam of light comes to us from Germany. Overbeck and his disciples—those strange long-haired Nazarenes who lived together in the deserted monastery of San Isidoro at Rome somewhat as the brotherhood of painter-monks had once lived together in San Marco at Florence—tried to bring back into the nineteenth century the spirit of Fra Angelico. They were religious painters in the true sense of the word, and in their hands the Nativity was treated with reverent feeling, if not with striking power. Ittenbach's "Holy Family with the Lamb," and Carl Müller's lovely picture with the angel in the foreground playing on the viol, have been deservedly admired and (the latter at least) widely circulated in photograph and engraving. But the movement was artificial, and the school of the revival is now extinct.

The English pre-Raphaelites might have done something in the painting of the Nativity which should be worthy to live and be loved. Ruskin predicted, a year or two ago, that Mr. Holman Hunt's lately finished picture of a closely kindred subject—the "Flight into Egypt"—would be "the greatest religious picture of our time." But then Ruskin says also that "by no expedient could England have repressed in him more than it has repressed, by no abnegation could she have received less from him than she has received." And it is certain, be the cause what it may, that the promise of the pre-Raphaelites has hitherto been much beyond their performance in religious art.

Let us take—somewhat at a venture, I

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must confess—two illustrations from living painters whose great success in other lines has won them the widest popularity, Bouguereau, of Paris, and Defregger, of Munich. These pictures are not, strictly speaking, Nativities, but they are near enough to illustrate our theme, and—alas that it should be true!—our most famous painters no longer show us the Holy Night. Of the two, Defregger's has undoubtedly more dignity and more humanity. The head of Joseph, poring over the prophecies of the Messiah, is grand and strong. The Virgin's face has great beauty of a not ignoble type; she is thoroughly maternal. But the Child utterly lacks the touch of divinity; the faint halo about His head is purely apologetic.

Bouguereau's picture (engraved from the pen-and-ink sketch for a larger painting) has a certain airy prettiness which captivates the eye at first, but which does not bear the test of thought and time. The child is only "making believe" to be asleep; and the angels come direct from Paris—their little fingers, so delicately curved backward from their instruments, have a distinctively Parisian air. One of them looks up from her instrument as if to say, "Now isn't this sweet?" Another turns her head over her shoulder, probably to see if her robe hangs gracefully. It is a pretty little scene from a pretty little play. Presently the actors will change their costumes and give us a more modern comedy.

It is an open question whether such religious art as this is better than none at all. But it is not an open question whether America can boast herself over France and Germany in this regard. For when we come to look on this side of the sea for a picture of the Nativity we find simply —nothing. One of the most remarkable and certainly one of the most humiliating, incidents in the history of modern art was the utter failure of the prize competition instituted two years ago by Harper and Brothers for an illustration appropriate to Christmas. It is true that the contest was limited to Americans not over twenty-seven years of age. But then at the two trials some six hundred drawings were sent in, and one would surely think that among so many young devotees of art there must be some able to enter into the spirit of the Nativity and to express it with reasonable lucidity. On the contrary, an able committee of judges could not find a single one of the designs above the level of sheer mediocrity. The collection, as a mass, was an indescribable farrago of absurdities gathered from the whole range of figure and landscape art—mountains, and rivers, and flowers, and birds, and young women in boats, and children standing by the fire-place, and cats, and reindeer, and everything under heaven but the Nativity—in short, such a medley as one may see any day in turning over a collection of Christmas cards. A result like this may well make us question whether Mr. F. D. Millet was not right when he said, in reviewing the competition, "The present popularity of art, to which we refer as a sure sign that we are soon to have a national school of painters, is only the superficial result of an enthusiasm based on fashion, and we must look much further and deeper for the real gauge of the possibilities of our nation in the direction of the fine arts."

For my own part, I believe that true greatness in art will only come with a revival of moral earnestness and faith. Brilliant coloring and correct drawing, splendid landscapes and clever figure-paintings, we may have—indeed, we have them now; but the best art, even from a technical point of view, will not come to us until men see that the one thing worth toiling for is the perfect expression of the noblest thoughts and feelings. And what better test of this could be found than the ability to enter into the meaning of the Nativity? Is the true spirit of Christmas dead—overgrown and choked with trivialities? Must we forever go back to Murillo and Luini and the old masters to catch the light of that serene and holy gladness of Bethlehem? Men paint what they love. Surely there are still some who love the Christ-child shining in His lowly cradle, and the wonder of virginal maternity bending above Him. Surely there is a great and glad welcome waiting for the artist who shall lead us again into the radiant presence of the infant Jesus, and make us sharers in the joy of the Holy Night.

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INDIAN SUMMER.

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XVII.

IN the ensuing fortnight a great many gayeties besides the Egyptian Ball took place, and Colville went wherever he and Imogene were both invited. He declined the quiet dinners which he liked, and which his hearty appetite and his habit of talk fitted him to enjoy, and accepted invitations to all sorts of evenings and At Homes, where dancing occupied a modest corner of the card, and usurped the chief place in the pleasures. At these places it was mainly his business to see Imogene danced with by others, but sometimes he waltzed with her himself, and then he was complimented by people of his own age, who had left off dancing, upon his vigor. They said they could not stand that sort of thing, though they supposed, if you kept yourself in practice, it did not come so hard. One of his hostesses, who had made a party for her daughters, told him that he was an example to everybody, and that if middle-aged people at home mingled more in the amusements of the young, American society would not be the silly, insipid, boy-and-girl affair that it was now. He went to these places in the character of a young man, but he was not readily accepted or recognized in that character. They gave him frumps to take out to supper, mothers and maiden aunts, and if the mothers were youngish, they threw off on him, and did not care for his talk.

At one of the parties Imogene seemed to become aware for the first time that the lapels of his dress-coat were not faced with silk.

"Why don't you have them so?" she asked. "All the *other* young men have. And you ought to wear a *boutonnière*."

"Oh, I think a man looks rather silly in silk lapels at my—" He arrested himself, and then continued: "I'll see what the tailor can do for me. In the mean time, give me a bud out of your bouquet."

"How sweet you are!" she sighed. "You do the least thing so that it is ten times as good as if any one else did it."

The same evening, as he stood leaning against a doorway, behind Imogene and a young fellow with whom she was beginning a quadrille, he heard her taking him to task.

"Why do you say 'Sir' to Mr. Colville?"

"Well, I know the English laugh at us for doing it, and say it's like servants; but I never feel quite right answering just 'Yes' and 'No' to a man of his age."

This was one of the Inglehart boys, whom he met at nearly all of these parties, and not all of whom were so respectful. Some of them treated him upon an old-boy theory, joking him as freely as if he were one of themselves, laughing his antiquated notions of art to scorn, but condoning them because he was good-natured, and because a man could not help being of his own epoch anyway. They put a caricature of him among the rest on the walls of their *trattoria*, where he once dined with them.

Mrs. Bowen did not often see him when he went to call upon Imogene, and she was not at more than two or three of the parties. Mrs. Amsden came to chaperon the girl, and apparently suffered an increase of unrequited curiosity in regard to his relations to the Bowen household, and the extraordinary development of his social activity. Colville not only went to all those evening parties, but he was in continual movement during the afternoon at receptions and at "days," of which he began to think each lady had two or three. Here he drank tea, cup after cup, in reckless excitement, and at night, when he came home from the dancing parties, dropping with fatigue, he could not sleep till toward morning. He woke at the usual breakfast hour, and then went about drowsing throughout the day till the tea began again in the afternoon. He fell asleep whenever he sat down, not only in the reading-room at Viesseux's, where he disturbed the people over their newspapers by his demonstrations of somnolence, but even at church, whither he went one Sunday to please Imogene, and started awake during the service with the impression that the clergyman had been making a joke. Everybody but Imogene was smiling. At the café he slept without scruple, selecting a corner seat for the purpose, and proportioning his *buonamano* to the indulgence of the *giovane*. He could not tell how long he slept at these places, but sometimes it seemed to him hours.

One day he went to see Imogene, and while Effie Bowen stood prattling to him as he sat waiting for Imogene to come in, he faded light-headedly away from him-

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self on the sofa, as if he had been in his corner at the café. Then he was aware of some one saying "'Sh!" and he saw Effie Bowen, with her finger on her lip, turned toward Imogene, a figure of beautiful despair in the doorway. He was all tucked up with sofa pillows, and made very comfortable, by the child no doubt. She slipped out, seeing him awake, so as to leave him and Imogene alone, as she had apparently been generally instructed to do, and Imogene came forward.

"What is the matter, Theodore?" she asked, patiently. She had taken to calling him Theodore when they were alone. She owned that she did not like the name, but she said it was right she should call him by it, since it was his. She came and sat down beside him, where he had raised himself to a sitting posture, but she did not offer him any caress.

"Nothing," he answered. "But this climate is making me insupportably drowsy; or else the spring weather."

"Oh no; it isn't that," she said, with a slight sigh. He had left her in the middle of a german at three o'clock in the morning, but she now looked as fresh and lambent as a star. "It's the late hours. They're killing you."

Colville tried to deny it; his incoherencies dissolved themselves in a yawn, which he did not succeed in passing for a careless laugh.

"It won't do," she said, as if speaking to herself; "no, it won't do."

"Oh yes, it will," Colville protested. "I don't mind being up. I've been used to it all my life on the paper. It's just some temporary thing. It 'll come all right."

"Well, no matter," said Imogene. "It makes you ridiculous, going to all those silly places, and I'd rather give it up."

The tears began to steal down her cheeks, and Colville sighed. It seemed to him that somebody or other was always crying. A man never quite gets used to the tearfulness of women.

"Oh, don't mind it," he said. "If you wish me to go, I will go! Or die in the attempt," he added, with a smile.

Imogene did not smile with him. "I don't wish you to go any more. It was a mistake in the first place, and from this out I will adapt myself to you."

"And give up all your pleasures? Do you think I would let you do that? No, indeed! Neither in this nor in anything else. I will not cut off your young life in any way, Imogene—not shorten it or diminish it. If I thought I should do that, or you would try to do it for me, I should wish I had never seen you."

"It isn't that. I know how good you are, and that you would do anything for me."

"Well, then, why don't you go to these fandangoes alone? I can see that you have me on your mind all the time, when I'm with you."

"Oughtn't I?"

"Yes, up to a certain point, but not up to the point of spoiling your fun. I will drop in now and then, but I won't try to come to all of them, after this; you'll get along perfectly well with Mrs. Amsden, and I shall be safe from her for a while. That old lady has marked me for her prey: I can see it in her glittering eyeglass. I shall fall asleep some evening between dances, and then she will get it all out of me."

Imogene still refused to smile. "No; I shall give it up. I don't think it's well, going so much without Mrs. Bowen. People will begin to talk."

"Talk?"

"Yes; they will begin to say that I had better stay with her a little more, if she isn't well."

"Why, isn't Mrs. Bowen well?" asked Colville, with trepidation.

"No; she's miserable. Haven't you noticed?"

"She sees me so seldom now. I thought it was only her headaches—"

"It's much more than that. She seems to be failing every way. The doctor has told her she ought to get away from Florence." Colville could not speak; Imogene went on: "She's always delicate, you know. And I feel that all that's keeping her here now is the news from home that I—we're waiting for."

Colville got up. "This is ghastly! She mustn't do it!"

"How can you help her doing it? If she thinks anything is right, she can't help doing it. Who could?"

Colville thought to himself that he could have said; but he was silent. At the moment he was not equal to so much joke or so much truth; and Imogene went on:

"She'd be all the more strenuous about it if it were disagreeable; and rather than accept any relief from *me*, she would die."

"Is she—unkind to you?" faltered Colville.

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"She is only *too* kind. You can feel that she's determined to be so—that she's said she will have nothing to reproach herself with; and she won't. You don't suppose Mrs. Bowen would be unkind to any one she disliked?"

"Ah, I didn't know," sighed Colville.

"The more she disliked them, the better she would use them. It's because our engagement is so distasteful to her that she's determined to feel that she did nothing to oppose it."

"But how can you tell that it's distasteful, then?"

"She lets you feel it by—not saying anything about it."

"I can't see how—"

"She never speaks of you. I don't believe she ever mentions your name. She asks me about the places where I've been, and about the people—every one but you. It's very uncomfortable."

"Yes," said Colville, "it's uncomfortable."

"And if I allude to letters from home, she merely presses her lips together. It's perfectly wretched."

"I see. It's I whom she dislikes, and I would do anything to please her. She must know that," mused Colville, aloud. "Imogene!" he exclaimed, with a sudden inspiration. "Why shouldn't I go away?"

"Go away?" she palpitated. "What should *I* do?"

The colors faded from his brilliant proposal. "Oh, I only meant till something was settled—determined—concluded; till this terrible suspense was over." He added, hopelessly, "But nothing can be done!"

"I proposed," said Imogene, "that we should *all* go away. I suggested Via Reggio—the doctor said she ought to have sea air—or Venice; but she wouldn't hear of it. No; we must wait."

"Yes, we must wait," repeated Colville, hollowly. "Then nothing can be done?"

"Why, haven't you said it?"

"Oh yes—yes. I can't go away, and you can't. But couldn't we do something—get up something?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"I mean, couldn't we—amuse her somehow—help her to take her mind off herself?"

Imogene stared at him rather a long time. Then, as if she had satisfied herself in her own mind, she shook her head. "She wouldn't submit to it."

"No; she seems to take everything amiss that I do," said Colville.

"She has no right to do that," cried Imogene. "I'm sure that you're always considering her, and proposing to do things for her. I won't let you humble yourself, as if you had wronged her."

"Oh, I don't call it humbling. I—I should only be too happy if I could do *anything* that was agreeable to her."

"Very well, I will tell her," said the girl, haughtily. "Shall you object to my joining you in your amusements, whatever they are? I assure you I will be very unobtrusive."

"I don't understand all this," replied Colville. "Who has proposed to exclude you? Why did you tell me anything about Mrs. Bowen, if you didn't want me to say or do something? I supposed you did; but I'll withdraw the offensive proposition, whatever it was."

"There was nothing offensive. But if you pity her so much, why can't you pity me a little?"

"I didn't know anything was the matter with you. I thought that you were enjoying yourself—"

"Enjoying? Keeping you up at dances till you drop asleep whenever you sit down? And then coming home and talking to a person who won't mention your name! Do you call that enjoying? I can't speak of you to any one; and no one speaks to me—"

"If you like, I will talk to you on the subject," Colville essayed, in dreary jest.

"Oh, don't joke about it! This perpetual joking, I believe it's that that's wearing me out. When I come to you for a little comfort in circumstances that drive me almost distracted, you want to amuse Mrs. Bowen; and when I ask to be allowed to share in the amusement, you laugh at me! If you don't understand it all, I'm sure *I* don't."

"Imogene!"

"No! It's very strange. There's only one explanation. You don't care for me."

"Not care for you!" cried Colville, thinking of his sufferings in the past fortnight.

"And I would have made any—*any* sacrifice for you. At least I wouldn't have made you show yourself a mean and grudging person if you had come to me for a little sympathy."

"Oh, poor child!" he cried, and his heart ached with the sense that she really was

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nothing but an unhappy child. "I do sympathize with you, and I see how hard it is for you to manage with Mrs. Bowen's dislike for me. But you mustn't think of it. I dare say it will be different; I've no doubt we can get her to look at me in some brighter light. I—" He did not know what he should urge next, but he goaded his invention, and was able to declare that if they loved each other they need not regard any one else. This flight, when accomplished, did not strike him as of very original effect, and it was with a dull surprise that he saw it sufficed for her.

"No, no one!" she exclaimed, accepting the platitude as if it were now uttered for the first time. She dried her eyes and smiled. "I will tell Mrs. Bowen how you feel and what you've said, and I know she will appreciate your generosity."

"Yes," said Colville, pensively; "there's nothing I won't *propose* doing for people."

She suddenly clung to him, and would not let him go. "Oh, what is the matter?" she moaned afresh. "I show out the worst that is in me, and only the worst. Do you think I shall always be so narrow-minded with you? I thought I loved you enough to be magnanimous. *You* are. It seemed to me that our lives together would be grand and large; and here I am, grovelling in the lowest selfishness! I am worrying and scolding you because you wish to please some one that has been as good as my own mother to me. Do you call that noble?"

Colville did not venture any reply to a demand evidently addressed to her own conscience.

But when she asked if he really thought he had better go away, he said, "Oh no; that was a mistake."

"Because, if you do, you shall—to punish me."

"My dearest girl, why should I wish to punish you?"

"Because I've been low and mean. Now I want you to do something for Mrs. Bowen—something to amuse her; to show that we appreciate her. And I don't want you to sympathize with me at all. When I ask for your sympathy, it's a sign that I don't deserve it."

"Is that so?"

"Oh, be serious with me. I mean it. And I want to beg your pardon for something."

"Yes; what's that?"

"Can't you guess?"

"No."

"You needn't have your lapels silk-lined. You needn't wear *boutonnières*."

"Oh, but I've had the coat changed."

"No matter! Change it back! It isn't for me to make you over. I must make myself over. It's my right, it's my sacred privilege, to conform to you in every way, and I humble myself in the dust for having forgotten it at the very start. Oh, *do* you think I can ever be worthy of you? I *will* try; indeed I will! I shall not wear my light dresses another time! From this out, I shall dress more in keeping with you. I boasted that I should live to comfort and console you, to recompense you for the past, and what have I been doing? Wearying and degrading you!"

"Oh no," pleaded Colville. "I am very comfortable. I don't need any compensation for the past. I need—sleep. I'm going to bed to-night at eight o'clock, and I am going to sleep twenty-four hours. Then I shall be fresh for Mrs. Fleming's ball."

"I'm not going," said Imogene, briefly.

"Oh yes, you are. I'll come round to-morrow evening and see."

"No. There are to be no more parties."

"Why?"

"I can't endure them."

She was looking at him and talking at him, but she seemed far aloof in the abstraction of a sublime regret; she seemed puzzled, bewildered at herself.

Colville got away. He felt the pathos of the confusion and question to which he left her, but he felt himself powerless against it. There was but one solution to it all, and that was impossible. He could only grieve over her trouble, and wait; grieve for the irrevocable loss which made her trouble remote and impersonal to him, and submit.

XVIII.

The young clergyman whom Colville saw talking to Imogene on his first evening at Mrs. Bowen's had come back from Rome, where he had been spending a month or two, and they began to meet at Palazzo Pinti again. If they got on well enough together, they did not get on very far. The suave house-priest manners of the young clergyman offended Colville: he could hardly keep from sneering at his taste in art and books, which in fact was

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rather conventional; and no doubt Mr. Morton had his own reserves, under which he was perfectly civil, and only too deferential, to Colville, as to an older man. Since his return, Mrs. Bowen had come back to her salon. She looked haggard; but she did what she could to look otherwise. She was always polite to Colville, and she was politely cordial with the clergyman. Sometimes Colville saw her driving out with him and Effie; they appeared to make excursions; and he had an impression, very obscure, that Mrs. Bowen lent the young clergyman money; that he was a superstition of hers, and she a patron of his; he must have been ten years younger than she—not more than twenty-five.

The first Sunday after his return, Colville walked home with Mr. Waters from hearing a sermon of Mr. Morton's, which they agreed was rather well judged, and simply and fitly expressed.

"And he spoke with the authority of the priest," said the old minister. "His Church alone of all the Protestant Churches has preserved that to its ministers. Sometimes I have thought it was a great thing."

"Not always?" asked Colville, with a smile.

"These things are matters of mood rather than conviction with me," returned Mr. Waters. "Once they affected me very deeply; but now I shall so soon know all about it that they don't move me. But at times I think that if I were to live my life over again, I would prefer to be of some formal, some inflexibly ritualized, religion. At solemnities—weddings and funerals—I have been impressed with the advantage of the Anglican rite: it is the Church speaking to and for humanity—or seems so," he added, with cheerful indifference. "Something in its favor," he continued, after a while, "is the influence that every ritualized faith has with women. If they apprehend those mysteries more subtly than we, such a preference of theirs must mean a good deal. Yes; the other Protestant systems are men's systems. Women must have form. They don't care for freedom."

"They appear to like the formalist, too, as well as the form," said Colville, with scorn not obviously necessary.

"Oh yes; they must have everything in the concrete," said the old gentleman, cheerfully.

"I wonder where Mr. Morton met Mrs. Bowen first," said Colville.

"Here, I think. I believe he had letters to her. Before you came I used often to meet him at her house. I think she has helped him with money at times."

"Isn't that rather an unpleasant idea?"

"Yes, it's disagreeable. And it places the ministry in a dependent attitude. But under our system it's unavoidable. Young men devoting themselves to the ministry frequently receive gifts of money."

"I don't like it," cried Colville.

"They don't feel it as others would. I didn't myself. Even at present I may be said to be living on charity. But sometimes I have fancied that in Mr. Morton's case there might be peculiarly mitigating circumstances."

"What do you mean?"

"When I met him first at Mrs. Bowen's I used to think that it was Miss Graham in whom he was interested—"

"I can assure you," interrupted Colville, "that she was never interested in him."

"Oh no; I didn't suppose that," returned the old man, tranquilly. "And I've since had reason to revise my opinion. I think he is interested in Mrs. Bowen."

"Mrs. Bowen! And you think that would be a mitigating circumstance in his acceptance of money from her? If he had the spirit of a man at all, it would make it all the more revolting."

"Oh no, oh no," softly pleaded Mr. Waters. "We must not look at these things too romantically. He probably reasons that she would give him all her money if they were married."

"But he has no right to reason in that way," retorted Colville, with heat. "They are not married; it's ignoble and unmanly for him to count upon it. It's preposterous. She must be ten years older than he."

"Oh, I don't say that they're to be married," Mr. Waters replied. "But these disparities of age frequently occur in marriage. I don't like them, though sometimes I think the evil is less when it is the wife who is the elder. We look at youth and age in a gross, material way too often. Women remain young longer than men. They keep their youthful sympathies; an old woman understands a young girl. Do you—or do I—understand a young man?"

Colville laughed harshly. "It isn't

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quite the same thing, Mr. Waters. But yes, I'll admit, for the sake of argument, that I don't understand young men. I'll go farther, and say that I don't like them; I'm afraid of them. And you wouldn't think," he added, abruptly, "that it would be well for me to marry a girl twenty years younger than myself."

The old man glanced up at him with innocent slyness. "I prefer always to discuss these things in an impersonal way."

"But you can't discuss them impersonally with me: I'm engaged to Miss Graham. Ever since you first found me here after I told you I was going away I have wished to tell you this, and this seems as good a time as any—or as bad." The defiance faded from his voice, which dropped to a note of weary sadness. "Yes, we're engaged—or shall be, as soon as she can hear from her family. I wanted to tell you because it seemed somehow your due, and because I fancied you had a friendly interest in us both."

"Yes, that is true," returned Mr. Waters. "I wish you joy." He went through the form of offering his hand to Colville, who pressed it with anxious fervor.

"I confess," he said, "that I feel the risks of the affair. It's not that I have any dread for my own part: I have lived my life, such as it is. But the child is full of fancies about me that can't be fulfilled. She dreams of restoring my youth somehow, of retrieving the past for me, of avenging me at her own cost for an unlucky love affair that I had here twenty years ago. It's pretty of her, but it's terribly pathetic—it's tragic. I know very well that I'm a middle-aged man, and that there's no more youth for me. I'm getting gray, and I'm getting fat. I wouldn't be young if I could; it's a bore. I suppose I could keep up an illusion of youthfulness for five or six years more; and then if I could be quietly chloroformed out of the way, perhaps it wouldn't have been so very bad."

"I have always thought," said Mr. Waters, dreamily, "that a good deal might be said for abbreviating hopeless suffering. I have known some very good people advocate its practice by science."

"Yes," answered Colville. "Perhaps I've presented that point too prominently. What I wished you to understand was that I don't care for myself; that I consider only the happiness of this young girl that's somehow—I hardly know how—been put in my keeping. I haven't forgotten the talks that we've had heretofore on this subject, and it would be affectation and bad taste in me to ignore them. Don't be troubled at anything you've said; it was probably true, and I'm sure it was sincere. Sometimes I think that the kindest—the least cruel—thing I could do would be to break with her, to leave her. But I know that I shall do nothing of the kind; I shall drift. The child is very dear to me. She has great and noble qualities; she's supremely unselfish; she loves me through her mistaken pity, and because she thinks she can sacrifice herself to me. But she can't. Everything is against that; she doesn't know how; and there is no reason why. I don't express it very well. I think nobody clearly understands it but Mrs. Bowen, and I've somehow alienated her."

He became aware that his self-abnegation was taking the character of self-pity, and he stopped.

Mr. Waters seemed to be giving the subject serious attention in the silence that ensued. "There is this to be remembered," he began, "which we don't consider in our mere speculations upon any phase of human affairs, and that is the wonderful degree of amelioration that any given difficulty finds in the realization. It is the anticipation, not the experience, that is the trial. In a case of this kind, facts of temperament, of mere association, of union, work unexpected mitigations; they not only alleviate, they allay. You say that she cherishes an illusion concerning you: well, with women, nothing is so indestructible as an illusion. Give them any chance at all, and all the forces of their nature combine to preserve it. And if, as you say, she is so dear to you, that in itself is almost sufficient. I can well understand your misgivings, springing as they do from a sensitive conscience; but we may reasonably hope that they are exaggerated. Very probably there will not be the rapture for her that there would be if—if you were younger; but the chances of final happiness are great—yes, very considerable. She will learn to appreciate what is really best in you, and you already understand her. Your love for her is the key to the future. Without that, of course—"

"Oh, of course," interrupted Colville, hastily. Every touch of this comforter's hand had been a sting; and he parted with

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him in that feeling of utter friendlessness involving a man who has taken counsel upon the confession of half his trouble.

Something in Mrs. Bowen's manner when he met her next made him think that perhaps Imogene had been telling her of the sympathy he had expressed for her ill health. It was in the evening, and Imogene and Mr. Morton were looking over a copy of *The Marble Faun*, which he had illustrated with photographs at Rome. Imogene asked Colville to look at it too, but he said he would examine it later; he had his opinion of people who illustrated *The Marble Faun* with photographs; it surprised him that she seemed to find something novel and brilliant in the idea.

Effie Bowen looked round where she was kneeling on a chair beside the couple with the book, and seeing Colville wandering neglectedly about before he placed himself, she jumped down and ran and caught his hand.

"Well, what now?" he asked, with a dim smile, as she began to pull him toward the sofa. When he should be expelled from Palazzo Pinti he would really miss the worship of that little thing. He knew that her impulse had been to console him for his exclusion from the pleasures that Imogene and Mr. Morton were enjoying.

"Nothing. Just talk," she said, making him fast in a corner of the sofa by crouching tight against him.

"What about? About which is the pleasantest season?"

"Oh no; we've talked about that so often. Besides, of course you'd say spring, now that it's coming on so nicely."

"Do you think I'm so changeable as that? Haven't I always said winter when this question of the seasons was up? And I say it now. Sha'n't you be awfully sorry when you can't have a pleasant little fire on the hearth like this any more?"

"Yes; I know. But it's very nice having the flowers, too. The grass was all full of daisies to-day—perfectly powdered with them."

"To-day? Where?"

"At the Cascine. And in under the trees there were millions of violets and crows-feet. Mr. Morton helped me to get them for mamma and Imogene. And we staid so long that when we drove home the daisies had all shut up, and the little pink leaves outside made it look like a field of red clover. Are you never going there any more?"

Mrs. Bowen came in. From the fact that there was no greeting between her and Mr. Morton, Colville inferred that she was returning to the room after having already been there. She stood a moment, with a little uncertainty, when she had shaken hands with him, and then dropped upon the sofa beyond Effie. The little girl ran one hand through Colville's arm, and the other through her mother's, and gripped them fast. "Now I have got you both," she triumphed, and smiled first into her face, and then into his.

"Be quiet, Effie," said her mother, but she submitted.

"I hope you're better for your drive to-day, Mrs. Bowen. Effie has been telling me about it."

"We staid out a long time. Yes, I think the air did me good; but I'm not an invalid, you know."

"Oh no."

"I'm feeling a little fagged. And the weather was tempting. I suppose you've been taking one of your long walks."

"No; I've scarcely stirred out. I usually feel like going to meet the spring a little more than half-way; but this year I don't, somehow."

"A good many people are feeling rather languid, I believe," said Mrs. Bowen.

"I hope you'll get away from Florence," said Colville.

"Oh," she returned, with a faint flush, "I'm afraid Imogene exaggerated that a little." She added, "You are very good."

She was treating him more kindly than she had ever done since that Sunday afternoon when he came in with Imogene to say that he was going to stay. It might be merely because she had worn out her mood of severity, as people do, returning in good humor to those with whom they were offended, merely through the reconciling force of time. She did not look at him, but this was better than meeting his eye with that interceptive glance. A strange peace touched his heart. Imogene and the young clergyman at the table across the room were intent on the book still; he was explaining and expatiating, and she listening. Colville saw that he had a fine head, and an intelligent, handsome, gentle face. When he turned again to Mrs. Bowen it was with the illusion that she had been saying something; but she was, in fact, sitting mute,

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and her face, with its bright color, showed pathetically thin.

"I should imagine that Venice would be good for you," he said.

"It's still very harsh there, I hear. No; when we leave Florence, I think we will go to Switzerland."

"Oh, not to Madame Schebres's!" pleaded the child, turning upon her.

"No, not to Madame Schebres's," consented the mother. She continued, addressing Colville: "I was thinking of Lausanne. Do you know Lausanne at all?"

"Only from Gibbon's report. It's hardly up to date."

"I thought of taking a house there for the summer," said Mrs. Bowen, playing with Effie's fingers. "It's pleasant by the lake, I suppose."

"It's lovely by the lake!" cried the child. "Oh, do go, mamma! I could get a boat and learn to row. Here you can't row, the Arno's so swift."

"The air would bring you up," said Colville to Mrs. Bowen. "Switzerland's the only country where you're perfectly sure of waking new every morning."

This idea interested the child. "Waking new!" she repeated.

"Yes; perfectly made over. You wake up another person. Shouldn't you think that would be nice?"

"No."

"Well, I shouldn't, in your place. But in mine, I much prefer to wake up another person. Only it's pretty hard on the other person."

"How queer you are!" The child set her teeth for fondness of him, and seizing his cheeks between her hands, squeezed them hard, admiring the effect upon his features, which in some respects was not advantageous.

"Effie!" cried her mother, sternly; and she dropped to her place again, and laid hold of Colville's arm for protection. "You are really very rude. I shall send you to bed."

"Oh no, don't, Mrs. Bowen," he begged. "I'm responsible for these violences. Effie used to be a very well behaved child before she began playing with me. It's all my fault."

They remained talking on the sofa together, while Imogene and Mr. Morton continued to interest themselves in the book. From time to time she looked over at them, and then turned again to the young clergyman, who, when he had closed the book, rested his hands on its top and began to give an animated account of something, conjecturably his sojourn in Rome.

In a low voice, and with pauses adjusted to the occasional silences of the young people across the room, Mrs. Bowen told Colville how Mr. Morton was introduced to her by an old friend who was greatly interested in him. She said, frankly, that she had been able to be of use to him, and that he was now going back to America very soon: it was as if she were privy to the conjecture that had come to the surface in his talk with Mr. Waters, and wished him to understand exactly how matters stood with the young clergyman and herself. Colville, indeed, began to be more tolerant of him; he succeeded in praising the sermon he had heard him preach.

"Oh, he has talent," said Mrs. Bowen.

They fell into the old, almost domestic strain, from which she broke at times with an effort, but returning as if helplessly to it. He had the gift of knowing how not to take an advantage with women; that sense of unconstraint in them fought in his favor; when Effie dropped her head wearily against his arm, her mother even laughed in sending her off to bed; she had hitherto been serious. Imogene said she would go to see her tucked in, and that sent the clergyman to say good-night to Mrs. Bowen, and to put an end to Colville's audience.

In these days, when Colville came every night to Palazzo Pinti, he got back the tone he had lost in the past fortnight. He thought that it was the complete immunity from his late pleasures, and the regular and sufficient sleep, which had set him firmly on his feet again, but he did not inquire very closely. Imogene went two or three times, after she had declared she would go no more, from the necessity women feel of blunting the edge of comment; but Colville profited instantly and fully by the release from the parties which she offered him. He did not go even to afternoon tea-drinkings: the "days" of the different ladies, which he had been so diligent to observe, knew him no more. At the hours when society assembled in this house or that and inquired for him, or wondered about him, he was commonly taking a nap, and he was punctually in bed every night at eleven, after his return from Mrs. Bowen's.

He believed, of course, that he went

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there because he now no longer met Imogene elsewhere, and he found the house pleasanter than it had ever been since the veglione. Mrs. Bowen's relenting was not continuous, however. There were times that seemed to be times of question and of struggle with her, when she vacillated between the old cordiality and the later alienation; when she went beyond the former, or lapsed into moods colder and more repellent than the latter. It would have been difficult to mark the moment when these struggles ceased altogether, and an evening passed in unbroken kindness between them. But afterward Colville could remember an emotion of grateful surprise at a subtle word or action of hers in which she appeared to throw all restraint—scruple or rancor, whichever it might be—to the winds, and become perfectly his friend again. It must have been by compliance with some wish or assent to some opinion of his; what he knew was that he was not only permitted, he was invited, to feel himself the most favored guest. The charming smile, so small and sweet, so very near to bitterness, came back to her lips, the deeply fringed eyelids were lifted to let the sunny eyes stream upon him. She did, now, whatever he asked her. She consulted his taste and judgment on many points; she consented to resume, when she should be a little stronger, their visits to the churches and galleries: it would be a shame to go away from Florence without knowing them thoroughly. It came to her asking him to drive with her and Imogene in the Cascine; and when Imogene made some excuse not to go, Mrs. Bowen did not postpone the drive, but took Colville and Effie.

They drove quite down to the end of the Cascine, and got out there to admire the gay monument, with the painted bust, of the poor young Indian prince who died in Florence. They strolled all about, talking of the old times in the Cascine, twenty years before; and walking up the road beside the canal, while the carriage slowly followed, they stopped to enjoy the peasants lying asleep in the grass on the other bank. Colville and Effie gathered wild flowers, and piled them in her mother's lap when she remounted to the carriage and drove along, while they made excursions into the little dingles beside the road. Some people who overtook them in these sylvan pleasures reported the fact at a reception to which they were going, and Mrs. Amsden, whose mind had been gradually clearing under the simultaneous withdrawal of Imogene and Colville from society, professed herself again as thickly clouded as a weather-glass before a storm. She appealed to the sympathy of others against this hardship.

Mrs. Bowen took Colville home to dinner; Mr. Morton was coming, she said, and he must come too. At table the young clergyman made her his compliment on her look of health; and she said, Yes, she had been driving, and she believed that she needed nothing but to be in the air a little more, as she very well could, now the spring weather was really coming. She said that they had been talking all winter of going to Fiesole, where Imogene had never been yet; and, upon comparison, it appeared that none of them had yet been to Fiesole except herself. Then they must all go together, she said; the carriage would hold four very comfortably.

"Ah! that leaves me out," said Colville, who had caught sight of Effie's fallen countenance.

"Oh no. How is that? It leaves Effie out."

"It's the same thing. But I might ride, and Effie might give me her hand to hold over the side of the carriage; that would sustain me."

"We could take her between us, Mrs. Bowen," suggested Imogene. "The back seat is wide."

"Then the party is made up," said Colville, "and Effie hasn't 'demeaned' herself by asking to go where she wasn't invited."

The child turned inquiringly toward her mother, who met her with an indulgent smile, which became a little flush of grateful appreciation when it reached Colville; but Mrs. Bowen ignored Imogene in the matter altogether.

The evening passed delightfully. Mr. Morton had another book which he had brought to show Imogene, and Mrs. Bowen sat a long time at the piano, striking this air and that of the songs which she used to sing when she was a girl: Colville was trying to recall them. When he and Imogene were left alone for their adieux they approached each other in an estrangement through which each tried to break.

"Why don't you scold me?" she asked. "I have neglected you the whole evening."

"How have you neglected me?"

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"How? Ah! if you don't know—"

"No. I dare say I must be very stupid. I saw you talking with Mr. Morton, and you seemed interested. I thought I'd better not intrude."

She seemed uncertain of his intention, and then satisfied of its simplicity.

"Isn't it pleasant to have Mrs. Bowen in the old mood again?" he asked.

"Is she in the old mood?"

"Why, yes. Haven't you noticed how cordial she is?"

"I thought she was rather colder than usual."

"Colder!" The chill of the idea penetrated even through the density of Colville's selfish content. A very complex emotion, which took itself for indignation, throbbed from his heart. "Is she cold with you, Imogene?"

"Oh, if you saw nothing—"

"No; and I think you must be mistaken. She never speaks of you without praising you."

"Does she speak of me?" asked the girl, with her honest eyes wide open upon him.

"Why, no," Colville acknowledged. "Come to reflect, it's I who speak of you. But how—how is she cold with you?"

"Oh, I dare say it's a delusion of mine. Perhaps I'm cold with her."

"Then don't be so, my dear! Be sure that she's your friend—true and good. Good-night."

He caught the girl in his arms and kissed her tenderly. She drew away, and stood a moment with her repellent fingers on his breast.

"Is it all for me?" she asked.

"For the whole obliging and amiable world," he answered, gayly.

AT THE GRAVE OF KEATS.

TO G. W. C.

LONG, long ago, in the sweet Roman spring,
Through the bright morning air, we slowly strolled,
And in the blue heaven heard the skylark sing
Above the ruins old—

Beyond the Forum's crumbling grass-grown piles,
Through high-walled lanes o'erhung with blossoms white
That opened on the far Campagna's miles
Of verdure and of light;

Till by the grave of Keats we stood, and found
A rose—a single rose left blooming there,
Making more sacred still that hallowed ground
And that enchanted air.

A single rose, whose fading petals drooped,
And seemed to wait for us to gather them.
So, kneeling on the humble mound, we stooped
And plucked it from its stem.

One rose, and nothing more. We shared its leaves
Between us, as we shared the thoughts of one
Called from the field before his unripe sheaves
Could feel the harvest sun.

That rose's fragrance is forever fled
For us, dear friend—but not the Poet's lay.
He is the rose, deathless among the dead,
Whose perfume lives to-day.

C. P. CRANCH.

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THE MARKET-GARDEN.

From an aquarelle by Léon Bonvin, owned by Mr. W. T. Walters.

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CHRYSANTHEMUMS.
From an aquarelle by Léon Bonvin, owned by Mr. W T Walters.

LÉON BONVIN.

IF it be true, as Sakai-Muni taught, that the soul is subjected to expiatory incarnations in unworthy environments, Léon Bonvin must have found himself very near to supreme rest when he broke a form of existence which had imposed upon him nothing but disguises and vexations. By his instincts, the result of mysterious transmissions, of which science can only note the effects, he was a painter, a musician, an artist sensitive to harmonies of all kinds; by necessity he was obliged to expend his activity over the pots and pans of a tavern kitchen. He had but the cold hours of the morning or the heavy hours of the night in which to draw and paint his water-colors—marvels of observation and expression, which were sold at the paltriest prices, and that, too, with great difficulty. His disposition was gentle and loving, and his fate was to have to turn out of his doors rough drunkards, and to endure the irony and railing of a wife who did not understand him. Of family life he knew only the hardships, and of society only its indifference for his original and exquisite work. "I have suffered too much!" was the lamentation

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which some passers-by heard, a short time before he abandoned his body to a stream in the woods one winter evening, just as a vagabond abandons along the road-side the heavy shoes whose weight has become intolerable to his bruised feet.

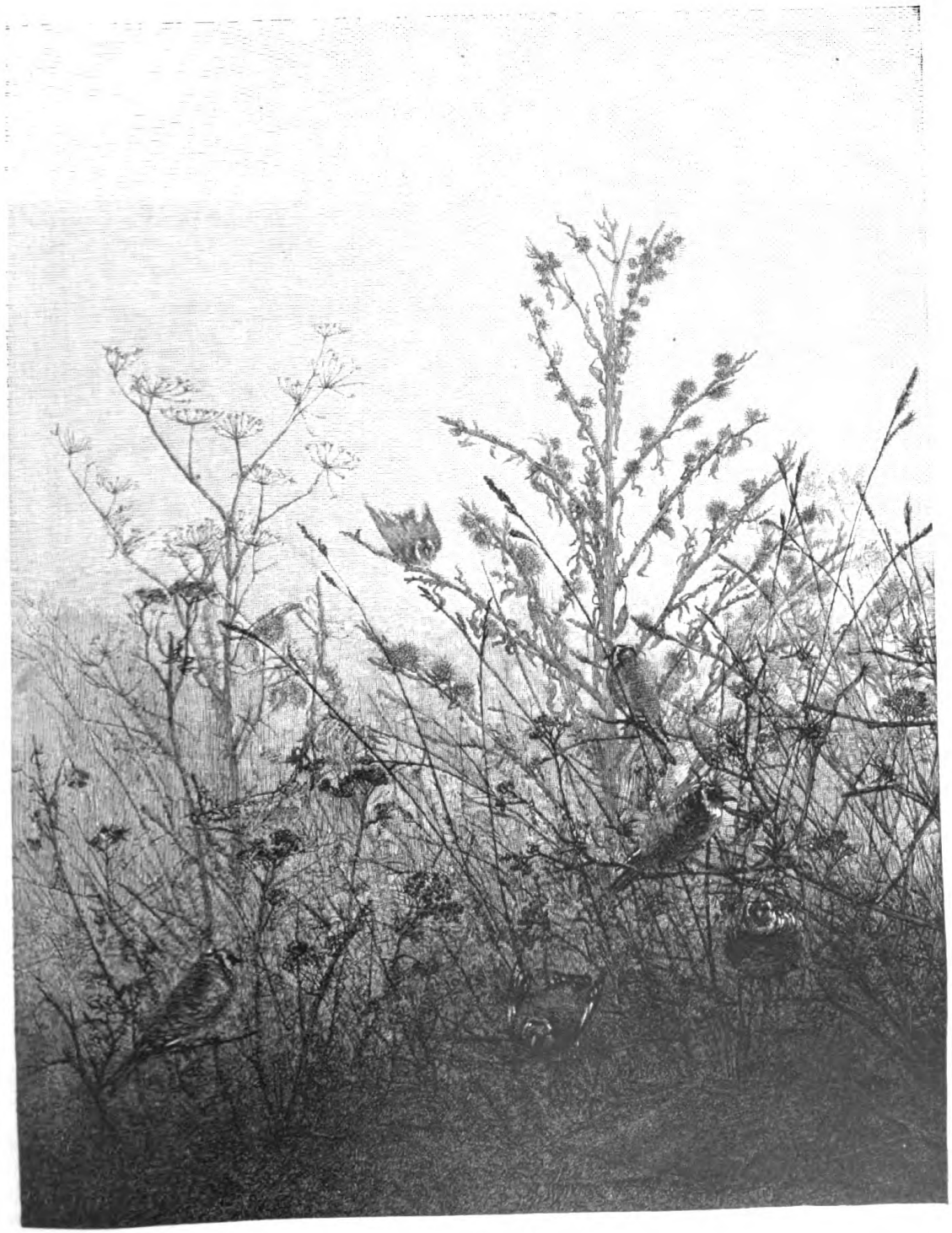
Léon Bonvin was born at Vaugirard, a suburb of Paris, on February 28, 1834. He was the fourth child, by a second marriage, of a man already advanced in years, who came from Lille, and had been successively a domestic servant, a barber, a farmer, a soldier, and a gendarme. Finally he became a rural policeman and sold drink. Endowed with a strength, a boldness, and a vigor which age had not impaired, he used to keep watch, before daybreak, over the roads by which the market-gardeners returned from Paris with their money-bags full, after having been to market with their cart-loads of vegetables and fruit. M. Jules Vallès, in relating the death of the son, remembers old Bonvin, "*le père* Bonvin, honest as gold, hard as stone, when he used to come on to the Place de la Mairie to warm his worn-out body in the sun.... He used to tell the story of his campaigns in a broken voice; he had served in the Spanish war, was present at the execution of the generals Mallet and Labédoyère.... He had no tenderness to spare, this old gendarme, and when he entered his house everything was silent; the sound of his voice made all tremble." Old Bonvin's occupation was mounting *rochers*, those miniature rockeries which form the decoration of the windows of the small suburban restaurants, between the wild rabbits, the dishes of stewed prunes, and the blue-edged coffee services. These rockeries are composed of small pieces of gritstone and sheets of gypsum, which represent the water. One day, while looking for gypsum in the quarries of the hill of Montmartre, he found a mammoth's tooth and some antediluvian bones. He took them to the Museum of Natural History, to M. Cuvier, who complimented him and sent him one hundred francs.

This old man, though virtuous in his way, was ferociously selfish: he would not allow his sons to learn any trade, but kept them at home to act as waiters. One of the elder, M. François Bonvin, ran away when he was quite young, and, after various fortunes, he has become one of the most esteemed painters in the group of the French artists who have not been enslaved by the Academy. Léon Bonvin, the youngest of the four, was knocked about and buffeted from his childhood. Laughed at for his awkwardness, timid, and embarrassed, he bowed his head, he became taciturn, but he never had the idea of running away. His brother François, who returned from time to time, alone divined how much delicacy lay concealed in his heavy frame, how much skill in his clumsy hands, how much acuteness in his gentle look. He gave him some pencils, and recommended him "to copy what he saw as he saw it." Later on he took him to the school in the Rue de l'École de Médecine, which was founded in the eighteenth century by the painter Bachelier, and which was directed in our own time by the most eminent of our art-professors, M. Lecocq de Boisbaudran. It was the constant endeavor of M. François Bonvin to preserve his brother from all critical influences, for he felt how much true originality might be developed by that reserved nature in conditions of rigorous isolation. He had given him, like the sincere master he himself is, the advice which resumes all teachings, "Do everything directly from nature." He pointed out to him, as excellent practice borrowed from the Dutch and Flemish masters, "pen and ink outline under the water-color washes."

I have in my possession one of Léon Bonvin's first water-colors. It is dated 1857. He was then only twenty-three years of age. It is as complete in the sentiment and the rendering as any of his future work will be. A periwinkle with its leaves elongated like a Greek buckler, a daisy tipped with rose, some grass with brush-like seeds, dip their stalks in a peasant's drinking glass, short, thick, and round. The pale blue of the wood flower, the fresh white of the field flower, the healthy green of the meadow grass, stand out with harmonious and vibrating gayety against the background of the wall, brown with the smoke of pipes and the rubbing of toil-stained clothes. Certain studies of Albert Dürer, washed in color over vigorous indications of pen and ink or of black pencil, give an idea of the conscientiousness and relief of this composition, which occupies very little space, but whose charm is very considerable.*

* The water-colors of Léon Bonvin with which I am acquainted are generally 20 to 24 centimeters long, by 16 to 20 wide.

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BIRDS AND WEEDS.

From an aquarelle by Léon Bonvin, owned by Mr W. T. Walters.

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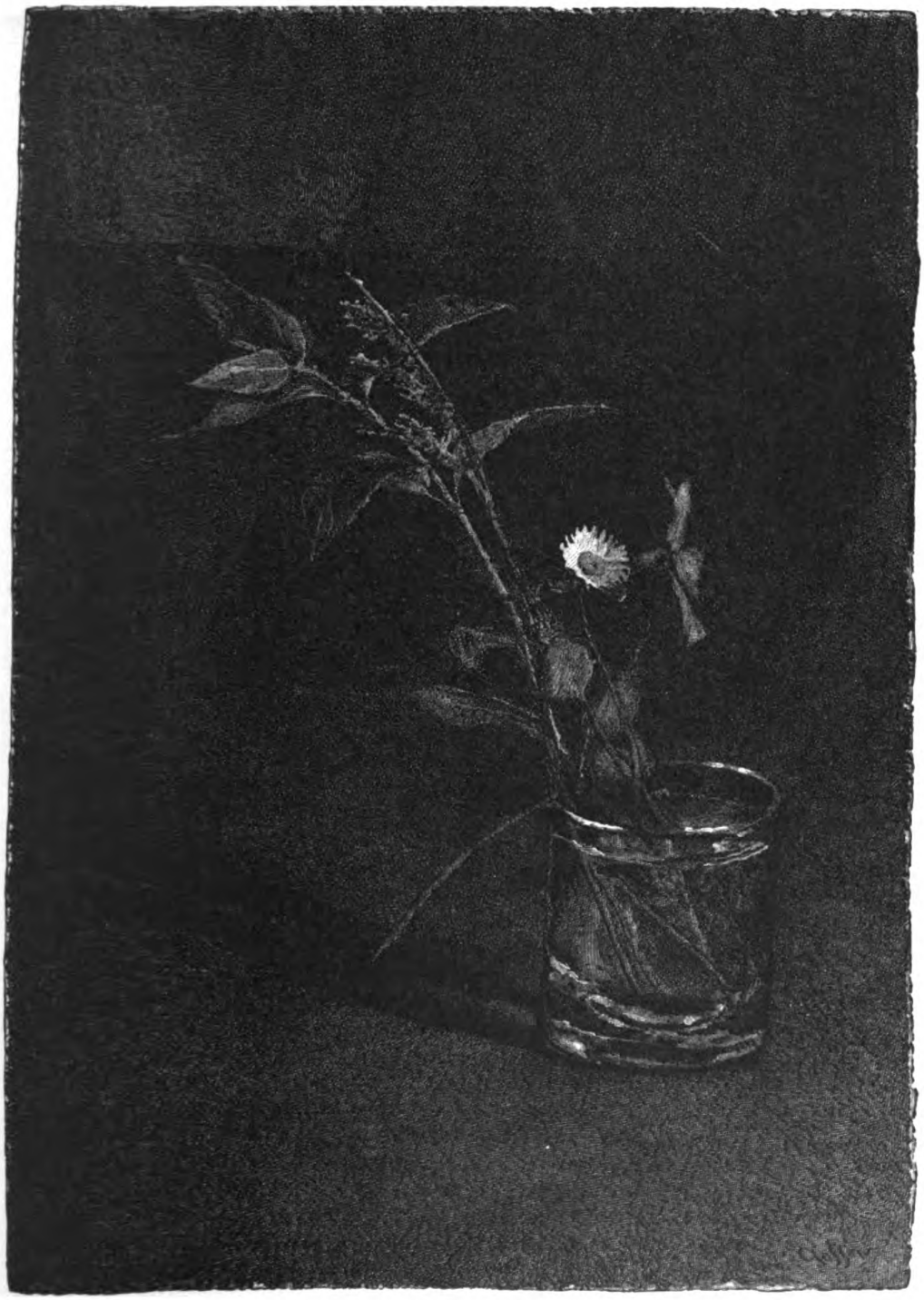
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FIELD FLOWERS.

From one of Bonvin's earliest aquarelles, owned by Philippe Burty.

In 1861 Léon Bonvin married. This was a grave event in an existence which had until then been deprived of all tenderness. We have, as it were, the wedding card of his marriage in a water-color of an intensity of sentiment such as we have found only once again, in a simple tuft of cowslips flowering in the midst of a meadow, and which, doubtless, also dated from this year of happiness that was so short. It gives us the enchanting image of coquettish ardor of the fruit trees at that moment of their full-blown vernal expansion which plunges the Japanese

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artists and poets into a state of juvenile elation. It is a branch of an apple-tree in full bloom; the brown bark and the leaves without elegance set off with all the more vivacity the buds still enfolded and the open petals with the roseate virginal brightness. Starting from a trunk which we do not see, the branch spreads its luminous or softly shaded mass against the background of a wooded inclosure forming a wall of leaves fretting the azure of the sky into a thousand blue lozenges and diamonds. This humble rustic subject is impressed with serious passion. The delicacy of the tissue of the petals assumes the charms of a beloved visage in an April morning; the limpidity of the light, the caress of the wind, the perfume of the blossom, the reflections, soft as souvenirs, are reproduced with striking force.

I do not know of any exact portrait of the wife of Léon Bonvin, or of Bonvin himself. He was evidently too timid to venture to paint faces, but he made her pose to animate some of his compositions. M. Eudoxe Marcille, now curator of the Museum of Orleans, has called my attention to a view of the wine-shop kept by this ill-matched couple; the wife, seen in profile, is sweeping the door-step of the house, whose dark silhouette stands out against the orange and greenish glow of a sunset.

I bought this branch of apple blossom, which recently provoked surprise and admiration at the exhibition of the "Dessins du Siécle" in the galleries of the École des Beaux Arts, of a well-known publisher of etchings and dealer in pictures. I was surprised at the moderateness of the price, some thirty francs. He told me that he had the portfolio, in which I had chosen the water-color, on deposit only, the amateurs not appreciating these little *lavis* sufficiently to enable him to risk buying them out and out. Certain obstacles prevented me from going to Vaugirard, and when I was on the point of being able to go, a letter published in the newspapers revealed the misery of the last weeks of the artist's life and his suicide. I did not therefore have the honor of personal relations with him. But his works are the complete confession of the whole man, and his life is open as the day. Both the one and the other have left profound memories in the mind of those who have studied them. I have collected notes which enable me to reconstitute the narrative. I shall not abuse these confidences. I shall simply give sufficient of them to explain the singularity of the genius of this almost unknown master, his preference for certain motifs of nature, and the reason of his limited production and his small notoriety.

"My dear friend" (an artist wrote to me in 1879), "I am not astonished at the effect which the water-colors of François Bonvin's brother have produced upon you. I remember them as perfect things. I have often regretted not to possess one. It would have been so easy at the time when he used to sell them at ten or fifteen francs each. Léon Bonvin was a tall, blonde man who said little. He looked rather as if he were disguised as a tavern-keeper. He lived in a house built by himself on some land which the commune of Vaugirard had given to his father as a recompense for his services. Père Bonvin, the rural policeman, had been the terror of the bad characters and marauders of the neighborhood; he used to go down alone into the quarries and arrest a dozen of them at a time. I knew him by accident. I used often to dine at Ragache's, at the Barrière de Sèvres, where they used to make a certain dish of rabbit *sauté en cinq minutes;* that is to say, the cook used to take a rabbit out of the hutch, somebody took out his watch, and the cook managed to kill, skin, cook, and serve the rabbit in five minutes. It was a wager we often made.

"One day a person who had been shown the exhibition of the rabbit killed and cooked in five minutes said to us: 'Your rabbit is amusing, but I know a place where you eat a really good rabbit stewed to perfection.' The next day we went with this person, who did not know that the tavern-keeper in question was a painter. However, he had told us, 'You will see a queer little house, and the host plays the piano.' This was true. Léon Bonvin was also a musician. After dinner he used to play on his organ airs by Beethoven, Grétry, Mozart, etc.

"This first visit was made about 1858. I returned many times afterward, up to the time when he killed himself, out of fright and also out of weariness. He was married. I do not remember his children. He painted not only flowers; I have seen also landscapes and interiors, always taken in his house or in his garden. His horizon was the fortifications. I remember well a large water-color; it was his pewter counter, with the bottles, the jugs, the brass

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BONVIN'S HOME.

From an aquarelle by Léon Bonvin, owned by Mr. W. T. Walters.

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water cistern, such as you see in Chardin's pictures. It was at this counter that I saw him for the first time, and his wife serving out drink. This water-color was extremely fine. A few years ago, after the war, I wished to see the house again, but I was unable to find it. In the old days the country there was a vast plain, with the house in the middle; now there are streets and six-story houses."

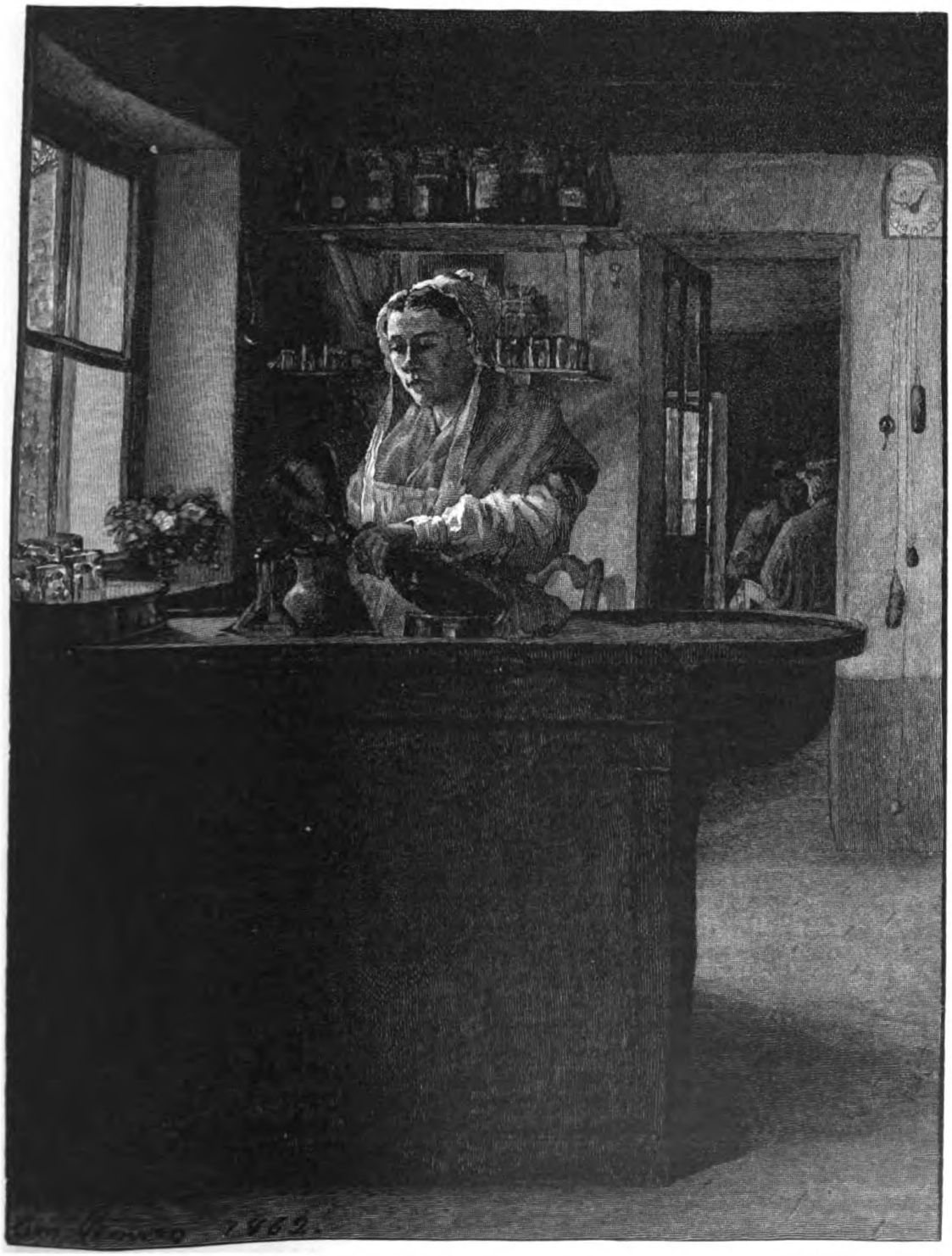
Léon Bonvin contrived to build himself a house with materials given to him by contractors whose accounts he kept on the days when they came to eat at his tavern and to settle with their foremen. The quarrymen, the masons, and the navvies occupied the rooms down-stairs. We find the portrait of the rooms in an interior, robust as a Pieter de Hoogh, in the possession of M. Boussaton; in the foreground a woman, seen from the back, in a brown dress, with white cap and apron, is standing in front of the pewter counter and emptying a bottle; the light strikes upon her, and lights up the rest of the room through a window; the rafters of the ceiling are unplastered; over the top of an oak cupboard which occupies the background rises, as the full moon rises on the horizon, a round plate in faience of Rouen. Through the open door we see three persons talking, wearing on their heads caps or cotton caftans. There was a room upstairs, and in one corner of it stood the harmonium which Léon Bonvin had managed to buy with the proceeds of his *pourboires* patiently amassed in a save-all. "He had learned music from an old German of the neighborhood," writes to me a lady whom we may believe, for she is herself a distinguished singer; "he played Beethoven with sentiment and method as an artist; for he was an artist in the full acceptation of the term." He used to sit at the harmonium and relieve his long silences by conversing with Weber or with Gluck. But soon his wife, an ignorant and scoffing creature, would come and tap him on the shoulder: "Léon, you are boring the people down-stairs with your gloomy church music. Play them something gay." The enchantment was broken. The listeners remained mute to avoid coarse scenes. Bonvin swallowed his draught of bitterness, and struck up the polka or romance which the street organs had brought into fashion.

Adjoining the house was a little garden with some arbors of meagre lilac-trees and scraggy alders. It was there that the table used to be laid, on fine days that are so delicious in the environs of Paris, for the artists and rare amateurs who appreciated the master and his drawings, the man and his equable character, the tavern-keeper and his stewed rabbits, his plates of mushrooms, and his cool wine at thirty sous the bottle. It was there that he used to open his portfolios of water-colors before his brother, before Bracquemond, who was beginning to produce his masterly etchings, before the printer Jules Claye and his friend the caricaturist Henri Monnier, the tragédienne Agar, in the prime of her beauty, the actors Bressant, Gil-Perez, Thiron, the wood-engravers Drunaire and Yon, Mr. Lucas, the painters Villain and Yan d'Argent, and others too, who came to air their hopes and their youth in the neighboring coppices of Meudon woods.

I never met with a direct view of this house. Mr. W. T. Walters, of Baltimore, has kindly lent me one which reproduces the side facing the road which led there across some land, the level of which had been raised by rubbish deposits. It was sheltered by three trees, and along the fence passed a narrow path which went on disappearing and re-appearing right away to the foot of a wooded slope.

Bonvin often used to draw in his garden, very early in the morning, before the customers came to take their draught of white wine, "qui tue le ver." Often, too, he would venture outside and stop at the first large motif of plants which happened to arrange well against the horizon. These ingeniously chosen subjects are perhaps the most essentially personal part of his work. Those who have tried with sincerity to paint flowers in the open air have felt how difficult it is to combine accessories with them; either their brilliancy must be subordinated to the landscape, or the landscape must be sacrificed. Léon Bonvin has succeeded in accomplishing the alliance with a talent all the more sure because it is simple and without artifice. Here we have a family of goldfinches that have alighted on the dry branches of some thistles and wild aniseed; the vermilion of their beaks, the black of their cowls, the chrome of their wings, animate with sparks of brightness the opal gray of the fog through which the sun is penetrating. There we have a chrysan-

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MADAME BONVIN.
From an squarelle by Léon Bonvin, owned by M. Boussaton.

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themum which has grown up vigorously on a heap of rubbish, and glories in its starry flowers with their sulphur-yellow centres, while in the successive planes of the morning mist one sees a man digging, the profiles of the edge of a village and of the church steeples. [See the aquarelle entitled "The Market-Garden."] Here, again, is a fuller's thistle with its silhouette of threatening prickles, some wild carrots, and grasses shooting up in slender tubes; their outlines strike across a sky of light drifting vapors; the line of the horizon is broken by the glacis of the fort of Issy, and by the outstretched arms of a windmill. Another water-color is an evening effect of boundless melancholy. We might believe ourselves in a cemetery assisting at some tragic and distant conflagration which is flinging its sad smoke in the air; through the gnarled branches, which are losing their leaves, a woman is seen passing, bent beneath a burden, and hastening toward a cold-looking and cheerless dwelling-house.*

I have before me a landscape which renders excellently the diffused intensity of full summer in the environs of Paris; the sky is like milk just foaming on the fire; a plant of mullein or high-taper lifts its pyramid of felted leaves and of little butter-colored flowers; near it some wild sorrel with its metallic-looking leaves; at the base of the undulating hills a gamekeeper's house; a stony path passes at the foot of a sturdy oak, which is known as the "big oak-tree of the pond of Chaville."

Léon Bonvin used often to paint at night by the light of a lamp inclosed in a box which cast a strong ray on the flowers placed on the table. These studies may be recognized by a certain harshness in the green of the leaves, and a certain hardness in the denticulation, for instance, of the extremity of the petals of the red and white carnations plunged in the elongated tube of a champagne glass. His ideas of luxury did not go beyond this champagne glass. Having been lent one day by a friend some ancient glasses, Bonvin thanked him, put them away, but never made use of them. Neither would he ever paint greenhouse plants or flowers. To the inquiry of Mr. Walters if he had not the desire to paint camellias or other cultivated flowers, he replied, "Do not ask me to do these; my heart is not in them." In the same way J. F. Millet was sensitive only to the beauty of peasant men and women, and felt no enthusiasm in presence of figures moulded by the corset, of folds fixed by the dress-maker, and complexions sophisticated with *poudre de riz*.

On the contrary, when Léon Bonvin could paint at his ease during the autumn days, when customers became rarer, he carried the scrupulousness of his pencil and brush so far as to paint the reflection of the frame of the window through which the light was shed into the room. We find similar trifling minuteness in the pictures of Van Eyck, particularly in the "Betrothal of Maximilian," in the National Gallery of London.

We must not look for Léon Bonvin's most personal work in the still-life subjects he used to group on the corner of a table in the winter, when there were absolutely no more wild flowers. These compositions betray the emptiness of sterile hours, the necessity of fulfilling some order, the vague preoccupation of trying the kind of work which makes the fortune of mediocrities. He seems, however, to have taken some interest in them merely as studies of color. Here, on the thick top of his kitchen table, is a bottle, a decanter, a loaf with a piece cut out, a cut-glass goblet, a basket of *pommes d'api* packed in moss. These *pommes d'api* are sound, bright-colored, and shiny; it makes your mouth water to look at them. Here, again, is a tuft of bleached dandelions, some chervil and chives, some beet-root already pared, an oil cruet, a blue-edged salad bowl ready to receive the salad.

Evidently, in spite of the severe guard which his brother kept over him, some one had given advice to this candid creature, and had troubled him; had reproached him for not giving nobility to his materials; had perhaps treated him as a "realist"—a term which was then the height of contempt. I have had this scene narrated to me. A pupil of Ingres has been the Mephistopheles of this tranquil Faust. The fact is betrayed in a still-life subject of masterly execution, in which the taste-

* These four superb water-colors belong, as well as others that I describe, to Mr. W. T. Walters, of Baltimore—one of the most serious and intelligent of American amateurs and collectors—who bought them one by one of Léon Bonvin. This gentleman possesses more than fifty of the aquarelles of the artist, being many times the number existing in the collection of any other one person: some twenty of these are landscapes combined with flowers, fifteen are subjects of flowers, ten are landscapes, and there are ten studies of fruits and vegetables.

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STILL-LIFE STUDY.

From an aquarelle by Léon Bonvin, owned by Mr. W. T. Walters.

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of Léon Bonvin is less distinctly conspicuous than usual. It is evident that he did not like exotic fruits any more than the hot-house flowers. On a napkin with red stripes is a dessert ready to be arranged, a bottle of Alicante wine, a decanter, a plate of raisins, almonds, and nuts, some mandarin oranges, a pomegranate. One orange has been cut by a table-knife, and its quarters are still held together by the end of the core.

Léon Bonvin must have painted this water-color after a visit to an original by J. B. Chardin. I do not mean to say that he was wrong to ask information under the guidance of this great predecessor; I simply state the fact that he came away thoroughly impregnated with the method of that learned master, who impressed so vigorous and simple a stamp on the school of painting of the eighteenth century. The frequentation of masters of this order can not but be fruitful to unbiassed natures. In such society they acquire the confirmation of their own instinctive sentiments, and practical advice on points which they have hitherto only half seen. The only thing to be desired is that the interview leave merely general souvenirs, and that in listening to the words of the master the pupil do not catch the accent.

Certainly Léon Bonvin never better rendered the white lights and the gray folds of a napkin of linen spun by a spindle and woven by the weaver's shuttle than on the day when he painted this picture; never did he give to the roundness of his fruits a more ample curve. But it is no longer familiar nature; it gives no longer the impression of *intimate*, of that profound expressiveness, of that seal on a man's work of what is most inward and peculiar in his moods and manners of apprehension. I imagine some middle-class family must have given an order for these mandarins and that pomegranate, and that Bonvin must have put on his Sunday frock-coat to do honor to them. How much less ceremony he made with the wild pansies, so delicate and nervous, with the sweet-smelling wood-violets! These are the flowers which he really and heartily loved.

But the fatal moment was approaching. I have seen in the collection of Mr. Lucas a landscape which answers to the impressions of his aching soul; beyond a foreground of buttercups, daisies, wild roses, and brambles stretches a landscape darkened by the approach of a storm; some fields where a few stunted trees are growing; a pool of water in which is reflected a bit of dim blue sky; some hills quite close that give one the sensation of a closed life. Generally, and even nearly always, the signature of Léon Bonvin is traced neatly in black; in this case it is written in sombre red. This signature is followed by the date, 1865.

The winter of 1865 was terrible for Léon Bonvin. Other taverns had been opened in the neighborhood as the new houses advanced over the plain. The workmen had perhaps felt embarrassed at coming into contact with artists and *bourgeois*, and they no longer came. Léon Bonvin, having nothing to do at home, had even worked as a carter with the stone wagons. Debts were accumulating. He had a bill of thirteen hundred francs to meet. He was tortured by jealousy. His heart and his hands were torn by every thorn.

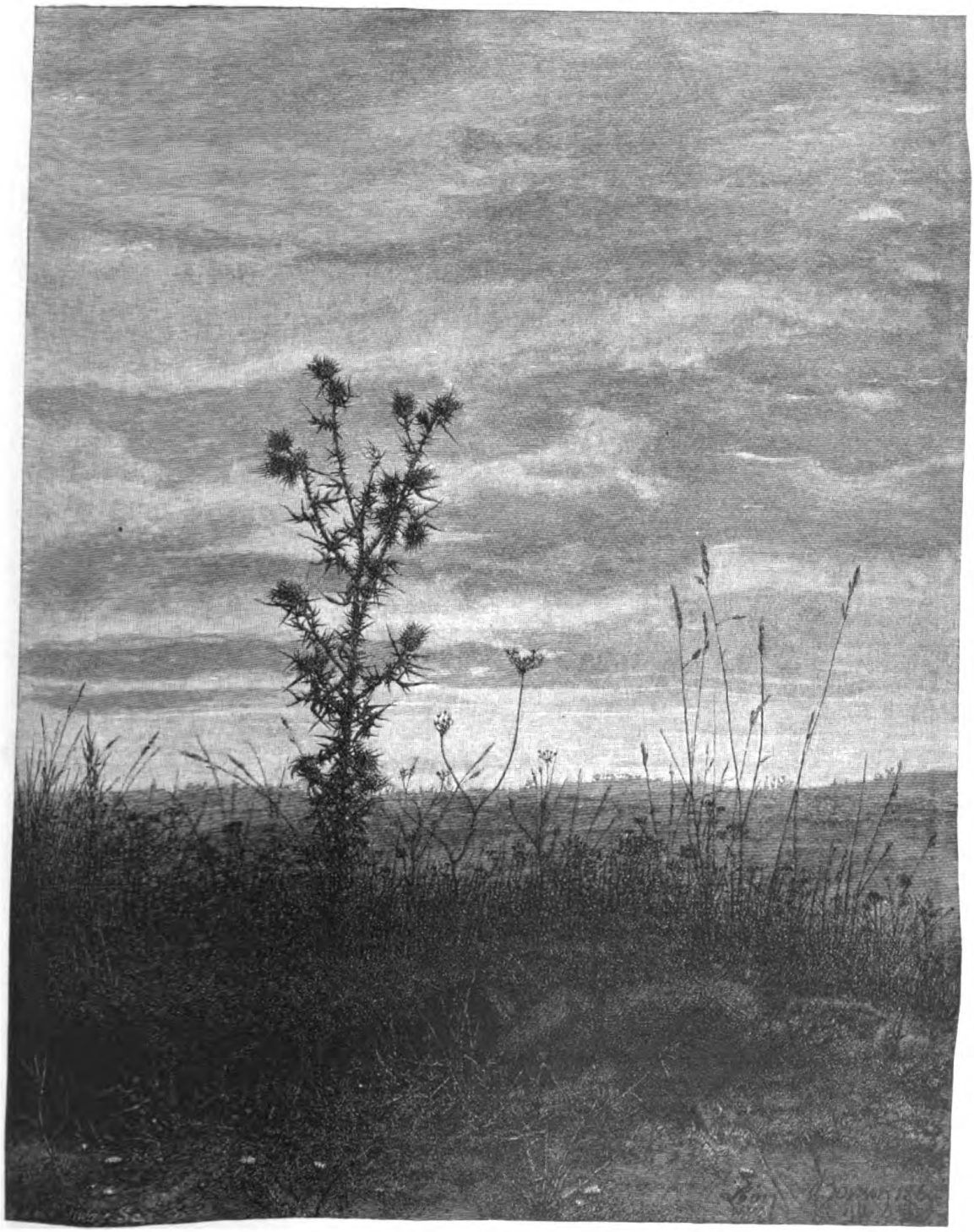
On January 29, 1866, he went to return some ancient glass which had been obligingly lent to him; thence he went to see a dealer in water-colors, who did not deign to choose anything out of his portfolio. He found all the water-colors "too dark, not gay enough."

A week afterward M. François Bonvin addressed the following letter to M. Albert de la Fizelière, who, a few weeks before, had called attention to the misery of the artist.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Here is a very sad conclusion for your article in the *Evénement* of the 13th November last. My poor brother, in spite of all his efforts, has been overcome by evil fortune. The attempts which he made a week ago to sell the last drawings he had executed were vain; the picture-dealer —— offered him ten francs for drawings for which the others ordinarily paid him sixty francs.

"The future seemed to him more gloomy than the past. Instead of confiding to me the full extent of his needs, he determined to have done with everything, and he went and hung himself on a tree in the wood of Meudon on the evening of January 31. You knew him, and you know that fraternity does not blind me when I proclaim that he was indeed the best and purest of the best. As an artist, one has only to look at his drawings to recognize

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THE THISTLE.

From an aquarelle by Léon Bonvin, owned by Mr. W. T. Walters.

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his worth. His musical aptitudes were unknown.

"All this is dead!

"Now there remain three children and a weakly wife, and I myself, who am almost in as great misery, for at the present moment all the fruit that I have gathered of my labors is to have but few debts relatively to what I should have had if I had allowed myself all the necessaries of life. We need, then, dear sir, your kind aid to endeavor to organize a sale. For my part, I have never failed to respond to the appeals that have been made to me by others in similar circumstances, and I hope I shall find amongst our colleagues enough sympathy to help me in the sad mission which has fallen to my lot.

"F. BONVIN.

"6th of January, 1866.

"P.S.—His body was not found until Saturday, at Meudon, at the foot of a tree, near the pond of Villebois. The branch had broken. This is the only damage he ever did in his life. He was just thirty-two years of age."

The press, the studios of artists of talent and heart, answered this appeal. The sale took place at the Hôtel Drouot on the 24th of the following May, under the direction of an auctioneer, M. Boussaton, who after having taken a very active part in its organization refused to accept any honorarium. The prices of modern pictures were then nothing like what they were to become less than ten years later. Let us mention some of the figures as a curiosity, adding that the fine society folks affected not to appear at this auction. The sale was for the benefit of the family of a "realist" who had not exhibited in the annual Salons, and of whom the rich collectors, the fashionable dealers, and the administration of the Department of Fine Arts had never bought anything. The total of 636 items produced 8394 francs 50 centimes, deduction made of the ten per cent. for expenses. Twelve water-colors found in the portfolio which Léon Bonvin had in vain offered for sale were knocked down at from 50 to 88 francs. A view of the bridge of Grez by Corot was sold for 350 francs to Cadart, at the liquidation of whose business I myself bought it for double that sum. This study, entirely painted from nature, and judged to be one of the most perfect of the master at the posthumous exhibition of his works, shows me, in the soft atmosphere of the environs of Fontainebleau, the trees of a park very dear to my heart, the boat from which my father used to throw me into the river Loing to teach me to swim, and the church in the grave-yard of which my mother rests. A view of Douarnenez, on the coast of Brittany, by M. Jules Bréton, fetched 245 francs; and the "École des Petites Sœurs des Pauvres," by M. François Bonvin, a reduction of a larger composition, equalling, in the observation of popular sentiment, in the rendering of the tranquil light of a room with bare walls, the most touching and most natural masterpieces of the Flemish school. A Courbet, 340 francs; a landscape by Daubigny, 185 francs; a still-life by M. Roybet, 102 francs; a sketch and three etchings by M. Meissonier, 101 francs. Luckily a bit of a picture by M. Édouard Frère, representing a boy looking at a portfolio of engravings in a painter's studio, was run up on behalf of a famous English dealer, Mr. Gambart, who monopolized Édouard Frère's works, and reached the figure of 1400 francs.

Such was the life and such was the end of one of the most singular natures and one of the best gifted for art that we could find in our times, which are every day more and more threatened by the laws of civilization with the obliteration of sincere and tenacious originality.

Léon Bonvin took as his theme the flowers and plants of his garden, the landscape around his house, the details of his interior. Such, four centuries before, at the time of the truly French Renaissance, had been the theme of the illustrious miniaturists of Ile de France and Touraine, on the margins of the vellum hour-books.

Like them, penetrated with the artist's simple faith, Léon Bonvin has expressed all the varied beauty, all the profound poetry, that is contained in these humble models. "Solomon in all his glory," says the gospel, "was not arrayed" like the lily of the field.

He lies in the unconsecrated corner of a suburban cemetery, in the accursed burying-place of those who have died of their own hand. His remains ought rather to have been laid in a thicket of the Meudon woods, where every spring the branches grow green and the violets bloom, ignorant of human wretchedness.

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PINKS.

From an aquarelle by Léon Bonvin, owned by Mr. W. T. Walters.

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ABOUT a mile beyond the straggling outskirts of a New England village once as young and energetic as any in the land, but to-day so old and exhausted that it seems to have sunk into restful sleep, there stands a house built of dull gray stone, and bearing bravely still the onslaught of the New England winters it has withstood for now nearly two centuries. This house, beginning at last to bear witness to the wear of time, is one of the oldest in America; it is one of the few buildings of the seventeenth century which survive to this last quarter of the nineteenth. To us who live in an age of rush and glitter the appearance of the house is in no wise remarkable except for its evident antiquity; nor should we turn aside now to consider what the contemporaries of the first owner were wont to call the stately nobility of its proportions. But our eyes are not the eyes of the early colonists of New England, and the stone house which Judge Feverel built was long a wonder for miles around. More than one fast-day sermon had been directed against its magnificence, which seemed out of place amid the humble beginnings of the growing colony. There yet lingered a tradition that the house had once been called "The Judge's Folly." But the nickname had died away long ago as the magnificence of the house had faded. And as time, unhasting and unresting, sped slowly, the house of the stern and fiery Roger Feverel had fallen from grace, and the fortunes of the elder branch of the Feverels were fallen with it.

As the late November sun sent its declining rays across the low western hills, and gilded the substantial chimney which rose above the slant roof of the house which Judge Feverel had built, a man on horseback drew rein before the door. He looked at the house like one who had never seen it before; but his face lighted up at once with a glance of recognition and a smile of satisfaction that he had come to the end of his travels at last, and reached a haven of rest. He sprang from his horse, which he tethered to a post at the edge of the path. He was a handsome young fellow—for young he was yet, in spite of his having already accomplished half of a man's allotted span of life. He had dark wavy hair, quick black eyes, and a frank face, on which there might be seen at times a dreamy look. His walk indicated a resolute self-reliance, and he passed up the unfamiliar path as though he had a right to be there.

As he stood on the low step before the door of the house, after ringing the bell, he turned to look at the little garden which surrounded the house, and at the few scant fields which were attached to it; then he raised his head with a little touch of pride as he recalled the time when the owner of the house was the owner also of the land for a mile or more on every side of it. One by one these broad acres had slipped from the loose hands of the Feverels, and generation after generation the Feverels had become poorer and poorer, as though there had been a curse on them and on their house.

"On this house there may be a curse, and there is reason for it," thought John Feverel, as he stood for the first time at the door of the home of the Feverels; "but the curse, if curse there be, is on this house only, and not on the Feverels at large. It is on them, perhaps, who remain here and keep up the flame of hatred, but it is not on those who have gone forth into the world. There was no curse on my grandfather when he, the younger son, went out from here and prospered, while the elder son remained here and saw his substance shrivel up. There was no curse on my father, who made his way in the world without hinderance from ill fortune. There is no curse on me as yet. Standing here on the threshold of the house of the Feverels, I can look back over my past with pleasure, for I have been happier than most men, and I can look forward to the future with hope."

Receiving no answer to his repeated ring, John Feverel rapped sharply on the panel of the door. Under the force of the blow, the door opened silently, and disclosed a broad hall, at the farther end of which, facing the entrance, there was a large fire-place, where a few sticks of wood were burning brightly. The visitor stood for a moment on the door-step, as though awaiting an invitation to enter. Then he walked into the house and looked about him. The hall was spacious, old-fashioned, quaint. The wood-work had reached a stage of decay when care could no longer conceal the marks of age and use. Everything was clean and worn-out. The

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tidiness and neatness, the nosegay of fresh flowers in a vase by a window, the little touches of color elsewhere, revealed a woman's hand. Yet the house seemed to be empty. There was no one to welcome John Feverel to the home of his ancestors.

"Uncle Timothy!" he called. "Cousin Esther!" But there came no answer. The house was as deserted as it was desolate. From its stillness it might be a habitation of the dead, where no one dwelt but the ghosts of the past.

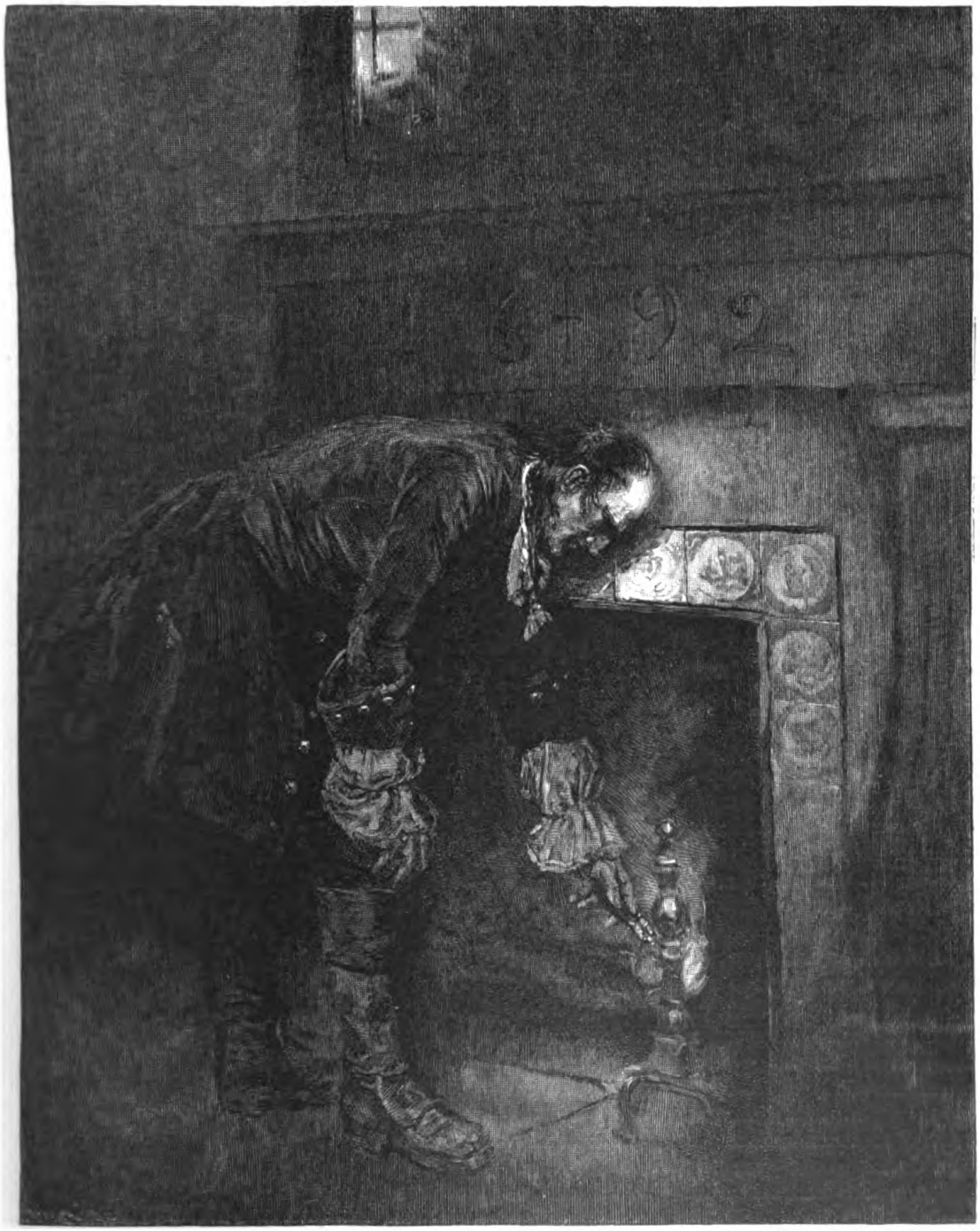
He called again, and again he received no reply.

Neither of his kinsfolk was at home to greet him. And yet it was to see them almost as much as to take possession of the property that he had cut short his travels and crossed the ocean in haste.

John Feverel was the grandson of a John Feverel who left this Eastern home of the family to seek his fortune in the West. In this undertaking he had prospered as no Feverel before him had prospered since the fire had first smoked on the hearth of "The Judge's Folly." He worked and made money; he married and saw his children grow up about him; and in his old age he rested in peace before he died happily. His son, John Feverel again, made yet another move to the West, and he prospered as his father had prospered. When he died he left to his only son, the John Feverel who now stood in the hall of the house built by Roger Feverel nearly two hundred years ago, three good things: a brave heart, a keen head, and a modest fortune. To these John Feverel added a quality of his own, an inquiring mind ever athirst for knowledge. He put his wits to work and did not cease from labor until he had doubled the fortune left him by his father. Although he was then barely thirty-five years of age, and although he saw before him the prospect of great riches, he gave up his business and rested satisfied with the comfortable competence he had attained. He felt that he had a more important work in life than the mere making of money. Just what this future work might be he did not know, but he was ready to undertake whatever seemed to him fit and worthy. In the mean while he set about improving himself by travel. He had more than his share of that mysticism of the West which matches so curiously with the occult temperament of the Orient. Even as a boy he had become an adept in the cabalistic secrets of the Rosicrucians. As a man he travelled throughout the East, seeking to sate his desire to gaze on strange things, and to penetrate the obscure mysteries of strange people. He had sought to discover the means whereby the wonder-workers of the East wrought their miracles. He was learned in the lore of the alchemists, and he had traversed Arabia in search of the surviving repositories of their recondite wisdom. To all that he saw he applied his shrewd common-sense. The results of his experiment and investigation he kept to himself; but he walked among men as one who has peered deep into the enigmas of life and pondered upon them long and earnestly.

It may be that, for a little space, he stood in danger of sinking into the lethargy of Buddhistic contemplation. He was far up in the Himalayas when he received a letter which suddenly recalled him to a sharp self-consciousness. It was from Esther Feverel, the only daughter of Timothy Feverel, the last survivor of the elder branch of the old Judge's family. It told him in few and simple words that her father's affairs were hopelessly involved, and that a mortgage on the old house was about to be foreclosed; and it suggested that perhaps he might like to buy it, so that the house should still be owned by a Feverel. John Feverel had never seen any of his New England relatives, and he had given them little thought; but with the old house, with the strange story of its building, and with the legends which clustered about its hearth, he was perfectly familiar. He had sat by his grandfather's knee, night after night—during the festival reunions which brought together the various members of the Western branch of the family—and he had treasured up every word which fell from his grandfather's lips, when he told of "The Judge's Folly," and of the fire on its hearth, and of the ill fortune which followed the house and its inmates. To have the house pass into his possession was a boon he had not dared to hope for. The letter which informed him that its purchase was possible was written in the name of Timothy Feverel, but the hand was the hand of his daughter. John Feverel had studied chirography as he had studied whatever else might serve to increase his knowledge of men. He was wont to

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"ROGER FEVEREL HAD KINDLED IT FOR THE FIRST TIME."

read character by handwriting with a success often startling to himself. The symbols of character he deciphered in the sincere handwriting of Esther Feverel made him wish to meet her and know more of her. He wrote to her at once, venturing to call her cousin, and telling her that he had given orders to have the place bought for him whenever the mortgagee saw fit to foreclose. Furthermore, assuming the liberty of a kinsman, he begged that she and her father would continue to live in the house as before, taking care of it for him, against the time when he should return to America.

A few months later, when he had begun

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to be weary of his years of wandering in search of the unknowable, he had received another letter from Esther, letting him know that the sale had taken place, and that the house was his, and thanking him for the kindness extended to her father and herself—a kindness of which they would gladly avail themselves until his return. So gentle was this letter, so sweet in its maidenly modesty, so frank and womanly was it, so charming was the character revealed by its chirography, that it wrought a change in John Feverel's views of life. He abandoned a daring trip to the chief temples of China, and made his way back to America.

Now, as he stood for the first time in the home of the Feverels, he had a sharp feeling of disappointment that Esther was not there to bid him welcome. Before he had paced the hall half a dozen times, this feeling gave way, and he began even to be glad that he was alone, and that his first impressions of the old house might be pure of all admixture of the opinions of another, even were that other his cousin Esther. So accurate had been his grandfather's description, and so retentive had been his own memory, that he felt at home in the house as soon as he entered the door. He gazed from the windows, and the view was to him as though he had seen it before in some former existence. The tall clock on the stairs looked down on him as benignantly as it had looked down on the other children of the family in the two centuries since it first began to measure eternity into time. The mirror over the mantel-piece at the end of the hall reflected his image as it had reflected the image of eight generations of Feverels since the old Judge set it against the chimney. The ancient chair before the fire extended its arms as hospitably to him as it had to his great-grandfather, the last of his line who had sat in it. On John Feverel these things had a strange effect; he felt as though he had come home at last—and for the first time.

As he sat himself down in the chair before the fire and glanced up at the mirror, he saw an expression on his face he had never known there before. He had a strange presentiment that he was at the turning-point of his career. It was as though he were halting at the threshold of a new life, pausing for a moment to look back across the past, and yet regarding the future hopefully. He lowered his eyes, and they fell on the date carven deep into the heavy timbers of the mantel-piece —**1692**. For nearly two hundred years had the fire been alight on that hearth day and night, winter and summer, year after year. There the flame had burned and smouldered and blazed since the Judge, in his fanaticism and wrath, had brought home a brand from the burning of a poor wretch whom he had sentenced to death for dealings with the devil. On that hearth, beneath the faded tiles, whereon were depicted Cain and Abel, David and Goliath, Sisera and Jael, and other characters in Biblical scenes of bloodshed, the fire had never ceased rising and falling since Roger Feverel had kindled it for the first time with a brand from the burning, that it might be an enduring witness to his righteousness, and that it should be ready at all times in the future to fire the torch whenever the same awful vengeance might need to be taken once again. Roger Feverel was dead and buried, and the hatreds and the beliefs and the heresies of his time were dead and buried also, but the fire he kindled was still smoking on his hearth. Roger Feverel's son and his grandson and his great-grandson had passed away, one after another; but the fire that the founder of the family had lighted when he built the house lived on, and was as young as ever. Generation followed generation to the grave, but the fire of intolerance still burned on its altar as though Roger Feverel had made a covenant with his descendants that they should feed the flame forever. So strongly had the traditions of the family seized John Feverel that he bent forward and laid across the embers two pieces from the piles of cut wood ready to his hand on either side of the fire-place.

As he lay back again in the chair he saw in the mirror the reflection of his smile, for he was half conscious that his humorous skepticism mated ill with the fanatic intolerance of the old Judge who had set light to that fire. He wondered whether Roger Feverel had also looked into the mirror as he heaped fuel upon the flame. No doubt the Judge had seen the look on his own dark face, though he knew not how to read its meaning. The glass had hung there since the fire first flamed. In it had been reflected the life history of the Feverels. Across the surface of that frail glass had passed the image of the pride and the joys and the

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sorrows of Roger Feverel and of his descendants. It had seen their youth and their old age; it had seen their sufferings, and it may be their death. It had been a silent witness to their prosperity, and, after many years, to their poverty, but never to their disgrace or their shame, for they always held their heads high, and their poverty was never tarnished with dishonor.

As John Feverel sat in the chair before the fire and gazed up into the mirror he thought of these things, and he wished that these scenes might be evoked from the past, and shown again in the glass wherein they had been reflected as they happened. He wondered what the Judge would have thought of the magic mirrors of Japan, in which a vanished scene may be made to re-appear. Surely the Judge would have seen nothing strange in the tale, but he would have been prompt to punish any man who should make use of such a device of the devil.

John Feverel recalled the temple on the flanks of Fusiyama wherein the Japanese priests preserved jealously the most potent of these magic mirrors. It was in this temple that—by one of those curious reproductions in strange countries of the rites and mysteries of ancient civilization—a perpetual fire was cherished on the altar, guarded night and day, as the virgins of Roma kept up the sacred flame of Vesta. When a certain mysteriously compounded preparation was thrown upon this fire, a dense smoke arose and veiled the magic mirror, which hung just above the altar, and it was through the dim haze of this smoke that the pictures of the past became visible in the glass.

Suddenly John Feverel sprang to his feet. It had struck him that here in "The Judge's Folly" in New England there was an ever-burning fire beneath a mirror, just as there was in the Japanese temple on the side of Fusiyama. And at the same time he remembered that he had begged and bribed a priest of the temple to give him a portion of the preparation thrown upon the fire beneath the magic mirror. With infinite precaution the priest had confided it to him, incased in a tiny silver ball, the surface of which was curiously wrought with a mystic device. This ball, the contents of which he had intended to submit to chemical analysis whenever occasion served, he had worn ever since attached to his watch chain as a charm. As he thought of it his fingers closed upon it, and the worn links of the chain parted and left the ball in his hand. It was as though the inanimate thing had whispered to him that the time had come when it could be of use.

Obeying an impulse which he felt to be well-nigh irresistible, John Feverel drew forward the scattered fragments of the fire which had burned on that hearth for nearly twice a hundred years. Then, with a single turn of his wrist, he twisted apart the silver hemispheres which contained the magical compound of the Japanese temple. A white powder fell from them upon the glowing embers, a pungent aroma filled the air, and a thick smoke arose, veiling the mirror from view. As the cool evening breeze, playing through the open door, caused the cloud of smoke to waver and shift from side to side, John Feverel, reclining in the chair before the fire, felt as one looking through a glass darkly. Figures, dim and indistinct, seemed to be visible in the mirror, into which he peered resolutely, calling up the past with the whole force of his will. He sat motionless, and gave himself up to the spell. His whole being was attuned in harmony with the moment. Whether it was memory, or imagination aided by memory, or whether the charm had veritably some occult potency, mattered little. As he gazed into the mirror through the circling smoke which rose steadily from the fire beneath he saw visions, and in time they took form and color. Some scenes stood out more vividly than others, to John Feverel's delight, for he soon found that he saw more clearly what he was most familiar with, and what he most wished to see, as though the mirror responded to some secret sympathy of his soul. He beheld the three sons of the house of Feverel, the brothers of Esther, dead before she was born, boys all three of them, but manly and full of spirit; he saw them come to bid farewell to their mother, as they went forth, clad in dark blue, musket on shoulder, on the long march which should end only with their death, one on the plains of Virginia, and one in the bayous of Louisiana, and one on the hill at Gettysburg; and the shot which killed this last reached the heart of the mother, and was fatal, though she lingered long enough to clasp her little daughter in her arms before she followed her boys across the dark threshold of death.

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Then a thick cloud of smoke rolled across the mirror, as though a volley had been fired over their graves, and as this drifted away, John Feverel, looking fixedly in the glass, saw the open door of the house, and a little maid went forth and gave a glass of water to a courtly old gentleman, who remained uncovered before her while he quenched his thirst. He knew that the little maid was his grandfather's sister, and he recognized the courtly old gentleman as one who had come to bring us help in time of direst need, and who was, many years later, on a visit to America as the guest of the nation.

As this pleasant vision faded away softly and was resolved into nothing, there fell upon the ear of the man who was peering into the mirror, with all his faculties at their utmost tension—there fell upon his ear as it had been a rattle of drums, and he saw a company of redcoats drawn up before the house, and on the door-step, confronting them sturdily, while she patted the babe at her breast, stood the beautiful Rachel Feverel, wife of Colonel Francis Feverel, parleying with the captain of the British troops, and bandying words with him pertly, that he might delay, all to give the Continentals time to rally and return and cut them off.

While he looked the scene changed, and the rattle of drums was drowned by shrieks and shrill yells like the cries of wild beasts. The door was closed and barred, and defended by half a score of strong men. The stanch shutters of the windows were firmly fastened, and men were firing through the loop-holes. Fiery-headed arrows fell against the door now and again, and were extinguished just as they were about to fire the house. But though the painted Indians encompassed them on every side, and escape was impossible, and death was waiting for them, and a fate worse than death, the women of the family were not craven; some of them were loading the muskets, every shot from which hit the living mark it was aimed at; and some were gathered in a group about the fire, melting lead from the roof and running it into bullet-moulds. A little of the water into which the hot bullets were dropped fell upon the roaring logs on the hearth, and the white steam rushed up and bedimmed the mirror so that John Feverel could see nothing more for a long while.

At last the steam and the smoke parted again and left the glass clear. The hall was silent and deserted; and Roger Feverel paced slowly and thoughtfully up and down, from the hearth he had lighted with a brand from the burning he had decreed, to the door which shut out the glory of the summer sun. Judge Feverel was not an old man even then, though he had aged since the day when he had done his duty at Hadley fight, by the side and under the orders of the gray warrior who came forth mysteriously to lead the colonists to victory, and who was recognized as Goffe, the regicide. As he strode up and down the hall of "The Judge's Folly" he did not note a light footstep upon the stair, and he did not see a slight and graceful girlish figure, until his daughter stole her arm in his as he turned on his heel near the door. When Roger Feverel felt her gentle touch his hard face softened, and he gave her a look of deep affection mingled with solicitude. John Feverel recalled the family tradition of the Judge's daughter, who began to sicken and fade as soon as she set foot in the house her father had built; she was his favorite of all his children, in so far at least as his stern justice allowed him to make any distinction between them. As she leaned on her father's arm she seemed so fragile that a puff of the winter breeze would blow her away, and it was true that she did not live out the first December in the new house. She turned with her father and drew near the fire, and for the first time her face became visible to John Feverel. He looked at her with surprise, for he recognized her—at least he had a vague feeling that he had beheld her face before. The beautiful mouth, the tender eyes, the delicate wave of the hair drawn tightly back, were familiar to him, like a face seen in a dream. There came a sudden thickening of the misty vapor which enwrapped the mirror, and for a moment he seemed to see her image upon this unsubstantial curtain; and then he remembered where it was that he had first beheld the face of the Judge's daughter, and he knew it was the face of his promised bride.

A year before, John Feverel had been in Egypt, and one day he had joined a little party who wished to view the Sphinx by night. After the pale green sunset had died away, and the ruddy after-glow had followed it swiftly, and the short twilight had given place to the darkness of

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"HER GLANCE FELL, UNDER HIS STEADY GAZE."—[SEE PAGE 60.]

night, the party sat around a fire before the house where they were to sleep. While John Feverel was lying on the sand, under the shadow of the Sphinx, musing on the riddle of life, he was suddenly awakened to the emptiness of existence by the arrival of a little band of strolling performers, one of whom, apparently a Hindoo, and a man of unusual skill and presence, performed the customary wonders of the itinerant magician. A dragoman hinted to one of the party that this Hindoo had great powers, and that he had been known to reveal to a man the portrait of his future bride. John Feverel, who had drawn on one side, took

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no part in the clamorous outcry of his fellow-travellers for an immediate exhibition of his peculiar power, and he was much surprised when the Hindoo turned to him gravely and offered to work the wonder for him, and for him alone. With his keen interest in thaumaturgy, Feverel accepted the offer. The Hindoo made two smaller fires equidistant from that around which the travellers sat, and at each he stationed one of the two boys who served as his assistants. Then the Hindoo looked into John Feverel's hand and studied its lines for a moment. Producing a package of some strange Oriental incense, he bade Feverel cast a handful of it on the fire. As he obeyed, a thick column of smoke shot into the air, and in the centre of this column he saw a woman's face. It was the same face he was to see again in the mirror.

It was a face he could now nevermore forget. It had been revealed to him twice in a vision, once in a column of smoke in Egypt, and once again in a mirror here in New England. He wondered if he was never to behold her in more tangible reality, and to meet her face to face in actual life, where he might take her by the hand and bid her mark the beatings of his heart, and ask her to share his life through good fortune and ill.

He sat silently and long, dreaming and musing. When he aroused himself at last, the rising smoke was now only a thin thread, and the fire had shrivelled to a few scant embers. He had a suspicion that there was some ingredient in the Japanese preparation he had sprinkled over the flames which had sufficed to quench them finally. For the first time in the two centuries since Roger Feverel had lighted the fire on that hearth it burned low, and although it yet lingered and might be resuscitated by effort, it was well-nigh dead. Through the open door the slant rays of the setting sun entered the hall and bathed it in an immaterial glory.

John Feverel raised his eyes again to the mirror to see if haply he might gain another glimpse of the face which had moved him so strangely. The glass was no longer wreathed in vapor, and yet again it reflected the same face, not dimly now, nor indistinct, not as a phantom, intangible and tantalizing, but alive, and with the smile of life and health and youth. Then he heard a light footfall, and he sprang to his feet and stood before the woman of his vision. And she stood before him in flesh and blood, this woman whom he had seen only in the mirror of the past. Mouth and eyes and hair and the beauty of which these were symbols were to him unmistakable. Even her dress in its simplicity recalled that of Roger Feverel's daughter. The beauty which in the evanescent visions had been vague and fleeting was in life beyond all question. It was the beauty of New England, and it dwelt as much in delicacy of color as in the regularity of outline. It was beauty not only of face, but also of figure, as firm in fact as it seemed fragile. But perhaps the chief charm lay in the eyes, dreamy yet noble, full of frankness and candor. John Feverel stood before her entranced, or rather as one awakened from reverie to a delightful reality.

As she came toward him, with a brilliant smile of welcome, she held out her hand.

"It is Cousin John, I am sure," she said. "Though we did not expect you until to-morrow, I know you. The Feverels are a marked race, with our dark eyes and light hair."

"And you are Esther?" he said.

"Yes, I am Esther," was her answer.

The voice was the voice of an angel in its sweetness and purity. John Feverel almost hesitated to believe that he was not dreaming still, that he was no longer peering into the mirror in which he had beheld her only a few minutes before.

"I am sorry that we were not here to welcome you this afternoon, but my father went into town, and I was away in the orchard, and I did not know you were here until I saw your horse."

He took the hand she extended to him, and murmured inarticulate acknowledgment. He found few words, though he was wont to be ready. His tongue refused its office, but his love spake from his eyes. Her glance fell, under his steady gaze, and a slight blush crimsoned her cheek. It was as though, having seen her once, he did not wish ever again to lose sight of her, and to be compelled to rely on incantation for her re-appearance. She hesitated for a little space, and then she continued: "I hope you will be happy here, as I have been. It is a dear old house, and I have spent my life here, and I love it. But I fear you will not be content with what pleased an ignorant girl, after your wanderings all over the world."

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"What I have seen of the house seems like a glimpse of paradise," he said, when at last he found his voice. "And I should be hard to please if I were to wish to leave it. I am sure that I shall not want to roam again. I shall be content here now," and to these last words he gave a deep meaning, so that the blush mantled her cheek again. "I have come home to rest by my own fireside."

As he said this she cast an involuntary glance upon the hearth. Then she sprang forward with feverish haste: "You have let the fire go out," she said, reproachfully, "and it has been burning here day and night, summer and winter, ever since the house was built."

John Feverel said nothing, but watched her as she heaped the wood over the scant embers and sought to fan them into a flame. Perhaps it was the fixity of his glance which disturbed her, for she arose sharply and turned to seek a match. The skirt of her dress rested for a second on one of the dying embers, and as she stooped again the flames sprang up and enveloped her.

With the prompt decision of a man used to the facing of emergencies, John Feverel seized the heavy Oriental rug which lay before the hearth. He flung it instantly around the girl, and rolled it tightly, extinguishing the slight flame before it had force even to scorch her fair skin. For a minute he kept her wrapped closely in his arms.

Then, as he relaxed his hold a little, she released herself.

"But you must not let the fire go out," she said, gently, "even if it did try to burn me."

He placed her in the chair before the hearth, and he stepped forward and stamped out the last lingering ember, powerless thereafter for good or evil. She watched him with a woman's acquiescence in the force of a man's will. When the last spark was quenched, he came to her and took her hand.

"Let the old fire of intolerance and hatred go out," he said. "For nearly two hundred years its smoke has cast a shadow over the Feverels. I hope for a new light and a purer flame on our hearth;" and he knelt beside her, and her hand rested in his.

THE RITU SANHÂRA, OR ROUND OF THE SEASONS.

BY KÂLIDÂSA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SANSKRIT BY EDWIN ARNOLD, C.S.I.

THE first book ever *printed* in Sanskrit type was the *Ritu Sanhâra, or Round of the Seasons*, from a portion of which the following translation has been made. Sir William Jones superintended its publication in the year 1792 A.D., and styled the volume, *The Seasons: A Descriptive Poem by Calidâs, in the original Sanskrit*, adding by way of preface: "This book is the first ever printed in Sanskrit, and it is by the press alone that the ancient literature of India can be preserved. A learner of that most interesting language, who had carefully perused one of the popular grammars, could hardly begin his course of study with an easier or more elegant work than the 'Ritu Sanhâra,' an 'Assemblage of the Seasons.' Every line composed by Calidâs is exquisitely polished, and every couplet in the following poem exhibits an Indian landscape, always beautiful, sometimes highly colored, but never beyond nature." In these sentences the illustrious editor did no more than justice to the richness and beauty of the "Ritu Sanhâra," and also upheld the universal Indian tradition which ascribes the poem to the ever-famous Kâlidâsa, the greatest poet and dramatist of India, if we except the half-mythical compilers of her chief epics. He was the brightest of "the nine gems" who adorned the court of King Vikramaditya at Ujjayinî; and supposing this monarch —as Wilson thought— to be the same that reigned in B.C. 56, the "Ritu Sanhâra" is older than the Odes of Horace, so that even as a specimen of ancient Hindoo lyrical poetry it would well deserve translation into English. But as Lassen has said in the *Indische Alterthumskunde:* "Kâlidâsa may be considered as the brightest star in the firmament of Hindoo poetry. He deserves this praise on account of the mastery with which he wields the language, and on account of the consummate tact

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with which he imparts to it a more simple or more artificial form, according to the requirements of the subjects treated by him, without falling into the pedantic diction of later poets or overstepping the limits of good taste; on account, also, of the variety of his creations, his ingenious conceptions, and his happy choice of subjects; and not less on account of the complete manner in which he attains his poetical ends, the beauty of his narrative, the delicacy of his sentiments, and the fertility of his imagination." If that portion of the work here presented fails to justify this high eulogy, the fault is the translator's, for the "Ritu Sanhâra" is certainly a remarkably melodious poem, which ought not to remain unknown to those who speak the tongue of her Imperial Majesty the Empress of India. EDWIN ARNOLD.

GRISHMA, OR THE SEASON OF HEAT.

[From the *Ritu Sanhâra*, by Kâlidâsa.]

With fierce noons beaming, moons of glory gleaming,
Full conduits streaming, where fair bathers lie;
With sunsets splendid, when the strong day, ended,
Melts into peace, like a tired lover's sigh—
So cometh summer nigh.

And nights of ebon blackness, laced with lustres
From starry clusters; courts of calm retreat,
Where wan rills warble over glistening marble;
Cold jewels, and the sandal, moist and sweet—
These for the time are meet

Of "Suchi," dear one of the bright days, bringing
Love songs for singing which all hearts enthrall,
Wine cups that sparkle at the lips of lovers,
Odors and pleasures in the palace hall:
In "Suchi" these befall.

For then, with wide hips richly girt, and bosoms
Fragrant with blossoms, and with pearl strings gay,
Their new-laved hair unbound, and spreading round
Faint scents, the palace maids in tender play
The ardent heats allay

Of princely playmates. Through the gates their feet,
With lac-dye rosy and neat, and anklets ringing,
In music trip along, echoing the song
Of wild swans, all men's hearts by subtle singing
To Kama's service bringing;

For who, their sandal-scented breasts perceiving,
Their white pearls—weaving with the saffron stars
Girdles and diadems—their gold and gems
Linked upon waist and thigh, in Love's soft snares
Is not caught unawares?

Then lay they by their robes—no longer light
For the warm midnight—and their beauty cover
With woven veil too airy to conceal
Its dew-pearled softness; so, with youth clad over,
Each seeks her eager lover.

And sweet airs winnowed from the sandal fans,
Faint balm that nests between those gem-bound breasts,
Voices of stream and bird, and clear notes heard
From vina strings amid the songs' unrests,
Wake passion. With light jests,

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"WHERE FAIR BATHERS LIE."

And sidelong glances, and coy smiles and dances,
Each maid enhances newly sprung delight;
Quick leaps the fire of Love's divine desire,
So kindled in the season when the Night
With broadest moons is bright;

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Till, on the silvered terraces, sleep-sunken,
With Love's draughts drunken, those close lovers lie;
And—all for sorrow there shall come To-morrow—
The Moon, who watched them, pales in the gray sky,
While the still Night doth die.

Then breaks fierce Day! The whirling dust is driven
O'er earth and heaven, until the sun-scorched plain
Its road scarce shows for dazzling heat to those
Who, far from home and love, journey in pain,
Longing to rest again.

Panting and parched, with muzzles dry and burning,
For cool streams yearning, herds of antelope
Haste where the brassy sky, banked black and high,
Hath clouded promise. "There will be"—they hope—
"Water beyond the tope!"

Sick with the glare, his hooded terrors failing,
His slow coils trailing o'er the fiery dust,
The cobra glides to nighest shade, and hides
His head beneath the peacock's train: he must
His ancient foeman trust!

The purple pea-fowl, wholly overmastered
By the red morning, droop with weary cries;
No stroke they make to slay that gliding snake
Who creeps for shelter underneath the eyes
Of their spread jewelries!

The jungle lord, the kingly tiger, prowling,
For fierce thirst howling, orbs a-stare and red,
Sees without heed the elephants pass by him,
Lolls his lank tongue, and hangs his bloody head,
His mighty forces fled.

Nor heed the elephants that tiger, plucking
Green leaves, and sucking with a dry trunk dew;
Tormented by the blazing Day, they wander,
And, nowhere finding water, still renew
Their search—a woful crew!

With restless snout rooting the dank morasses,
Where reeds and grasses on the salt slime grow,
The wild-boars, grunting ill-content and anger,
Dig lairs to shield them from the torturing glow,
Deep, deep as they can go.

The frog, for misery of his pool departing—
'Neath that flame-darting ball—and waters drained
Down to their mud, crawls croaking forth, to cower
Under the black-snake's coils, where there is gained
A little shade; and, strained

To patience by such heat, scorching the jewel
Gleaming so cruel on his venomous head,
That worm, whose tongue, as the blast burns along,
Licks it for coolness—all discomfited—
Strikes not his strange friend dead!

The pool, with tender-growing cups of lotus
Once brightly blowing, hath no blossoms more!
Its fish are dead, its fearful cranes are fled,

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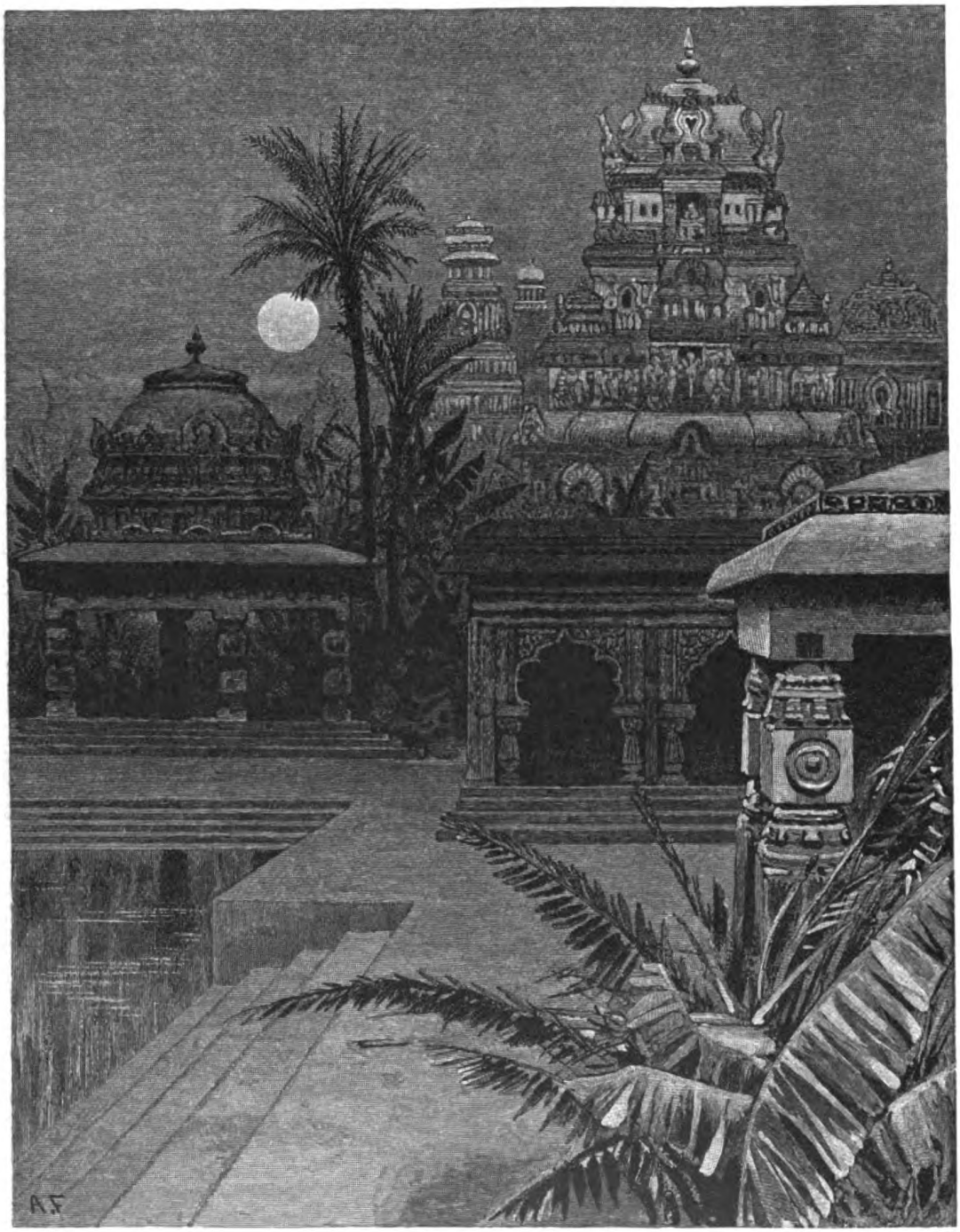


"THROUGH THE GATES THEIR FEET, WITH LAC-DYE ROSY AND NEAT."

And crowding elephants its flowery shore
Tramp to a miry floor.

With foam-strings roping from his jowls, and dropping
From dried drawn lips, horns laid aback, and eyes
Mad with the drouth, and thirst-tormented mouth,
Down-thundering from his mountain cavern flies
The bison, in wild wise,

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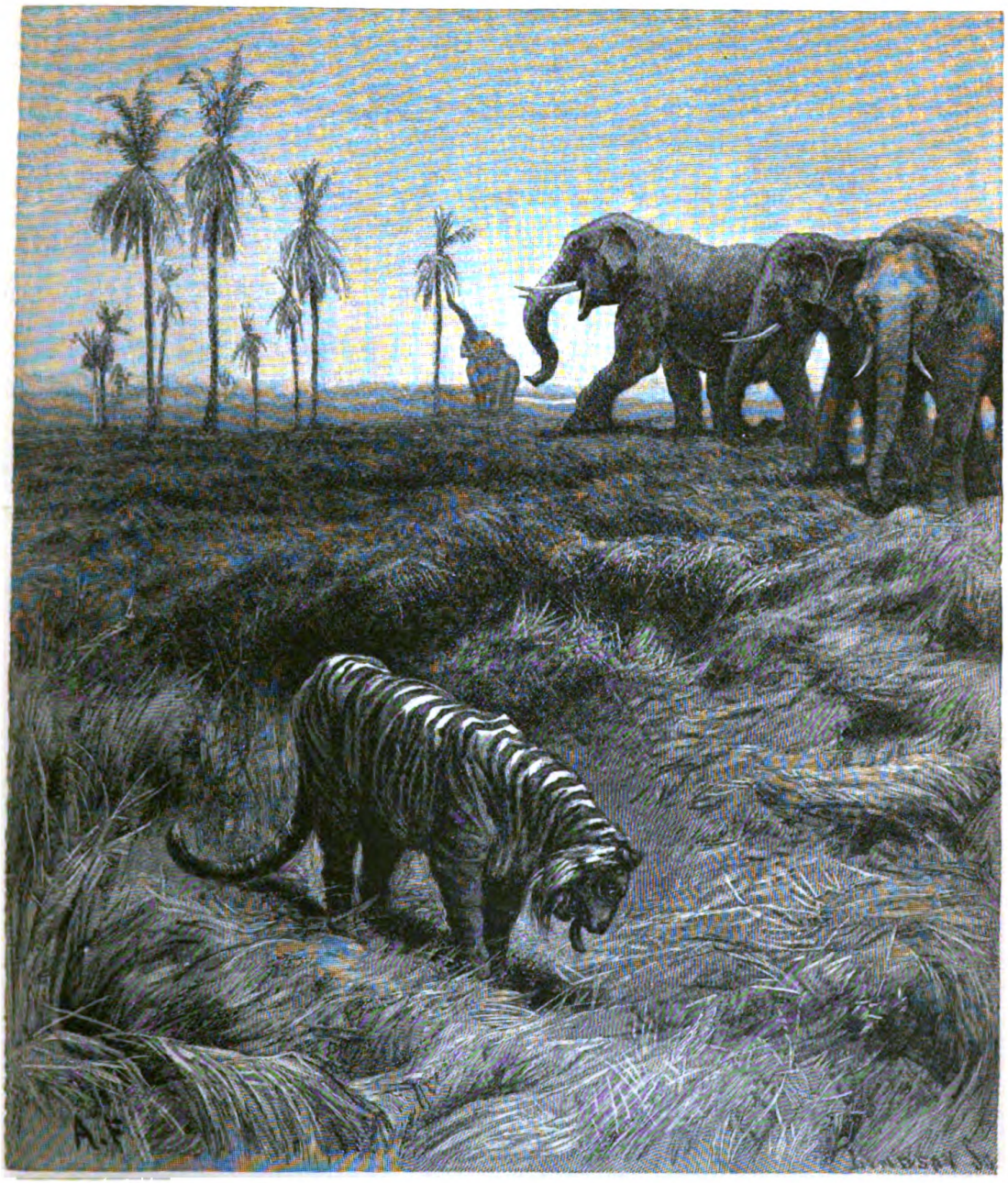


"THE MOON, WHO WATCHED THEM, PALES IN THE GRAY SKY."

Questing a water channel. Bare and scrannel
The trees droop, where the crows sit in a row
With beaks agape. The hot baboon and ape
Climb chattering to the bush. The buffalo
Bellows. And locusts go

Choking the wells. Far o'er the hills and dells
Wanders th' affrighted eye, beholding blasted

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"SEES WITHOUT HEED THE ELEPHANTS PASS BY HIM."

The pleasant grass. The forest's leafy mass
Wiltered; its waters waned; its grace exhausted;
Its creatures wasted.

Then leaps to view—blood-red and bright of hue—
As blooms sprung new on the kusumbha-tree—
The wild-fire's tongue, fanned by the wind, and flung
Furiously forth; the palms, canes, brakes, you see
Wrapped in one agony

Of lurid death! The conflagration, driven
In fiery levin, roars from jungle caves;

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Hisses and blusters through the bamboo clusters,
Crackles across the curling grass, and drives
Into the river waves

The forest folk! Dreadful that flame to see
Coil from the cotton-tree—a snake of gold—
Violently break from root and trunk, to take
The bending boughs and leaves in deadly hold;
Then passing—to enfold

New spoils! In herds, elephants, jackals, pards,
For anguish of such fate their enmity
Laying aside, burst for the river wide
Which flows between fair isles: in company
As friends they madly flee!

But Thee, my Best-Beloved! may "Suchi" visit fair,
With songs of secret waters cooling the quiet air,
Under blue buds of lotus beds, and pâtalas which shed
Fragrance and balm, while Moonlight weaves over thy happy he[illegible]
Its silvery veil! So Nights and Days of Summer pass for thee
Amid the pleasure-palaces, with love and melody!

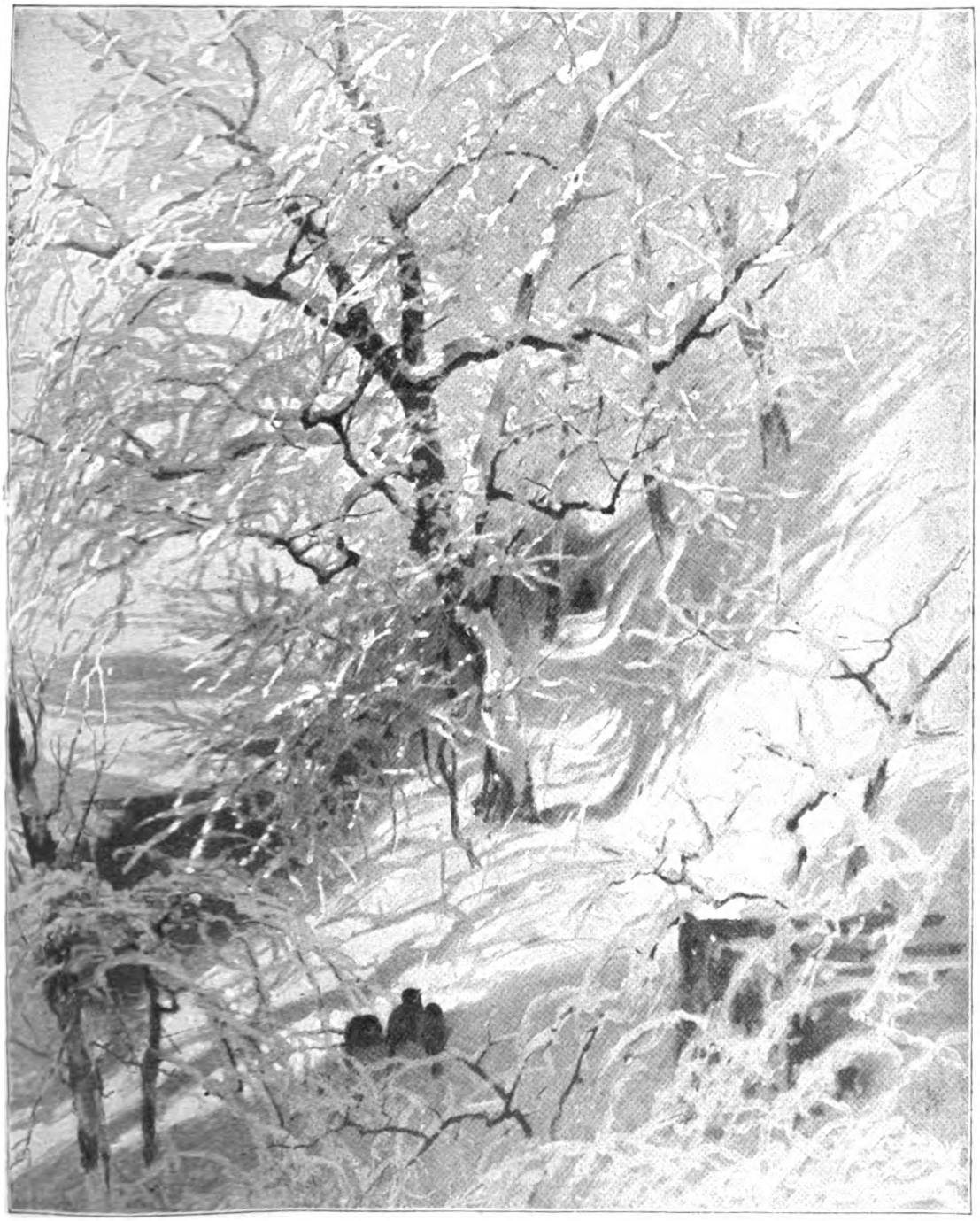
EDWIN ARNOLD.



A·WINTER·WALK·

OUR modern Parsees, who during three winter months woo their congenial fires in the comfortable conviction that "sitting still at home is the heavenly way, the going out is the way of the world," should look well to the surroundings of their seductive philosophy. Their converts, indeed, are a great fraternity, represented approximately by the entire census. With the mercury at zero, and Boreas in hearty sympathy, even the most constant worshipper at the shrine of Nature is apt to become demoralized, desert his allegiance, and worship with Zoroaster and the Guebres. The hearth-stone becomes our altar, the fire-brand our emblem.

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A WHITE MORNING.

No one, of course, who values his reputation for sanity will dare deny the cozy cheer of the chimney-corner in winter. We love the bright wood fire, with its ruddy glow, the snap and crackle and dancing flame; but look out upon the wondrous miracle of a white morning. What marvels have been wrought in a single night! Every sphericle of floating mist has burst into bloom. It is blossom-time in the welkin. The air is merry with tinkling, fluttering legions. How their soft touch muffled the wind during the wild hours of darkness! Every whistling corner and crevice has been tufted or packed with down, until at last we awake to an almost audible hush and a conscious sense of quiet resignation, for

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Old Winter has besieged us unawares, and in playful taunt has left traces of his white and silent moccasin upon the earth-carpet beneath our window.

At break of dawn, behold! the earth is transfigured. The bleak hills and meadows of yesterday have vanished, lost, it would almost seem, beyond recovery. Our own possessions seem strange and unfamiliar to us, and we can scarce locate the familiar boundaries of the home lot.

> "We look upon a world unknown,
> On nothing we can call our own....
> No cloud above, no earth below,
> A universe of sky and snow."

The gentle rain falling from heaven alike upon the just and the unjust is the accepted figure of mercy; but the celestial snow, the white-winged rain, is it not even a more fitting symbol? It falls like a universal benison upon the desolated landscape. It comes like the welcome kiss of motherhood to the numb, cold face of nature, and its tender touch is the caress of kindness and beneficence. The deepest root gives thanks; the dormant dwellers in nest or burrow are dimly conscious, perhaps, of the soft down-like covering; and the quickened earth sends up its grateful emblems beneath the snow-flakes —their mimic starry flower, the chickweed, fuller and more perfect now than summer sun has ever seen. Yonder in the woods the drooping hemlocks, with outstretched arms, and clad in their celestial vestments, seem to muster like venerable priests at some baptismal ceremony.

How this clear, purged atmosphere sharpens the sight and opens up the horizon, as the merciful mantle of the snow smooths away all former invidious distinctions, and confounds our arbitrary judgments! In these white fields you shall not know poverty from affluence, worldly distinction from obscure humility. The princely park and the plebeian potato patch are one; their artificial barrier is blotted out in this universal baptism of beneficent whiteness.

Let us walk out into the inviting woods. The trees can never be so fully seen as now. Their painted trunks, relieved against this neutral foil of snow, disclose a surprising wealth of color, and the exquisite tracery of branch and twig, the essential elements of the tree's beauty and character, heretofore largely concealed by the perishable garniture of foliage, is now revealed. The true tree, freed from all disguise, stands forth like an athlete stripped for the contest. Observe the soft, blending tones on the bole of this smooth, dappled beech. See the infinity of refined grays, browns, and greens which everywhere spread and intermelt upon its surface. "The painted beech," it has been happily called. Yes, it is the palette of the sylvan studio. It is Dame Nature's sampler. Upon its gray surface she mixes and tests her sober and subtler tints, to be afterward disposed in those artfully artless contrasts throughout the landscape. You shall find this silvery sample on yonder rock-maple, disposed in one telling splash, divided vertically by the brown fissures of the bark. This bright ochery remnant re-appears on the hickory beyond, in strong brilliant touches here and there upon the shingly shales; and the broad rock hard by has received lavish decoration in mottled circles of this pale sage green. Here is the array of tints with which she paints the antiquated stone walls, and here the sheeny gray by which she has reclaimed the rambling miles of splintered rails. The virescent drab of poplar, the rosy ash of young maple, and the varied mosaic of the mossy bowlder, all find their complement here.

With its clean, trim contour and bright, smooth complexion, we may readily appreciate the estimate of Thoreau. "No tree has so fair a bole or so handsome an instep as the beech." This latter feature, however, is often lost in the winter woods, as the trees stand knee-deep in snow, and the comely slope of their feet, clad in velvety moss, is concealed from view.

It is a common error to suppose that winter effaces the distinctions of individuality among the various trees. Nothing can be further from the truth. "Are you the friend of your friend's thoughts, or of his buttons?" asks Emerson, as though we should know our companion only by his dress. Many of our trees announce themselves even more distinctly in February than in June. The shagbark was never barked as now. The white birch reveals many more of her distinctive pallid features; and in this unseasonable weather the tattooed buff satin dress of her cousin, the yellow birch, seems more than ever conspicuous. The tupelo never more effectually asserted its precious whimsicality. The white oak audibly rustles its identity; and the marbled buttonwood-tree hangs out a tell-tale

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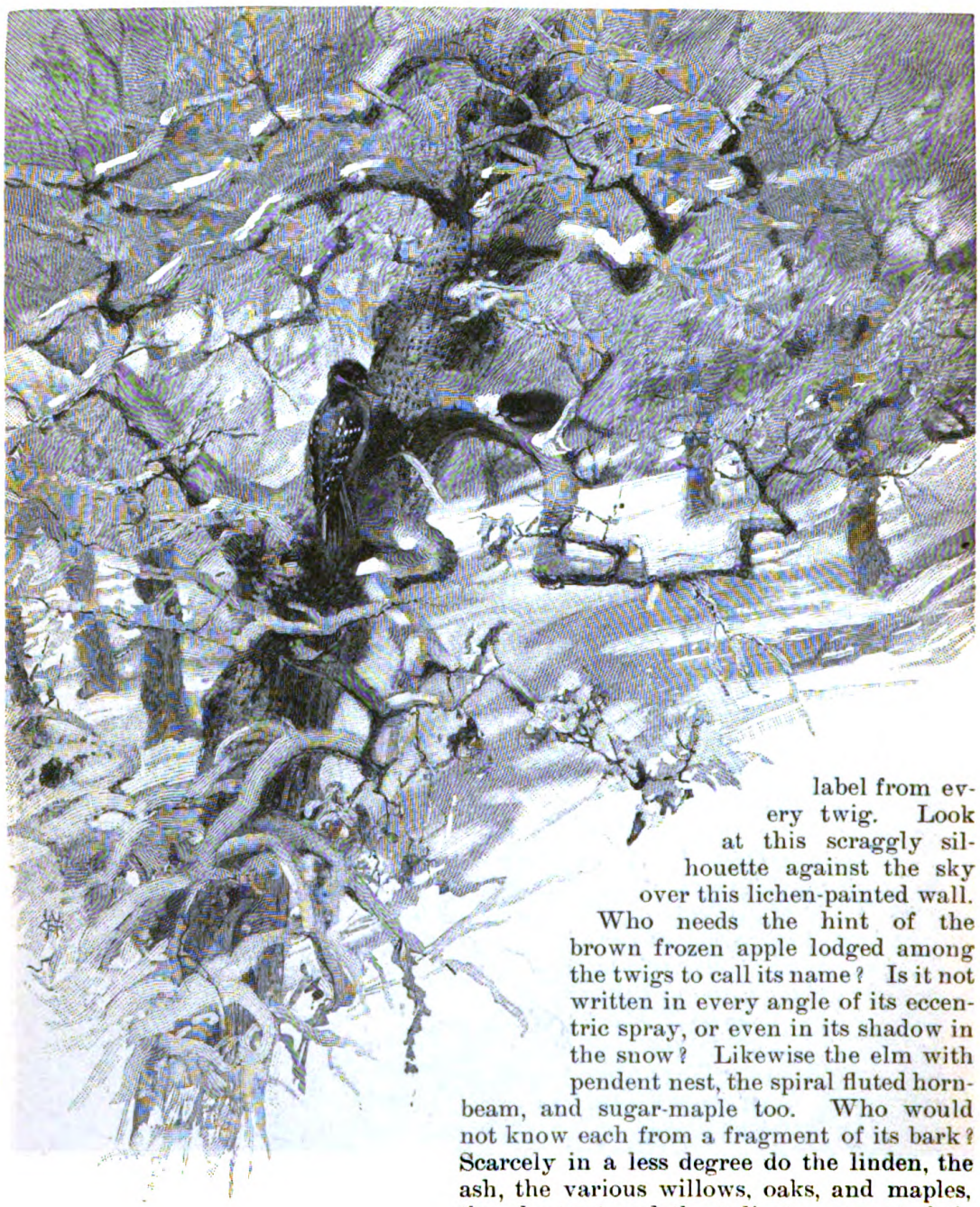


IN THE WOODS.

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THE ORCHARD IN WINTER.

label from every twig. Look at this scraggly silhouette against the sky over this lichen-painted wall. Who needs the hint of the brown frozen apple lodged among the twigs to call its name? Is it not written in every angle of its eccentric spray, or even in its shadow in the snow? Likewise the elm with pendent nest, the spiral fluted hornbeam, and sugar-maple too. Who would not know each from a fragment of its bark? Scarcely in a less degree do the linden, the ash, the various willows, oaks, and maples, the chestnut and the tulip tree, assert their individuality and claim recognition. To the curious observer they soon become familiar, and he can name them all at a glance.

The pendulous button-balls already alluded to, together with the clinging leaves of some of the white and red oaks, are, perhaps, among our deciduous trees the most conspicuous objects which commonly meet the eye in a winter walk. It is not easy to comprehend why these oak leaves persist in clinging so tenaciously to the parent stem. The wind actually twists them off. The fibrous stubs of their stems may be seen well into spring still retaining their hold, yielding only to the swelling buds of May growing from their axils, and which literally crowd them from the twig.

Though less mysterious, the button-ball is still more remarkable in its tenacity. It is invulnerable. For indomitable pluck and dogged pertinacity I know of no better type, for while the oak leaves one by one, torn and demoralized, have given up

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the fight, and flown headlong to the white truce below, the legions aloft in the button-wood-tree have defied the wildest elements, they have scarcely suffered a bruise.

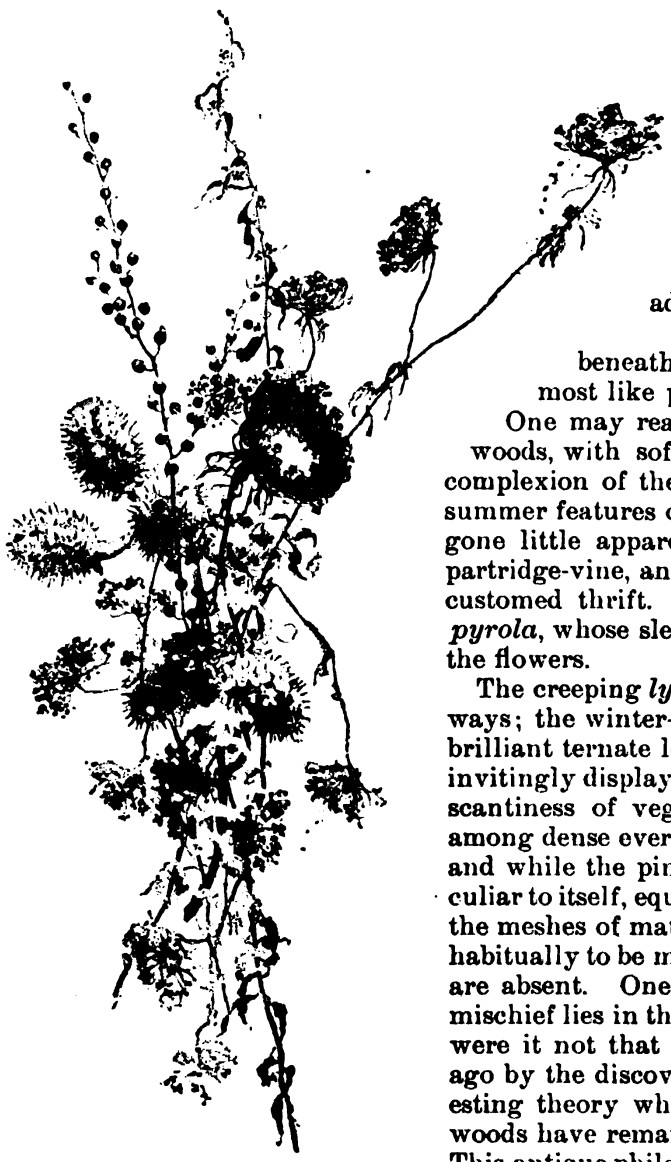
The nettle-tree, with its sugar-coated pellets, and the hawthorn, holly, locust, and mountain ash, often bear their fruits far into the winter, as the birds well know; and among the shrubs the sumacs, wild roses, sweet viburnum, barberry, black alder, wax-myrtle, and climbing bitter-sweet are similarly conspicuous; also the clambering wild grape and its allied woodbine; but most of these are evidently baited for the birds, and thus are naturally disseminated during the winter season.



FROLIC IN THE SNOW.

These white months are the triumphal epoch of the evergreens. When has their varied beauty and character been so accentuated and set off as now in our winter walk! The compact pyramids of the rich olive cedars! the stately symmetry of the pines! Here we are confronted with a low hanging branch; how intricate the spiculated tracery of its silhouette etched with its own needles against the snow! Would you know a treasure of our woodlands not half appreciated? Look, then, at our beautiful drooping hemlock, peerless in grace among the evergreens of the world. Not the boasted Himalayan cedar (*Cedrus deodar*), Chinese cypress, nor the several examples of retinispora, so prized by connoisseurs, can compare with it in the constituents of true beauty. It carries itself like a queen among them all. The formal arbitrary type of the conifers so conspicuously adhered to in the well-known examples of white pine and Norway spruce, and which more or

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FROM THE FENCE CORNER.

less regulates the growth of most of our evergreens, is disregarded or artfully disguised in our hemlock. There is a careless freedom in its drapery and a wild, free, independent swing about its spray which are racy of the native soil, and should win our sympathetic admiration.

Leaving the snow fields to walk beneath the canopy of the pines is almost like passing from January to June. One may readily forget in these "cathedral woods, with soft brown silence carpeted," the complexion of the outside world. The common summer features of the pines seem to have undergone little apparent change. The arbutus, the partridge-vine, and the snowberry show their accustomed thrift. Likewise the *pipsissewa* and *pyrola*, whose slender spires of seed-pods suggest the flowers.

The creeping *lycopodiums* are the same as always; the winter-green is in its element; and the brilliant ternate leaves of the *coptis* never more invitingly displayed their "harmless gold." The scantiness of vegetation beneath the pines and among dense evergreens generally is well known, and while the pine wood has a limited flora peculiar to itself, equipped to force a passage through the meshes of matted needles, the common plants habitually to be met with in equally shaded nooks are absent. One might naturally infer that the mischief lies in the dense barren screen of needles, were it not that the matter was set at rest long ago by the discovery of Pliny, who had an interesting theory which shows at least that conifer woods have remained the same through the ages. This antique philosopher lets a little characteristic light into their umbrage. Discoursing upon trees, he affirms, through the quaint "early English" of his translator, that "there is not the shadow of any one tree but either is a kind of nource or a curst step-dame, ... for without all question the shade of pine-trees, pitch-trees, & firs is no better than poison to all that is within the compasse of it, and kils whatsoever it toucheth."

Here we bid the pines adieu, to walk out again upon the crunching snow, following along the corn field's edge, where the zigzag fence is besieged with fantastic peaked drifts, overtopping all but the highest rails. How alpen-like their overhanging peaks! how blue and vast and limitless their shadows! Lie down upon the snow and shut out the distant trees, divest yourself of your physical identity, and look up at this beetling range as an ant might do. What need of Switzerland, of Jungfrau or Matterhorn! At this focal range the mastodon is but a midge, and man learns his true status as a constituent of the universe. I have now only to will, and "I become a transparent eyeball; I am nothing: I see all." An inch of this white slope of drift becomes a mile, each separate wavelet which rises to an abrupt edge here and there upon its surface becomes a bold crag with a deep gulf at its base, and every interposing furrow a yawning cañon. Here a delicate spine of some weed, no larger than a pin, rises above the surface. I break it into a half-dozen short pieces, and arrange

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them upright in a row upon the glittering slope. How quickly do they follow up the hint! how cautiously they seem to pick their way in the vast wilderness of snow! A party of Alpine climbers remotely seen move apparently no faster than these, and make no greater figure in the landscape. They are now far up on their ambitious journey. Presently they will reach the edge of yonder abrupt precipice, and will be obliged to retrace their steps and follow down the declining slope upon its further side, where again their course glides upward toward the steep crag of the summit, which now rises almost perpendicularly above them to the height of five miles or more. What a prospect will meet their bewildered gaze as they peer over the edge and look down into that great blue chasm—an awful gulf—twenty thousand feet in depth, confronted miles

WINTER TWIGS.

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beyond by a glittering wall of mountain, which receives the phantom shadow of their own and neighboring alps upon its perpendicular face! Below in the depths of the abyss, too distant for the ear to detect, almost too remote for sight, the undermining torrent roars beneath vast glacial fields, and crystal caverns more wondrous than any realm of fairy lore, miles in height, set with scintillating diamonds, conceal the rushing flood. Here are diaphanous prisons where the encaged sunbeam seems to flutter beneath the filmy pellicle, and every partition, nook, and corner is rimmed with brilliants or fringed with crystal feathers. Here are prismatic pinnacles and stalagmites and—

But what is this? Some enormous object falls precipitately upon the slope, and threatens to annihilate my alpine party at one fell swoop. It bounds and plunges and rolls to the bottom of the alp, incasing itself in snow, and leaving a long and continually widening valley in its wake. A meteorite! Forgetting that this snowy ball is at least five hundred feet in diameter, I reach out and grasp it in my giant hand, break it open, and disclose the nucleus at its centre. No, it is not an aerolite. It is only a prosaic hickory-nut, which has thus broken in upon and dispelled my pretty fancy, and thus brought me back from alp-land.

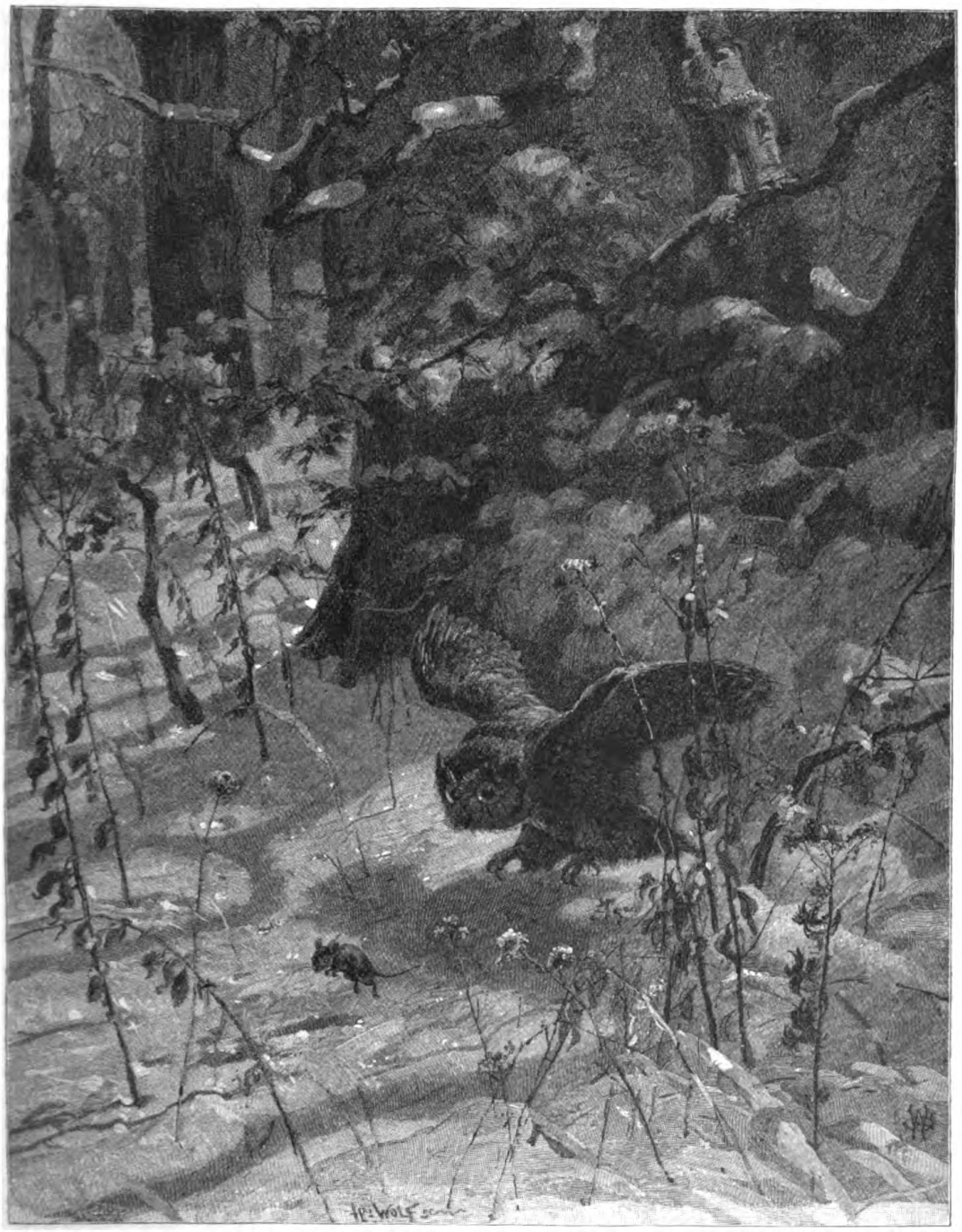
Looking aloft upon the jutting rail, two shining black eyes look down at me, and a rollicking snicker wakes the echoes from the old rail-fence. The squirrels in these winter days are mostly buried snugly in their dens, and wrapped up in their furry tails, but some enterprising individuals are always abroad save in the very severest weather. Be off, you rascal! and at a clap of my hands Bun scampers away along the rider with a saucy flirt of his tail at every angle.

These tiny furrows, each with its snowball at its lower terminus, may frequently be seen after a fresh snow-fall on steep slopes or drifts, and usually at the centre there will be found a seed, berry, nut, or what not which was the original cause of the phenomenon, and whose progress may easily be detected in the evidences at the uppermost end of the trail. I remember once in one of my winter walks coming upon a drift directly under a projecting fence beam, where the snow was striated as if with a comb from summit to base. There had been a light fall of snow over a hard crust, and the beginning of each trail appeared as a succession of dots indicating as many bounds of the falling objects, each at length forming a clean-cut furrow to the base of the drift. In this case the descent had been so easy and precipitous that the impetus of the original revolution of the nut had been maintained throughout, resulting in a disk-like form of snow two inches or more in diameter, with the nut perfectly visible at its centre.

In the low fallows among the wiry sedges you may observe the fresh-fallen snow decorated here and there with dainty rings, as true as if marked with a compass, each like a fairy circle surrounding some isolated stem. I have seen them by the hundreds upon the snow as well as upon the sand dunes at the sea-shore, and they were pretty mysteries until the analytic eye detected the revolving wind-blown stylus inscribing with its wiry tip. Here is the complement of the pendulums that hang aloft in the buttonwood-tree. There the seconds are recorded. Here is the dial whose shadow marks the hour.

The snow covers and buries a multitude of earth's features, but, at the same time, of secrets it is a great revealer. This white page is full of interest if one cares to read. It is alive with furry news not to be gathered at any other season. What a nervous, eccentric, racy vernacular have these hardy little Arabs of the snow—the mice, the squirrels, and the birds! Their place in the wild country never seemed so spiritedly manifest as now. How telling are their touches! A terse and graphic art indeed!—a canto in a single couplet, a chapter at a touch of quill. Verily this esteemed contemporary has a busy lot of reporters. It is mostly, to be sure, a nocturnal chronicle, but publishes a fresh postscript by sunrise every morning, and you will find that nothing has escaped that wide-awake night editor. The most trivial event of the hour, whether in park or swamp, or along back fence or corn crib, has been jotted down. Has the chipmunk sniffed the moonlight from her doorway—that sniff is here. Have two deer-mice touched noses between the pickets of the fence—you may confront them with their tell-tales to-morrow. Here are the records of the doings of bird and furry folk, who until now have followed their pleasure in the shadows without a witness. Now we can see what company they keep. Here are paths of innocence and peace—some

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A MIDNIGHT TRAGEDY.

little field-mouse on a cross-lot visit to his neighbor, perhaps his mamma, over at the old homestead in yonder stump, or a quest of forage from the withered grass near by.

All over the meadows and pastures these pretty trails are to be seen criss-crossing in every direction, like a railroad map with junction stations at every rock and tree and stump. They are the quaintest and sprightliest touches to be seen on this white counterpane.

What a lively pictured record they leave behind them! What pulse-beats full of living story! Here is a trail that makes a curvet up the side of a neighboring drift, and returns in a series of two or three quick, decisive jumps—a surprise, perhaps, or was it play?—so impulsive

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and recent that you can almost catch the last whisk of a retreating tail.

Here are blurred beaten tracks to a pile of rails hard by, trails from every side, in single file, by twos, by threes, and whole families together. A favorite winter resort of our little seamstresses, with the door-yard all about scalloped and embroidered with their dainty filigrees. What a scene of squeaky gossip in the moonlight! What pretty testimonies have we here! Cotillions! feathery quadrilles! What were the little creatures doing to have left such witness in the snow, trotting about in circles, forward and backward, two rows together, balance corners, and all hands round! What a frolic in the snow! I have seen the snow-birds at some such play as this, finishing with a summer bath in the feathered rain.

A lake has been likened by some poet to a mirrored world, "where strong on weak, cunning on simple, prey." The snowy field affords a common no less suggestive. There are paths of innocence and peace, it is true, on every hand, but here also, alas! is the mark of Cain. Perhaps those squeaky voices beneath the wood-pile last night meant more than idle gossip, after all. Look! Following along here upon one of these more isolated trails we discover a large fluffy hollow in the snow, with a red stain in its midst. A graphic picture this of one of winter's nocturnal tragedies! The forceful imprint, the drop of blood, the absence of any returning line of foot-prints, and the suggestive interval between the abrupt end of the trail and the deep hollow in the snow—how plainly do they tell the story of the surprise at the petrifying glare of eyes from the shadows, the startled, hopeless leap for life, and the deadly swoop of wings from the neighboring tree, the vantage-ground of the owl!

But even owls must live, and with such a festive board as this spread out incessantly before them, it is not difficult to see how they, at least, bridge over the winter, and keep their phosphorescent fires aglow.

But with the frozen earth as hard as rock and buried deep in snow, and its garners locked in ice, one may naturally wonder where the other multitudinous little mouths of the wilderness find their food. White buntings and snow-birds are driven to farm-yards, the jays and even the quail are glad of the sweepings from the barn floor, and are grateful for crumbs from barracks and corn-crib. All betokens a season of dearth in the foodless wilds. To be sure, many of the mice and squirrels have anticipated this white famine, and in a measure provided against it, as the chipmunk with his hoard of hazel-nuts and shell-barks, the deer-mouse with his bin of beech-nuts nicely shelled. But even these, and many of the winter birds especially, would often fare hard indeed were it not for the numerous weeds and other plants which, though dried and withered, have remembered their needy friends, and still hold their provender of seeds above the snow.

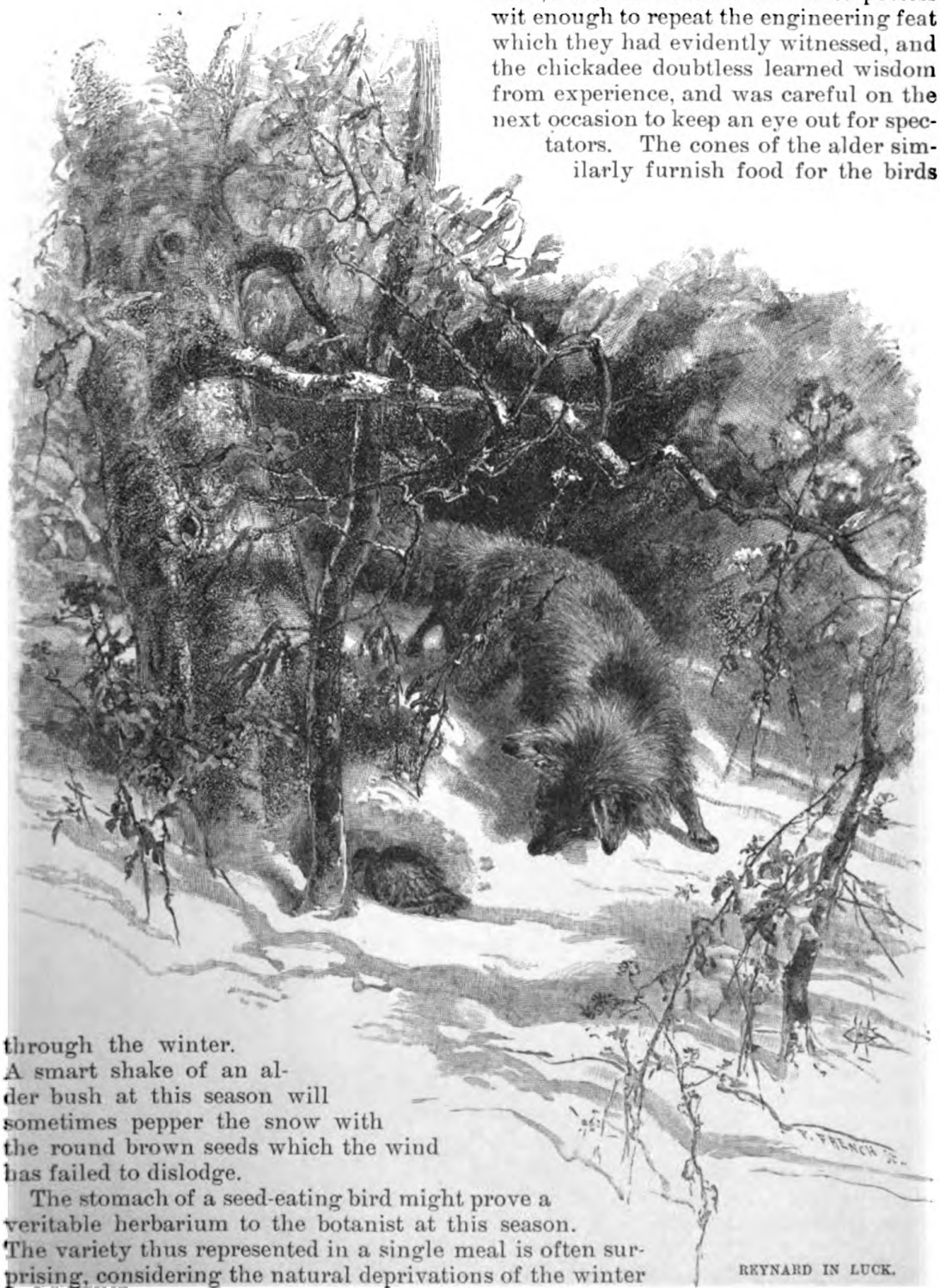
A weed has been described as "a plant whose virtues have not been discovered." Many of our commonest pests in the way of weeds now redeem themselves, and seem to show an adequate reason for their being. The rag-weed is a conspicuous example. See yonder eager troop of gold-finches and snow-birds—how they revel in the feast among the withered stems! Rag-weed, hog-weed, bitter-weed, it shall be called no more, but by its rightful and less ignominious title, *ambrosia*—ambrosia, food for the gods. "It must be the food of the gods, if anything," says Burroughs, "for, as far as I have observed, nothing terrestrial eats it, not even billy-goats." Of course he was alluding to the plant proper, and was not thinking of its winter provender.

With the insectivorous birds, such as the nut-hatch, the brown creeper, golden-crested wren, and woodpecker, the food supply is not so materially affected by the deep snows. Their tables are spread above-ground, and nothing but a freezing rain-storm which incases the branches in ice can lock them out from their larder. In the loose scales of bark of various trees, with their numerous tidbits of tufted spiders' eggs, beetles, chrysalids, and various larvæ, there is alone an abundant harvest. Every dried leaf among the branches is explored for the possible and probable cocoon; the cluster of eggs of the apple-tree moth are eagerly sought among the orchard twigs; and every hanging cone upon pine or spruce is probed for spiders by hundreds of hungry bills.

I once observed a chickadee thus engaged among some hemlock cones, and in the act he dislodged a number of their remnant winged seeds, which, though an insect feeder, he eagerly pursued and picked up on the snow. Following up the hint, he

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afterward repeated the operation again and again, jumping on the slender branches with as much gravity as such a light-hearted little puff could command. There was soon a goodly spread upon the snow, with which a *posse* of English sparrows unceremoniously made free, and soon monopolized, but none of them seemed to possess wit enough to repeat the engineering feat which they had evidently witnessed, and the chickadee doubtless learned wisdom from experience, and was careful on the next occasion to keep an eye out for spectators. The cones of the alder similarly furnish food for the birds through the winter. A smart shake of an alder bush at this season will sometimes pepper the snow with the round brown seeds which the wind has failed to dislodge.



REYNARD IN LUCK.

The stomach of a seed-eating bird might prove a veritable herbarium to the botanist at this season. The variety thus represented in a single meal is often surprising, considering the natural deprivations of the winter months. By a fortunate train of weather conditions I was once favored with a phenomenon by which almost the entire vegetable bill of fare of the winter birds, at least in the way of seeds, was spread out before me—brought to my feet, as it were.

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Walking upon the firm and polished snow crust, picking my way along a rail-fence at the foot of a steep sloping pasture, I suddenly aroused into flight a flock of small birds from behind the bulwark of drifts with which the fence was hemmed in and partially buried. So loud was the united flutter of their wings that it at first suggested the whir of a partridge, until I saw it dissipated in the flock of smaller fry above the edge of the drift. They proved to be, as I remember, mostly snow-birds, white buntings, and goldfinches, though doubtless the cedar-birds, winter wrens, tree-sparrows, pine and purple finches, were also among them. Their noisy flight was the signal for a general alarm all along the line, following the fence for several hundred feet, each zigzag corner sending up its winged bevy to perch and twitter upon the upper rails. Almost every projecting beam had its chirruping sentinel.

Interested to discover the secret of such a great feathery convocation, I crept up to the edge of the slippery drift and looked over. Beyond the fence rose the sleek, white, glistening slope of the pasture, a furlong or more in width, its surface mottled with its brown withered vegetation. Following the rambling rails on either side were drifts of the most fantastic form, now and then almost peering above the fence riders, and between them ran a winding valley, in which the old fence seemed to be walking knee-deep in snow. It needed only a second glance into this hollow, from whence the startled flocks had flown, to understand its attractiveness for the birds. Its depths were fairly littered with the choicest kind of aliment. The very cream of the pasture had flowed into this trough. It was the hopper which had received the entire wind-blown tribute of the weedy upland that looked down upon it, and of the overhanging woods far up the slope. Here were windrows of various seeds which had been dislodged from the weeds and trees and blown along the glassy snow to be caught in this convenient bin. The small goblet-shaped hollows around the projecting grass stems were full to the brim with their good cheer, and the deeper vales and gullies were marked out everywhere by their brown meandering lines of intermingled chaff and seeds, often to the depth of two inches or more. A happy valley and a land of plenty, surely!

I sometimes wonder who shall be the first true interpreter of the hieroglyphic of the woodpecker on the apple-tree. Every one has seen these punctured rings circling the orchard trees, and much has been written concerning them. But as yet I feel that the inner depths of these quaint pits have never been sounded. If I were to trust the pleasant counsel of my inward



A WINTER BOUQUET.

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eye, I should fancy that this carefully punctuated inscription had a deeper significance—that this old sculptured apple-tree was the bulletin of the birds, and that the downy woodpecker was their appointed scribe. See how curiously they follow the mystic circles—a bluebird, and now a nut-hatch, or a chickadee. May they not be gathering the latest news from all featherdom?

The snow-bound winter days often crowd the birds very close for food, and they are driven to all sorts of expedients to obtain the modicum of fuel necessary to keep their little corporeal furnaces agoing, and this, too, at a season when those interior fires are most needful to combat the "hard dull bitterness of cold." The ruffled grouse is often forced to bank his fires beneath the snow, burrowing deep into the drift to smoulder through the blustering night. After a fresh snow-fall it is not an uncommon thing for the winter walker to come upon these evidences of the bird's sagacious instinct. Sometimes, too, similar burrows will be found leading to some patch of partridge-vine or other winter feeding or breeding ground. Often, no doubt, these snowy tunnels are used for refuge, but they are not without their perils. It is a lucky day for Reynard when he follows up a trail to one of these hiding-places or feeding grounds beneath the drift, as doubtless occasionally happens.

But for the present my winter walk must be brought to an end; and, after all, how little to the purpose have I conveyed in all this talk! There is a plenteous eye-harvest in these winter fields, it is true; but this is only the husk. Like the squirrel with his nut, I have let in a little light; but, like him again, I have bestowed only the shell and kept the kernel.

WYVERN MOAT.



"I THINK I saw you the other morning sketching an old gate—or the ivy-covered wall, was it?—part of the old priory by the cliff path."

It was a dear, quaint little old lady, next whom I had sat during rather a long and serious dinner party at a friend's house in a little sea-side town where I was sketching one summer long ago, who said this in one of the pauses. She cared more, I think, to keep the not very bounding ball of conversation going merrily to and fro than for the crumbling gateway or ivied wall, or my sketch either, for that matter.

I confessed to the truth of her surmise, and added, "And no doubt you wondered why I had such bad taste as to sit there broiling in the sun, turning my back to the lovely sea, and breaking my heart over a mass of rusty iron and weedy rubbish."

She laughed that little vague laugh of half protest, half assent, which means so well to be pleasant anyway, and replied: "Well, of course, *I* should have sketched that curve of coast-line and the fisher-boats and the far stretch of sea; but then I am only a very little amateur, still very fond of it; and you, I take it, are professional, and have a motive in doing such out-of-the-way things. Are you just now enamored of weedy old gardens?"

"Indeed I am, and that was all too modern and unsympathetic. I wish to hear of some sixteenth-century garden, if possible—or seventeenth will do—where they have kept the old flower beds and terraces and espaliers, where the sun-dial is crusted with moss and lichen, and the yews are clipped in fantastic shapes, and there is an

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"HIS ATHLETIC YOUNG MISTRESS."

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old bowling-green and a lily-padded fountain. Do you happen to know of such a place?"

The old lady smiled an indulgent smile. She did not exactly say with the modern slangist, "That's rather an extensive order," but she quietly remarked its equivalent, "You are not at all exacting, I see," with a very merry laugh; and then, after a moment's thought, she asked, "Do you know Wyvern Moat?" I shook my head. She went on: "No, I fancy not. I find few people do know it; it *is* rather secluded; but when you do find it, *if* you do, I think you will find many things in and about it that will interest you."

She then gave me its bearings; how to get to it by rail—some ten miles; then a four-mile walk or drive would bring me to it.

"Don't blame me, now, if you don't happen to like it. I know of nothing more queer; perhaps a little too queer for some; but you must take your chance; and should you go, I should like, if we meet again, to hear what you think of it."

I was writing down the brief directions I had received from her on that handy tablet, a goodly wristband, when the ladies rose from the table. I held aside the heavy portières while they passed into the drawing-room. The old lady came last, and as she went by me she said, from behind her black fan, and with rather a weight of impressiveness I did not quite understand, "You won't *forget*, Wyvern Moat—"

"No, indeed; I won't forget it."

I could have sworn I heard her mumble to herself, into the depths of her shadowy fan, "*No, indeed, you won't*, if ever you go."

Next day was gray, sad, and autumnal, with a damp shudder in the wind that promised or threatened rain. However, when on thoughts of sketching bent, I seldom wait for wind or weather to make up its mind. One gets into sad habits of uncertainty and fickleness.

The convenient railway soon landed me at the little sleepy way-side station indicated as nearest to the Moat. I asked the station-master the way, to make quite sure before I started on my walk, and I thought at the time that my simple question seemed to awaken in him more than a passing degree of interest. He seemed to run over my points with a critical eye, as if determined to know me again if called upon to point me out. "Wyvern Moat," he repeated, after me. "Master Craye, 'e live there—tha's to say, 'e *did* live there. 'E's dead, I s'pose you know. His widow keeps it on yet; but she wants to let it, I hear. *I* shouldn't care to live there myself; but then that ain't likely. Parties do go there now and then to look at the place; some on 'em sketches it, as you may be goin' to do; but there ain't much stirrin' there sence 'e died; and there ain't likely to be, 'less somebody else takes it."

Before proceeding further I ought to mention my travelling companion—a pink-eyed, satin-skinned, sinewy bull-terrier, Tulip, by name proper, but nicknamed so variously and recklessly, according to the taste of her many friends and admirers, that the poor animal scarcely ever knew when she was called; but as she seldom or never *did* come when called, unless it was for a visible bone, this peculiarity did not much matter. Next to a bone she dearly loved a good long country ramble. She knew very well what a sketch-book and white umbrella meant; she would respond to that when a French novel and a thin walking-stick would have no motive power over her. She was a sad fraud altogether; her prize-fighter head, with its vast jowl and projecting under lip, its fine dental display when she smiled her summer smile, all meant no real harm—she was the lamb of little Mary for gentleness. Nothing seemed to pain her so much as the wild terror that her most amiable grin would inspire among a group of happy children playing by the way-side. She gladly would have licked their candied lips if only permitted so to do. She went about always with that aggrieved and hurt air of those who fancy themselves "misunderstood." Even her sudden and erratic gambols among the barn-yard fowls were only to encourage them to play with her. The only beings she did not try to show her pretty side to were tramps and loafers. The satin-back coat would ruffle up ominously and the little shark-like teeth would be displayed to an uncomfortable extent whenever any of these victims of "'ard lines" came too near. More than once I have heard the growled-at tramp mutter to himself as we strode past, "I don't think a bloke 'as got a right to go about with a dorg like o' that 'ere."

Our walk was cheery enough. It was along one of those hard, broad, well-kept

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high-roads—an old coach road—that one sees to such perfection still in England. Now and then distant glimpses of the sea would shimmer between the openings of the billowy downs. So fair and enticing were the far stretches of upland and low-land pastures, laced with silvery bands of rush-marged waterways, dotted about with sheep and kine, wreathed here and there with soft gray smoke from stubble-burners' fires, that I almost forgot my quest, and allowed myself to be given away to the ever-lovely things about me that were wooing me to enjoy them.

Plodding steadily along, we soon came to the top of a gentle hill, from which, down the long decline on the other side, I could see unfolded, as it were, a map of the region I was in search of. There among the trees, with its creaky sign near to a sloppy horse-trough, was the Packhorse Inn. Further on I could trace the lane that was the near way to the Moat. And there, among a belt of ragged, wind-blown pines, were the broken lines of roofs and gables and turrets, was the Moat itself. It looked quite home-like through the little field-glass I brought to bear upon it. It must be a good two miles away down there among the trees. So we would take a little refreshment by the way-side spring, and enjoy the prospect fair through the curly smoke of a cigarette, and then race down the hill, the seraph and I, to make up for dawdling on the road. The near way was along a deeply rutted lane, bringing up finally at a padlocked farm gate. This was easily got over, but it led through back kitchen-gardens, past a couple of forlorn tumble-down cottages, then in course either of restoration or destruction one could not tell—active operations were evidently suspended—and they were taking their own road to decay. I could see another wicket-gate leading into a broad path that seemed to lead to a stream or pond that led to the Moat itself. I could hear growlings and yappings of various watch-dogs; one deep-voiced bark seemed to come from the kind of animal one would rather keep clear of. Tulip had raised a deep canine interest by lifting up her own melodious but uncalled-for howl. It was too tedious and undignified to go back and round by the front approach, so we pursued our way over the other gate, along a path with a high brick wall on one side and a weedy stream on the other—neither practicable, in case of necessity, for sudden retreat. Further on I could see a quaintly carven gateway of brick and stone. Moving toward it to get a better view, the small door that had been cut in the larger one suddenly opened, and there issued forth with more speed than elegance an overgrown, half-frantic mastiff, with a tall, powerful-looking young lady clinging firmly to his massive collar. Luckily Tulip and I were both of a mind. We walked straight on our way toward the baying brute and his athletic young mistress, and that seemed to restore quiet and establish more confidence.

"Keep *quiet*, Shan.—I am so glad you didn't try to go back, or I could not have held him in." I smiled in response to the very cheery tone with which she said this, as if she saw me with Tulip in futile retreat, and that howling brute taking snaps at our flying forms. In fact, at that moment we were all smiling, as if the whole incident was a well-planned surprise. The great hulking mastiff was positively beaming on Tulip, and that cherub was simpering in return as if she had found a long-lost sweetheart. I hastened to assure the young lady that long knowledge of the subtle ways of big dogs led me to the course of action she was good enough to commend in me, and I then proceeded briefly to explain my quest of a sketchable old garden. Before I had quite made it all clear to her we were joined by another inmate of the house, who had probably come to see how Shan was getting on with what remained of the casual stranger.

It was a very aged, impish looking young man who joined us, not exactly a dwarf, for he was too well proportioned, nor a growing lad, as he seemed to have done with all further development of body, at least. The young part of him seemed his face and expression, when it lighted up with a kindly, childish smile, and the next instant the look faded out and gave place to one of sadness and gravity, and then the face and look seemed aged with inward care. The young lady seemed to defer somewhat to what he might have to say to my sketching proposal. He took to it kindly enough, personally, and said to the young lady, "Oh, that will be all right; but to make sure, I will run in and ask Mums." I gave him my card and wrote my address on it, and a line to ex-

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plain what I was in search of. "Won't you come in meanwhile and see if the garden is what you want? It is in a sad condition just now, as we began altering and improving it, and for the moment it has to be left as it is."

We passed through the little door in the great one, and I soon found myself walking about in what seemed a series of garden scenes from some Elizabethan play. The garden was on various levels, with stone terraces and broad steps leading thereto, with lichen-splashed balustrades on either side; a broad upper walk shaded with an avenue of fantastically clipped yew-trees, a mossy fountain with crumbling gray stone seats about it, a bowling-green with more clipped trees and fruit trees in espalier about it. It was maddeningly perfect even in its ruin and decay (to the artistic eye more probably than in the practical sense). I broke out in lavish praise of its many charms to me; but the young lady took a very different view of the matter. "The only thing I see is a sad state of ruin and neglect. If poor Mr. Craye had lived, he intended to repair and improve all that you admire so much."

"Indeed!" I said, with some dismay at the prospect. "Would he have scraped off all the stains and moss from that fountain, and the pale green lichens from the sun-dial?"

"I think so," she said, calmly; "but he was a very variable man, and one day he would fancy the idea of restoring and scraping everything thoroughly, and another day he would talk of the beauty of all this decay, just as you do, just as if he only wanted to sketch it, and not to live with it and have it tidy."

It was a wide, vexed question, and she was a young person of very decided views. I felt that *discussion* was not the better part of valor, and I also felt a certain relief when the aged youth returned with a kindly message from his mother that I might sketch where and as much as I pleased, and that she herself would join us in a few minutes. We had walked toward the house, and were inspecting a carved window in one of the turrets, when the door opened, and a sad, prematurely whitened, but kindly smiling lady came forward, and in a few pleasant words made us welcome. She even patted the bullet head of Tulip, to the seeming delight of that smiling seraph.

The lady of the Moat was holding my card still in her hand to refer to the name again. It transpired that she knew some one whom I also knew, and she had heard them mention my name in some kindly way; thus my card turned out to be a sort of letter of introduction, and we were no longer absolute strangers. "Now that we know each other so *well*," she said, with a smile, "let me introduce you to Miss Lisle; and this is my son Howard." I bowed ceremoniously, and Miss Lisle rather stiffly, as if she did not quite see the good of it all. I praised the old garden and the house from the outside, which led to an immediate invitation to see the interior. We all went in, followed by Shan and Tulip, who seemed to have by this time sworn eternal friendship. The house inside was a curious mixture of surprises, of delights and disappointments. The restorer had not quite done his worst, but he had had a good try for it. There had been extensive restorations of trivial things, while good old work of importance had been played the fool with.

"Much of this restoration that had been so carefully thought out and controlled by my poor husband has been done anyhow since his death. I have no heart or wish to look after it. My only hope is to sell or let it and go back to town." There was a sad, wan smile of anticipation on the widow's face as she spoke the last words, and her son caught also a gleam from the same source.

"When—when *do* you think it will be, Mums? *Soon*, I hope."

"Do try to look more cheerful over it, Howard, or no one will care to take the place if they see your face," said Miss Lisle, grimly.

"I think I could be perfectly happy here," said I, with all the rash, airy assurance of the new-comer.

There was a decided smile of incredulity on the face of each, and the youth made it a cheery laugh of derision even.

As we passed slowly from room to room—and there were many of them—I gathered from the gentle ripple of sad conversation of the widow that her husband had been dead about a year, that he had spent a deal more money on the estate than he intended, and that he was in many ways disappointed and saddened with his experience of the place; that after his death many of his choice works of art had gone to a sale in town, the proceeds to fill up

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gaps in his withering fortune. The remaining portion of the furniture and decorative things was kept back to give an air of cheerfulness to the house in case a new tenant should offer himself. We wandered slowly about the house, admiring the various views from the windows, especially one looking seaward.

"It is all very pretty now as *you* see it," remarked the plain-spoken youth, "but you ought to look at it in March, when the wind blows from the east. Ugh!"

"Howard, you are too dreadful," said the fond mother, patting him on the shoulder.

"Why, you have always said so yourself, mother. There! I don't think I could have the face to stand by quietly and see any one buying this place without betraying myself in some way."

"There will be but small chance of our going to town soon, my dear boy, unless I dispose of it. So don't talk nonsense."

I, for my part, still kept praising its various beauties, but I could easily imagine how deadly it would pall on anybody when once it began.

"Well, then," said the utterly frank Howard, "why don't *you* take it, if you like it so much? We will let it go cheap, *ghosts and all*—won't we, mother?"

"My dear boy, I really will be vexed with you if you can't contrive to show a little more sense, not to say discretion." And the patient, long-suffering widow looked at him with a fixed, pained expression that seemed to have a hidden depth of meaning, more than I could hope to fathom at the time.

Just at the last words of his too frank speech, the severe Miss Lisle joined us again, and she added the gray glare from her cold, clear eyes to the widow's pained glance, to such a degree that the poor youth seemed to chill and get restless under it. For myself, I fear I betrayed the inward amusement I felt for the moment at the curious manifestations of embarrassment of the little group at seeing one of the family secrets unwittingly exposed to the first careless comer.

"Do you believe at all in such things?" said the widow, addressing me.

In reply, I told the anecdote of Charles Lamb—I think it was—who, when asked if he believed in ghosts, said, "No, madam, not I; I have seen too many to believe in them!"

They did not offer to smile at the wit of the genial "Elia." They seemed even sadder than before.

"Don't talk about them," said Miss Lisle, with chill shiver of indrawn breath.

"You ought to have a very choice society of them in a fine old house of this kind. If *I* lived here, I think I should make friends with them, and 'learn to love them,' just for the sake of company."

The gray, searching eyes were bent on me for a moment, and then, with cold seriousness, the young lady replied to my airy tone: "If you lived here, you might get to talk in a different strain some day."

I tried to impart a little cheerfulness into the subject, but all in vain. I came to a bad end. "May I ask, without seeming overcurious—in case I wished ever to take the place—has *it* any regular haunt, or does it roam about at large? Has it a kind of *anniversary* appearance, or does it wander on any odd night it likes?"

Miss Lisle sat down wearily on the window-seat, and stared at me so hard and icily that it seemed like a rain of hailstones in one's eyes. Mrs. Craye looked for a moment pained and puzzled at me, and said, somewhat sadly, "I should be sorry to think that you consider this a subject to joke lightly about; it may be nothing but idle gossip to others, but to me it is all very painful and serious." I need not say how fully and sincerely I sought to apologize for intruding on such delicate ground as to ask about the personal habits of the family spectre; and I even went to the extent of regretting, with some show of contrition, that I had been so rude as to seem to doubt its existence.

It had now become time to think of my sketch, and I hinted as much, but just then a pale, scared-looking little maid came in, and announced tea. I was most kindly pressed to join them over the cheering cup, and there was such a tone of forgiveness and heartiness in the invitation that I gladly accepted.

I am afraid I lost all thought of my sketch again, talking about the delightful old tea set of Chelsea ware, and the queer little bits of Queen Anne silver that during our tea chatter the now thawed-out and almost genial Miss Lisle brought out of the tall Chippendale china closets for my inspection. The widow said, seeing my deep interest in these things, "Of course I tried to understand and like everything that my poor husband collected, but I don't think I succeeded so well with

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anything as his china and silver: we used to be thoroughly in sympathy on that score."

The china topic soon merged into the subject of enamels and old miniatures, and then another cabinet was unlocked and a small drawer full of early French and English examples was displayed and admired and discussed.

I lost all sense of the quick-fleeting moments. I forgot the sketch, and even forgot that the only train that was left me to catch would be at that somewhat distant railway station in a lamentably short space of time. When, however, this condition of things dawned upon me at last, I hastily rose to make my adieux with the best grace that a marked desire for a speedy departure would permit. Alas! I had lingered just too long. Master Howard turned to me from the window, out of which he had been watching something very quietly, and with a tone of half enjoyment in what he had to impart, remarked, "You can't sketch now, and you can't go either, for it has come on to rain, and in a few minutes it will just pour. Look at the black clouds coming toward us over the hills!"

"A little rain won't hurt. I think I must run for it, too," I urged, "or miss the last train."

The kind lady of the "Moat" here interposed, and urged me to stay until the morrow, saying, "You have made no sketch, and you will return empty-handed."

She looked, too, so sincerely in earnest that I hesitated, and began to think it prudent and even polite to remain. The rain was then driving in wild gusts against the window-panes.

> "The air was filled with a sudden dark;
> The rain and wind came on together."

Even Howard took my hand in both of his, and said, earnestly, "Do stay—*do!*" There was really no special need to get back on my part. I had often staid away overnight when I went any distance, and I had even come prepared in this instance to do so if necessity required. I listened to the rumble and roar of the driving storm, and I listened also to the voice of hospitality.

"Oh, my word!" shouted Howard, as a flash of vivid lightning tore across the sky, followed by a far too neighborly roar of booming thunder, "you must be glad you are not out in that!"

It was one of those wild, drenching storms that prove to us how futile are umbrellas, and how dangerous are trees and hay-stacks as shelter. I returned the friendly pressure of the boy's hand, and thanked him for urging me to stay, as it was his look and tone as much as anything that decided me. Now that the gale had made me a temporary guest, the manner of my young host became entirely genial and unrestrained. I was no longer the casual wayfarer, but the guest of the house. He said, with an air of *camaraderie:*

"Do you mind coming with me? I don't know where the ladies have gone—down in the wine-cellar probably, they are so afraid of lightning. Come with me and I will show you your room. I wish you'd show me how you draw. You *will* to-morrow, won't you? I am so glad you staid over, it *is* so jolly dull and miserable here sometimes. Oh, it's awful! I wish you were going to stay longer, or else coming back to us again."

He seemed perfectly sincere with all his apparent gush of sudden friendship. Where had gone all his former look of shy, uncanny sensitiveness? Something had come over him to show out the trustful and sympathetic side of his nature so suddenly. We went through dim passages and up a winding stair to a little snug room in one of the turrets. The window looked toward the sea and the morning sun. There was a bright air of modernity in the various concessions to comfort shown in many ways about the tidy little apartment. Everything, too, was in excellent keeping with the surroundings.

"This is not one of *its* rooms, is it?" said I, smiling.

He looked askance a moment, and then, with a half-apologetic laugh: "Oh, the—No. Now I say, you really need not mind what we were talking about—*you* know. Do you really care about such things—yourself?"

"Well," said I, "the fact is, I notice that though there is room enough here and to spare for *me*, yet if I should have such a visitor it might be crowded, unless it sat on the bed."

The poor fellow looked hurt. It was evidently not thought to be good form in that house to "frivol" when alluding to the family spectre.

"Would you like a larger room?" he said; "because there is one; but if I were you I should prefer this."

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"No, thank you; I like the look of this one immensely."

"Now if they should offer you the big panelled room, mind you say you much prefer this," said Howard, with a solemn air, and in a low whisper too tragical to trifle with.

We made our way back to the sitting-room. The evening had turned cold and drear outside, and the hearth fire of odorous logs was cheering and home-like.

There were many apologies from the ladies for the short-comings of the informal little dinner, but there was that pretty air of grace and welcome over it all that would make a red herring and a glass of water seem a banquet. The conversation was fluent and pleasant enough. I was sadly conscious of much effort on my part to avoid any further allusion to the dear old family skeleton. The younger lady seemed mostly withdrawn within herself. The only kind of smile she had to offer was of cool indulgence or of chilly cynicism, and sometimes I noticed that her features would let their fine classic curves play about with expressions that were almost too hard and cruel for beauty to be associated with at any price. Her eyes had the effect at times of sparks playing under half-dead ashes. The lights would dim over and chill, and almost fade to extinction; and then, at some word or inward thought, some power would breathe upon them from within, and they would flame and flare again into a cold blaze. Curiously enough, too, when this bale-fire seemed to be glowing the deepest, she would be trying to say or do some kindly thing. Then, again, as the fire died out to a rose-ash gray, and she would look dreamily out from under her long shadowy lashes, the thin, cruel curve of her set lips, like the meaning smile of the cobra, would be her only sign of animation.

I noticed that Mrs. Craye, in addressing her now and again, called her Barbara. At once the sound of the name set the lines of Aldrich running in my head:

> "Barbara has a falcon's eye,
> And a soft white hand has Barbara.
> Beware! for to make you wish to die,
> To make you as pale as the moon or I,
> Is a pet trick with Barbara."

It was still going on as I watched her—

> "Merrily bloweth the summer wind,
> But cold and cruel is Barbara"—

when Mrs. Craye interrupted my reverie with, "Did you like the old tapestry in your room?" It then transpired that I had not been shown the tapestry or the room. "What room did you have shown you, then?"

"The little room in the turret, which I found most charming and snug and inviting," I answered, with much enthusiasm.

"No, no; not at all; the turret room was not made ready, and Howard should not have shown it;" and a deal more was urged by both ladies. Besides, it was explained that there was a fire in the tapestry room, and all had been prepared there for me; and not only that—they wanted me to tell them in the morning about the tapestry and the oak furniture and the fittings of the room. Howard tried to catch my eye, but I rather avoided his look. "The best of everything is good enough for me," I said, with as calm a face as I could assume while using a well-worn joke. "May I have my Tulip with me, to lie on the rug by the door?" I asked, carelessly.

There was a smile of amusement on Miss Barbara's face, genuine amusement, almost without malice.

"I am only afraid she may howl the place down, if not somewhere near me," I urged.

"Now if you will only own that you are just a little nervous, I am sure that Mrs. Craye will let you have Shan to protect Tulip as well as yourself." The malice seemed flaring back in Barbara's eye as she said this with a trifle more of crudity than she need have used in her tone.

I did not care to reply in kind, so I merely bowed my thanks as gravely as if she had meant to be civil. Howard came to the rescue.

"*There's* your dog—listen!"

And sure enough the mellow wail of Tulip—we at home, who knew its full compass, used to call it the fog-horn—was heard from the stables, where she had been given quarters.

"Does he generally go on like that all night?" asked Mrs. Craye, with a look of foreboding.

"My dear madam, that is but a mild 'tuning up' to the grand opera we may expect if she is left out away from those she loves. That means, in Tulip's language, 'Home, sweet home.'" I thought I saw a relenting smile even on the face of Barbara. "*I* don't mind it myself much," I said, "but I can't think of letting you run the chance of hearing it all night without previously warning you.

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If I might have a few missiles—coals, bottles, anything will do—to fling at her when she gets to her finer effect, *I* don't mind."

"Perhaps the best way would be for you to let her be with you," remarked Mrs. Craye, much to my relief.

Miss Barbara must have noticed my inward satisfaction, as she said, rather wickedly, "Are you quite sure you would not like a loaded gun as well?"

It was getting rather awkward for me. I did not wish to talk about the wretched thing at all, not seriously at least; my little attempts at banter had been received so badly that I wished to avoid the subject, and now they seemed inclined to jest about it themselves. When, however, she saw that I only smiled at her efforts to draw me out, she relapsed into moody silence, regarding me from time to time with the look of a blonde Sphinx.

When the ladies had bidden us good-night and left us to ourselves, Howard came round the table, quite near to me, and laying his little cold hand on mine, said, "Miss Lisle was in one of her severe moods to-night, but you mustn't mind her; she can be awfully nice sometimes." He told me again how glad he was that I had staid over, a fresh face was so rare in that lone place. He lamented that I had not stood out for the turret room, it was so snug and fresh; he had slept there himself, and could speak from knowledge. And so we talked on until it was time to retire, and then taking our candles, we wended our way along an echoing passage, up little unexpected break-neck steps, and down others as unexpectedly, until we came to the tapestry room. He did not open the door, but said: "You go in while I see about your doggie. I fancy it is down in the kitchen. They have taken her in to keep her quiet." I did not enter, but waited for him in the passage. Tulip soon came bounding along with howls of delight—insane enough to frighten the entire household. A flapping curtain, blown from a draught that came through a broken pane, streamed across the gusty passage, and looked in the dim light, as I stood by the door, like some careering "wraith." It blew out the light and whisked the candlestick from Howard's hand as he came by it.

I went to his assistance with my own candle to look for his and pick up the scattered matches, when my light was blown out as well. We groped about until we found his candlestick and a few matches. "They won't light here," he said; "give me your hand and I will lead you to your door." When the lightning was obliging enough to give us a stray gleam through the broken window, we found the door, and I followed him into the room. I expected to find the apartment cheered and brightened by the promised fire on the hearth. I could only make out where the hearth should be by a few spots of smouldering flame flickering and sputtering as from green mossy wood, attended with more than its due share of acrid smoke, blown down the chimney by the eddying gusts.

When the candles were once more lighted I could see that the room was of goodly size and proportions, furnished with an array of oaken furniture of mixed design and periods, but mostly of seventeenth century. The wainscoting was of oak of a grubby and jaded tone. It looked as if it had been painted at one time of a leaden hue by some vandal, and had been scraped and cleaned again lately, not wisely or well. The tapestry was also jaded and faded, and sad in color and in subjects. They seemed mostly Scriptural. On one was a blowsy Flemish Judith issuing from a Flemish tent with the gory head of Holofernes. The other pieces were of kindred subjects for cheerfulness. The most lightsome was of the Prodigal Son among ladies of doubtful style of costumes as well as proprieties. The bed was a great showy structure of carved oak. Most of it was made up of odds and ends of material that had once been parts of sideboards and old chests. The general effect was more that of a pagoda than a couch of ease. It was more calculated to murder sleep than to induce it.

My young friend, after vainly trying to animate the sullen fire, soon left me to myself. I found an old rug, and folded it before the door for Tulip to sleep on. She, however, with her usual perversity, would have nothing to do with it, either before the door or near the sputtering fire. She rather preferred quite the farther corner of "under the bed" and on the bare boards. Even there she did not seem happy, but blinked at me out of her pink-edged eyes with a reproachful look that meant,

"Oh why did I leave my home!"

Sleep, indeed! I soon found that this

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deadly quiet old room in this far-away old moated house had more than its share of the noises that jar upon the wakeful ear at midnight, and seem to make the awful silences they break all the more weird and unearthly. This was, however, by no means a night of deadly silences. The wind rioted about the place as if let loose from Bedlam, rasping the boughs of a swaying pine against the window-panes near by, waltzing about with screaming and creaking an unanointed weather-cock, and whirring the complaining smoke-cowl overhead, banging loose shutters and unfastened doors far and near all over the rambling house.

I was almost impatient and vexed with these varied weird "voices of the night," as in the event of a spectral footstep I should miss it unless it strode about in fisherman's boots. I seemed to be painfully awake and staring hard at a thin strip of gray light between the heavy curtains and the wild sky, wishing it might be dawn. The storm was lulling somewhat; the rain no more buffeted the rattling panes of leaded glass. The many sounds, too, were merging into painful silences. I could hear the ticking of my watch beside my bed. Suddenly I felt as if there passed through me a strange chill shudder, as if a cold blast of church-yard damp had been let into the room; and at the same moment slowly, slowly, yet with deadly, quiet force, the great stuffy pillow seemed to be moving from under my head. With all my force I tried to press my head down upon it, and still it slowly moved until it rested across my face. I was about to raise my hand to replace it, when it was caught upon my breast and pressed there with a grip of steel. I then tried the other hand, and that was crossed upon my breast, and held there as if in a vise. I then tried to lift myself bodily, but the weight of a ton seemed upon me. I could see nothing, hear nothing, except a sound like a rush of water in my ears. I could scarcely breathe.

The one thought at this juncture was, "Well, what next?" I listened with all my might as I t' ought I heard a dim semblance of a voice near my ear, scarcely above a whisper, mutter:

"Don't try your strength against mine, or it will be worse for you. You are not dealing with a child."

So I kept quiet, and waited for a further move. All that time the heavy pillow was flat across my face, and pressed down so that I could scarcely move my head beneath it. I listened with all my might for a further whisper, and as I did so I seemed to feel the grip on my hands relax, and the same voice mutter again:

"You may go free this time, but remember—"

Gradually the power came back to my numbed hands. I took the pillow from my face and put it back, and jammed my head hard down into it, and began to wonder if it had all been a bad dream. I settled myself as well as I could, and tried to dispel the whole thing as but a passing nightmare. Again, as drowsiness was creeping over me, I felt the same shudder-chill, and heard the same faint whisper at my ear:

"Don't *forget*. Good-night."

And at the same moment, almost, there was a shrill cock-crow outside. I hailed the herald of the morn with delight, as I was about weary of the night and its voices. The sun was shining high out of the rents in the storm clouds when I awoke again from the deep quiet sleep I fell into after daybreak.

I thought myself a philosopher in those days, and easily found some common law of nature to account for anything that might come to pass. So I need not say that I soon laughed away in the morning while dressing all the impression of my midnight experiences. At the breakfast-table my good friends greeted me with an inquiring look which seemed to say, "Well?" I need not say I made no allusion to the little event, and when asked if I had rested well, replied with the usual "Thank you."

During the morning, as I was making a sketch of the old sun-dial, Miss Lisle came out with Shan, and spreading a rug upon the turf, sat down near me, and, for her, looked and talked quite amiably.

"Was your Tulip any protection to you last night?" she said, suddenly, looking up at me from beneath her fell of tawny hair. I merely "smiled a sickly kind of smile" myself, and said, "Tulip has not that inborn love of the supernatural that she might have. She never shone forth as a good 'ghost dog,' if you mean that." At the time Miss Barbara was rather picturesquely prone on the rug, trying to overcome the rough playfulness of Shan. She seemed to have a wrist of iron. Pinning his two huge paws across

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his breast, as she threw him suddenly over on his back, she muttered to him, half playfully, half wickedly, "Don't try your strength against mine, or it will be the worse for you. You are not playing with a child." Shan lay with his great head half averted from her, and with a resigned martyr sort of expression. Then she said suddenly, as she released his paws, "Now you may go." Shan got up from her vise-like clutch and shook himself for a moment, and then flopped down again as if exhausted. I was dumfounded for a minute. I had been trying to make myself believe that the night's impressions came from mere imaginations, and now I found myself trying to reconcile this echo of last night's memories with the theory of coincidences. I then went on with my sketch, and tried to think no more about it at all. That finished, however, I did not linger long over the mouldy charms of the Moat gardens: I soon bade my hosts good-by, with many real thanks for their entertainment of me; and though I was kindly pressed to return and sketch to my heart's content, I seemed for the moment to have lost my craving for moss-grown fountains and tapestried rooms.

Some time after, when the whole event seemed as faded and dim as the tapestries themselves, I found that my fate had been good enough to try and round off the incident in the way that mere romance does such things more often than real life. I found myself at a crowded dance in a certain house in London, the very last of all that I expected to meet the dear old lady in who first told me of the Moat, but there I found her all the same. I recalled to her our former meeting, and thanked her for her introduction to Wyvern.

"Did you find what you expected?" she asked.

"Indeed yes, and more."

She looked at me searchingly. "Let us sit here in the conservatory, and do you tell me all about it."

To the dreamy music of a distant waltz I told her my impressions of the place and the people, but held my tongue about my little night adventure.

"Ah! so that was all," she said, with a little gasp of relief.

"Now," said I, "is it allowed to ask who that strange creature, a certain Miss Lisle, might have been?"

"Goodness knows when she came there, or how; she seems to have been always there; she is beyond my ken. She once gave me the 'shudders' by telling me of poor old Craye's death. He took a fancy to sleep in a certain panelled room that he had furnished with old oak and hung with tapestry. He would tell them all about it in the morning, he said; but, poor man, when morning came he never told them or any other soul on earth about anything. He was found stark and dead in his great carved oak bedstead, with his hands clutched tightly on his breast and the pillow across his face."

I was thankful just then that the dreamy waltz music was still throbbing in the air.



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THE WELL OF SAINT JOHN.*

"THERE is plenty of room for two in here,
Within the steep tunnel of old gray stone;
And the well is so dark, and the spring so clear,
It is quite unsafe to go down alone."

"It is perfectly safe, depend upon it,
For a girl who can count the steps, like me;
And if ever I saw dear mother's bonnet,
It is there on the hill by the old ash-tree."

"There is nobody but Rees Morgan's cow
Watching the dusk on the milk-white sea.
'Tis the time and the place for a life-long vow,
Such as I owe you, and you owe me."

"Oh, Willie, how can I, in this dark well?
I shall drop the brown pitcher, if you let go;
The long roof is murmuring like a sea-shell,
And the shadows are shuddering to and fro."

"'Tis the sound of the ebb in Newton Bay.
Quickens the spring as the tide grows less,
Even as true love flows alway
Counter the flood of the world's success."

"There is no other way for love to flow;
Whenever it springs in a woman's breast,
To the home of its own heart it must go,
And run contrary to all the rest."

"Then fill the sweet cup of your hand, my love,
And pledge me your maiden faith thereon,
By the touch of the lettered stone above,
And the holy water of Saint John."

"Oh, what shall I say? My heart drops low;
My fingers are cold, and my hand too flat.
Is love to be measured by handfuls so?
And you know that I love you—without that."

They stooped in the gleam of the faint light, over
The print of themselves on the limpid gloom;
And she lifted her full palm toward her lover,
With her lips prepared for the words of doom.

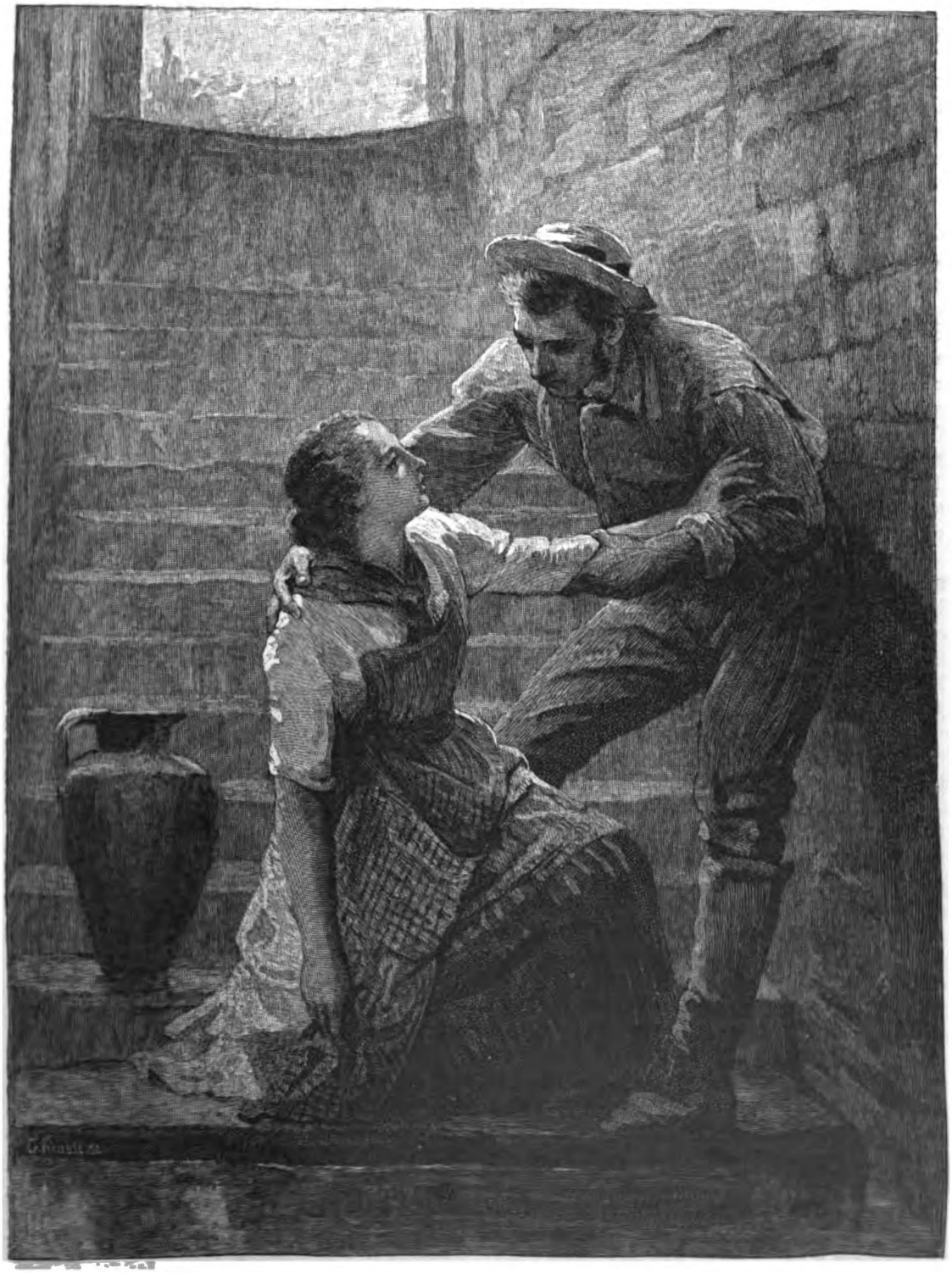
But the warm heart rose, and the cold hand fell,
And the pledge of her faith sprang, sweet and clear,
From a holier source than the old saint's well,
From the never-ebbing tide of love—a tear.

R. D. BLACKMORE.

* The old well of Saint John, in the parish of Newton-Nottage, Glamorganshire, has a tide of its own, which is generally believed to run counter to that of the sea, some half-mile away. More careful observation shows that the contrariety is less exact, though still sufficient to support its reputation, and gives zest to the cold pellucid draught.

"Æstus utrique est
Continuo motu refluus, tamen ordine dispar."

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"AND THE PLEDGE OF HER FAITH SPRANG, SWEET AND CLEAR."

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THE MADONNA OF THE TUBS.

"NOW there!" said Ellen Jane Salt; "I'm tired seein' a passel of folks squealin' at a snail shell."

It happened that much the same view of the case was occupying Miss Helen Ritter at the same moment; the chief difference being that the summer boarder's view was not dependent upon expression, while that of the "native" (as usual) was.

It was what is called a burning fog that day. Miss Ritter was sitting on the cliff under a Japanese umbrella. Twenty people were sitting under Japanese umbrellas. Hers, she thanked Heaven, was of ivory-color, plain and pale. No Turkey red flaunted fiercely nor purple mandarin sprawled hysterically against indigo skies above her individual head. There is a comfort in distinction, even if it go no further than a paper sun-shade. Miss Ritter enjoyed the added idiosyncrasy of sitting under hers alone. She was often alone.

In July the sea-side is agreeable; in September, irresistible; in October, intoxicating. In August, one does not understand it: one comes up suddenly against its "other side," as against peculiarities in the character of a friend known for years, and unexpectedly putting the affection to a vital test.

In August the sun goes out, and the thick weather comes in. The landlady is tired, and the waitress slams the plate; the fog-bell tolls, and the beach is sloppy; the fog-whistles screech, and one may not go a-sailing; the puddings and sauces have grown familiar, and one has read too many novels to stand another, and yet not enough to force one back, for life's sake, on a "course of solid reading." In August one's next neighbor is sure it was a mistake not to spend the season at the mountains. In August the babies on the same corridor are sick. In August one has discovered where the milk is kept, and frightful secrets of the drainage are gossiped in ghastly whispers by the guests, who complain of the dinners when the young married lady who rowed by moonlight with another fellow has left the place and a temporary deficiency of scandal. In August one's own particular beach is swarming and useless, one's especial reef is populated and hideous, nay, one's very crevice in the rock is discovered and mortgaged to the current flirtations, and all nature, which had seemed to be one's homestead, becomes one's exile. In August there are hops, and one wants to go away. In August there are flies, and the new boarder.

It is the new boarder who is overaudible about the snail shells. Down there in the gorge, where the purple trap glitters at half-tide in great volcanic veins that seem to pulsate yet through the cliff with the fire imprisoned there—who knows when?—and where the beaded brown kelp deepens to bronze, and then runs to tarnished gold in the wet, rich, pulpy recedence of the ebb, the new boarder aboundeth. So the snail—brown, green, orange, lemon, gray, and white—the tiny shells mere flecks of color, moved sluggishly by their cell of hidden consciousness and will, like certain larger lives that beneath a mask of stagnation palpitate. The snails, as I say, interest the new boarder. He saunters down in groups, in clans, in hordes, defiling through the trap gorge—disproportionately feminine, sparsely but instructively masculine, and eternally infantile. He views the attractions of the spot first enthusiastically, then calmly, now indifferently, and drifts away at the third stage of feeling, possibly an object of curiosity or envy, in his turn, to the snail, who has to stay. The first day he screams (I must be pardoned if I use the generic masculine pronoun in this connection) at the snails; the second day he observes them without screaming; the third, he doesn't observe them at all. His number is infinite, and his place is never vacant. His lady types wear wild roses in their belts, invariably succeeded by daisies, and rigorously followed by golden-rod. It is an endless procession of the Alike, or, we may say, of the great North American Average.

Decidedly on the fortunate side of the average is the element that is creeping into Fairharbor—one should say stepping in, for that end of averages never creeps, to be sure—the element not vociferous over snails, and scantily given to floral decoration; an element represented, for instance, by Miss Ritter, who, seeking Fairharbor for many a summer because, among other reasons, it gave her that closest kind of seclusion, isolation in a crowd with which one has not historic social relations, has sadly discovered of late

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that her dear, rough, plain rocks and waves and boarding-houses are becoming semi-fashionable, with a threat even of classically abandoning the compound. Already Fairharbor has her hotel and her daily steamer, her band and her "distinguished visitors," her mythical company, organized to sweep up the huge solitudes at five dollars a foot, roadway forty feet wide thrown in, and wells if you can find any water in them. Already she has her landaus and her toilets, her French maids and her ladies who protect the complexion. Already the faithful old stagers, haughtily unconscious, are stared at for their thick boots and beach dresses and gorgeous coats of tan, and their way of sitting in the sand like crabs after their vigorous baths, in which they do *not* jump up and down, but swim sturdily, battling with the sharp North shore waters, and not expected to scream.



"SHE HAD A STATELY WALK."

Miss Ritter, a conspicuous figure on the cliff's edge above the lava gorge, might be called an unconscious link between Fairharbor past and Fairharbor to be, possessing perhaps the better points in both types of "summer people," luxuriously dissatisfied with them, with herself, with the world, even just now with Fairharbor. In her white flannel dress and white hat, with the pale flame-colored tie at her throat, and the reflection from the pale sun-shade upon her, she had a select, almost severe look, which was not lessened by any depreciation of effect in motion when she rose and walked. She had a stately walk, and reminded one of a calla, as she turned her head slowly and stood full to view, tall and serious.

There was no sunset that night; it was a dog-day, damp and dead; the fog had thickened, and was crawling in like fate; the bell tolled from the light-house two miles away, and the east wind bore the sound steadily in.

Already the boarder children, who insisted on going in the skiff, could not be seen an eighth of a mile out at the island's edge beyond the lava gorge; and the fisherman, whose children knew better, pushed them with a kiss from his knees as he drew in his dory for the rescue, to comfort a distracted parent (in a red parasol) and another one (rumored to be a clergyman, but just now in a bathing suit), whose inharmonious opinions but harmonious anxiety were the excitement of the hour upon the beach. The bathing suit had, unhappily for him, allowed the children to go. The red parasol had always said they would be drowned.

"Don't ye fret," said the fisherman, with a slow grin. "They stole my old punt, an' she leaks so 't 'll keep 'em busy bailin', and they *can't* get fur. I'll fetch 'em this time, but next time keep 'em to hum. Why, there ain't a *dog* in Fairhar-

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bor'd set out rowin' thick as this, 'thout he hed to go for a doctor or see to his trawls; he'd *know* better. But you landlubbers never do know nothin'; you don't know enough to know when *to* be skeered.—H'are ye, Miss Ritter?" as she passed him, suddenly gliding down the cliff, and up the wet, uncordial beach.

"That's like you, Henry. Your tongue is bound to take the edge off your good deeds somehow, like plated silver, whereas you know, half the time, it's the solid thing underneath. Now you'll scour the ocean after those children, and do just as well as if you hadn't scolded about it."

"Better -- a sight better!" chuckled Henry. He ran splashing through the water over his huge red leather boots, pushing the dory off with a mighty shove. He moved the oars with a fisherman's superb leisure; his massive figure looked as if it were etched for a moment on the mist, whose color and the color of his old oil-clothes blurred together till there seemed to be only the outline of a man. As boat and boatman grew dimmer to the view, the ghostly rower turned and shot back one parting word at the red parasol:

"Look a-here! Jest you stop yowlin', won't ye? You'll *skeer* them young 'uns overboard. Ef you want me to fetch 'em, lemme do it in peace."

With this, the fog, with whose terrible and mysterious swiftness no man may intermeddle, shut down.

"Like the curtain of death," Miss Ritter thought, looking over her shoulder, when man and boat and voice had vanished utterly. She was not given to too much consideration of the lot of her fellow-men, perhaps; her sympathies were well regulated, but not acute. Although from Boston, she was not a philanthropist by avocation; she took people as they came, or went—good-naturedly enough, but not uncomfortably; she had a touch of the irresponsibility belonging to professional artists; she herself did not even paint tea-cups.

In Fairharbor, for instance, it would have been easy to make one's self miserable. She meant to treat her neighbors as a lady should; but why cultivate neuralgia of the emotions over the fate of the fleets? It was therefore hardly characteristic, and struck her for the moment, in an artistic sense, curiously, as part of the "effect" of the whole wet, dull afternoon, that she should feel almost moved by the every-day incident of Henry and the dory and the fog. He seemed to her suddenly like a symbol of the piteous Fairharbor life; as one puts an eagle, an arrow, a shield, or whatever, upon the seal of a commonwealth or upon coin, so Fairharbor might take. Henry; so she gave up her vigorous young life that "went down to the sea in ships"; and so, ghosts before their time, her doomed men trod her shores.

"I believe I must stop and see Ellen Salt about some laces," said Miss Ritter, uncertainly, to the lady boarder, with daisies and a mandarin parasol, now pulpy with the fog, and offering acute temptation to stick one's fingers between the ribs —the lady who joined her on the beach. It did not matter about the laces, but it mattered to have to talk to that stack of daisies just then. The lady's leather belt was tight, and the flowers seemed to gasp as if they had got into corsets.

This was the lady who always complained of the breakfasts, and knew how often every gentleman in the hotel came to see his wife. She was an idle, pretty, silly thing; abnormally, one might say inhumanly, luxurious. She wore thirty thousand dollars' worth of diamonds, because it was understood she was afraid to leave them in the hotel rooms. She gave three dollars to the subscription for the Fairharbor widows of two hundred men drowned last year: she had acquired a theory that one must not make paupers.

As Helen Ritter struck off alone through the fog, down the lane, behind the wild-rose thicket, under the willow-trees, and against the big bowlders, to Mrs. Salt's little, old, unpainted cottage—picturesquely gray, and proportionally damp—she was thinking neither of the daisy and diamond boarder nor of two hundred drowned fishermen, nor even of Ellen Jane and the weekly wash.

So far as her thoughts had organization rather than pulp, and might have been nautically termed more conscious than jelly-fish, she was thinking—still in that same amusing, outside, artistic sense—of herself; looking on, as she looked on at the summer people and the fishermen, with an unimpassioned, critical eye.

Too well we all know those mad or inspired moments (generally ours on dull afternoons) when we seem to catch up the whole of life at a handful, and fling it from us utterly in a kind of scorn that

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may be wholly noble or trivial, according to the impulse of the motion or the direction of the aim.

She, Helen Ritter, of Beacon Street, Boston, twenty-eight years old, an orphan, a Brahman (rich, if one stopped to think of that), and a beauty, member of Trinity Church and the Brain Club, subscriber to the Provident Association, and stockholder in the Athenæum, fond of her maid, her relatives, her bric-à-brac, and her way, walking to her wash-woman's through the fog, and suffering one of these supreme moments, could have flung her whole personality into Nirvana or the ocean by one sweep of her white-clad arm that day, and felt well rid of it. To be sure, nothing had happened.

That, perhaps, was the trouble?

"I am a type," said the young woman aloud. "I am nothing but a type; I have no 'use nor name nor fame' under the skies, beyond standing for the representative, like people that make the groups in tourists' photographs. I may thank Heaven if I don't do it inartistically, I suppose; and meanwhile pay my laundress. I wonder why I keep on coming to Fairharbor?"

Why, indeed? Helen Ritter to Helen Ritter, in the scorn of her heart and the depth of it, would give no answer to that question, but hit it with her fine, cool look as she would any other social intruder, and pass it by upon the other side. She was young, for life to have come to what she called its end.

"Yet the light of a whole life dies,
When love is done,"

sang the musical boarder in the hotel parlor beyond the rose thicket. The east wind bore the sound over the bowlders, through the willow boughs, driving with the fog, as if both had been ghosts from the hidden sea.

Why cling to the old spot where the light of life had once been kindled and quenched? Why dog, like a spirit unreleased, the haunts of that blessed and accursed vitality? No, no. She could not curse it: no. Whom or what had she to curse? Fate, perhaps, or accident, or a man's terrible dullness of intellect before the nature of the woman he loves, or her own doom, or her own "way"—that unlucky way which as often wrought her mischief from being misunderstood as from being to blame, but which was none the less likely to be to blame for that.

"The mind has a thousand eyes,"

sang the summer boarder with laboriously accelerated emphasis, for the gentlemen had come in from the beach, and were listening,

"The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one,
Yet the light of a whole life dies,
When love is done."

"Well, there!" said Ellen Jane Salt, "do come in out of this thick weather. Fog's good for your flannel dress; bleach it out; but my! ain't you sloppy? You got drabbled on the beach. Just you step up agen my tubs and let me wash out that hem o' your'n jest as you be. I'll stand you up to the stove after, and dry you up a mite, too, and iron you off, and you'll be slick as ever. Pity! I did you up only last Saturday, you know— There! I'm drove to death, but I can't stand seein' good washin' spoiled like that—and you, too, punctual as you are with the price—so many dozen, and so late in the season besides. No; the laces wasn't extry, thank you. I'd be ashamed if I couldn't do a bit of valingcens for *you*. But there! I was up till two o'clock this mornin' ironin' Mrs. Hannibal P. Harrowstone's fluted nigh'-gownds (thread lace, every scrap). She had six. I'm drove out of my wits, and Rafè had to have one of his spells at three, poor little fellow! just as I'd got a snooze in my close atop of the bed-spread, for it was so hot with the heavy ironin' fire, and us so near the cook-stove. There!"

Ellen Jane Salt was a little woman, thin and keen of outline; the kind of woman sure to marry a large man, and rule him roundly. She had very bright blue eyes, sunken with want of sleep; and the chiselling of care about her temples and her mouth told that her first youth had passed in hand-to-hand struggles with life, from which middle age gave no prospect of releasing her. The line between her lips indicated that nature had given her a sweet temper, which experience might push hard now and then under stress of circumstances. She had what it would be sufficient to call a busy voice, pitched like the American feminine voice of her class, but without a shrewish note; on the whole, making allowance for the national key, what might be called a motherly or wifely voice. She had the curious, watching look common to the women of Fairharbor, acquired from that observation of the sea with which the summer

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"HENRY SALT SANG AS HE CARRIED THE 'OTHER BABY.'"—[SEE PAGE 102.]

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boarder is unfamiliar. A little anxious running down to the beach now, or the wharf then, when the fog sets in; a little more restless climbing of the cliff when the wind rises; this peering for the dory before dawn, or searching for the sail at dusk, or scanning the headland by moonlight, or asking the dead of night to give the absent head-light to straining eyes, or beating about over the downs in the November gales with the glass which trembles in the aching arm before the blank horizon—these things, we see, give optical results which no social oculist has distinctly classified. For the rest, Ellen Jane Salt wore a navy blue calico dress, well fitted (by herself) to a pleasant figure, and tucked up over the hips under a gray crash washing apron, on which she wiped her steamed and dripping hands to give Miss Ritter greeting. There was a strip of tourist's ruffling in the neck of the navy blue calico, and the house, like the mistress, was as neat as a honey-comb. One might almost say, without straining a point, that there was a certain poetry in her avocation; for Ellen Jane Salt's old cottage seemed to the chance visitor a kind of temple of cleanliness. The small kitchen was sunny and sweet; and despite the disproportion of the ironing table and stove to the environment, the only litter seemed to be the signs of the presence of children, which abounded. Then it must be distinctly understood that Mrs. Salt had a "parlor." What New-Englander has not? Whether his debts be paid or his soul saved we need not stop to inquire; he will attend to that presently; meanwhile, a parlor or your life!

In Mrs. Salt's parlor was a carpet of a high-art pattern under reduced conditions —olive green, to be sure, playing at geometry with Indian red, and sepia brown and ivory black; it was an excellent carpet, and protected by a strip of oil-cloth nailed across like a little plank walk for the children to travel over to the bedroom beyond. There was a new paper on the walls of the parlor, very clean and very gilt (olive green, of course), and the price per roll such a trifle that a cod-fish could afford it, as Mrs. Salt had often said; the paperer being Ellen Jane herself, at midnight, after a day's washing, when "he" was asleep.

In the parlor were a black hair-cloth sofa, a centre table with a red cloth, a Bible, a copy of a children's paper, an old *Harper*, and a patent-medicine almanac; a chromo called "Innocence Asleep," (presented with a pound of green tea, and since framed in gilt), and a framed photograph of Rafè; but when we come to Rafè—

Meanwhile, in the parlor there was also "an instrument." Mrs. Salt had privately meant it to be a piano; but Mr. Salt had a bad year haddocking, and that overgrown ambition was silently set aside. Anyhow, it was an instrument. It did not matter whether one called it a melodeon or a cabinet organ, or whatever; the musical future of the Salt family was thus assured. In a narrower personal sense the instrument was intended for Emma Eliza, who took music lessons in prosperous seasons, and played—to Rafè. Emma Eliza was the oldest daughter, and Rafè was the youngest son. Mrs. Salt had six children —two babies. Rafè was a cripple.

"Wasn't that Mrs. Hannibal P. Harrowstone comin' up the beach alongside of you?" began Mrs. Salt, promptly. She ironed as she talked, making small ceremony of Miss Ritter, who was an old customer, and regarded quite as one of the family. Mrs. Salt's irons thumped when she was tired or excited, though she would have you understand she knew how to iron scientifically and silently, and no fuss about it. To-night she thumped a good deal.

"She's a good customer, Mrs. Hannibal P. Harrowstone. But there! When I count the yards and yards on her petticoats—dollar a yard, every mite of it—and her nigh'-gownds *solid* [thump] valingcens, you might say, and them di'mon's [thump], and beef-tea for Rafè goes so fast at twenty-five cents a pound durin' his spells; and there! [thump]. Why, Miss Ritter, I did up one dress for that woman last week would ha' paid our rent for a whole year, by the Sassinfras Bitters Almanac; and Biram so sharp on his rent, too, luck or none; an' if a man makes eighty dollars to his trip or eight cents, it's all the same to Biram come rent-day. But there! that's fishin'. I ain't complainin', and thanks to mercy I can stand at the wash-tub day an' night for 'em long's there's anything to wash. Six weeks ain't much, now, is it? Pretty short season; and no more for a woman to do in Fairharbor rest of the year than there is for a clam. We're like 'em, I guess—just stick in the mud and stay there. But there! I ain't complain-

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in' either; and six children do want a sight of things from Janooary to Janooary, as you'd know, if you'd ever had one; and Rafè--"

"Rafè looks pale, I thought," interposed Miss Ritter, glancing into the "parlor," where a little, bent figure sat in a high, padded chair by the window.

The child had a delicate face, refined by suffering, and a singularly sweet mouth; he had long blonde hair, which fell over his face as he stooped. There were no other children visible, except the baby, asleep in the crib or cradle at the little cripple's feet. Now and then the boy jogged the cradle with his foot, as he bent over his work or play.

"It's your scrap-book," said Mrs. Salt, in a low voice—"that one you gave him with the chromos and magazines when you come in June. You never see such a sight of comfort as that child gets out o' them things—bless your soul for it! It's the *prettiness* that pleases him. The boarders give him money sometimes, but he don't pay the same attention to it—it ain't that, you know. There's a kind of *prettiness* about Rafè—like the ladies and gentlemen I do for. He ain't like a fisherman, Rafè ain't, and so sweet of his temper in all his spells. Now last night never a word. His father and me hate to see Rafè suffer."

"I saw Henry on the beach just now," observed Miss Ritter, backing up by the stove, as she was bidden, to dry her white flannel dress hem after Mrs. Salt's professional treatment thereof. The young lady had quite dignity enough even for this awkward and exceedingly warm position, and seemed to fill the little house with a kind of splendor—distant, uncomprehending, accidental—like that gift of the scrap-book. She thought too little about them to know when she did the right thing by poor people, until they told her. She did not mistake her taste for her principles, though they sometimes might. "I saw Henry," said Miss Ritter, in her affable tone, that the wash-woman did not always distinguish from personal friendship. "He was going off in the dory after those Benzine children that always get lost foggy days. I thought he was pretty patient, though he had to have his say about it. All the children were with him, I believe —Tom and Sue and the bigger baby and the rest."

"There ain't any rest except Emma Eliza," corrected the mother. "Six is enough, gracious knows—and she's gone home with Mrs. Hannibal P. Harrowstone's wash, what there is ready of it. Yes, there's that about Henry Salt, I will say; he'll *do* anything, but he's got to have his say. Him and me we have words sometimes. I'm always sorry for it afterward. I never mean to. He says he don't mean to either. But there! menfolks is men-folks, not to say anything of women. Nigh as I can make out, the Lord *made* men-folks to be contrary; but sakes! if you love 'em, what's the odds? You've only got a bigger chance to do for 'em, and mother 'em up. They're a kind of boys, men are, and have to be mothered up somehow by their women. They need pettin' and fussin' and strokin' the right way, and hear jest how they feel when they're a mite sick, and fuss over 'em as if you s'posed they was dangerous, and not to say nothin' when you're ten times worse yourself—that's men. I don't say I don't have my tempers out myself —like an influenzy, got to come—*sometimes*. But there! I've got a good husband, dear. Nor there ain't a stiddier, nor soberer, nor better, goes to the Banks from Fairharbor year in, year out. I'm very fond of Henry. We've had a happy life, me and Henry."

"A happy life?"

Miss Ritter looked about the fisherman's cottage; at the small rooms crowded with the signs of surplus life and harassing economies; at the sober, sleeping baby, who seemed to have been born in a hard season, and bore the inheritance of poverty and anxiety in the lines of his unconscious face; at the crippled boy stooping in the window against the dull square of light made by the conflict of the fog and dusk beyond; at the nervous motions of the tired woman at the ironing table. Ellen Jane Salt did not pass for a heroine, but she had aches enough and ailments enough to have put Miss Ritter or Mrs. Hannibal P. Harrowstone under treatment from a fashionable physician for the rest of her life. Any lady who felt as she did would have gone to bed. The fisherman's wife washed and ironed; thus Rafè had beef-tea—and the instrument. Somehow even the instrument did not make the fisherman's cottage seem an abode of luxury. "I can always sell it," Mrs. Salt said, when approached by good sociologists on the subject of this extrava-

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gance. "It's good property; it keeps the children to home evenings; and Rafè—why, I got it for *Rafè*."

The wash-woman stood straight at her ironing table, and lifted her head as she followed Helen Ritter's look about the cottage, on whose sparse comforts the advancing dusk was setting heavily.

"Yes," she said, very gently, "Henry and me have had a happy life—him a fisherman, me a washer-woman—six children—and Rafè—and poor. Well, there! there's been times poor don't *say* it—and hard. It's been pretty hard. But you see, my dear, me and Henry *like* each other. I suppose that makes a difference."

"It must make a difference," repeated Miss Ritter, drearily. She went abruptly into the darkening parlor, kissed the crippled child upon the forehead, said some little pleasant thing to him, and came restlessly back. Rafè climbed down from his high chair laboriously, took up his crutch, and followed her. His mother was lighting the kerosene lamp, and the poor place leaped suddenly into color. Rafè pulled at the navy blue calico dress. The wash-woman snatched off her wet crash apron, and drew the little fellow—alas! never perhaps to be too big a fellow for his mother's lap—into her arms. The ironing table and the clothes-basket and a wash-tub of rinsing clothes closed into the perspective of this plain picture; and Rafè's crutch, where it had fallen in the foreground, reminded Miss Ritter somehow of the staff in the little St. John scenes that we all know.

"The Madonna—of the Tubs," she murmured.

"What, ma'am?" asked Rafè.

"There! there!" said the Madonna; "go and watch for father, Rafè." She handed him his crutch with her kiss—a half-savage kiss, like that of some wild, thwarted maternal thing—and the child limped eagerly away.

"He must have found them Benzine children by this time," Mrs. Salt ran on, taking to her irons again nervously. "But, fact is, I'm *never* easy in my mind when Henry's in thick weather, not even off-shore. It's hard being a woman in Fairharbor. Our minister said, says he, when he first come to town he noticed all the women-folks called it 'the dreadful sea.' I guess, come to think of it, we do—jest as you'd say 'Monday mornin'' or 'cold weather,' and never take notice of your words. You see, I'm kind o' down to-night, tell the truth, Miss Ritter.—Yes, Rafè, watch for papa, dear. He'll be disappointed if he doesn't see Rafè first.—I wouldn't tell the child just yet. You see, his father's got to go to the Banks. Rafè hates to have his father go to the Banks. He worries. We thought we'd get along—for me and Rafè do worry so—but Henry's had an awful poor season off-shore. He thinks he's got to go. He 'ain't made but twenty-two dollars and sixty-three cents this summer. It's safer off-shore, take it all, though it's bad enough, Miss Ritter, fix it as you will. It was off-shore his boat keeled over, eight years ago the 23d of September, not more'n two miles off the light—him and Job Ely and Peter Salt and William X. Salt went down in a squall, and I'd been nervous all day; so when it struck I got the glass, and took Emma Eliza—for she was little then, but my oldest born, and all I had to speak to that would understand—and me and Emma Eliza we walked over the downs, and over the downs, blowed about agen the wind, with the glass, and stood watchin'; and, my gracious God, Miss Ritter, I saw that there boat go down before my living eyes!"

It was an old story, told to how many neighbors and "summer people" how many times! but at this point the fisherman's wife gasped and blanched. She had never been able to finish it; each time she thought she should. She took up her flat-irons hastily, for scalding tears were dropping on Mrs. Hannibal P. Harrowstone's fluted skirt.

"He h'isted on to the keel, her bottom upmost," she said, in a lower voice, "and they all h'isted on and held, and a lumber schooner from Maine come along full canvas, but it took an eternal punishment, lookin' through the glass, to get her swung to and dory off. But they was saved—him and Job Ely and Peter Salt and William X. Salt—and him; but they looked like flies before my eyes, for the sea broke over 'em, and they kep' a-slippin', and so me and Emma Eliza put down the glass and come home and set down; and Emma Eliza made me a cup of tea—for I was that gone, and her so little to do for me. And there we set, for we couldn't do nothin' till he come home at five minutes past nine o'clock, bustin' open the door—so!—drippin' wet, and pale as his own corpse, and I says, 'Henry! Henry!' and he says, 'Nel-

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ly Jane!' and we says no more, for someway we couldn't do it. But Emma Eliza cried—for she used to bellow, that child did, when she was little—enough to wake last year's mackerel catch, and then she made her father's tea, for I was that gone; and, you see, Miss Ritter, it was next month Rafè was born, and he was born, my dear—as he is."

"Marm, I don't *see* my fa—ther," interrupted Rafè, in his gentle, drawling voice, from the open front door.

"And so, as I says," proceeded Mrs. Salt, more briskly, "fishin' is fishin', off-shore or no. But I haven't *no* confidence in the Grand Banks. I wish my husband hadn't got to go this fall. I 'ain't any time to be nervous, but there's always time to see things. You know, you *see* him so, before your eyes, all sorts of ways, when he's that far from you—fogs, or a gale, or a squall—drownin' mostly, and callin' after you, if you're his wife and have always done for him. Even a headache he'd run to you about. And to stand here ironin', a thousand miles away, and him maybe—"

"Marm," called Rafè, "I see my fa—ther! I see my fa—ther!"

"Well, there!" cried Ellen Jane Salt, putting down her irons tremendously. She blushed like a girl, and bustled about, "picking up" here and there, and hurrying to fry the cod for supper. She almost forgot her young lady customer, who was glad just then to slip away.

On the way down the lane she met the fisherman and his children hurrying home; but in the dusk they passed with a pleasant, neighborly nod. Miss Ritter was sad, and Henry Salt was hungry; so she with her kindly "Well, Henry!" and he with his civil "H'ar' yer, Miss Ritter?" went their ways. It so happened from one trifling cause and another—she was called to Boston earlier than usual, and what not—that this was the last time she spoke to the good fellow that season, as she afterward remembered.

She turned in the dark lane, and watched the group scrambling home in their happy-go-lucky fashion—Henry rode the bigger baby (he was known in the Salt family as "the other baby") pickback all the way; Sue and Tommy trudged and toddled, snatching at his oil-clothes, which were wet, and slipped from their little round red hands.

Henry Salt sang, as he carried "the other baby," a snatch of a sailor's song Miss Ritter had never heard before—

> "Give the wind time
> To blow the man down."

Past the rose thicket, by the great bowlder, dim in the dark and the now drenching fog, man and children, pushing merrily home, made one confused group, like a centaur or a torso to the watcher's eye.

The cottage door was wide open. What a splendor of light leaped out! Was it only that kerosene lamp upon the ironing table? How it beat back the crawling fog, which made as if it would enter first and was denied.

> "Give the wind time,"

rang the fisherman's happy bass.

From outside, through the door one could see clearly and far. All the little house seemed to lean out to draw them in; the sweet, tidy, homely things grew gilded and glorious, and had a look as if they stirred; even the instrument could be seen deep in the parlor, with the reduced high-art paper. In the doorway, once again, the Madonna of the Tubs had found that fine, unconscious attitude—half stooping to take Rafè, who had stood too long upon his little crutch. He put up his hand and stroked her cheek.

"Oh, marm, I've *got* my fa—ther!"

> "Give the wind time
> To blow the man down,"

sang Henry Salt. Laughing, he snatched and kissed the child—the mother too, perhaps. Down there in the dark wet lane Miss Ritter could not see, or her eyes failed her somehow.

For a moment the group stood in the open door in a kind of glory. Then Emma Eliza came in, and putting down her empty clothes-basket, and going straight to the instrument, began—it seemed that Rafè asked—to play. A waltz, perhaps? A minstrel melody? Some polka learned of the music teacher? A merry ditty flung at fate and dashed at life and death, between whose equal mysteries these poor souls wrenched their brave and scanty happiness? My musical friend—no. Emma Eliza sang a hymn. She sang that venerable Sunday-school jingle known as "Pull for the Shore."

Rafè joined in it sweetly, leaning on his crutch. His mother sang it shrilly while she fried the cod. Henry Salt sang

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it merrily while he hung his oil-clothes on the nail behind the door. Sue and Tommy and the other baby sang it anyhow; and the baby in the crib waked up and stretched his arms out to the instrument.

"Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore!
Heed not the rolling waves, but bend to the oar!
Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore!"

Then the door shut suddenly; the Madonna was blotted from sight; blackness replaced the sweet and homely halo; only the voices of the fisher-people, expressing what they knew of happiness in the sombre, sacred words that held the terror and the danger of the sea, echoed faintly down the dark and now deserted lane.

"If this were a story in need of a heroine," said Helen Ritter as she turned, "it is a vacant position which I should not be asked to fill. And yet I'd *be* my washwoman to be—"

"Give the wind time
To blow for the shore,"

rang out the gruff bass voice that wind and weather had roughened in shouting "Ship ahoy!" For Henry had musically forgotten himself, as will be seen, and Emma Eliza, at the instrument, came to a severe halt to set him straight.

Perhaps if it had not been for William X. Salt it would never have happened.

Tennyson, I think, or it might well be, has sketched a sea-port town in one line which runs:

"And almost all the village had one name."

The fishing town of Fairharbor was generously furnished with the appropriate name of Salt. There were great Salts and small Salts, rich and poor Salts, drunk and sober Salts, Salts making money in the counting-rooms and Salts earning it upon the wharves, Salts in the fish firms and Salts before the mast—Abraham L. Salt, for instance, who owned the schooner (herself *Abby E. Salt* by name), and William X. Salt and Peter Salt and Henry Salt, who sailed in her to the Grand Banks, after the golden-rod and the summer people were gone, when there were no Japanese umbrellas, and nobody screamed at the snails, when there was no washing by the dozen to be had, and only now and then a letter from Miss Ritter—in November, just before Thanksgiving, when the weather had turned cold and the wind blew from the north.

Nothing is easier than to find a reason for the unpleasant in ourselves in causes outside of ourselves, and yet, in spite of this calm, proverbial philosophy, it is probably true that if it had not been for William X. Salt it would never have happened. At least Ellen Jane said so, and will say so to her dying day. For from whatever cause—divine, diabolic, or human—whether because William X. Salt treated Henry, or because Henry allowed William X. to treat him, or because Heaven permitted or hell decreed—the truth remains that Henry and Ellen Jane Salt, like many another wedded pair loving less than they, like many another loving even more than they, quarrelled; but the worst of it was that they quarrelled the night that Henry set sail in the *Abby E. Salt*, with William X. and Peter and Job Ely and the other fellows—ten in all—for the Grand Banks of Newfoundland.

William X. Salt had given him the whiskey, for, as I say, it was turning cold, and the wind blew bitterly from the north, and the men had worked till they were fretted and chilled, getting their traps and trawls aboard. Now Henry was a sober man, for the most part, and meant to keep so; or his wife meant to keep him so, which is much the same thing; and I should libel him were I to say that he came home to supper drunk. He was not drunk. Strictly speaking, he was not sober. In point of fact, he was what may be charitably called sensitive to liquor, owing to some passing familiarity of the nervous system with its effects in early youth; and it took little enough to make it clear that he had better have taken none at all. As a rule, Henry recognized this physiological fact. That November night he was cold and tired and "down," and William X., who was sober sometimes, but so seldom that, by the law of chances, that could hardly have been one of the times, was moved to treat at the wrong moment or in the wrong way; and if Henry had taken a little less—or even a little more, and come home to his wife drunk, it might not have happened, we must admit, for he was jolly and silly when he was drunk; but he got only so far as the cross stage, and cross he was—it need not be denied—to Ellen Jane.

What was it all about? What is it ever all about when two who love each other dearer than any great thing on earth,

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fall sharp asunder because of some little one—too little to find? The pity of love is that it is given to small creatures: let us not forget that itself is great.

Perhaps it was the door that slammed; perhaps it was the coffee that did not settle; it may be that the baby cried, or the chowder burned their tongues, or somebody upset the milk pitcher, or the lamp smoked, or the ironing fire was burning coal too fast, or the barberry sauce (brought out to honor the occasion) had not enough molasses in it, or the griddle-cakes did not come fast enough, or there was a draught somewhere—who could say? Neither of these married lovers, perhaps, after it was all over. Less than any one of these almost invisible causes has broken hearts and homes before, and will, world without end, till lovers learn the infinite preciousness of love, and human speech is guarded like human chastity.

In short, then and there, on the night, on the hour of their separation, Henry and Ellen Jane Salt "came to words."

She had been crying all day, poor woman, because he had to go. She dreaded a November voyage intelligently and insanely. Rafè had cried too, but he hid in the parlor to do it. The children were all sober except the baby and the other baby. The house was illuminated—there were two kerosene lamps and the lantern. All Henry's mending was tearfully and exquisitely done. There had been fresh doughnuts fried, and a squash pie (extravagantly) made to please him. Emma Eliza, at the instrument, played the "Sweet By-and-by." Her mother was dressed in her best calico—a new one never at the wash-tub, one of those chocolate patterns with strong-minded flowers that women fancy, Heaven and the designers know why. Her hair was brushed and her collar fresh, and she had looked as pretty as a pink, poor thing, dashing away the tears when he came in—ready for all the little feminine arts that make men cheerful at the cost of women's nerve and courage.

Then it happened—whatever it was—and the glow went out of her face as the gloom gathered on his, and that sweet look about her mouth settled away, and the smouldering fire burned up slowly from a great depth in her sunken, tired blue eyes; and with a breaking heart she blamed him; and with a barbarous tongue he admired her; and their words ran as high as their nerves were strained; and because they loved each other dearly every harsh word they said scorched them like coals of white fire, on which one pours more to cover up the blaze; and because they were man and wife, and more to each other than all the world besides, they said each to each, bitterly dashing out blind words, what neither would have said to friend or neighbor for very shame's sake; and so it came about that on this night they were in high temper, than which none had been really sharper, perhaps, in all their wedded lives.

"There is something always wrong about this house, curse it!" cried the man whom William X. Salt had treated.

"There's nothing wrong in this house but him that's setting sail from it," cried the woman whom the man had scolded.

They were flashing words—up and out and over—and, had it fared differently with them, at another time a sob and a kiss would have met above the ashes of the sorry scene, and there would have been an end, and peace to it.

But the *Abby E. Salt* weighed anchor at eight o'clock. It was quarter past seven when Henry pushed back from the half-eaten supper and took up his old hat to go. He had over a mile to walk, and a ferry to catch, and what not to do; he was already late. There was no time to let the sweet waters of repentance come to the flood. He bade the children good-by sullenly, kissed Rafè, and, after an instant's hesitation, pushed open the door. He said he must hunt up Job Ely, and so saying, and saying no more than this, he went out of the house. He did not look at his wife.

Her pretty, weary face had flushed a dangerous scarlet during the scene which had passed. Now it turned a dreadful white. She stood quite still. She seemed to have no more moral power to move after the man than an unsought girl or a woman repulsed. Her whole feminine nature was quivering pitifully. When a man is rough with a woman he forgets that he hurts two creatures—the human and the woman—and that he hurts the second more than it can hurt himself by just so much as the essence of the feminine nature is a fact superimposed upon the human. But as the mystery of this knowledge is one that princes and philosophers have not yet commanded, who should expect it of the fisherman Henry Salt?

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The children during this unhappy scene had stood silent. To their father's quickness of temper they were used; he scolded one minute and kissed the next; but the usual had become the unexpected, and a kind of moral embarrassment filled the cottage. The baby and the other baby began to cry; Emma Eliza, whether from some rudimentary idea of calling her father's attention, or from some daughterly delicacy which led her to get herself out of the way, sat down at the instrument and vigorously played "Pull for the Shore" on the wrong key; Rafè got upon his crutch and hobbled to the door; the wife alone stood quite still.

The wind was rising fiercely from the north, as has been said, and bursting in at the open door, caught it and clutched it to and fro, closing but not latching, and noisily playing with it, as if with a shaken mood that could not fix itself. For the instant, the master of the house seemed to be shut out, and seemed possibly to one outside to have been *slammed* out by hands within.

"Let me by, Rafè; let me by this minute!" The wife made one bound, and down the wooden steps, where she stood bewildered. No one was to be seen. It was deadly dark, and the wind raved with a volume of sound which seemed to the Fairharbor woman, born and nourished of the blast, to be something intelligent and infernal pitted against her. She flung her shrill voice out into it: "Henry! Henry! come back and say good-by to me. I'm sorry. Henry! Henry! *Henry!* I'm *sorry!* I'm *sorry!*"

But only the awful throat of the gale made answer. She ran a little way, straining her ears, her eyes, her voice, beating her breast in a kind of frenzy, calling passionately, plaintively, then passionately again; and so, despairing, for she made no headway against the roar of the November nor'wester, staggered, turned, and stopped.

At this moment, scrambling through the dark, a little figure hit her, hurrying by upon a little crutch.

"I'm goin' to catch my fa—ther," said Rafè.

He pushed on beyond her, his bright hair blown straight like a helmet or visor of gold from his forehead, calling as he went, slipping, daring, tumbling on the sharp rocks, and up again. Down there in the dark midway of the road she saw a little fellow stop to gather strength and throw the whole force of his sweet young voice like a challenge to the gale:

"Fa—ther! marm's sorry! (Don't you cry, marm. I *think* he'll answer.) Fa—ther! fa—ther! marm says she's sorry! Marm is sorry, fa—ther! (Just keep still, marm. I'm *sure* he'll answer.) Fa—THER! MARM IS SORRY!"

The crippled child hurled the whole of his little soul and body into that last cry, and then she saw him turn and limp, more slowly, back. He came up to her gently where she stood sobbing in the dark and wind; and as if he had been the parent, one might say, and she the child, he patted her upon the hand.

"I told you I'd catch him, marm—*dear* marm," added Rafè.

She shook her head incredulously, convulsive with her tears, turning drearily to go back. She hardly noticed Rafè in that minute. The wife was older than the mother in her; if stronger, who should say her nay?

"But I caught my fa—ther," persisted Rafè. "He says, says he—"

"Rafè, he couldn't, dear."

"Marm, he hollered, 'So be I.'"

"Did your father say that, honest, Rafè?"

She lifted her head piteously, pleadingly, before the child.

"I *think* he did," said Rafè, conscientiously. "I says, 'Fa—ther, marm's sorry'; and he says, 'So be I.'"

"If he says, 'So be I,' God bless you, Rafè! mother's sonny boy."

But with that she began to sob afresh, half with hope and half with misery. The child, whose sympathies were made old and fine by suffering, watched her soberly.

"I think he did," said Rafè, stoutly. "*I think* my fa—ther hollered, 'So be I.'"

He lifted the truthful face of an angel in a halo to the poor Madonna in the glimmer of the open door. His yellow hair shone like an aureole about his ardent little face. He would have given his scrapbook just then to say, "I know he did." But Rafè never lied. The other children supposed it was because he was a cripple.

It was in just eleven days that they brought her the news. Abraham L. Salt asked Biram to tell her, and Biram sent a woman neighbor. The northwester had blown grandly, as any one might know, straight for the Banks, and blown the

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Abby E. Salt thither in a smart voyage of four days and a half. After the steady blow the weather thickened, and that which has happened to Fairharbor fishermen, and will happen again, God help them! till the way of the wind and wave is tamed to human anguish, happened then and there to Henry Salt. The *Zephaniah Salt*, a fine three-masted schooner, about returning from the fishing grounds, carried the word to the telegraph at Boston, and the telegraph to Abraham L. Salt, as was said; he to Biram, Biram to the woman neighbor, the woman, praying God's pity, to her.

She did not say it as she meant to. Who of us does hard things as we thought we should? She walked straight into the cottage, and stood still in the middle of the floor, and began to cry. The first she knew she had caught the little crippled child and put him into his mother's arms, and said,

"Rafè, tell your poor marm that your father's drownded—for I can't."

"At the Grand Banks, on the morning of November —, Henry Salt and Job Ely, of Fairharbor, dory mates, set out from the schooner *Abby E. Salt* to look after their trawls, and were lost in the fog. Every effort was made in vain to find the unfortunate men. No hope is any longer felt of their safety. The bodies have not been recovered. Salt leaves a wife and six children. Ely was unmarried. The *Abby E. Salt* belongs to the well-known firm of Abraham L. Salt and Co., of Fairharbor."

Miss Ritter, idly nibbling at her *Daily Advertiser* before her open cannel fire one bleak December morning, chanced upon the paragraph, which she re-read and pondered long. Ellen Jane had sent no word out of her misery, poor thing! A letter achieved is an affliction to the unlearned, and she had enough to bear without adding that.

"I'd rather do a day's washing any time than write a letter," she used to say. Besides, after all, what would the "boarder lady" care? When it came to the point of bereavement, remorse, widowhood, hunger, cold, and despair, the summer patron seemed as far from the Fairharbor winter as her paper parasol or her "valingcens." Henry Salt had gone the way of his calling, like other men; he had become one of the one or two hundred Fairharbor fishermen over whose fate a comfortable dry-shod world heaves a sigh once a year when the winter gales blow so hard as to shake the posts of the firm, warm house a little, or even to puff the lace above the sleeping baby's crib in the curtained, fire-lit room. His wife, like other women, was a "Fairharbor widow," and like other women must bend her to her fate.

She bowed to it in those first weeks in a stupefaction that resembled moral catalepsy. A reserve such as restrains the hand that writes this page—a page like a bridge over a chasm down which one can not look, yet over which one must cross perforce—solemnly enwrapped the fisherman's widow in that space between the night when the woman neighbor put the crippled child into his mother's arms, and the advance of the holidays, which come —God help us!—straight into the ruined as once into the blessed homes.

And so to Fairharbor as to Beacon Street, to Ellen Salt as to Helen Ritter, or you or me, the sacred time which enhances all happiness and all anguish came gently or cruelly, but surely, on; and it was the day before Christmas, and going to snow.

In the sad cottage behind the leafless rose thicket and under the ice-clad bowlders they were all at home early that afternoon: the mother from her dreary attempt and failure to find another neighbor to "wash" on Monday morning; Emma Eliza from the net factory, where she wove seines and hammocks (when the factory was running) at irregular wages, ranging from four dollars a week to none; Tommy and Sue from the district school, where one must have "an education," even if no father and no dinner. Rafè took care of the baby and the other baby, and was, so to speak, professionally at home. Besides, Rafè himself (indeed, I might say Rafè in particular) was about to become the support of the family. As luck would have it—or as God willed it—a group of marine artists had discovered Fairharbor that year, and were wintering, by the mercies of Providence and the landlady, in the closed hotel, hard at work; among them one, a portrait and *genre* painter, guest of the little company for a week or so, had seen Rafè at a window one day, and, presto! the child's face—a cherub strayed from paradise into misfortune, the fellows said —shall go to the exhibition.

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"HE PUSHED ON BEYOND HER, CALLING AS HE WENT."
From a drawing by W. T. Smedley.

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Rafè was earning what occurred to him as an enormous salary as a model by the hour; he failed to see why Sue had no rubbers or Tommy no coat, or why the kitchen fire burned so cold, or there was no meat for dinner, in view of his monetary receipts. He had often told his mother that he would support her, and begged her not to cry. It did not strike him that he had never seen her cry since his father died.

As Christmas Eve drew on, they were all well in the house. Emma Eliza drew the curtains fast, for the hard and bitter air must melt into snow from very force of resistance to its fate, now any moment, and the house was cold. Rafè asked her to leave one of the kitchen curtains up a little; he had a fancy for looking out on dark nights; he used to stand so, sometimes crooning and singing to himself, his bright hair pressed against the window-pane, and his thin hands up against his temples. Before his father died, Rafè sang "Pull for the Shore" a great deal, standing by that window looking out; sometimes Emma Eliza would catch it up upon the instrument and join. But he did not sing it any more.

The outside door did not latch—the one that slammed poor Henry out on that last night; it never latched very well; there was no man to fix it now; a carpenter could not be afforded; the women and children had tinkered away at the fastening, in their blundering fashion, with blinding tears. Such are the cruel small ways in which the poor are reminded of their bereavements at every crevice of their lives. Rafè had pushed up the wash-bench finally against the door to keep it in its place.

Mrs. Salt looked about the little group, trying duteously to smile. She had on a (dyed) black dress; she looked sixty years old; she was what one might be tempted to call almost infernally changed; an indescribable expression had got hold of her face; she seemed like a dead person up and dressed. There was something no less than dreadful in the mechanical gentleness and reserve which had settled down upon this emotional, voluble creature. No accident betrayed her into any acceleration of the voice; the crossest baby never raised a ruffle in her accent; she had such a monotonous sweetness and bruised patience as seemed like a paralysis of common human nature. Her children could not remember to have had even a rebuke from her since that night when the woman neighbor came in. They had deserved it twenty times.

"Children," she said, dully and gently, "I haven't any presents for you this Christmas. It's the first one, I guess. I can't help it, you know, my dears. We are very poor to-night. But I'll build you a big, *hot* fire—it's all I can do. We'll keep Christmas Eve by keeping warm, if we can. The stove don't work, somehow; the lining needs fixing; it needs a man." She hesitated, looking pitifully about the room, at each little sober face.

"Won't that do? Won't that be better than no Christmas at all? I thought mebbe it would. It's all mother's got for you. She couldn't do any better. She wanted to. He always set so much by Christmas. He—"

The broken door blew in and slammed against the wash-bench loudly. Rafè went to shut it; but it resisted the little fellow's strength—fell inward heavily, and with it a huge object thrust itself, or was thrust, along the floor noisily enough.

"It's the expressman!" cried Rafè. "It's Tan and Salt's express cart, for *us*, marm!"

Now the Salt family had never had an express package in all their lives. So intense was the excitement for the moment that it was almost impossible to remember that one's father was drowned. They gathered like bees about the box, which the driver lifted in for them compassionately; even stopping to help Emma Eliza start the cover.

"Seein' ye're only women-folks—of a Christmas Eve. And never in my life did I see a woman could open a *wooden* box. Guess ye'd have to set on it all night if I didn't—and no man else to do for ye—"

But Tan and Salt's express checked himself, and departed hastily from the loosened cover and unfinished sentence, letting in a whirl of the now falling snow as he closed the rattling door. He wished, with all his soul, he had time to fix that latch.

Now in that box—what mystery! what marvel! Emma Eliza thought it was like a novel. Rafè had read fairy tales, and he considered it probable that it was the work of what he called "a genii," that flannels and shoes, and a second-hand overcoat, and mittens, and a black blanket shawl, should land on the floor, with flour and coffee and crackers, and a package of tea and sugar, and rubbers

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for Sue, and a turkey for Christmas dinner, and under all—stockings. Six pairs of stockings—brown, red, blue, green, gray, and white, each one filled to the knee with Santa Claus knew what—trifles to the giver, ecstasy to the child—all the way down from Emma Eliza to the baby, and the other baby. Ah, well, such things do happen, thank the blessed Christmas spirit, in the homes of the brave and self-helping poor; they do not perhaps often happen so gracefully—we might say so artistically.

"So pretty," cried Rafè—"so *pretty* in her." For when the romance of the expressman was followed by the immensity of a smart Fairharbor hack rolling under the leafless willows to the very door, and Rafè, pulling back the wash-bench again, let in, with a shower of bright snow, Miss Helen Ritter, standing tall and splendid in her furs of silver-seal, it seemed quite what was to be expected; and not one of the poor souls knew, which was the best of it, that the young lady had never done such a thing before in all her life. She had done it now in her own "way"—that whimsical, obstinate, lavish way that sometimes was so wrong and sometimes so right, but this time so sweet and true. Was it her heart that told her how? For her head was painfully uneducated in sociology. She had not a particle of training as a visitor to the poor. She had not a theory as to their elevation. She had never been interested in books concerning their management. She was simply acquainted with her wash-woman, and had approached her as she would any other acquaintance, according to the circumstances of the case. It was a brave, self-helpful family; she knew them; not a drop of pauper blood rolled in the veins of their sturdy bodies. Ghastly poverty had got them; worse was before them; but if any desolate woman and her babes, thrust into their fate, could breast it and not go under, these were they.

As a human being to human beings, Helen Ritter had come; she knew no more, nor thought beyond; she had felt moved to treat them as she would wish to be treated in their place, and she did as she was moved—that was all. If she made no blunder, it was certainly owing to the rightness of her instinct, not to the wisdom of her views.

But who stopped to think of views or instincts in the astounded cottage that Christmas Eve? Not Miss Ritter, stooping, flushed and brilliant, drawn down by children's fingers to her knees upon the kitchen floor among the Christmas litter. Not Rafè, who put up his pale face and kissed her, saying not a word. Not Emma Eliza, who meant to ask her to play a Christmas carol on the instrument, thinking that would be polite. (The instrument, by-the-way, was drearily seeking a purchaser, poor thing.) Not Sue, nor Tommy, nor the baby, nor the other baby, pulling off the veil which had shielded the feathers of their visitor's dainty bonnet from the snow. Not Mrs. Salt, who came up to take her fur-lined cloak with a soft, "You'll be too warm, my dear," and so showing all the stately, luxurious outlines of the finest figure she had ever "done up," in that sweet and humble attitude, kneeling on the kitchen floor. Not Mrs. Salt, stealing away by herself, silent, still, and changed, and strange—she had scarcely spoken. What ailed her? What would she? Where was she? Helen Ritter, unintroduced to mortal sorrow, hesitated before the bereavement of her wash-woman, but summoned heart at last and followed, slipping from the children's arms.

Ellen Jane Salt was in her chilly parlor, crouched alone; she had got into a corner bent over something, and when Miss Ritter came up she was half shocked to see that it was the black blanket shawl.

"I didn't know what ever I was to do for mournin' for him!" The woman looked up, breaking out thus sharply. "You've no idea how they talk about us Fairharbor widows, we so poor, they say, and takin' charity to spend it on our black—and reason, maybe; but ask 'em if it's human natur to break your heart and mourn your dead in colors. Ask 'em if bein' poor puts out human natur. Miss Ritter, I hadn't nothin' to mourn for Henry in but this one old dress I dyed before my money went to Biram for the rent, and my cloak was a tan-color season before last, and trimmed with bugle trimmin', and my shawl was a striped shawl, with red betwixt, you know. And us without our coal in, me going mournin' for my husband half black, half colors, like a widow that was half glad and half sorry—enough of 'em be—my dear, it *hurt* me. And to think you should think of that, and send me of a Christmas Eve— Oh, my dear, I

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haven't cried before, but it's the *understandin'* me that breaks me up. Oh, don't notice me, don't mind me. I haven't cried since he was drowned; I haven't darst. Oh, don't you touch me—oh yes, you may. How soft your arms are! Oh, nobody has held me since he— Oh, my God! my God! my God! I've *got* to cry."

"Come here," said Helen Ritter, sobbing too—"come here and let me hold you, and tell me all about it."

"How *can* I tell you?" moaned the woman. "Oh, it is such a dreadful thing to tell! Oh, my dear, it isn't his *dying;* it isn't that Henry is *dead.* If that was all, I'd be a blessed woman—me a widow, and them fatherless, and so poor—I'd be a blessed woman; and God be thanked to mercy this living night if it was only that my husband had *died!* Oh, how should you know? You never was married; you never had a husband; you never quarrelled with the man you loved."

"Hush! hush! hush!" Involuntarily the lady thrust her hand upon the other woman's mouth; then drew it off and patted her silently, stroking her hair and shoulders with exquisite loving motions, as women do to women of their own sort when sorrow is upon them.

"We quarrelled," cried Ellen Jane Salt, throwing out her arms, and letting them drop heavily at her side—"we quarrelled, Miss Ritter, that very last night, that very last minute, him and me—us that loved each other, man and wife, for seventeen years, and him going to his death from out that door. 'Oh,' he says, 'there's always something wrong about this house!' and he cursed it; but he didn't mean it, poor fellow; he never meant it; for they must have treated him to the wharves to make him say a thing like that—you *know* they must; and I says, 'There's nothing wrong in this house but him that's setting sail from it.' My God! my God! my God! I says those words to him at the very last; and he—"

"Marm, I *told* him you was sorry." Rafè pulled her by the dyed black sleeve. The little fellow's face worked pathetically. He did not know before that he could not bear it to see his mother cry. "I think, I believe, I'm pretty *sure,*" said Rafè, "that my fa—ther told me, '*So be I.*'"

Helen Ritter drew the child into her free arm, and so held him, sick at heart, for in that supreme moment the widowed wife seemed to have gone deaf and blind; she did not notice even Rafè.

"What's death," cried Ellen Jane, lifting her wan face to heaven, and sinking with a sickening, writhing motion to her knees—"what's death, if *that* was *all,* to man and wife that love each other? I've been cold since Henry died, and I've gone hungry—don't let on to the children, for they don't know—and I'd *be* cold and hungry; and if I was to starve, what's that? And if I mourned and cried for him, us partin' kind, why, what is that? It's the words between us!—oh, it's the words between us! I dream 'em in my dreams, I hear 'em in the wind, I hear 'em at the instrument when the children sing—it's the words between us! Him that courted me and wedded me, the baby's father—and we loved each other, and we come to words that last, last minute, him going to his death! My God! my God! my God!

"Miss Ritter, dear, what am I sayin'? Send the children off. Crying, Rafè? Don't, dear. There! mother's sonny boy; come here. Don't, Rafè, don't. Yes, I'll come and see the Christmas stockings. Let me be a minute. Go, Miss Ritter, with 'em, if you'll be so good. Kiss me, Rafè. Mother'll come presently, my son. Let me be a minute, won't you, by myself."

They went and left her, as they were bidden, every one. Somebody shut the door of the chilly parlor, not quite to, and so shielded her in for a little, yet did not shut her off alone; they could not bear to.

Helen Ritter gathered the children about her, among the presents and playthings, but it was hard. Christmas had gone out of the fatherless house. It was not easy for sorrow to play at Christmas Eve. Rafè tried to entertain the lady. He told her he was going to support the family. He told her how he sat as model to the gentleman who painted up at the hotel, and Miss Ritter asked about the pictures, and a little about the painter, but not so much, and so they chatted quietly.

"Ready, mother?" called Rafè, at the half-shut door.

"Presently, my son."

"Coming, mother?" begged Emma Eliza.

"Tumin', mummer?" called the other baby.

"In a minute, yes, my dears."

"Mother, Miss Ritter says she's found somebody to buy the instrument. Mother,

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Miss Ritter says *she* wants an instrument. She says she'll give a hundred and twenty-five dollars for it. She says she wants an instrument very much. Coming, mother?"

"Yes, my child."

Just as she came out among them, quiet again, and gentle with her strange, dull gentleness, and stood so, a little apart from them, looking on, Rafè got up and went to his window, where the curtain hung half drawn (half-mast, they called it), and looked out. It was snowing fiercely. The lights of the near hotel showed through the white drift. Emma Eliza would walk over with Miss Ritter when she had to go. Miss Ritter said she liked a little snow. How heavy was the calling of the sea! It was like the chords of a majestic, mighty organ built into the walls of the world.

The children chattered about the artists, and pointed out their rooms yonder, specks of light in the dark hotel. Miss Ritter paid little attention to the artists. She was watching Mrs. Salt—and Rafè.

What ailed Rafè?

The child had been standing with his face pressed against the window where the curtain hung at half-mast; his yellow hair falling forward looked like a little crown. As he stood he began to croon and hum below his breath.

"He hasn't sung *that* one before since father—" whispered Emma Eliza, but stopped, sobbing. Rafè was humming "Pull for the Shore."

But what ailed Rafè? He drew away from the window; the boy had turned quite pale; and yet it could not be said that his transparent, delicate face showed fear. He went up slowly to his mother, and pulled her black dress.

"Marm, I see my fa—ther."

He pointed to the window, against which the storm pelted fast and furious.

"I've frightened you, Rafè," said the mother, quietly. She had her great good sense. No one should allow her children to be afraid of their father as if he were a vulgar ghost. She patted Rafè, kissed him, and said, "Rafè mustn't say such things."

"Marm," persisted the boy, "I saw my fa—ther."

"It's the snow, Rafè, you see; it's so white—like him. Rafè must not talk like silly people. Dead folks can't be seen by little boys. There! There's that old latch again, Rafè. How it acts! Go and fix it, dear."

Like a child Rafè obeyed, but like a spirit he pondered, for Rafè had his dual life like the rest of us. Was it vulgar to see ghosts? Clearly it was necessary to push the wash-bench against the door; and though he looked like a spirit, he pushed like a boy. With his knee upon the bench, with his hand upon the latch—But this was the moment when the child's shrill cry sounded and resounded through the house:

"Oh, marm, I've *got* my fa—ther!"

And, corpse or ghost or man, Henry Salt pushed in the door, hurled over the wash-bench, brushed aside Miss Ritter, strode over the children, and hearing, seeing, knowing nothing else, if alive or dead, whether in earth or heaven, he took his wife, in her black dress, into his arms.

For the most part, as we all know, such things are dreamed of. In Fairharbor they happen. The material of novelists and poets and playwrights, elsewhere woven of air or webbed of fancy to appease the burning human desire for "a good ending" to a smart fiction, becomes in Fairharbor, now and then, by God's ingenious will, the startling fact.

The sea had given up her dead. One month reckoned of the solemn number, Henry Salt, like fishermen before him and fishermen, please God, to come after him, tossed by the vagaries of the sea and her toilers, had breasted his way to life and love.

He was a man of sparse words, except when in liquor or in temper, and he took but few, slowly spoken, and with the feint of carelessness or stolidity used by men of his kind to mask the rare and so confusing emotions of a lifetime, to tell his short, true tale:

"We was lost in the fog and drove by the weather, and we was picked up six days to sea by a trader bound to Liverpool. That's all. Her name was the *Rose of the West*—derned silly name for a merchantman. She took me an' kep' me—for my dory mate was frozen, and *him* she heaved overboard—till she hailed the *Van Deusencock*, of New York city, homeward bound. And that's about all. The *Van Deusencock* she took me, and she got in at midnight, so I took the train to Boston, for I'd lost the boat—she'd 'a ben cheaper. Have you got a piece of squash pie in the house? I'm hungry. I'm glad to get home."

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The fisherman paused with a final air, and if left to himself it is doubtful if he would have added another word to his story from that day to this. Men of the sea are not so fond as traditionally believed of detailing their thrilling escapes. They suffer too much, and it is comfortable to forget.

"Well—yes," reluctantly, "I said my dory mate was froze. I didn't say who he was. I've no objections, as I know of; only I hate to think of him. Job Ely was my dory mate. Yes. We was together to see to our trawls, and we drifted off in the fog—you could 'a cut it with a dull bread-knife!—and we couldn't find our way back to the *Abby E. Salt;* and that's all. I hate to think on't, because he died first.

"There was a bite of ship-bread and water we had aboard the dory agin accident—I like to have something—so they kep' me. But it was almighty cold. Don't you remember the spell o' weather come along about Thanksgiving? Well, Job Ely froze. He froze to death. So I had to do the rowin'. But I kep' him, for I reckoned his mother'd like to hev the body. I thought I'd make shore along some o' them desarted beaches. So I kep' him, but I covered his face, and I couldn't make shore, and it was God A'mighty cold. I rowed for six days—nigh to seven. I like to died—Nelly Jane, don't take on so! Don't, my girl! Set in my lap awhile—never mind the children. Why, how you do shake and tremble! Why, look a-here! I DIDN'T DO IT. I'm a livin' man. I've got you in these here arms. Bless the girl! Emma Eliza, what ails your marm? Has she took on this way all this while—for *me?* How peakèd she looks, and pale and saller—kind o' starved! There, Nelly Jane! Give me a mite o' suthin' for her, can't you? She dooz look starved. *Don't want nothin' but a kiss?* Here's twenty of 'em! Who ever heard of a woman bein' starved for kisses? Why, what a girl you be! Why, this is like courtin'—old married folk like us. Why, sho! I don't know but it's *wuth* a man's dyin' and comin' to life to court his own widder—this way.

"Well, yes, I did get pretty cold. Fact is, I froze my hands—froze 'em stiff. Fort'nate they friz to the oars, so I kep' a-rowin'. Time agin I give out, and like to lay down alongside poor Job and give it up; but then they was friz to the oars, so I *had* to keep a-rowin'. Cur'ous thing, now. One night, that last night before I sighted the *Rose of the West*, I was nigh about gone. You can't think how sick I was o' the sight o' Job—he looked so. But I couldn't bear to heave him over. Well, that night—I tell you the Sunday mornin' truth—I heerd Rafè singin' and Emma Eliza playin' to him on the instrument, and I heerd Rafè sing

'Pull for the shore, fa—ther.'

I heerd him plain as judgment, with the girl j'inin' in the chorus. But I heerd Rafè quite plain and loud,

'*Pull* for the shore, Fa—ther, *pull* for the shore!'

Cur'ous, wa'n't it? *How'd that hymn-tune know her chart*, navigatin' all them waters after me? Say? I heerd her. She needn't tell me. I heerd my little son singin' to his father—me's good as a dead man—and by the livin' God I up an' *pulled!*

"What did you say, Rafè? I don' know. My hands was froze. Can't say what I can do for a livin' with 'em till I've tried. Have to stay ashore, maybe. I hain't got so far as that. I don't mind my *hands*, so's I've got my folks.

"What did I holler back the night I went away? I don' know's I know. You mean the night me and your marm had words? I hadn't oughter had 'em. I thought on't a sight. I hoped she'd forget 'em. I kinder thought she would. '*So be I?*' I don't remember sayin' '*So be I.*' I misremember, Rafè. Guess it must 'a ben—yes, yes—sure enough. Sho! Yes, yes. I was a-callin' to poor Job—him ahead of me, for I was late—I says, 'Job Ely! *Job Ely!*' says I.

"I never says I knew you say so, fa—ther. I says, I think, I believe he said, 'So be I.' I *wanted* to say I knew you says so, fa—ther."

"I'd oughter, Rafè. But I'm afraid I didn't."

"Fa—ther, did you hear me say—" But Rafè stopped. He could not ask his father, "Did you hear me say, 'Marm says she's sorry'?" The fine instinct of the fisherman's child was equal to that emergency. Rafè did not ask the question, and never will.

"Fa—ther," once again. Rafè came up and leaned against the big wooden rocking-chair wherein the two sat "courting"—the massive, puzzled, tender man, the

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little woman, laughing and crying in her widow's dress. "Fa—ther, what did you *think* about when you thought you'd be froze and drownded—all that time?"

"My son," said Henry Salt, after a long silence, which nobody, not even the baby, or the other baby, seemed to care or dare to break—"my son, *I thought about your poor mother.* I see that latch wants a screw," added the fisherman, in his leisurely, matter-of-fact voice. "I guess I'll fix it after you've warmed the pie up, Ellen Jane."

But Emma Eliza, whether from such excess of earthly blessedness as to lead her to fear that one's heavenly prospects might be slighted, or whether from some vague sense of saying her prayers, or whether solely out of respect for the instrument, will never be known, danced madly to that melodious member of the family, and wailed out the general ecstasy in the lugubrious strains of "The sweet By-and-by."

"But I never *thought* of its being *you.*" Helen Ritter, confronted in the entry of the big empty summer hotel by that timely artist whose need of models had made Rafè the proud support of a fatherless family, dashed out these words too impetuously to be recalled. "*You!* and *here* again!" She was dazzling with snow and color. She would have drawn herself to her full height splendidly, but his was higher. In that gloomy place, by the light of the lonely and smoky kerosene lamp swinging from the cold ceiling, it seemed indeed as if he outvied her in splendor. As she looked up, it was as if his mere physical presence would break her heart and grind it to powder—it was so long since she had seen him.

Their eyes clashed, retreated, advanced, united, and held gloriously. They defied each other, they adored each other, taunted and blessed, challenged and yielded, blamed and forgave, wounded and worshipped, as only a few men and women may in all the world, and love the better for it. The story of years was told without a word; the secret of anguish was said in silence; the torrent of joy poured past dumb lips, and there by the winter sea, on a Christmas Eve, in the dismal hotel entry, by the light of the smoky kerosene, two souls without speech or language met, perhaps for the first time in all their lives.

"I saw you through the window over there," he stammered, rapturously. "Oh, I saw you holding the woman in your arms, and the child came up and kissed you. Why, I heard you sob. I was mean enough to listen. And I said, 'Why, *she's a tender woman.* She never could have meant— She would forgive.' We misunderstood each other somehow, Helen. For Love's sake give me the right to find out how."

"Oh," said Helen Ritter, lifting her arms with a gentle and beautiful motion that might well have set a calmer man beside himself, "she told me I had never quarrelled with the—man I—loved."

When they moved to shut the hotel door—for the snow was drifting in—and so stood for a moment between the storm without and the shelter within, Rafè and Emma Eliza at the instrument were singing shrilly,

"Give the wind time
To blow the man home!"

It seemed that Henry Salt had picked up another verse to this long-suffering song upon the voyage, for, past the bowlders, over the thickets, under the willows, through the snow, borne, not drowned, by the pæan of the organ of the sea, thus roundly on the gale his bass trolled forth:

"Give your life time
To blow the heart home!"

"I want to sing it too," said Helen Ritter. He to whom her lightest wish was dearest law drew her furs about her, and led her out into the storm; where, standing hand in hand, unseen, unheard, they joined their voices to the fisher-people's, and sang the wise, sweet words.



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CHAPTER XX.

GARDA THORNE went to Charleston. Margaret gave her consent only after hesitation. But Dr. Kirby was from the first firmly in favor of the plan. He himself would take his ward to the South Carolina city — for Garda the Doctor would draw upon his thin purse, whether he were able to afford it or not; she should stay with his accomplished cousin Sally Lowndes. Thus she would have the best opportunity to see the cultivated and historic society of that dear little town.

This last sentence was partly the Doctor's and partly Winthrop's; the Doctor had spoken thus reverentially of Charleston society, and Winthrop thus admiringly of Charleston itself, which had seemed to him, the first time he beheld it, the prettiest place on the Atlantic coast, a place of marked characteristics of its own, many of them highly picturesque; his use of the word "little" had been affectionate, not descriptive. He had found a charm in the old houses, gable end to the street; in the jealous walls and great gardens full of roses behind them; in St. Michael's spire; in the dusky library, full of grand-mannered old English authors in expensive old bindings; in the little Huguenot church; in the old manor-houses on the two rivers that come down, one on each side, to form the beautiful harbor; in the rice fields; in the great lilies. The Battery at sunset, with Fort Moultrie on one hand, the silver beaches round Wagner and the green marsh where the great guns had been on the other, and Sumter on its islet in mid-stream—this was an unsurpassed lounging-place; there was nothing fairer.

The Doctor had been much roused by the breaking of Garda's engagement. Garda had told him that Evert had not been to blame. But the Doctor was sure that he had been. He himself seemed also not to have been in fault. But he was none the less positive that, in some occult manner, he had been negligent—criminally so. Mrs. Carew, the Moores, Madam Ruiz and the señor, Madam Giron—they had all been asleep, and had let this worst of modern innovations creep upon them unawares. For surely the foundations of society were shaken when the engagement of a young lady of Garda's position could be "broken." "And broken, Ma," as he repeated solemnly to his little mother more than once, "*without cause.*"

"Well, my son, would you rather have had it broken *with* cause?" asked Ma at last.

The Doctor had had an interview with Winthrop. And he had been obliged to confess (still to Ma) that the Northerner had borne himself with courtesy and dignity, had given him nothing to take hold of; he had simply said, in a few words, that Garda had wished to be released, and that of course he had released her.

The Doctor himself had fervently desired that she should be freed. But this made no difference in his astonishment that the thing could really be done, had already been brought about. Garda had wished it; he himself had wished it; and Winthrop had obeyed their wish. Nevertheless, Reginald Kirby was a prey to a constant hidden rage. He was sure that somebody ought to be severely handled. And he earnestly hoped to have the pleasure of carrying that duty into sharp effect for the benefit of somebody, some day. In the mean while it seemed a wise course to take Garda to other scenes; they had kept her too much to themselves.

De Torrez came home before Garda's departure. He bade her good-by with his usual gravity. Then, three hours later, without mentioning his intention to any one, he started for Charleston himself, keeping punctiliously just that amount of time behind her all the way. This was one of his "methods." On the present occasion the "method" caused him some discomfort, since, owing to the small number of boats and trains in that leisurely country, the originator of it found himself obliged to travel with the freight most of the way.

A week later a letter came to Evert Winthrop.

It was a letter which gave him a sharp surprise.

It bore the postmark of the little post-office out in the St. John's where he had sat in the rain, and was as follows:

"DEAR OLD LAD,—I am here—on the river. Could you come over for a day? I am very anxious to see you.

"LANSING HAROLD."

At the last intelligence, Lanse had been in Rome.

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There was a scrawled postscript:

"Say nothing to any one. I write only to you."

Winthrop's relations with Margaret since they had parted, on the day of his return, at the drawing-room door, had been of the scantiest; appearances had been kept up, but, save where appearances had had to be consulted, they had scarcely exchanged a word. She avoided him. He said to himself that she had turned into ice. But this was not a truthful comparison, for ice does not look troubled, and Margaret looked both troubled and exhausted. When he was present she was impassive; but the blue shadows beneath the dark under-lashes of her eyes, the drawn expression round her mouth, yes, and her very impassiveness, showed; but what did they show? He could think of no solution that satisfied him any more than he could think of a solution for the mystery of her apparent desire that he should continue to believe of her that which was much against her, and which was not true.

And now, to make things more complicated, Lanse had dropped down upon them from Rome.

Winthrop made a pretext of another hunting expedition, drove over to the river, and embarked again upon the slow old *Hernando*, which brought him in due course to the long pier. Here, sitting in the United States chair, was Harold.

It was a long time since Winthrop had seen Lanse. He thought him much altered. His figure had grown larger; though he was still but forty-one, none of the outlines of youth were left; there was only, at least as he sat there, an impression of bulk. His thick dark hair was mixed with gray, as also his short beard; and the beard could not conceal the increased breadth of the lower part of the face, the slight lap-over of the cheeks above the collar. His dark eyes, with the yellow lights in them, were dull; his well-cut mouth was a little open, giving him a blank expression, as though he were half asleep.

But when this expression changed, as it did when the silent postmaster suggested by a wave of his hand that his guest should move the government chair a little, in order not to be in the way of the passengers who might land, the alteration was so complete, though not a feature stirred, that Winthrop laughed. Lanse serenely stared at the 'coon-skin-hatted man as though he did not exist; his gaze restored perfectly, for himself at least, the space of light and air which that public servant was mistakenly filling.

All this Winthrop witnessed from the deck as the *Hernando* was slowly swinging her broad careening side toward the pier. Lanse had not recognized his figure among the motley crowd of voyagers collected at the railing. It was not until the ropes had been made fast by the postmaster (who was also wharf-master, showing much activity in that avocation) and the plank put out that the lessening crowd brought Winthrop's figure more into relief. He waved his hand again to Lanse. And then Lanse, springing up, responded. And all the old look came back. The dullness vanished, the heaviness became subordinate to the brightening eyes and the smile. He waved his hand in return. And Evert going down, they met with gladness. Lance seemed delighted to see him, and Winthrop had never forgotten his old affection for the big, good-natured, handsome cousin of his boyhood days.

The pier was soon left to them; every one else departed; and the two men, strolling up and down, talked together.

At length Lanse said: "Well, I'm glad Margaret's as you describe" (but Winthrop had not described her), "for I might as well tell you at once what I'm down here for—I want her to come back."

"Come back?"

"Yes; I have her promise to come; but women are so insufferably changeable."

"She isn't."

"Isn't she? So much the better for me, then; for she knew the worst of me when she made that promise; and if by a miracle she *has* remained in the same frame of mind, my road will be easy."

"I don't mean to push myself into your confidence, Lanse," said Winthrop, after a moment's silence, "but I think I will say here that I have always as strongly as possible disapproved of her course in leaving you." He made himself say this. It was true, and say it he would.

Lanse laughed, and turned down the brim of his soft hat to keep the sun from his eyes. "I'm not going to lie about it," he answered. "I would have told you at any time if you had asked me. She couldn't help leaving me."

Winthrop looked at him.

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"It's a funny world," Lanse continued. "If she hadn't been such a good woman, very likely she would have staid on in spite of—in spite of everything. And then people would have called her a devoted wife, and praised her, and all that sort of stuff, as I dare say now—at least according to you—they abuse her. Come along up and get something to eat; then we'll go off in the canoe, and I'll tell you the whole story: you've got to hear it if you're to help."

An hour later the two men were floating away from the long pier in a small boat built upon the perfect model of the Indian's birch-bark canoe. Lanse, an expert in this as in almost all kinds of outdoor exercise, wielded the paddle with ease, while Winthrop faced him, reclining in the bottom of the boat; it could only hold two. Lightly it sped out toward deep water; the slightest motion sent it forward; and its sides were of such slender thickness that the two men could feel the breathing of the great soft stream, which had here a breadth of three miles, though in sight, both above and below, it widened into six. These broad water stretches were never rough; neither were they still, like a lagoon. From shore to shore the slow, full current swept majestically on, and even to look across the wide, tranquil reaches, with the tropical forests standing thickly on their low strands, was a vision of peace for the most troubled human soul.

The clear brown of the tide had to-day a line of froth, like amber soap-suds, edging the western strand; this said that the wind came from the sea. On other days, when it came from the Gulf, the creamy foam changed its place, surging softly against the eastern shore. Kildee plover flew chattering before the canoe while they were still near land. Far above in the blue a bald-headed eagle sailed along. Lanse chose to go out to the centre of the stream—Lanse never skirted the edge of anything; reaching it, he turned southward, and they voyaged onward for nearly an hour.

He did not appear disposed to begin his narrative immediately, and Winthrop asked no questions. Every now and then each indulged in a retrospective remark; but these remarks concerned themselves only with the days of their boyhood; they called up the old jokes, and called each other by the old names. Winthrop, after a while, branching off, suggested that this warm brown tide, winding softly through the beautiful low green country, was something to remember—on a January day, say, in a manufacturing town at the North, when a raw wind was sweeping the streets, when the horse-cars were bumping along between miniature hills of muddy ice, when all complexions were harassed, and the constantly dropping flakes of soot from myriad chimneys failed to convey any suggestion of warmth, but rather brought up (to the initiated) a picture of chill half-heated bedrooms, where these same harassed complexions must undergo more torture from soap and water in the effort to remove the close-clinging marks of the "black snow."

"Oh, confound your manufacturing town!" Lanse answered.

"I can't; I'm a manufacturer myself," was Winthrop's response.

At length Lanse turned the canoe toward the western shore. A creek emptied into the river at this point—a creek which had about the breadth of the Thames at Westminster—and Lanse entered the creek. The great ragged nests of the fish-hawks crowned many of the trees here, making them resemble a group of light-houses at the creek's mouth. On the broad beds of the lily-pads as they floated by they saw every now and then, at some distance from them on the warm green, a rattlesnake, asleep or meditating. They met an old negro on a raft, who held up one which he seemed to think they would admire. "Fibe foot en eight inch, boss, en ferteen rattles."

"That's African Joe," said Lanse. "I've already made his acquaintance; he was born in Africa.—You old murderer, what do you want for showing us that poor reptile you have put an end to?"

Old Joe, a marvel of negro old age, grinned as Lanse tossed him a quarter. "There ought to be a society here for the prevention of cruelty to animals," Lanse said as he did it.

"For the snake or the darky?" inquired Winthrop.

They passed a dark lump or two, like the end of a floating log. And these were alligators, submerged all but that inch of head.

Then they came to the region of the Spanish moss, where every tree held masses of the long silvery mist-like webs pendent from its green branches to the ground.

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When the trees were large—and most of them were very large—the effect was like enchantment, as though a whole forest had been robed in pearl-gray lace. Great white herons flew slowly across the stream before them, and now and then they caught a glimpse of something like a little fragment of rosy cloud far within the silvery aisles; this was the pink curlew.

"That's the place I'm looking for, I think," said Lanse; "I was up here yesterday for a few moments."

And with two or three strong strokes of the paddle he sent the canoe round a cape of lily-pads, into the mouth of a smaller stream, which here came, almost unobserved, into the larger one. It was a stream narrow but deep, which took them into the silver forest. Here they floated over reflections so perfect of the trees and moss on shore that it was hard to tell where reality ended and the picture began.

But the picture, if it was a picture, was like scenery set up for the great turtles that swam along down below, for the water-moccasins that slipped noiselessly into the same amber depths from the roots of the trees as the canoe drew near, and for the alligators too, which now began to show themselves more freely; the boat floated noiselessly over one huge fellow fifteen feet long.

Lanse was aroused. "I tell you, old lad, this isn't bad," he said.

"I don't care about it," Winthrop answered; "it's sensational."

Over this remark Lanse indulged in a retrospective grin. "Old!" he said. "You've been getting that off ever since you were twenty. Who was it that called Niagara 'violent'? The joke is that, at heart, you yourself are the most violent creature I know."

"Oh—talk about hearts!" said Winthrop.

The trees now began to meet overhead; when their branches interlaced so that the shade was complete, Lanse tied the boat-rope to a bough, stretched himself out in his end of the boat, lit a cigarette, and looked at his companion. "Now for the story," he said. "I tell you because I want your help; I am sure that Margaret has the highest opinion of you."

"She has none at all. She detests me."

"No!" said Lanse, using the word as an exclamation. "How comes that? You must have been very nasty to her?"

"I have always been against her about you."

"Has Aunt Katrina been nasty too?"

"She has given her a home, at any rate."

"And a very pretty one it must have been, if she has looked, while about it, as you look now," Lanse commented.

"Never mind my looks. I don't know that your own are any better. What have you to say?"

"One thing more, first. How much has Margaret told?"

"Nothing. That is, nothing to me."

"I meant Aunt K."

"How should I know?" said Winthrop, shortly. Then he made himself speak with more truth. "Aunt Katrina complains that Margaret has never said a word."

"Yet you've all been disapproving of her all this time! Now I call that a specimen of the fixed injustice so common among nice people," said Lanse, musingly. He was sorry for the nice people.

"Before you criticise, let us see how well *you* have behaved," suggested his companion.

"Oh, *I* don't pretend to be a well-regulated character. Let me see—I shall have to go back to the beginning to make you understand. I don't know whether you know how Margaret was brought up? She had always lived in the country—not a village; the old Cruger place was three miles from everything; there she lived with her grandmother and her grandmother's friends, not a young person among them. She hadn't even been to school—always a governess at home. She was only seventeen when I first saw her. We were there in the house together—Aunt Katrina's, on the sound—and I was at the time more cut up than I had ever been in my life before. I had just come back from abroad, as you know; and the reason I had come back, which you don't know, was because some one (never mind who—not an American) had gone off and married under my nose a man with a million—several of them if you count in French. As I had expected to marry her myself, you may imagine whether I enjoyed it. Feeling pretty well cut up, smarting sharply, if I must confess it, it seemed to me, after a while, that it wouldn't be a bad idea to marry Margaret Cruger. I couldn't feel worse than I did, and maybe I might feel better—and she was very sweet in her

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way. I don't pretend that I was ever in love with her, but I liked her from the first. I have always had a fancy for young girls," pursued Lanse, taking off his hat and putting it behind his head as a pillow: "when they're not forward (American girls are apt to be forward, though without in the least knowing it), they're enchanting. The trouble is that they can't stay young forever; they don't know anything, and of course they have to learn, and *that* process is tiresome. It would be paradise if a girl of seventeen could sit down like a woman of thirty; and paradise isn't intended, I suppose, to come just yet."

"Don't talk your French to me," said Winthrop. "I don't admire it."

"That's another of your shams. Yes, you do. But it's perfectly true that a young girl can no more sit down with grace than she can listen with grace—"

"Yes; you want to talk."

"On the contrary, I don't want to; I want to be silent. But I want them to know how to listen to my silence. I won't go into the details. She was so young—Margaret—that I easily made her believe that I couldn't live without her, that I should go to the bad direct unless she would take charge of me—a thing that is apt to succeed with young girls when they're conscientious (as Margaret was), unless they happen to care for some one else. Margaret didn't care for any one else, and so she was caught. We were married. And I give you my word I fully intended to treat her as well as I knew how. But ill luck got mixed with it."

Here Lanse changed his position again, and clasping his hands under his head, gazed up at the dense green above. "Let's hope a moccasin won't take a walk out on one of those branches and fall down. Nobody ever dreamed, of course, that a man with a million and the wife he wanted was going to take himself off the face of the earth and leave both behind him. Yet that is exactly what that man did. Within a year after his marriage and six months after mine he was drowned—accident while bathing. Naturally I thought of—of the one who was left. But that was all I did—think; all I did then, at least. She, however, did more; she wrote."

"Nice sort of person."

"Precisely. But I cared more about her than I did about any one in the world, and that makes a difference. It obscures your judgment, don't you know," Lanse went on, in a reflective tone. "I thought she wrote to me because she couldn't help it—in short, because she cared so much for me; and that's taking. And now here's where the ill luck took a hand. Did I intend to let any of this in the least touch Margaret—interfere with *her*? As far as possible from it. My intention was that she should never know or dream of it. It was all to be kept religiously from her. Why, I wouldn't have had her know it for anything, first on her own account, then on mine. The wife of Lansing Harold," went on Lanse, smiling a little at himself, yet evidently meaning exactly what he said, "must be above suspicion, by which I intend the verb, not the noun. Up to thirty, at least, she must be too innocent to suspect. But what do you suppose came next? By the most extraordinary chance in the world Margaret herself got hold of one of my letters to—to the other person. She came upon the loose sheets by accident, and thought it was something that I must have been writing some time to her. She never imagined that it was to any one else, or she wouldn't have read it: she was punctiliousness itself in such matters. But her eyes happened to fall first upon the middle sheet, where there was no name, and the—'the language,' as she afterward expressed it, made her believe that it was addressed to herself. A man could only write in that way to his wife, she supposed. But at the end she was undeceived, for there she found the other name. Of course we had a scene when I came home. I was horribly annoyed by what had happened. But I did my best to be nice to her. I told her that it was a miserable accident in every way, her coming upon that letter; that I could never forgive myself for having left it where I did. I told her that I could perfectly understand that it had been a great shock to her—a shock that I was more sorry for than she could possibly be. But as it had happened, we must both be reasonable and make the best of it; and her 'best' was simply to forget all about it as soon as she could. It was wonderful how much one could forget if one tried. I could assure her that nothing should ever touch her position as my wife; there should be no breath upon that. Always I should give her in the eyes of all the world the first honor, the first place. You

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see, it was the best I could do. I couldn't deny the letter; it was in my own handwriting; it even had a date. And it wasn't a letter, either, that you could explain away. But I couldn't do anything with her. I don't mean that she argued or combated; she seemed all broken to pieces. She sat there looking at me with a sort of wonder and horror combined. Before night she was ill—a fever. She was ill three weeks. And I was as nice to her all that time as I possibly could be; I brought her lovely flowers every day. As she grew better I hoped we were going to go on in peace—certainly the last thing I wanted was a quarrel with her. But—women are bound to be fools! No sooner was she able to sit up than she took the first chance to ask me (there had been a nurse about before) whether I had not already abandoned that dreadful affair. I suppose I could have lied to her; if I was going to do it, that was the time. But, as it happens, I don't lie; it has never been one of my accomplishments. So I told her that she ought to treat such things as a lady should; that is, not descend to them. And I told her furthermore that she ought to treat this one as *my wife* should. When I said that, I remember she looked at me as if she were in a sort of stupor. You see, to *her* sense, she *was* treating it as my wife should," commented Lanse, telling his own story, as he felt himself, with much impersonal fairness. "All this time, of course, I had had to postpone everything. She continued to improve, and I took the ground of saying nothing. When another month had passed, and she was perfectly well again, I mentioned one day carelessly, before some one else, that I thought I should try a little summer trip of thirty days or so across the ocean and back; I shouldn't take her, because she wasn't as fond of the sea as I was, and twenty of the thirty days would be spent afloat: she would be much more comfortable at home—we had taken a pretty house at New Rochelle for the year. She didn't make any especial comment then; but as soon as she could get me alone I saw that it had all been of no use—my patience and my waiting: she was determined to talk. Her point was that I must not go. I am not very yielding, as you know. But she was even more obstinate than I was. It was owing to the ideas she had about some things; she wasn't a Roman Catholic, but she thought marriage a sacrament—almost. I got in a few words on that side myself: I told her that she seemed to have a singular idea of a wife's duties. One of them was generally supposed to be to guard her husband's name, which was also her own; but that while *I* wished to occasion no talk, no scandal, she was doing her very best to stir up both by having an open quarrel with me. And then I asked her what she proposed to do? I suppose I looked ugly. She got up and stood there, trembling a little, and holding on to the back of a chair; 'I must go with you,' she said. 'I can't take you,' I told her. And then she said that she could *follow* me. That, I confess, put me in a rage: I was never angrier in my life. I imagined her appearing upon the scene there in Paris. A pretty spectacle I should be, followed about and tracked down by a wife of that age—a wife, too, who was acting, not from affection, but solely from a sense of duty! With her school-girl face, that was a combination rather too ridiculous for a man to stand. To cut the story short, I left her then and there. That night I slept at a hotel, and the next day I sailed. I had changed my plan of travel, in order that she should not know for some time where I was; but I think I frightened her sufficiently about following me before I left her. I not only expressly forbade it, but I told her that she wouldn't be received in case she should try it; there would be standing orders to that effect. I should never touch any more of her money, I told her (I never have to this day). She could set going any story she pleased about me, and I wouldn't contradict it. That would leave her very easy. On my side I should simply say nothing, and I should cause no scandal, she might be sure. With that I went off. On the other side I found a letter from her—she didn't know my address, but she had sent it to my lawyer. I've brought that letter along for you to see; it will give you a better idea of her, as she was at the time, than any of my descriptions." And he took from his pocket-book an envelope, and tossed it across.

Winthrop opened the envelope, and found a small sheet of paper, upon which, in a youthful handwriting, these words were written:

"MY DEAR HUSBAND,—I have staid here by myself in the house, and I have

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been very unhappy. I have not let anybody know that you were gone.

"I feel as though I must have done wrong, and yet I don't know how.

"Perhaps you will come back. I shall hope that you will, and I will wait here for your answer.

"If you do not come, please tell me what you think I had better do. I should rather do what you think best.

"I will come to you at any time if—you know what. I could not come without.

"I hope you will soon send for me. And I am your affectionate wife,

"MARGARET HAROLD."

"You see there's no trace of jealousy," Lanse commented, in his generalizing way; "she wasn't jealous, because she wasn't in love with me—never had been. Of course she *thought* she loved me—she never would have married me otherwise. But the truth was that at that time she had no more conception of what real love is than a little snow image: that was one of the reasons why I had first liked her. I've no doubt she *was* horribly miserable when she wrote that letter, as she says she was. But there was no love in her misery; it was all duty. I grant you that with her that was a tremendously strong feeling. Well, I answered her letter; I told her she had better go and live with Aunt Katrina. And I put in again—for I saw that I must, if we were ever to have an end of writing—that I had left her deliberately; that I was fully convinced that we should be much better off apart. She mustn't come to me unless I should send for her, and that in no case would she be received if she should try to come without my consent. I was firm about that. But we wouldn't make any talk. She could say I was travelling. That was what I should say myself. She wrote me once more, repeating her offer to come whenever I should wish it; but I didn't wish it then, and didn't answer. Seven years have passed, and I haven't answered yet. But now I think I shall try it."

Winthrop had sat gazing at the little sheet, with the faded girlish handwriting. Hot feelings were surging within him; he felt that he must take a firm hold of himself. This made his manner calm. "What do you want of her?" he said. "Aunt Katrina couldn't get on a day without her."

"Aunt Katrina would give her up to me," said Lanse, securely. (And Winthrop knew that this was true.) "What do I want of her? I want to have a home of my own again, a place where I can be comfortable; I want to have a place where I can keep all my shoes. I am not as young as I once was; I don't mind telling *you* that I've had one or two pretty serious attacks—rheumatism threatening the heart. It's time to be old, to take in sail. I'm a reformed character, and I don't see why Margaret shouldn't come and carry on the good work—especially as she has promised. The one danger is that she may have begun to— But I hardly think that."

"Yes; the one danger may very well be that she has begun to hate you," said Winthrop. His eyes dwelt still upon the poor little letter.

"I didn't mean that; I meant that she might have begun to care for some one else. But I don't believe it. If it were only that she had begun to hate me, that would be nothing; she would think it very wrong to hate me (though she might not be able to help it), and that would make her come back all the quicker."

Winthrop looked at him from under his tilted hat—he had tilted it forward over his eyes. "I should think it would make you sick to ask her," he said—"sick with shame."

"It isn't the least shameful; it's the right thing to do," responded Lanse. "But which side are you on, Ev? You seem to be all over the field."

"I don't know which side I'm on. You can't take her up and drop her in that way."

"You've got it mixed. I dropped her seven years ago; *now* I'm taking her up again. And if she is as I think she is, she will be glad to come."

"Oh!" said Winthrop, with angry scorn.

"She'll be glad, because she's my wife—she's a stickler for that sort of thing. She is a very good woman. That's the advantage of having a really good woman for your wife—you can rely upon her whether she likes you or not—likes you very much, I mean. But I begin to think you don't know her as well as I do, after all, in spite of the time you have had."

"Know her? I don't know her in the least. I have never known her—I see that now."

At this moment they heard the dip of an oar, and stopped. Coming down the narrow stream behind them, appeared a rude craft manned by a very black boy

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and a very white baby. The boat was a long, rough dug-out, and the boy was paddling. His passenger, a plump child of about three, had the peculiar bleached skin of the Florida "poor white," and flaxen hair of the palest straw-color. An immense calico sun-bonnet lay across its knee, and, after a slow stare with twisted neck at the two strangers, it lifted and put on this pent-house with dignity: to put it on was probably its idea of "manners." The pent-house, in fact, represented the principal part of its attire; there was nothing else but a little red petticoat.

But if the passenger was dignified, the oarsman was not; delighted to see anybody, the little darky had showed his white teeth in a perpetual grin from the moment the canoe had appeared in sight.

Lanse always noticed children. "Where have you been, Epaminondas?" he said, with pretended severity. "What are you doing here?"

Epaminondas, at the first suggestion of conversation, had stopped paddling. He accepted with cheerfulness the improvised name. "Ben atter turkles, boss. But I 'ain't fin' none."

"What is the name of that young lady you have with you?"

"Gin," answered Epaminondas, with an even more extensive smile than before.

"The whole of it, I mean; I know there's more."

"Trufe, boss, der sholy is," responded Epaminondas, impressed by this omniscience. "Gin's wat dey calls her mosely; but Victoryne en John Mungumry Gin—dat's de hull ob it. Victoryne en John Mungumry is folks wat her ma knew whar she come fum, up in Alabawm, en she wanted to membunce 'em someways, so she called Gin atter 'em. En Gin—dat's *Virginny*—wuz de name ob her daddy's folks, dey tole me."

"I am surprised that her family should allow Miss Montgomery to be out without her nurse," Lanse went on.

"She 'ain't got no nuss," Epaminondas answered. "En *I* hev to tote her mos' er der time, en she's hebby—she am dat! En so *ter-day* I 'lowed I'd rudder take her in de boat a wiles." He looked anxiously at Lanse as he made this explanation. He was a thin little fellow of about ten, and Miss Montgomery was decidedly solid.

"I'm inclined to think, my man, that you're out without leave; I advise you to go home as fast as you can. And mind you keep the boat straight."

"Yas, boss," answered Epaminondas, glad to escape, and plying his paddle again.

He gave a "Ki!" of delight as a silver coin fell at his feet. "Don't stop to pick it up now," said Lanse. "Go on with Miss Montgomery; restore her to her parents as soon as possible."

Epaminondas bent to his oar. The two men looked after him as the boat went on its way toward the outer creek.

Suddenly, "Good God!" cried Lanse, springing to his feet.

He had to unloose the rope. But he did that in an instant, and seizing the paddle, he sent the canoe flying downstream after the dug-out.

Epaminondas, toiling at his oar, had not gone thirty feet when Lanse had seen a large moccasin drop from a branch above directly into the long narrow boat as it passed beneath; the creature fell midway between the children, who occupied the two ends.

Quick as a flash the little negro had jumped overboard. But that was instinct; he would not desert the white child, and swam on holding by the boat's side, and screaming shrilly.

Meanwhile Miss Montgomery sat composedly in her place. She did not appear at all disturbed.

Winthrop had no oar, so he could not help. Lanse, standing up, forced the canoe through the water rapidly. But before he could bring it up where he could seize the child, the little darky, who had not ceased to swim round and round the drifting craft, announced with a yell, as his curly black head peered for one instant over the side, that the snake was coiling for a spring.

Then Lanse gave a mighty plunge into the stream, and, keeping himself up with one hand, snatched the girl and dragged her overboard by main force with the other, handing her in safety to Winthrop, who had taken the paddle and kept the canoe along. Lanse and the little darky then swam ashore, and stepped into the canoe again from the roots of a large tree, which served them for a landing.

They were both wet through, of course. But Epaminondas was amphibious; his single garment, a pair of trousers, could be as well dried upon his small person as upon a bush. With Lanse it was differ-

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ent. But at present Lanse was excited; nothing would do but to go after that snake which was now luxuriously voyaging down the stream in a boat of his own. Taking the paddle, he sent the canoe in chase.

Standing up as he drew near, he announced that the moccasin was motionless in the bottom of the dug-out.

His next announcement was that it was "rather a pretty fellow."

Then, still standing up and gazing, "*I* can't kill the poor creature," he said; "I don't suppose he meant any harm when he dropped—had no idea there was a boat there." Sending the canoe toward the land again, he went ashore in the silvery forest, and found, after some search, a long branch; with this he paddled back, and then, brandishing it at arm's-length, he tilted the dug-out, by its aid, so far over on one side, that the moccasin, perceiving that the element he preferred was conveniently near, with silent swiftness joined it. Through all this scene, Miss Montgomery, plump and dry—Lanse had held her above the water—remained serenely indifferent. She sat in her sun-bonnet on Winthrop's knee, and preserved her dignity unbroken.

"Shucks!" said Epaminondas (now that the enemy had departed), expectorating, with an air of experience, into the stream; "I is seed 'em twicet ez bigger lots er times!"

Lanse, resuming his seat, wiped his forehead. His leap had been a strong exertion, and already his face showed the fatigue. He was a heavy man, and out of practice in such sorts of gymnastics.

"Have you any more notions to carry out?" inquired Winthrop. "I've been spinning back and forth in this boat about as long as I care for."

"Come, now, wasn't that a good deed?" asked Lanse (Lanse always wanted praise). "I call it brutal to kill a poor creature simply because he's got no legs."

"You didn't happen to have your revolver with you, I suppose?" Winthrop answered, refusing to bestow the applause.

"Never carried one in my life; cowardly things!" responded Lanse, in a disgusted tone. He was hard at work paddling, in order to keep off a chill.

Epaminondas was put ashore at his own landing on the outer creek, and departed up a sandy path, leading Miss Montgomery, his pockets unwontedly heavy with coin. He looked back as long as he could see them, throwing up and waving his ragged straw hat.

But Miss Montgomery never turned; she plodded steadily homeward on her fat white legs—all of her that he could see below the sun-bonnet.

Lanse's efforts to avoid a chill were apparently successful that night. But the next morning he sent for Winthrop at an early hour. Hurrying to his room, Winthrop found him with a strange pallor on his face; he said he was in great pain. A physician staying in the house was summoned. It was the rheumatism Lanse had already spoken of; but this time it did not merely threaten the heart; it had attacked it.

For twelve hours there was much danger. Then there was a lull. The lull was followed by something which had the appearance of a partial paralysis of the lower limbs. Lanse's head was now clear, but he was helpless. It was, to begin with—it had been this for years—a case of a superb constitution wantonly trifled with; and the sudden exertion of that leap into the water to save the child, together with the severe chill that had come on during the night, had brought out inherited tendencies which might otherwise have lain dormant for years. The physician said that Lanse could not be taken to East Angels for the present; in two weeks or so he should be better able to say when he could be moved. To Winthrop, in confidence, he said that in two weeks or so he should be better able to tell whether there was a chance that the present benumbed condition would wear off. It *might* be that Lanse would never be able to sit erect again.

"A pretty fix, isn't it?" Lanse said, on the morning of the second day, as, opening his eyes, he found himself alone with his cousin. "Apparently I'm in for it this time. Not going to die, but laid up with a vengeance. Well, the ship's fast in port at last. I suppose *now* you've no objection to bringing Margaret over—provided, of course, she will come?"

Great was Katrina Rutherford's joy and triumph when she heard that her "boy," her Lanse, was so near her; "only over on the river, a short day's journey from here." She had "always known" that he would come; and now it was proved that she had been right. She *hoped* they appreciated it. (Her "they" meant Win-

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throp and Margaret.) Spare Margaret? Of course she could spare her. Margaret's place was with her husband; and especially now was it her place if he were not well (Aunt Katrina had not been told how ill Lanse was). It was a great mistake, besides, to suppose that Margaret was so necessary to her. Margaret was not in the least necessary: that was one of their absurd fancies. Celestine was much more useful. And Looth too. But the point now was, not to talk about who was useful; the point was to have Margaret *go*. What was she waiting for, Aunt Katrina would like to be informed.

Margaret was waiting for Mr. Moore.

But she did not have to wait long. At the end of two hours that gentleman appeared, not breathless—for he could have breathed perfectly even if he had run all the way from Savannah—but still with some sedate indications of haste on his delicate, delightfully good face. A carriage was waiting at East Angels' door; in ten minutes he and Margaret had started on their journey toward the river.

Mr. Moore had happened to be making a call at East Angels when Winthrop returned. Dr. Kirby was in Charleston. It was not thought safe to leave Mrs. Rutherford alone, even for two days, with only Celestine and Looth—in spite of the high rank which that lady herself had assigned to them as skillful attendants. Winthrop was therefore to remain at East Angels, sending the best man nurse he could find for Lanse from Gracias. And was Margaret to make her journey alone? Telano could go. But at this point Mr. Moore interposed; he would go himself. It was a very simple matter; all he should have to do would be to ride up to town, tell Penelope, and get his bag; it was quite convenient for him to go.

In reality it was extremely inconvenient, his absence at that particular moment affecting no less a question than their supply of meal for the next month; for the rector and his wife were obliged to consider with the most scrupulous care the assemblage of the various articles that went to make their modest dinner from day to day. But nothing that was to aid a friend seemed inconvenient to Middleton Moore; he would gladly eat fish for several weeks, if by doing so he could oblige Mrs. Harold, and he was sure that Penelope's feeling would be the same. Fortunately, there were always fish.

Mounted, therefore, upon one of Winthrop's tall horses (as faster than his own), he went up to Gracias and came back at a speed to which he was entirely unaccustomed. But his light weight flew easily up and down in the saddle. The horse knew the road; he had only to hold on.

"I perceived, almost as soon as we started, that he was a very intelligent beast," he remarked to Winthrop, as, having dismounted at East Angels' door, he stood for a moment contemplating the animal, as if in doubt whether, after all, he had really been mounted up there.

But he had not only been mounted, but had scoured the country at a speed that would have startled him greatly could he have seen himself shooting by.

Winthrop, upon reaching East Angels, had asked for Margaret. Mr. Moore had gone in to see Mrs. Rutherford for a few moments, and Margaret had remained in the drawing-room; Winthrop went to her there.

"I want to speak to you," he said; "it won't take long, but we mustn't be interrupted. Any empty room will do."

His manner had changed, he did not defer to her now with the formal half-exaggerated politeness with which he had treated her so long, neither was there any of the anger in his voice which had been there during their last interview in that room. He did not wait for her answer, but led the way himself across the hall to the "boudoir" of the Old Madam, now never used. Nothing had been changed there since the Old Madam's departure; even Mrs. Thorne, with her persistent desire to make everything serve some present use, had left this old furniture untouched. Garda liked the room; nothing had therefore been altered, though the house was no longer her property.

Winthrop closed the door. They stood there together among the Old Madam's stiff chairs. Everything was covered with embroidery, her own work, very elaborate and very ugly. There was a rather fierce-looking portrait of her on the wall.

"Lanse is here," said Winthrop. "I mean over on the river. He is ill. He wants you to come to him."

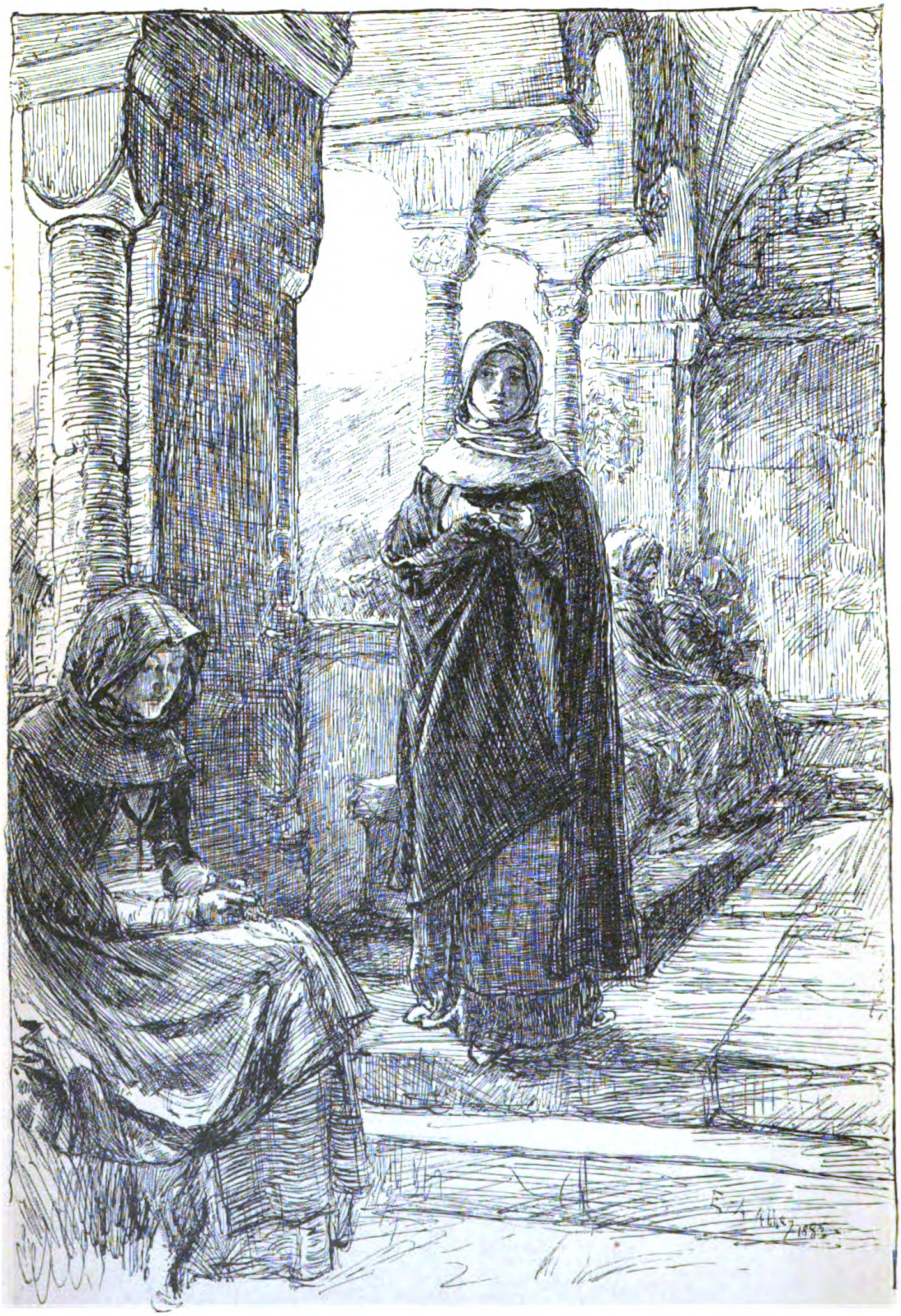
At his first words Margaret had given a great start. She put her hand across her heart. For a moment she did not speak. Then she stammered, "Did you say—did you say he was ill?" She spoke almost inaudibly.

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AT NONNENWERTH.
From a drawing by E. A. Abbey.

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"It's something like a partial paralysis. I don't know whether it's really that, but he's helpless."

"Has he asked for me?"

"He has sent me to bring you."

"Did he give you a letter—a note?"

"No; he told me to bring you."

"Are you *sure* he told you that?"

"Good heavens! if I were *not* sure I should be a great deal better off. Why do you keep asking me? Isn't it bad enough for me to have to say it at all? I'm in horrible pain, Margaret. If you could only know. But he *is* ill, and that makes everything different. I couldn't have stood it otherwise."

"Stood—"

"Stood your going to him."

"I must go to him if he is ill."

"Ill—yes; that's the only thing that—" He stopped, and stood looking at her with a haggard face.

"I am afraid he is very ill."

"Yes, he is very ill. But I'm not thinking about Lanse now. I'm thinking about you."

"You need not do that," Margaret answered. She turned toward the door. "I must go and make some preparations," she said. She had not yet recovered her self-control. Her voice still trembled.

"You shall not leave me so," said Winthrop, interposing. "I know everything, Margaret—everything except why you have wished, why you have been determined, that I should think of you in the way I have; that is, with such outrageous, such cruel wrong. Lanse has told me the whole story of his leaving you, *not* your leaving him. And before that, Garda had told me what really happened that afternoon in the woods. Why have you treated me in this way? Why?"

Margaret, whiter than he had ever seen her, stood before him, her hands tightly clasped, her eyes closed. She looked like a person strained up to receive a blow.

"If you could only know how I feel when I look at you, when I think what the truth really was, and what I believed," Winthrop went on, infinite tenderness showing itself for an instant in his voice. "But *did* I believe it? Perhaps I made myself believe it; perhaps I felt that it was safer—" He stopped. "Only tell me one thing before you go, Margaret—tell me that it wasn't because you despised me that you let me think so. You might very well say that you were punishing me for my immeasurable conceit and stupidity during all those years. It wouldn't be half enough. For that I can never atone."

Margaret had put out her hands as if she were feeling her way like a person who has grown blind. "I must go; don't keep me longer," she said, in a broken voice.

She struggled with herself for a moment. But it ended in her turning toward him again. And there was a beautiful expression in her eyes.

"I must go to my husband," she said.

"Yes; I am selfish," answered Winthrop. "I must learn to bear what I am feeling now better than this, or you really will despise me, Margaret." His face contracted sharply, as though from pain. But he opened the door.

Margaret went hastily out.

AT NONNENWERTH.

KNIGHT ROLAND sate above the Rhine:
"O Bride of God, that walkest there,
Gone is the gold-light of thy hair,
And never more thy blue eyes' shine
May rise to meet the love of mine.

"Calm as the river as it flows
Beneath the overhanging leaves,
And still as are the nunnery's eaves
When low and hushed the night wind blows,
Thy heart is wrapped in death's repose.

"Look up! look up! Ah, no; the sod
Thou walkest on is not more cold
To all the love tales we have told
In olden days. The weary road
Thou still must travel, Bride of God!"

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'WAY DOWN IN LONESOME COVE.

ONE memorable night in Lonesome Cove the ranger of the county entered upon a momentous crisis in his life. What hour it was he could hardly have said, for the primitive household reckoned time by the sun when it shone, by the domestic routine when no better might be. It was late. The old crone in the chimney-corner nodded over her knitting. In the trundle-bed at the further end of the shadowy room were transverse billows under the quilts, which intimated that the small children were numerous enough for the necessity of sleeping crosswise. He had smoked out many pipes, and at last knocked the cinder from the bowl. The great hickory logs had burned asunder and fallen from the stones that served as andirons. He began to slowly cover the embers with ashes, that the fire might keep till morning.

His wife, a faded woman, grown early old, was bringing the stone jar of yeast to place close by the hearth, that it might not "take a chill" in some sudden change of the night. It was heavy, and she bent in carrying it. Awkward, and perhaps nervous, she brought it sharply against the shovel in his hands.

The clash roused the old crone in the corner. She recognized the situation instantly, and the features that sleep had relaxed into inexpressiveness took on a weary apprehension, which they wore like a habit. The man barely raised his surly black eyes, but his wife drew back humbly with a mutter of apology.

The next moment the shovel was almost thrust out of his grasp. A tiny barefooted girl, in a straight unbleached cotton night-gown and a quaint little cotton night-cap, cavalierly pushed him aside, that she might cover in the hot ashes a burly sweet-potato, destined to slowly roast before morning. A long and careful job she made of it, and unconcernedly kept him waiting while she pottered back and forth about the hearth. She looked up once with an authoritative eye, and he hastily helped to adjust the potato with the end of the shovel. And then he glanced at her, incongruously enough, as if waiting for her autocratic nod of approval. She gravely accorded it, and pattered nimbly across the puncheon floor to the already well-filled bed.

"Now," he drawled, in gruff accents, "ef you-uns hev all hed yer fill o' foolin' with this hyar fire, I'll kiver it, like I hev started out ter do."

At this moment there was a loud trampling upon the porch without. The batten door shook violently. The ranger sprang up. As he frowned, the hair on his scalp, drawn forward, seemed to rise like bristles.

"Dad burn that thar fresky filly!" he cried, angrily. "Jes' brung her noisy bones up on that thar porch agin, an' her huffs will bust spang through the planks o' the floor, the fust thing ye know."

The narrow aperture, as he held the door ajar, showed outlined against the darkness the graceful head of a young mare, and once more hoof-beats resounded on the rotten planks of the porch.

Clouds were adrift in the sky. No star gleamed in the wide space high above the sombre mountains. On every side they encompassed Lonesome Cove, which seemed to have importunately thrust itself into the darkling solemnities of their intimacy.

All at once the ranger let the door fly from his hand, and stood gazing in blank amazement. For there was a strange motion in the void vastnesses of the wilderness. They were creeping into view. How, he could not say, but the summit of the great mountain opposite was marvellously distinct against the sky. He saw the naked, gaunt December woods. He saw the grim gray crags. And yet Lonesome Cove below and the spurs on the other side were all benighted. A pale flickering light was dawning in the clouds; it brightened, faded, glowed again, and their sad gray folds assumed a vivid vermilion reflection, for there was a fire in the forest below. Only these reactions of color on the clouds betokened its presence and its progress. Sometimes a fluctuation of orange crossed them, then a glancing line of blue, and once more that living red hue which only a pulsating flame can bestow.

"Air it the comin' o' the Jedgmint Day, Tobe?" asked his wife, in a meek whisper.

"I'd be afraid so if I war ez big a sinner ez you-uns," he returned.

"The woods air afire," the old woman declared, in a shrill voice.

"They be a-soakin' with las' night's rain," he retorted, gruffly.

The mare was standing near the porch. Suddenly he mounted her and rode hasti-

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ly off, without a word of his intention to the staring women in the doorway.

He left freedom of speech behind him. "Take yer bones along, then, ye tongue-tied catamount!" his wife's mother apostrophized him, with all the acrimony of long repression. "Got no mo' politeness 'n a settin' hen," she muttered, as she turned back into the room.

The young woman lingered wistfully. "I wisht he wouldn't go a-ridin' off that thar way 'thout lettin' we-uns know whar he air bound fur, an' when he'll kem back. He mought git hurt some ways roun' that thar fire—git overtook by it, mebbe."

"Ef he war roasted, 'twould be mighty peaceful round in Lonesome," the old crone exclaimed, rancorously.

Her daughter stood for a moment with the bar of the door in her hand, still gazing out at the flare in the sky. The unwonted emotion had conjured a change in the stereotyped patience in her face—even anxiety, even the acuteness of fear, seemed a less pathetic expression than that meek monotony bespeaking a broken spirit. As she lifted her eyes to the mountain, one might wonder to see that they were so blue. In the many haggard lines drawn upon her face, the effect of the straight lineaments was lost; but just now, embellished with a flush, she looked young—as young as her years.

As she buttoned the door and put up the bar, her mother's attention was caught by the change. Peering at her critically, and shading her eyes with her hand from the uncertain flicker of the tallow dip, she broke out, passionately: "Wa'al, Madeliny, who would ever hev thought ez yer cake would be *all* dough? Sech a laffin', plump, spry gal ez ye useter be—fur all the worl' like a fresky young deer! An' sech a pack o' men ez ye hed the ch'ice amongst! An' ter pick out Tobe Gryce an' marry him, an' kem 'way down hyar ter live along o' him in Lonesome Cove!"

She chuckled aloud, not that she relished her mirth, but the harlequinade of fate constrained a laugh for its antics. The words recalled the past to Madeline; it rose visibly before her. She had had scant leisure to reflect that her life might have been ordered differently. In her widening eyes were new depths, a vague terror, a wild speculation, all struck aghast by its own temerity.

"Ye never said nuthin ter hender," she faltered.

"I never knowed Tobe, sca'cely. How's ennybody goin' ter know a man ez lived 'way off down hyar in Lonesome Cove?" her mother retorted, acridly, on the defensive. "He never courted *me*, nohows. All the word he gin me war, 'Howdy,' an' I gin him no less."

There was a pause.

Madeline knelt on the hearth. She placed together the broken chunks, and fanned the flames with a turkey wing. "I won't kiver the fire yit," she said, thoughtfully. "He mought be chilled when he gits home."

The feathery flakes of the ashes flew; they caught here and there in her brown hair. The blaze flared up, and flickered over her flushed, pensive face and glowed in her large and brilliant eyes.

"Tobe said 'Howdy,'" her mother bickered on. "I knowed by that ez he hed the gift o' speech, but he 'spent no mo' words on me." Then, suddenly: "I war a fool, though, ter gin my cornsent ter yer marryin' him, bein' ez ye war the only child I hed, an' I knowed I'd hev ter live with ye 'way down hyar in Lonesome Cove. I wish now ez ye hed abided by yer fust ch'ice, an' married Luke Todd."

Madeline looked up with a gathering frown. "I hev no call ter spen' words 'bout Luke Todd," she said, with dignity, "ez me an' him are both married ter other folks."

"I never said ye hed," hastily replied the old woman, rebuked and embarrassed. Presently, however, her vagrant speculation went recklessly on. "Though ez ter Luke's marryin', 'tain't wuth while ter set store on sech. The gal he found over thar in Big Fox Valley favors ye ez close ez two black-eyed peas. That's why he married her. She looks percisely like ye useter look. An' she laffs the same. An' I reckon *she* 'ain't hed no call ter quit laffin', 'kase he air a powerful easy-goin' man. Leastways he useter be when we-uns knowed him."

"That ain't no sign," said Madeline. "A saafter-spoken body I never seen than Tobe war when he fust kem a-courtin' round the settlemint."

"Sech ez that ain't goin' ter las' noways," dryly remarked the philosopher of the chimney-corner.

This might seem rather a reflection upon the courting gentry in general than a personal observation. But Madeline's consciousness lent it point.

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"Laws-a-massy," she said, "Tobe ain't so rampagious, nohows, ez folks make him out. He air toler'ble peaceable, cornsiderin' ez nobody hev ever hed grit enough ter make a stand agin him, 'thout 'twar the Cunnel thar."

She glanced around at the little girl's face framed in the frill of her night-cap, and peaceful and infantile as it lay on the pillow.

"Whenst the Cunnel war born," Madeline went on, languidly reminiscent, "Tobe war powerful outed 'kase she war a gal. I reckon ye 'members ez how he said he hed no use for sech cattle ez that. An' when she tuk sick he 'lowed he seen no differ. 'Jes ez well die ez live,' ez he said. An' bein' ailin', the Cunnel tuk it inter her head ter holler. Sech hollerin' we-uns hed never hearn with none o' the t'other chil'ren. The boys war nowhar. But a-fust it never 'sturbed Tobe. He jes yelled out same ez he useter do at the tothers, 'Shet up, ye pop-eyed buzzard!' Wa'al, sir, the Cunnel jes blinked at him, an' braced herself ez stiff, an' yelled! I 'lowed 'twould take off the roof. An' Tobe said he'd wring her neck ef she warn't so mewlin'-lookin' an' peakèd. An' he tuk her up an' walked across the floor with her, an' she shet up; an' he walked back agin, an' she staid shet up. Ef he sot down fur a minit, she yelled so ez ye'd think ye'd be deef fur life, an' ye 'most hoped ye would be. So Tobe war obleeged ter tote her agin ter git shet o' the noise. He got started on that thar 'forced march,' ez he calls it, an' he never could git off'n it. Trot he must when the Cunnel pleased. He 'lowed she reminded him o' that thar old Cunnel that he sarved under in the wars. Ef it killed the regiment, he got thar on time. Sence then the Cunnel jes gins Tobe her orders, an' he moseys ter do 'em quick, jes like he war obleeged ter obey. I b'lieve he air, somehows."

"Wa'al, some day," said the disaffected old woman, assuming a port of prophetic wisdom, "Tobe will find a differ. Thar ain't no man so headin' ez don't git treated with perslimness by somebody some time. I knowed a man wunst ez owned fower horses an' cattle-critters quarryspondin', an' he couldn't prove ez he war too old ter be summonsed ter work on the road, an' war fined by the overseer 'cordin' ter law. Tobe will git his wheel scotched yit, sure ez ye air born. Somebody besides the Cunnel will skeer up grit enough ter make a stand agin him. I don' know how other men kin sleep o' night, knowin' how he be always darin' folks ter differ with him, an' how brigaty he be. The Bible 'pears ter me ter hev Tobe in special mind when it gits ter mournin' 'bout'n the stiff-necked ones."

The spirited young mare that the ranger rode strove to assert herself against him now and then, as she went at a break-neck speed along the sandy bridle-path through the woods. How was she to know that the white-wanded young willow by the way-side was not some spiritual manifestation as it suddenly materialized in a broken beam from a rift in the clouds? But as she reared and plunged, she felt his heavy hand and his heavy heel, and so forward again at a steady pace. The forests served to screen the strange light in the sky, and the lonely road was dark, save where the moonbeam was splintered and the mists loitered.

Presently there were cinders flying in the breeze, a smell of smoke pervaded the air, and the ranger forgot to curse the mare when she stumbled.

"I wonder," he muttered, "what them no 'count half-livers o' town folks hev hed the insurance ter let ketch afire thar?"

The infirmities of his pronunciation must be duly considered; he was not sufficiently sophisticated to appreciate the necessity of insurance before letting things catch fire.

As he neared the brink of the mountain he saw a dense column of smoke against the sky, and a break in the woods showed the little town—the few log houses, the "gyarden spots" about them, and in the centre of the Square a great mass of coals, a flame flickering here and there, two gaunt and tottering chimneys where once the court-house had stood. At some distance—for the heat was still intense—were grouped the slouching, spiritless figures of the mountaineers. On the porches of the houses, plainly visible in the unwonted red glow, were knots of women and children—here and there a brat in the scantiest of raiment ran nimbly in and out. The clouds still borrowed the light from below, and the solemn leafless woods on one side were outlined distinctly against the reflection in the sky. The flare showed, too, the abrupt precipice on the other side, the abysmal gloom of the valley, the

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austere summit-line of the mountain beyond, and gave the dark mysteries of the night a sombre revelation, as in visible blackness it filled the illimitable space.

The little mare was badly blown as the ranger sprang to the ground. He himself was panting with amaze and eagerness.

"The stray-book!" he cried. "Whar's the stray-book?"

One by one the slow group turned, all looking at him with a peering expression as he loomed distorted through the shimmer of the heat above the bed of live coals and the hovering smoke.

"Whar's the stray-book?" he reiterated, imperiously.

"Whar's the court-house, I reckon ye mean ter say," replied the sheriff—a burly mountaineer in brown jeans and high boots on which the spurs jingled; for in his excitement he had put them on as mechanically as his clothes, as if they were an essential part of his attire.

"Naw, I *ain't* meanin' ter say whar's the court-house," said the ranger, coming up close, with the red glow of the fire on his face, and his eyes flashing under the broad brim of his wool hat. He had a threatening aspect, and his elongated shadow, following him and repeating the menace of his attitude, seemed to back him up. "Ye air sech a triflin', slack-twisted tribe hyar in town, ez ennybody would know ef a spark cotched fire ter suthin, ye'd set an' suck yer paws, an' eye it till it bodaciously burnt up the court-house—sech a dad-burned lazy set o' half-livers ye be! I never axed 'bout'n the court-house. I want ter know whar's that thar stray-book," he concluded, inconsequently.

"Tobe Gryce, ye air fairly demented," exclaimed the register—a chin-whiskered, grizzled old fellow, sitting on a stump and hugging his knee with a desolate, bereaved look—"talkin' 'bout the *stray-book*, an' all the records gone! What will folks do 'bout thar deeds, an' mortgages, an' sech? An' that thar keerful index ez I hed made—ez straight ez a string—all cinders!"

He shook his head, a forlorn masculine Rachel, mourning alike for the party of the first part and the party of the second part, and the vestiges of all that they had agreed together.

"An' ye ter kem mopin' hyar this time o' night arter the *stray-book!*" said the sheriff. "Shucks!" And he turned aside and spat disdainfully on the ground.

"I want that thar stray-book!" cried Gryce, indignantly. "Ain't nobody seen it?" Then realizing the futility of the question, he yielded to a fresh burst of anger, and turned upon the bereaved register. "An' did ye jes set thar an' say, 'Good Mister Fire, don't burn the records; what 'll folks do 'bout thar deeds an' sech?' an' hold them claws o' yourn, an' see the court-house burn up, with that thar stray-book in it?"

Half a dozen men spoke up. "The fire tuk inside, an' the court-house war haffen gone 'fore 'twar seen," said one, in sulky extenuation.

"Leave Tobe be—let him jaw!" said another, cavalierly.

"Tobe 'pears ter be spilin fur a fight," said a third, impersonally, as if to direct the attention of any belligerent in the group to the opportunity.

The register had an expression of slow cunning as he cast a glance up at the overbearing ranger.

"What ailed the stray-book ter bide hyar in the court-house all night, Tobe? Couldn't ye gin it house-room? Thar warn't no special need fur it to be hyar."

Tobe Gryce's face showed that for once he was at a loss. He glowered down at the register and said nothing.

"Ez ter me," resumed that worthy, "by the law o' the land my books war obligated ter be thar." He quoted mournfully, "'shall at all times be and remain in his office.'"

He gathered up his knee again and subsided into silence.

All the freakish spirits of the air were a-loose in the wind. In fitful gusts they rushed up the gorge, and suddenly the boughs would fall still again, and one could hear the eerie rout a-rioting far off down the valley. Now and then the glow of the fire would deepen, the coals tremble, and with a gleaming fibrous swirl, like a garment of flames, a sudden animation would sweep over it, as if an apparition had passed, leaving a line of flying coals to mark its trail.

"I'm goin' home," drawled Tobe Gryce presently. "I don't keer a frog's toe-nail ef the whole settlemint burns bodaciously up; 'tain't nuthin' ter me. I hev never hankered ter live in towns an' git tuk up with town ways, an' set an' view the court-house like the apple o' my eye. We-uns don't ketch fire down in the Cove, though mebbe we ain't so peart ez folks ez herd tergether like sheep an' sech."

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The footfalls of the little black mare annotated the silence of the place as he rode away into the darkling woods. The groups gradually disappeared from the porches. The few voices that sounded at long intervals were low and drowsy. The red fire smouldered in the centre of the place, and sometimes about it appeared so doubtful a shadow that it could hardly argue substance. Far away a dog barked, and then was still.

Presently the great mountains loom aggressively along the horizon. The black abysses, the valleys and coves, show dun-colored verges and grow gradually distinct, and on the slopes the ash and the pine and the oak are all lustrous with a silver rime. The mists are rising, a wind springs up, the clouds set sail, and a beam slants high.

"What I want ter know," said a mountaineer newly arrived on the scene, sitting on the verge of the precipice, and dangling his long legs over the depths beneath, "air how do folks ez live 'way down in Lonesome Cove, an' who nobody knowed nuthin about noways, ever git 'lected ranger o' the county ennyhow. I ain't s'prised none ter hear 'bout Tobe Gryce's goin's-on hyar las' night. I hev looked fur more'n that."

"Wa'al, I'll tell ye," replied the register. "Nuthin but favoritism in the county court. Ranger air 'lected by the jestices. Ye know," he added, vainglorious of his own tenure of office by the acclaiming voice of the sovereign people, "ranger ain't 'lected, like the register, by pop'lar vote."

A slow smoke still wreathed upward from the charred ruins of the court-house. Gossiping groups stood here and there, mostly the jeans-clad mountaineers, but there were a few who wore "store clothes," being lawyers from more sophisticated regions of the circuit. Court had been in session the previous day. The jury, serving in a criminal case—still strictly segregated, and in charge of an officer—were walking about wearily, waiting with what patience they might their formal discharge.

The sheriff's dog, a great yellow cur, trotted in the rear. When the officer was first elected, this animal, observing the change in his master's habits, deduced his own conclusions. He seemed to think the court-house belonged to the sheriff, and thenceforward guarded the door with snaps and growls: being a formidable brute, his idiosyncrasies invested the getting into and getting out of law with abnormal difficulties. Now, as he followed the disconsolate jury, he bore the vigilant mien with which he formerly drove up the cows, and if a juror loitered or stepped aside from the path, the dog made a slow detour as if to round him in, and the melancholy cortége wandered on as before. More than one looked wistfully at the group on the crag, for it was distinguished by that sprightly interest which scandal excites so readily.

"Ter my way of thinkin'," drawled Sam Peters, swinging his feet over the giddy depths of the valley, "Tobe ain't sech ez oughter be set over the county ez a ranger, noways. 'Pears not ter me, an' I hev been keepin' my eye on him mighty sharp."

A shadow fell among the group, and a man sat down on a bowlder hard by. He, too, had just arrived, being lured to the town by the news of the fire. His slide had been left at the verge of the clearing, and one of the oxen had already lain down; the other, although hampered by the yoke thus diagonally displaced, stood meditatively gazing at the distant blue mountains. Their master nodded a slow, grave salutation to the group, produced a plug of tobacco, gnawed a fragment from it, and restored it to his pocket. He had a pensive face, with an expression which in a man of wider culture we should discriminate as denoting sensibility. He had long yellow hair that hung down to his shoulders, and a tangled yellow beard. There was something at once wistful and searching in his gray eyes, dull enough too, at times. He lifted them heavily, and they had a drooping lid and lash. There seemed an odd incongruity between this sensitive weary face and his stalwart physique. He was tall and well proportioned. A leather belt girded his brown jeans coat. The ends of his trousers were stuffed into great cowhide boots. His pose, as he leaned on the rock, had a muscular picturesqueness.

"Who be ye a-talkin' about?" he drawled.

Peters relished his opportunity. He laughed in a distorted fashion, his pipe-stem held between his teeth.

"*You-uns* ain't wantin' ter swop lies 'bout sech ez him, Luke! We war a-talkin' 'bout Tobe Gryce."

The color flared into the new-comer's face. A sudden animation fired his eye.

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"Tobe Gryce air jes the man I'm always wantin' ter hear a word about. Jes perceed with yer rat-killin'. I'm with ye." And Luke Todd placed his elbows on his knees and leaned forward with an air of attention.

Peters looked at him, hardly comprehending this ebullition. It was not what he had expected to elicit. No one laughed. His fleer was wide of the mark.

"Wa'al" — he made another effort— "Tobe, we war jes sayin', ain't fitten fur ter be ranger o' the county. He be ez peart in gittin' ter own other folkses' stray cattle ez he war in courtin' other folkses' sweetheart, an', ef the truth mus' be knowed, in marryin' her." He suddenly twisted round, in some danger of falling from his perch. "I want ter ax one o' them thar big-headed lawyers a question on a p'int o' law," he broke off abruptly.

"What be Tobe Gryce a-doin' of now?" asked Luke Todd, with eager interest in the subject.

"Wa'al," resumed Peters, nowise loath to return to the gossip, "Tobe, ye see, air the ranger o' this hyar county, an' by law all the stray horses ez air tuk up by folks hev ter be reported ter him, an' appraised by two householders, an' swore to afore the magistrate an' be advertised by the ranger, an' ef they ain't claimed 'fore twelve months, the taker-up kin pay into the county treasury one-haffen the appraisement an' hev the critter fur his'n. An' the owner can't prove it away arter that."

"Thanky," said Luke Todd, dryly. "S'pose ye teach yer gran'mammy ter suck aigs. I knowed all that afore."

Peters was abashed, and with some difficulty collected himself.

"An' I knowed ye knowed it, Luke," he hastily conceded. "But hyar be what I'm a-lookin' at—the law 'ain't got no pervision fur a stray horse ez kem of a dark night, 'thout nobody's percuremint, ter the ranger's own house. Now, the p'int o' law ez I wanted ter ax the lawyers 'bout air this —kin the ranger be the ranger an' the taker-up too?"

He turned his eyes upon the great landscape lying beneath, flooded with the chill matutinal sunshine, and flecked here and there with the elusive shadows of the fleecy drifting clouds. Far away the long horizontal lines of the wooded spurs, converging on either side of the valley and rising one behind the other, wore a subdued azure, all unlike the burning blue of summer, and lay along the calm, passionless sky, that itself was of a dim, repressed tone. On the slopes nearer, the leafless boughs, massed together, had purplish-garnet depths of color wherever the sunshine struck aslant, and showed richly against the faintly tinted horizon. Here and there among the boldly jutting gray crags hung an evergreen vine, and from a gorge on the opposite mountain gleamed a continuous flash, like the waving of a silver plume, where a cataract sprang down the rocks. In the depths of the valley, a field in which crab-grass had grown in the place of the harvested wheat showed a tiny square of palest yellow, and beside it a red clay road, running over a hill, was visible. Above all a hawk was flying.

"Afore the winter fairly set in las' year," Peters resumed, presently, "a stray kem ter Tobe's house. He 'lowed ter me ez he fund her a-standin' by the fodder-stack a-pullin' off'n it. An' he 'quired round, an' he never hearn o' no owner. I reckon he never axed outside o' Lonesome," he added, cynically. He puffed industriously at his pipe for a few moments; then continued: "Wa'al, he 'lowed he couldn't feed the critter fur fun. An' he couldn't work her till she war appraised an' sech, that bein' agin the law fur strays. So he jes ondertook ter be ranger an' taker-up too—the bangedest consarn in the kentry! Ef the leetle mare hed been wall-eyed, or lame, or ennything, he wouldn't hev wanted ter be ranger an' taker-up too. But she air the peartest little beastis—she war jes bridle-wise when she fust kem—young an' spry!"

Luke Todd was about to ask a question, but Peters, disregarding him, persisted:

"Wa'al, Tobe tuk up the beastis, an' I reckon he reported her ter hisself, bein' the ranger—the critter makes me laff—an' he hed that thar old haffen-blind uncle o' his'n an' Perkins Bates, ez be never sober, ter appraise the vally o' the mare, an' I s'pose he delivered thar certificate ter hisself, an' I reckon he tuk oath that she kem 'thout his procure*mint* ter his place, in the presence o' the ranger."

"I reckon thar ain't no law agin the ranger's bein' a ranger an' a taker-up too," put in one of the by-standers. 'Tain't like a sher'ff's buyin' at his own sale. An' he hed ter pay haffen her vally into the treasury o' the county arter twelve months, ef the owner never proved her away."

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"Thar ain't no sign he ever paid a cent," said Peters, with a malicious grin, pointing at the charred remains of the court-house, "an' the treasurer air jes dead."

"Wa'al, Tobe hed ter make a report ter the jedge o' the county court every six months."

"The papers of his office air cinders," retorted Peters.

"Wa'al, then," argued the optimist, "the stray-book will show ez she war reported an' sech."

"The ranger took mighty partic'lar pains ter hev his stray-book in that thar court-house when 'twar burnt."

There was a long pause while the party sat ruminating upon the suspicions thus suggested.

Luke Todd heard them, not without a thrill of satisfaction. He found them easy to adopt. And he, too, had a disposition to theorize.

"It takes a mighty mean man ter steal a horse," he said. "Stealin' a horse air powerful close ter murder. Folkses' lives fairly depend on a horse ter work thar corn an' sech, an' make a support fur 'em. I hev knowed folks ter kem mighty close ter starvin' through hevin thar horse stole. Why, even that thar leetle filly of our'n, though she hedn't been fairly bruk ter the plough, war mightily missed. We-uns hed ter make out with the old sorrel, ez air nigh fourteen year old, ter work the crap, an' we war powerful disapp'inted. But we ain't never fund no trace o' the filly sence she war tolled off one night las' fall a year ago."

The hawk and its winged shadow disappeared together in the dense glooms of a deep gorge. Luke Todd watched them as they vanished.

Suddenly he lifted his eyes. They were wide with a new speculation. An angry flare blazed in them. "What sort'n beastis is this hyar mare ez the ranger tuk up?" he asked.

Peters looked at him, hardly comprehending his tremor of excitement. "Seems sorter sizable," he replied, sibilantly, sucking his pipe-stem.

Todd nodded meditatively several times, leaning his elbows on his knees, his eyes fixed on the landscape. "Hev she got enny partic'lar marks, ez ye knows on?" he drawled.

"Wa'al, she be ez black ez a crow, with the nigh fore-foot white. An' she hev got a white star spang in the middle o' her forehead, an' the left side o' her nozzle is white too."

Todd rose suddenly to his feet. "By gum!" he cried, with a burst of passion, "she air *my* filly! An' 'twar that thar durned horse-thief of a ranger ez tolled her off!"

Deep among the wooded spurs Lonesome Cove nestles, sequestered from the world. Naught emigrates thence except an importunate stream that forces its way through a rocky gap, and so to freedom beyond. No stranger intrudes; only the moon looks in once in a while. The roaming wind may explore its solitudes; and it is but the vertical sun that strikes to the heart of the little basin, because of the massive mountains that wall it round and serve to isolate it. So nearly do they meet at the gap that one great assertive crag, beetling far above, intercepts the view of the wide landscape beyond, leaving its substituted profile jaggedly serrating the changing sky. Above it, when the weather is fair, appear vague blue lines, distant mountain summits, cloud strata, visions. Below its jutting verge may be caught glimpses of the widening valley without. But pre-eminent, gaunt, sombre, it sternly dominates "Lonesome," and is the salient feature of the little world it limits.

Tobe Gryce's house, gray, weather-beaten, moss-grown, had in comparison an ephemeral, modern aspect. For a hundred years its inmates had come and gone and lived and died. They took no heed of the crag, but never a sound was lost upon it. Their drawling iterative speech the iterative echoes conned. The ringing blast of a horn set astir some phantom chase in the air. When the cows came lowing home, there were lowing herds in viewless company. Even if one of the children sat on a rotting log crooning a vague, fragmentary ditty, some faint-voiced spirit in the rock would sing. Lonesome Cove?—home of invisible throngs!

As the ranger trotted down the winding road, the multitudinous hoof-beats, as of a troop of cavalry, heralded his approach to the little girl who stood on the porch of the log cabin and watched for him.

"Hy're, Cunnel!" he cried, cordially.

But the little "Colonel" took no heed. She looked beyond him at the vague blue mountains, on which the great grim rock

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was heavily imposed, every ledge, every waving dead crisp weed, distinct.

He noticed the smoke curling briskly up in the sunshine from the clay and stick chimney. He strode past her into the house, as Madeline, with all semblance of youth faded from her countenance, haggard and hollow-eyed in the morning light, was hurrying the corn-dodgers and venison steak on the table.

Perhaps he did not appreciate that the women were pining with curiosity, for he vouchsafed no word of the excitements in the little town; and he himself was ill at ease.

"What ails the Cunnel, Madeliny?" he asked presently, glancing up sharply from under his hat brim, and speaking with his mouth full.

"The cat 'pears ter hev got her tongue," said Madeline, intending the "Colonel" should hear, and perhaps profit. "She ain't able ter talk none this mornin'."

The little body cast so frowning a glance upon them as she stood in the doorway that her expression was but slightly less lowering than her father's. It was an incongruous demonstration, with her infantile features, her little yellow head, and the slight physical force she represented. She wore a blue cotton frock, fastened up the back with great horn buttons; she had on shoes laced with leather strings; one of her blue woollen stockings fell over her ankle, disclosing the pinkest of plump calves; the other stocking was held in place by an unabashed cotton string. She had a light in her dark eyes and a color in her cheek, and albeit so slight a thing, she wielded a strong coercion.

"Laws-a-massy, Cunnel!" said Tobe, in a harried manner, "couldn't ye find me nowhar? I'm powerful sorry. I couldn't git back hyar no sooner."

But not in this wise was she to be placated. She fixed her eyes upon him, but made no sign.

He suddenly rose from his half-finished breakfast. "Look-a-hyar, Cunnel," he cried, joyously, "don't ye want ter ride the filly?—ye know ye hanker ter ride the filly."

Even then she tried to frown, but the bliss of the prospect overbore her. Her cheek and chin dimpled, and there was a gurgling display of two rows of jagged little teeth as the doughty "Colonel" was swung to his shoulder, and he stepped out of the door.

He laughed as he stood by the glossy black mare, and lifted the child to the saddle. The animal arched her neck and turned her head and gazed back at him curiously. "Hold on tight, Cunnel," he said as he looked up at her, his face strangely softened almost beyond recognition. And she gurgled and laughed and screamed with delight as he began to slowly lead the mare along.

The "Colonel" had the gift of continuance. Some time elapsed before she exhausted the joys of her exaltation. More than once she absolutely refused to dismount. Tobe patiently led the beast up and down, and the "Colonel" rode in state. It was only when the sun had grown high, and occasionally she was fain to lift her chubby hands to her eyes, imperiling her safety on the saddle, that he ventured to seriously remonstrate, and finally she permitted herself to be assisted to the ground. When, with the little girl at his heels, he reached the porch, he took off his hat, and wiped the perspiration from his brow with his great brown hand.

"I tell ye, jouncin' round arter the Cunnel air powerful hot work," he declared.

The next moment he paused. His wife had come to the door, and there was a strange expression of alarm among the anxious lines of her face.

"Tobe," she said, in a bated voice, "who war them men?"

He stared at her, whirled about, surveyed the vacant landscape, and once more turned dumfounded toward her. "What men?" he asked.

"Them men ez acted so cur'ous," she said. "I couldn't see thar faces plain, an' I don' know who they war."

"Whar war they?" And he looked over his shoulder once more.

"Yander along the ledges of the big rock. Thar war two of 'em, hidin' ahint that thar jagged aidge. An' ef yer back war turned they'd peep out at ye an' the Cunnel ridin'. But whenst ye would face round agin, they'd drap down ahint the aidge o' the rock. I 'lowed wunst ez I'd holler ter ye, but I war feared ye moughtn't keer ter know." Her voice fell in its deprecatory cadence.

He stood in silent perplexity. "Ye air a fool, Madeliny, an' ye never seen nuthin. Nobody hev got enny call ter spy on me."

He stepped in-doors, took down his rifle from the rack, and went out frowning into the sunlight.

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The suggestion of mystery angered him. He had a vague sense of impending danger. As he made his way along the slope toward the great beetling crag, all his faculties were on the alert. He saw naught when he stood upon its dark seamed summit, and he went cautiously to the verge and looked down at the many ledges. They jutted out at irregular intervals, the first only six feet below, and all accessible enough to an expert climber. A bush grew in a niche. An empty nest, riddled by the wind, hung dishevelled from a twig. Coarse withered grass tufted the crevices, and lichens clung. Far below he saw the depths of the Cove—the tops of the leafless trees, and glimpsed through the interlacing boughs were piles of rocks, the rush of a mountain rill, and a white flash as a sunbeam slanted on the foam.

He was turning away, all incredulous, when with a sudden start he looked back. On one of the ledges was a slight depression. It was filled with sand and earth. Imprinted upon it was the shape of a man's foot. The ranger paused and gazed fixedly at it. "Wa'al, by the Lord!" he exclaimed, under his breath. Presently, "But they hev no call!" he argued. Then once more, softly, "By the Lord!"

The mystery baffled him. More than once that day he went up to the crag and stood and stared futilely at the foot-print. Conjecture had license and limitations too. As the hours wore on he became harassed by the sense of espionage. He was a bold man before the foes he knew, but this idea of inimical lurking, of furtive scrutiny for unknown purposes, preyed upon him. He brooded over it as he sat idle by the fire. Once he went to the door and stared speculatively at the great profile of the cliff. The sky above it was all a lustrous amber, for the early sunset of the shortest days of the year was at hand. The mountains, seen partly above and partly below it, wore a glamourous purple. There were clouds, and from their rifts long divergent lines of light slanted down upon the valley, distinct among their shadows. The sun was not visible—only in the western heavens was a half-veiled effulgence too dazzlingly white to be gazed upon. The ranger shaded his eyes with his hand. No motion, no sound; for the first time in his life the unutterable loneliness of the place impressed him.

"Madeliny," he said, suddenly, looking over his shoulder within the cabin, "be you-uns *sure* ez they war—*folks*?"

"I don' know what ye mean," she faltered, her eyes dilated. "They *looked* like folks."

"I reckon they war," he said, re-assuring himself. "The Lord knows I hope they war."

That night the wind rose. The stars all seemed to have burst from their moorings, and were wildly adrift in the sky. There was a broken tumult of billowy clouds, and the moon tossed hopelessly among them, a lunar wreck, sometimes on her beam ends, sometimes half submerged, once more gallantly struggling to the surface, and again sunk. The bare boughs of the trees beat together in a dirge-like monotone. Now and again a leaf went sibilantly whistling past. The wild commotion of the heavens and earth was visible, for the night was not dark. The ranger, standing within the rude stable of unhewn logs, all undaubed, noted how pale were the horizontal bars of gray light alternating with the black logs of the wall. He was giving the mare a feed of corn, but he had not brought his lantern as was his custom. That mysterious espionage had in some sort shaken his courage, and he felt the obscurity a shield. He had brought instead his rifle.

The equine form was barely visible among the glooms. Now and then, as the mare noisily munched, she lifted a hoof and struck it upon the ground with a dull thud. How the gusts outside were swirling up the gorge! The pines swayed and sighed. Again the boughs of the chestnut-oak above the roof crashed together. Did a fitful blast stir the door?

He lifted his eyes mechanically. A cold thrill ran through every fibre. For there, close by the door, somebody—something—was peering through the space between the logs of the wall. The face was invisible, but the shape of a man's head was distinctly defined. He realized that it was no supernatural manifestation when a husky voice began to call the mare, in a hoarse whisper, "Cobe! Cobe! Cobe!" With a galvanic start he was about to spring forward to hold the door. A hand was laid upon it.

He placed the muzzle of the rifle between the logs, a jet of red light was suddenly projected into the darkness, the mare was rearing and plunging violently, the little

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shanty was surcharged with roar and reverberation, and far and wide the crags and chasms echoed the report of the rifle.

There was a vague clamor outside, an oath, a cry of pain. Hasty footfalls sounded among the dead leaves, and died in the distance.

When the ranger ventured out he saw the door of his house wide open, and the fire-light flickering out among the leafless bushes. His wife met him half-way down the hill.

"Air ye hurt, Tobe?" she cried. "Did yer gun go off suddint?"

"Mighty suddint," he replied, savagely.

"Ye didn't fire it a-purpose?" she faltered.

"Edzactly so," he declared.

"Ye never hurt nobody, did ye, Tobe?" She had turned very pale. "I 'lowed it couldn't be the wind ez I hearn a-hollerin'."

"I hopes an' prays I hurt 'em," he said, as he replaced the rifle in the rack. He was shaking the other hand, which had been jarred in some way by the hasty discharge of the weapon. "Some dad-burned horse-thief war arter the mare. Jedgin' from the sound o' thar runnin', 'peared like to me ez thar mought be two o' 'em."

The next day the mare disappeared from the stable. Yet she could not be far off, for Tobe was about the house most of the time, and when he and the "Colonel" came in-doors in the evening the little girl held in her hand a half-munched ear of corn, evidently abstracted from the mare's supper.

"Whar be the filly hid, Tobe?" Madeline asked, curiosity overpowering her.

"Ax me no questions an' I'll tell ye no lies," he replied, gruffly.

In the morning there was a fall of snow, and she had some doubt whether her mother, who had gone several days before to a neighbor's on the summit of the range, would return; but presently the creak of unoiled axles heralded the approach of a wagon, and soon the old woman, bundled in shawls, was sitting by the fire. She wore heavy woollen socks over her shoes as protection against the snow. The incompatibility of the shape of the hose with the human foot was rather marked, and as they were somewhat inelastic as well, there was a muscular struggle to get them off only exceeded by the effort which had been required to get them on. She shook her head again and again, with a red face, as she bent over the socks, but plainly more than this discomfort vexed her.

"Laws-a-massy, Madeliny! I hearn a awful tale over yander 'mongst them Jenkins folks. Ye oughter hev married Luke Todd, an' so I tole ye an' fairly beset ye ter do ten year ago. *He* keered fur ye. An' Tobe—shucks! Wa'al, laws-a-massy, child! I hearn a awful tale 'bout Tobe up yander at Jenkinses'."

Madeline colored.

"Folks hed better take keer how they talk 'bout Tobe," she said, with a touch of pride. "They be powerful keerful ter do it out'n rifle range."

With one more mighty tug the sock came off, the red face was lifted, and Mrs. Pearce shook her head ruefully.

"The Bible say 'words air foolishness.' Ye don' know what ye air talkin' 'bout, child."

With this melancholy preamble she detailed the gossip that had arisen at the county town and pervaded the countryside. Madeline commented, denied, flashed into rage, then lapsed into silence. Although it did not constrain credulity, there was something that made her afraid when her mother said:

"Ye hed better not be talkin' 'bout rifle range so brash, Madeliny, nohows. They 'lowed ez Luke Todd an' Sam Peters kem hyar—'twar jes night before las'—aimin' ter take the mare away 'thout no words an' no lawin', 'kase they didn't want ter wait. Luke hed got a chance ter view the mare, an' knowed ez she war his'n. An' Tobe war hid in the dark beside the mare, an' fired at 'em, an' the rifle-ball tuk Sam right through the beam o' his arm. I reckon, though, ez that warn't true, else ye would hev knowed it."

She looked up anxiously over her spectacles at her daughter.

"I hearn Tobe shoot," faltered Madeline. "I seen blood on the leaves."

"Laws-a-massy!" exclaimed the old woman, irritably. "I be fairly feared ter bide hyar; 'twouldn't s'prise me none ef they kem hyar an' hauled Tobe out an' lynched him an' sech, an' who knows who mought git hurt in the scrimmage?"

They both fell silent as the ranger strode in. They would need a braver heart than either bore to reveal to him the suspicions of horse-stealing sown broadcast over the mountain. Madeline felt that this in itself was coercive evi-

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dence of his innocence. Who dared so much as say a word to his face?

The weight of the secret asserted itself, however. As she went about her accustomed tasks, all bereft of their wonted interest, vapid and burdensome, she carried so woe-begone a face that it caught his attention, and he demanded, angrily,

"What ails ye ter look so durned peakèd?"

This did not abide long in his memory, however, and it cost her a pang to see him so unconscious.

She went out upon the porch late that afternoon to judge of the weather. Snow was falling again. The distant summits had disappeared. The mountains near at hand loomed through the myriads of serried white flakes. A crow flew across the Cove in its midst. It heavily thatched the cabin, and tufts dislodged by the opening of the door fell down upon her hair. Drifts lay about the porch. Each rail of the fence was laden. The ground, the rocks, were deeply covered. She reflected with satisfaction that the red splotch of blood on the dead leaves was no longer visible. Then a sudden idea struck her that took her breath away. She came in, her cheeks flushed, her eyes bright, with an excited dubitation.

Her husband commented on the change. "Ye air a powerful cur'ous critter, Madeliny," he said: "a while ago ye looked some fower or five hundred year old—now ye favors yerself when I fust kem a-courtin' round the settlemint."

She hardly knew whether the dull stir in her heart were pleasure or pain. Her eyes filled with tears, and the irradiated iris shone through them with a liquid lustre. She could not speak.

Her mother took ephemeral advantage of his softening mood. "Ye useter be mighty perlite and saaft-spoken in them days, Tobe," she ventured.

"I hed ter be," he admitted, frankly, "'kase thar war sech a many o' them mealy-mouthed cusses a-waitin' on Madeliny. The kentry 'peared ter me ter bristle with Luke Todd; he 'minded me o' brum saidge—*everywhar* ye seen his yaller head, ez homely an' ez onwelcome."

"I never wunst gin Luke a thought arter ye tuk ter comin' round the settlemint," Madeline said, softly.

"I wisht I hed knowed that then," he replied; "else I wouldn't hev been so allfired oneasy an' beset. I wasted mo' time a-studyin' 'bout ye an' Luke Todd 'n ye war both wuth, an' went 'thout my vittles an' sot up a nights. Ef I hed spent that time a-moanin' fur my sins an' settin' my soul at peace, I'd be 'quirin' roun' the throne o' Grace now! Young folks air powerful fursaken fools."

Somehow her heart was warmer for this allusion. She was more hopeful. Her resolve grew stronger and stronger as she sat and knitted, and looked at the fire and saw among the coals all her old life at the settlement newly aglow. She was remembering now that Luke Todd had been as wax in her hands. She recalled that when she was married there was a gleeful "sayin'" going the rounds of the mountain that he had taken to the woods with grief, and he was heard of no more for days. The gossips relished his despair as the corollary of the happy bridal. He had had no reproaches for her. He had only looked the other way when they met, and she had not spoken to him since.

"He set store by my word in them days," she said, her lips vaguely moving. "I misdoubts ef he hev furgot."

All through the long hours of the winter night she silently canvassed her plan. The house was still noiseless and dark when she softly opened the door and softly closed it behind her.

It had ceased to snow and the sky had cleared. The trees, all the limbs whitened, were drawn distinctly upon it, and through the boughs overhead a brilliant star, aloof and splendid, looked coldly down. Along the chill east Orion had drawn his glittering blade. Above the snowy mountains a melancholy waning moon was swinging. The valley was full of mist, white and shining where the light fell upon it, a vaporous purple where the shadows held sway. So still it was! the only motion in all the world the throbbing stars and her palpitating heart. So solemnly silent! It was a relief, as she trudged on and on, to note a gradual change; to watch the sky withdraw, seeming fainter; to see the moon grow filmy, like some figment of the frost; to mark the gray mist steal on apace, swathe mountain, valley, and heaven with mystic folds, shut out all vision of things familiar. Through it only the sense of dawn could creep.

She recognized the locality; her breath was short; her step quickened. She ap-

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peared, like an apparition out of the mists, close to a fence, and peered through the snow-laden rails. A sudden pang pierced her heart.

For there, milking the cow, she saw, all blooming in the snow—herself; the azalea-like girl she had been!

She had not known how dear to her was that bright young identity she remembered. She had not realized how far it had gone from her. She felt a forlorn changeling looking upon her own estranged estate.

A faint cry escaped her.

The cow, with lifted head and a muttered low of surprise, moved out of reach of the milker, who, half kneeling upon the ground, stared with wide blue eyes at her ghost in the mist.

There was a pause. It was only a moment before Madeline spoke; it seemed years, so charged it was with retrospect.

"I kem over hyar ter hev a word with ye" she said.

At the sound of a human voice Luke Todd's wife struggled to her feet. She held the piggin with one arm encircled about it, and with the other hand she clutched the plaid shawl around her throat. Her bright hair was tossed by the rising wind.

"I 'lowed I'd find ye hyar a-milkin' 'bout now."

The homely allusion re-assured the younger woman.

"I hev ter begin toler'ble early," she said. "Spot gins 'bout a gallon a milkin' now."

Spot's calf, which subsisted on what was left over, seemed to find it cruel that delay should be added to his hardships, and he lifted up his voice in a plaintive remonstrance. This reminded Mrs. Todd of his existence; she turned and let down the bars that served to exclude him.

The stranger was staring at her very hard. Somehow she quailed under that look. Though it was fixed upon her in unvarying intensity, it had a strange impersonality. This woman was not seeing her, despite that wide, wistful, yearning gaze; she was thinking of something else, seeing some one else.

And suddenly Luke Todd's wife began to stare at the visitor very hard, and to think of something that was not before her.

"I be the ranger's wife," said Madeline. "I kem over hyar ter tell ye he never tuk yer black mare nowise but honest, bein' the ranger."

She found it difficult to say more. Under that speculative, unseeing look she too faltered.

"They tell me ez Luke Todd air powerful outed 'bout'n it. An' I 'lowed ef he knowed from me ez 'twar tuk fair, he'd b'lieve me."

She hesitated. Her courage was flagging; her hope had fled. The eyes of the man's wife burned upon her face.

We-uns useter be toler'ble well 'quainted 'fore he ever seen ye, an' I 'lowed he'd b'lieve my word," Madeline continued.

Another silence. The sun was rising; long liquescent lines of light of purest amber-color were streaming through the snowy woods; the shadows of the fence rails alternated with bars of dazzling glister; elusive prismatic gleams of rose and lilac and blue shimmered on every slope—thus the winter flowered. Tiny snowbirds were hopping about; a great dog came down from the little snow-thatched cabin, and was stretching himself elastically and yawning most portentously.

"An' I 'lowed I'd see ye an' git you-uns ter tell him that word from me, an' then he'd b'lieve it," said Madeline.

The younger woman nodded mechanically, still gazing at her.

And was this her mission! Somehow it had lost its urgency. Where was its potency, her enthusiasm? Madeline realized that her feet were wet, her skirts draggled; that she was chilled to the bone and trembling violently. She looked about her doubtfully. Then her eyes came back to the face of the woman before her.

"Ye'll tell him, I s'pose?"

Once more Luke Todd's wife nodded mechanically, still staring.

There was nothing further to be said. A vacant interval ensued. Then, "I 'lowed I'd tell ye," Madeline reiterated, vaguely, and turned away, vanishing with the vanishing mists.

Luke Todd's wife stood gazing at the fence through which the apparition had peered. She could see yet her own face, grown old and worn. The dog wagged his tail and pressed against her, looking up and claiming her notice. Once more he stretched himself elastically and yawned widely, with shrill variations of tone. The calf was frisking about in awkward bovine elation, and now and then the cow

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affectionately licked its coat with the air of making its toilet. An assertive chanticleer was proclaiming the dawn within the hen-house, whence came a clamor of sounds, for the door, which served to exclude any marauding fox, was closed upon the imprisoned poultry. Still she looked steadily at the fence where the ranger's wife had stood.

"That thar woman favors me," she said presently. And suddenly she burst into tears.

Perhaps it was well that Madeline could not see Luke Todd's expression as his wife recounted the scene. She gave it truly, but without, alas! the glamour of sympathy.

"She 'lowed ez ye'd b'lieve her, bein' ez ye useter be 'quainted."

His face flushed. "Wa'al, sir! the insurance o' that thar woman!" he exclaimed. "I war 'quainted with her; I war mighty well 'quainted with her." He had a casual remembrance of those days when "he tuk ter the woods ter wear out his grief." "She never gin me no promise, but me an' her kep' company some. Sech dependence ez I put on her war mightily wasted. I dunno what ails the critter ter 'low ez I set store by her word."

Poor Madeline! There is nothing so dead as ashes. His flame had clean burned out. So far afield were all his thoughts that he stood amazed when his wife, with a sudden burst of tears, declared passionately that she knew it—she saw it—she favored Madeline Gryce. She had found out that he had married her because she looked like another woman.

"Madeliny Gryce hev got powerful little ter do ter kem a-jouncin' through the snow over hyar ter try ter set ye an' me agin one another," he exclaimed, angrily. "Stealin' the filly ain't enough ter sati'fy her!"

His wife was in some sort mollified. She sought to re-assure herself.

"Air we-uns of a favor?"

"I dunno," he replied, sulkily. "I 'ain't seen the critter fur nigh on ter ten year. I hev furgot the looks of her. 'Pears like ter me," he went on, ruminating, "ez 'twar in my mind when I fust seen ye ez thar war a favor 'twixt ye. But I misdoubts now. Do she 'low ez I hev hed nuthin ter study 'bout sence?"

Perhaps Madeline is not the only woman who overrates the strength of a sentimental attachment. A gloomy intuition of failure kept her company all the lengthening way home. The chill splendors of the wintry day grated upon her dreary mood. How should she care for the depth and richness of blue deepening toward the zenith in those vast skies? What was it to her that the dead vines, climbing the grim rugged crags, were laden with tufts and corollated shapes wherever these fantasies of flowers might cling, or that the snow flashed with crystalline scintillations? She only knew that they glimmered and dazzled upon the tears in her eyes, and she was moved to shed them afresh. She did not wonder whether her venture had resulted amiss. She only wondered that she had tried aught. And she was humbled.

When she reached Lonesome Cove she found the piggin where she had hid it, and milked the cow in haste. It was no great task, for the animal was going dry. "Their'n gins a gallon a milkin'," she said, in rueful comparison.

As she came up the slope with the piggin on her head, her husband was looking down from the porch with a lowering brow. "Why n't ye spen' the day a-milkin' the cow?" he drawled. "Dawdlin' yander in the cow-pen till this time in the mornin'! An' ter-morrer's Chrismus!"

The word smote upon her weary heart with a dull pain. She had no cultured phrase to characterize the sensation as a presentiment, but she was conscious of the prophetic process. To-night "all the mounting" would be riotous with that dubious hilarity known as "Chrismus in the bones," and there was no telling what might come from the combined orgy and an inflamed public spirit.

She remembered the familiar doom of the mountain horse-thief, the men lurking on the cliff, the inimical feeling against the ranger. She furtively watched him with forebodings as he came and went at intervals throughout the day.

Dusk had fallen when he suddenly looked in and beckoned to the "Colonel," who required him to take her with him whenever he fed the mare.

"Let me tie this hyar comforter over the Cunnel's head," Madeline said, as he bundled the child in a shawl and lifted her in his arms.

"'Tain't no use," he declared. "The Cunnel ain't travellin' fur."

She heard him step from the creaking porch. She heard the dreary wind without.

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Within, the clumsy shadows of the warping-bars, the spinning-wheel, and the churn were dancing in the fire-light on the wall. The supper was cooking on the live coals. The children, popping corn in the ashes, were laughing; as her eye fell upon the "Colonel's" vacant little chair her mind returned to the child's excursion with her father, and again she wondered futilely where the mare could be hid. The next moment she was heartily glad that she did not know.

It was like the fulfillment of some dreadful dream when the door opened. A man entered softly, slowly; the flickering fire showed his shadow—was it?—nay, another man, and still another, and another.

The old crone in the corner sprang up, screaming in a shrill, tremulous, cracked voice. For they were masked. Over the face of each dangled a bit of homespun, with great empty sockets through which eyes vaguely glanced. Even the coarse fibre of the intruders responded to that quavering, thrilling appeal. One spoke instantly:

"Laws-a-massy! Mis' Pearce, don't ye feel interrupted none—nor Mis' Gryce nuther. We-uns ain't harmful noways—jes want ter know whar that thar black mare hev disappeared to. She ain't in the stable."

He turned his great eye-sockets on Madeline. The plaid homespun mask dangling about his face was grotesquely incongruous with his intent, serious gaze.

"I don' know," she faltered; "I don' know."

She had caught at the spinning-wheel for support. The fire crackled. The baby was counting aloud the grains of corn popping from the ashes. "Six, two, free," he babbled. The kettle merrily sang.

The man still stared silently at the ranger's wife. The expression in his eyes changed suddenly. He chuckled derisively. The others echoed his mocking mirth. "Ha! ha! ha!" they laughed aloud; and the eye-sockets in the homespun masks all glared significantly at each other. Even the dog detected something sinister in this laughter. He had been sniffing about the heels of the strangers; he bristled, showed his teeth, and growled. The spokesman hastily kicked him in the ribs, and the animal fled yelping to the further side of the fire-place behind the baby, where he stood and barked defiance. The rafters rang with the sound.

Some one on the porch without spoke to the leader in a low voice. This man, who seemed to have a desire to conceal his identity which could not be served by a mask, held the door with one hand that the wind might not blow it wide open. The draught fanned the fire. Once the great bowing, waving white blaze sent a long, quivering line of light through the narrow aperture, and Madeline saw the dark lurking figure. He had one arm in a sling. She needed no confirmation to assure her that this was Sam Peters, whom her husband had shot at the stable door.

The leader instantly accepted his suggestion. "Wa'al, Mis' Gryce, I reckon ye don' know whar Tobe be, nuther?"

"Naw, I don' know," she said, in a tremor.

The homespun fragment swayed with the distortions of his face as he sneered:

"Ye mean ter say ye don't 'low ter tell us."

"I don' know whar he be." Her voice had sunk to a whisper.

Another exchange of glances.

"Wa'al, ma'am, jes gin us the favor of a light by yer fire, an' we-uns 'll find him."

He stepped swiftly forward, thrust a pine torch into the coals, and with it all whitely flaring ran out into the night; the others followed his example; and the terror-stricken women, hastily barring up the door, peered after them through the little batten shutter of the window.

The torches were already scattered about the slopes of Lonesome Cove like a fallen constellation. What shafts of white light they cast upon the snow in the midst of the dense blackness of the night! Somehow they seemed endowed with volition, for their brilliancy almost cancelled the figures of the men that bore them—only an occasional erratic shapeless shadow was visible. Now and then a flare pierced the icicle-tipped holly bushes, and again there was a fibrous glimmer in the fringed pines.

The search was terribly silent. The snow deadened the tread. Only the wind was loud among the muffled trees, and sometimes a dull thud sounded when the weight of snow fell from the evergreen laurel as the men thrashed through the foliage. They separated after a time, and here and there an isolated stellular light illumined the snow, and conjured white mystic circles into the wide spaces

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of the darkness. The effort flagged at last, and its futility only sharpened the sense of injury in Luke Todd's heart.

He was alone now, close upon the great rock, and looking at its jagged ledges all cloaked with snow. Above those soft white outlines drawn against the deep clear sky the frosty stars scintillated. Beneath were the abysmal depths of the valley masked by the darkness.

His pride was touched. In the old quarrel his revenge had been hampered, for it was the girl's privilege to choose, and she had chosen. He cared nothing for that now, but he felt it indeed a reproach to tamely let this man take his horse when he had all the mountain at his back. There was a sharp humiliation in his position. He felt the pressure of public opinion.

"Dad burn him!" he exclaimed. "Ef I kin make out ter git a glimge o' him, I'll shoot him dead—dead!"

He leaned the rifle against the rock. It struck upon a stone. A metallic vibration rang out. Again and again the sound was repeated—now loud, still clanging; now faint, but clear; now soft and away to a doubtful murmur which he hardly was sure that he heard. Never before had he known such an echo. And suddenly he recollected that this was the great "Talking Rock," famed beyond the limits of Lonesome. It had traditions as well as echoes. He remembered vaguely that beneath this cliff there was said to be a cave which was utilized in the manufacture of saltpetre for gunpowder in the war of 1812.

As he looked down the slope below he thought the snow seemed broken—by foot-prints, was it? With the expectation of a discovery strong upon him, he crept along a wide ledge of the crag, now and then stumbling and sending an avalanche of snow and ice and stones thundering to the foot of the cliff. He missed his way more than once. Then he would turn about, laboriously retracing his steps, and try another level of the ledges. Suddenly before him was the dark opening he sought. No creature had lately been here. It was filled with growing bushes and dead leaves and brambles. Looking again down upon the slope beneath, he felt very sure that he saw foot-prints.

"The old folks useter 'low ez thar war two openings ter this hyar cave," he said. "Tobe Gryce mought hev hid hyar through a opening down yander on the slope. But *I'll* go the way ez I hev hearn tell on, an' peek in, an' ef I kin git a glimge o' him, I'll make him tell me whar that thar filly air, or I'll let daylight through him, sure!"

He paused only to bend aside the brambles, then he crept in and took his way along a low, narrow passage. It had many windings, but was without intersections or intricacy. He heard his own steps echoed like a pursuing footfall. His labored breathing returned in sighs from the inanimate rocks. It was an uncanny place, with strange, sepulchral, solemn effects. He shivered with the cold. A draught stole in from some secret crevice known only to the wild mountain winds. The torch flared, crouched before the gust, flared again, then darkness. He hesitated, took one step forward, and suddenly—a miracle!

A soft aureola with gleaming radiations, a low, shadowy chamber, a beast feeding from a manger, and within it a child's golden head.

His heart gave a great throb. Somehow he was smitten to his knees. Christmas Eve! He remembered the day with a rush of emotion. He stared again at the vouchsafed vision. He rubbed his eyes. It had changed.

Only hallucination caused by an abrupt transition from darkness to light; only the most mundane facts of the old troughs and ash-hoppers, relics of the industry that had served the hideous carnage of battle; only the yellow head of the ranger's brat, who had climbed into one of them, from which the mare was calmly munching her corn.

Yet this was Christmas Eve. And the Child did lie in a manger.

Perhaps it was well for him that his ignorant faith could accept the illusion as a vision charged with all the benignities of peace on earth, good-will toward men. With a keen thrill in his heart, on his knees he drew the charge from his rifle, and flung it down a rift in the rocks. "Chrismus Eve," he murmured. He leaned his empty weapon against the wall, and strode out to the little girl who was perched up on the trough.

"Chrismus gift, Cunnel!" he cried, cheerily. "Ter-morrer's Chrismus."

The echoes caught the word. In vibratory jubilance they repeated it. "Chrismus!" rang from the roof, scintillating

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"YET THIS WAS CHRISTMAS EVE."
From a drawing by F. Dielman.

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with calc-spar; "Chrismus!" sounded from the colonnade of stalactites that hung down to meet the uprising stalagmites; "Chrismus!" repeated the walls incrusted with roses that, shut in from the light and the fresh air of heaven, bloomed forever in the stone. Was ever chorus so sweet as this?

It reached Tobe Gryce, who stood at his improvised corn-bin. With a bundle of fodder still in his arms he stepped forward. There beside the little Colonel and the black mare he beheld a man seated upon an inverted half-bushel measure, peacefully lighting his pipe with a bunch of straws which he kindled at the lantern on the ash-hopper.

The ranger's black eyes were wide with wonder at this intrusion, and angrily flashed. He connected it at once with the attack on the stable. The hair on his low forehead rose bristlingly as he frowned. Yet he realized with a quaking heart that he was helpless. He, although the crack shot of the county, would not have fired while the Colonel was within two yards of his mark, for the State of Tennessee.

He stood his ground with stolid courage —a target.

Then, with a start of surprise, he perceived that the intruder was unarmed. Twenty feet away his rifle stood against the wall.

Tobe Gryce was strangely shaken. He experienced a sudden revolt of credulity. This was surely a dream.

"Ain't that thar Luke Todd? Why air ye a-waitin' thar?" he called out in a husky undertone.

Todd glanced up, and took his pipe from his mouth; it was now fairly alight.

"Kase it be Chrismus Eve, Tobe," he said, gravely.

The ranger stared for a moment; then came forward and gave the fodder to the mare, pausing now and then and looking with oblique distrust down upon Luke as he smoked his pipe.

"I want ter tell ye, Tobe, ez some o' the mounting boys air a-sarchin fur ye outside."

"Who air they?" asked the ranger, calmly.

His tone was so natural, his manner so unsuspecting, that a new doubt began to stir in Luke Todd's mind.

"What ails ye ter keep the mare down hyar, Tobe?" he asked, suddenly. "'Pears like ter me ez that be powerful comical."

"Kase," said Tobe, reasonably, "some durned horse-thieves kem arter her one night. I fired at 'em. I hain't hearn on 'em sence. An' so I jes hid the mare."

Todd was puzzled. He shifted his pipe in his mouth. Finally he said: "Some folks 'lowed ez ye hed no right ter take up that mare, bein' ez ye war the ranger."

Tobe Gryce whirled round abruptly. "What war I a-goin' ter do, then? Feed the critter fur nuthin till the triflin' scamp ez owned her kem arter her? I couldn't work her 'thout takin' her up an' hevin her appraised. Thar's a law agin sech. An' I couldn't git somebody ter toll her off an' take her up. That ain't fair. What ought I ter hev done?"

"Wa'al," said Luke, drifting into argument, "the town-folks 'low ez ye hev got nuthin ter prove it by, the stray-book an' records bein' burnt. The town-folks 'low ez ye can't prove by writin' an' sech ez ye ever tried ter find the owner."

"The town-folks air fairly sodden in foolishness," exclaimed the ranger, indignantly.

He drew from his ample pocket a roll of ragged newspapers, and pointed with his great thumb at a paragraph. And Luke Todd read by the light of the lantern the advertisement and description of the estray printed according to law in the nearest newspaper.

The newspaper was so infrequent a factor in the lives of the mountain gossips that this refutation of their theory had never occurred to them.

The sheet was trembling in Luke Todd's hand; his eyes filled; the cavern with its black distances, its walls close at hand sparkling with delicate points of whitest light; the yellow flare of the lantern; the grotesque shadows on the ground; the fair little girl with her golden hair; the sleek black mare; the burly figure of the ranger—all the scene swayed before him. He remembered the gracious vision that had saluted him; he shuddered at the crime from which he was rescued. Pity him because he knew naught of the science of optics; of the bewildering effects of a sudden burst of light upon the delicate mechanism of the eye; of the vagaries of illusion.

"Tobe," he said, in a solemn voice—all the echoes were bated to awed whispers —"I hev been gin ter view a vision this night, bein' 'twar Chrismus Eve. An' now I want ter shake hands on it fur peace."

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Then he told the whole story, regardless of the ranger's demonstrations, albeit they were sometimes violent enough. Tobe sprang up with a snort of rage, his eyes flashing, his thick tongue stumbling with the curses crowding upon it, when he realized the suspicions rife against him at the county town. But he stood with his clinched hand slowly relaxing, and with the vague expression which one wears who looks into the past, as he listened to the recital of Madeline's pilgrimage in the snowy wintry dawn. "Mighty few folks hev got a wife ez set store by 'em like that," Luke remarked, impersonally.

The ranger's rejoinder seemed irrelevant.

"Madeliny be a-goin' ter see a powerful differ arter this," he said, and fell to musing.

Snow, fatigue, and futility destroyed the ardor of the lynching party after a time, and they dispersed to their homes. Little was said of this expedition afterward, and it became quite impossible to find a man who would admit having joined it. For the story went the rounds of the mountain that there had been a mistake as to unfair dealing on the part of the ranger, and Luke Todd was quite content to accept from the county treasury half the sum of the mare's appraisement —with the deduction of the stipulated per cent. which Tobe Gryce had paid, the receipt for which he produced.

The gossips complained, however, that after all this was settled according to law, Tobe wouldn't keep the mare, and insisted that Luke should return to him the money he had paid into the treasury, half her value, "bein' so brigaty he wouldn't own Luke Todd's beast. An' Luke agreed ter so do; but he didn't wanter be outdone, so fur the keep o' the filly he gin the Cunnel a heifer. An' Tobe war mighty nigh tickled ter death fur the Cunnel ter hev a cow o' her own."

And now when December skies darken above Lonesome Cove, and the snow in dizzying whirls sifts softly down, and the gaunt brown leafless heights are clothed with white as with a garment, and the wind whistles and shouts shrilly, and above the great crag loom the distant mountains, and below are glimpsed the long stretches of the valley, the two men remember the vision that illumined the cavernous solitudes that night, and bless the gracious power that sent salvation 'way down to Lonesome Cove, and cherish peace and good-will for the sake of a little Child that lay in a manger.

THE GARROTERS.

(A FARCE.)

AT the window of her apartment in Hotel Bellingham, Mrs. Roberts stands looking out into the early night-fall. A heavy snow is driving without, and from time to time the rush of the wind and the sweep of the flakes against the panes are heard. At the sound of hurried steps in the anteroom, Mrs. Roberts turns from the window, and runs to the *portière*, through which she puts her head.

Mrs. Roberts: "Is that you, Edward? So dark here! We ought really to keep the gas turned up all the time."

Mr. Roberts, in a muffled voice, from without: "Yes, it's I."

Mrs. Roberts: "Well, hurry in to the fire, do! Ugh, what a storm! Do you suppose anybody will come? You must be half frozen, you poor thing! Come quick, or you'll certainly perish!" She flies from the *portière* to the fire burning on the hearth, pokes it, flings on a log, jumps back, brushes from her dress with a light shriek the sparks driven out upon it, and continues talking incessantly in a voice lifted for her husband to hear in the anteroom. "If I'd dreamed it was any such storm as this, I should never have let you go out in it in the world. It wasn't at all necessary to have the flowers. I could have got on perfectly well, and I believe *now* the table would look better without them. The chrysanthemums would have been quite enough; and I know you've taken more cold. I could tell it by your voice as soon as you spoke; and just as quick as they're gone to-night I'm going to have you bathe your feet in mustard and hot water, and take eight of aconite, and go straight to bed. And I don't want you to eat very much at dinner, dear, and you must be sure not to drink

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"WHY, EDWARD, WHAT IN THE WORLD IS THE MATTER?"

any coffee, or the aconite won't be of the least use." She turns and encounters her husband, who enters through the *portière*, his face pale, his eyes wild, his white necktie pulled out of knot, and his shirt front rumpled. "Why, Edward, what in the

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world is the matter? What has happened?"

Roberts, sinking into a chair: "Get me a glass of water, Agnes—wine—whiskey—brandy—"

Mrs. Roberts, bustling wildly about: "Yes, yes. But what— Bella! Bridget! Maggy!—Oh, I'll go for it myself, and I *won't* stop to listen! Only—only don't die!" While Roberts remains with his eyes shut and his head sunk on his breast in token of extreme exhaustion, she disappears and re-appears through the door leading to her chamber, and then through the *portière* cutting off the dining-room. She finally descends upon her husband with a flagon of cologne in one hand, a small decanter of brandy in the other, and a wine-glass held in the hollow of her arm against her breast. She contrives to set the glass down on the mantel, and fill it from the flagon, then she turns with the decanter in her hand, and while she presses the glass to her husband's lips, begins to pour the brandy on his head. "Here! this will revive you, and it 'll refresh you to have this cologne on your head."

Roberts, rejecting a mouthful of the cologne with a furious sputter, and springing to his feet: "Why, you've given me the cologne to *drink*, Agnes! What are you about? Do you want to poison me? Isn't it enough to be robbed at six o'clock on the Common, without having your head soaked in brandy, and your whole system scented up like a barber's shop, when you get home?"

Mrs. Roberts: "Robbed?" She drops the wine-glass, puts the decanter down on the hearth, and carefully bestowing the flagon of cologne in the wood-box, abandons herself to justice: "Then let them come for me at once, Edward! If I could have the heart to send you out in such a night as this for a few wretched rose-buds, I'm quite equal to poisoning you. Oh, Edward! *who* robbed you?"

Roberts: "That's what I don't know." He continues to wipe his head with his handkerchief, and to sputter a little from time to time. "All I know is that when I got—phew!—to that dark spot by the Frog Pond, just by—phew!—that little group of—phew!—evergreens, you know—phew!—"

Mrs. Roberts: "Yes, yes; go on! I can bear it, Edward."

Roberts: "—a man brushed heavily against me, and then hurried on in the other direction. I had unbuttoned my coat to look at my watch under the lamp post, and after he struck against me I clapped my hand to my waistcoat, and—phew!—"

Mrs. Roberts: "Waistcoat! Yes!"

Roberts: "—found my watch gone."

Mrs. Roberts: "What! Your watch? The watch Willis gave you? Made out of the gold that he mined himself when he first went out to California? Don't ask me to believe it, Edward! But I'm only too glad that you escaped with your life. Let them have the watch and welcome. Oh, my dear, dear husband!" She approaches him with extended arms, and then suddenly arrests herself. "But you've got it on!"

Roberts, with as much returning dignity as can comport with his dishevelled appearance: "Yes; I took it from him." At his wife's speechless astonishment: "I went after him and took it from him." He sits down, and continues with resolute calm, while his wife remains standing before him motionless: "Agnes, I don't know how I came to do it. I wouldn't have believed I could do it. I've never thought that I had much courage—physical courage; but when I felt my watch was gone, a sort of frenzy came over me. I wasn't hurt; and for the first time in my life I realized what an abominable outrage theft was. The thought that at six o'clock in the evening, in the very heart of a great city like Boston, an inoffensive citizen could be assaulted and robbed, made me furious. I didn't call out. I simply buttoned my coat tight round me and turned and ran after the fellow."

Mrs. Roberts: "Edward!"

Roberts: "Yes, I did. He hadn't got half a dozen rods away—it all took place in a flash—and I could easily run him down. He was considerably larger than I—"

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh!"

Roberts: "—and he looked young and very athletic; but these things didn't seem to make any impression on me."

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, I wonder that you live to tell the tale, Edward!"

Roberts: "Well, I wonder a little at myself. I don't set up for a great deal of—"

Mrs. Roberts: "But I always knew you had it! Go on. Oh, when I tell Willis of this! Had the robber any accomplices? Were there many of them?"

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Roberts: "I only saw one. And I saw that my only chance was to take him at a disadvantage. I sprang upon him, and pulled him over on his back. I merely said, 'I'll trouble you for that watch of mine, if you please,' jerked open his coat, snatched the watch from his pocket—I broke the chain, I see—and then left him and ran again. He didn't make the slightest resistance, nor utter a word. Of course it wouldn't do for him to make any noise about it, and I dare say he was glad to get off so easily." With affected nonchalance: "I'm pretty badly rumpled, I see. He fell against me, and a scuffle like that doesn't improve one's appearance."

Mrs. Roberts, very solemnly: "Edward! I don't know what to say! Of course it makes my blood run cold to realize what you've been through, and to think what might have happened; but I think you behaved splendidly. Why, I never heard of such perfect heroism! You needn't tell *me* that he made no resistance. There was a deadly struggle—your necktie and everything about you shows it. And you needn't think there was only one of them—"

Roberts, modestly: "I don't believe there was more."

Mrs. Roberts: "Nonsense! There are *always* two! I've read the accounts of those garrotings. And to think you not only got out of their clutches alive, but got your property back—Willis's watch! Oh, what *will* Willis say? But I know how proud of you he'll be. Oh, I wish I could scream it from the house-tops. Why didn't you call the police?"

Roberts: "I didn't think—I hadn't time to think."

Mrs. Roberts: "No matter. I'm glad you have *all* the glory of it. I don't believe you half realize what you've been through now. And perhaps this was the robbers' first attempt, and it will be a lesson to them. Oh yes! I'm glad you let them escape, Edward. They may have families. If every one behaved as you've done, there would soon be an end of garroting. But, oh! I can't bear to think of the danger you've run. And I want you to promise me never, never to undertake such a thing again!"

Roberts: "Well, I don't know—"

Mrs. Roberts: "Yes, yes; you must! Suppose you had got killed in that awful struggle with those reckless wretches tugging to get away from you! Think of the children! Why, you might have burst a blood-vessel! Will you promise, Edward? Promise this instant, on your bended knees, just as if you were in a court of justice!" Mrs. Roberts's excitement mounts, and she flings herself at her husband's feet, and pulls his face down to hers with the arm she has thrown about his neck. "Will you promise?"

Mrs. Crashaw, entering unobserved: "Promise you what, Agnes? The man doesn't smoke *now*. What more can you ask?" She starts back from the spectacle of Roberts's disordered dress. "Why, what's happened to you, Edward?"

Mrs. Roberts, springing to her feet: "Oh, you may well ask that, Aunt Mary! Happened? You ought to fall down and worship him! And you *will* when you know what he's been through. He's been robbed!"

Mrs. Crashaw: "Robbed? What nonsense! Who robbed him? *Where* was he robbed?"

Mrs. Roberts: "He was attacked by two garroters—"

Roberts: "No, no—"

Mrs. Roberts: "Don't speak, Edward! I *know* there were two. On the Common. Not half an hour ago. As he was going to get me some rose-buds. In the midst of this terrible storm."

Mrs. Crashaw: "Is this true, Edward?"

Mrs. Roberts: "Don't answer, Edward! One of the band threw his arm round Edward's neck—so." She illustrates by garroting Mrs. Crashaw, who disengages herself with difficulty.

Mrs. Crashaw: "Mercy, child! What *are* you doing to my lace?"

Mrs. Roberts: "And the other one snatched his watch, and ran as fast as he could."

Mrs. Crashaw: "Willis's watch? Why, he's got it on."

Mrs. Roberts, with proud delight: "Exactly what I said when he told me." Then, very solemnly: "And do you know *why* he's got it on?—'Sh, Edward! I *will* tell! Because he ran after them and took it back again."

Mrs. Crashaw: "Why, they might have killed him!"

Mrs. Roberts: "Of *course* they might. But *Edward* didn't care. The idea of being robbed at six o'clock on the Common made him so furious that he scorned to cry out for help, or call the police, or anything; but he just ran after them—"

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Roberts: "Agnes! Agnes! There was only *one*."

Mrs. Roberts: "Nonsense, Edward! How could you tell, so excited as you were?—And caught hold of the largest of the wretches—a perfect young giant—"

Roberts: "No, no; not a *giant*, my dear."

Mrs. Roberts: "Well, he was *young*, *any*way!—And flung him on the ground." She advances upon Mrs. Crashaw in her enthusiasm.

Mrs. Crashaw: "Don't you fling *me* on the ground, Agnes! I won't have it."

Mrs. Roberts: "And tore his coat open, while all the rest were tugging at him, and snatched his watch, and then—and then just walked coolly away."

Roberts: "No, my dear; I ran as fast as I could."

Mrs. Roberts: "Well, *ran*. It's quite the same thing, and I'm just as proud of you as if you had walked. Of course you were not going to throw your life away."

Mrs. Crashaw: "I think he did a very silly thing in going after them at all."

Roberts: "Why, of course, if I'd thought twice about it, I shouldn't have done it."

Mrs. Roberts: "Of course you wouldn't, dear! And that's what I want him to promise, Aunt Mary: never to do it again, no matter *how* much he's provoked. I want him to promise it right here in your presence, Aunt Mary!"

Mrs. Crashaw: "I think it's much more important he should put on another collar and—shirt, if he's going to see company."

Mrs. Roberts: "Yes: go right off at once, Edward. How you *do* think of things, Aunt Mary! I really suppose I should have gone on all night and never noticed his looks. Run, Edward, and do it, dear. But—kiss me first! Oh, it *don't* seem as if you could be alive and well after it all! Are you sure you're not hurt?"

Roberts, embracing her: "No; I'm all right."

Mrs. Roberts: "And you're not injured internally? Sometimes they're injured internally—aren't they, Aunt Mary?—and it doesn't show till months afterward. Are you sure?"

Roberts, making a cursory examination of his ribs with his hands: "Yes, I think so."

Mrs. Roberts: "And you don't feel any bad effects from the cologne, *now*? Just think, Aunt Mary, I gave him cologne to drink, and poured the brandy on his head, when he came in! But I was determined to keep calm, whatever I did. And if I've poisoned him I'm quite willing to die for it. Oh, quite! I would gladly take the blame of it before the whole world."

Mrs. Crashaw: "Well, for pity's sake, let the man go and make himself decent. There's your bell, now."

Mrs. Roberts: "Yes, do go, Edward. But—kiss me—"

Mrs. Crashaw: "He *did* kiss you, Agnes. Don't be a simpleton!"

Mrs. Roberts: "Did he? Well, kiss me again, then, Edward. And now do go, dear. M-m-m-m." The inarticulate endearments represented by these signs terminate in a wild embrace, protracted halfway across the room, in the height of which Mr. Willis Campbell enters.

Willis, pausing in contemplation: "Hello! What's the matter? What's she trying to get out of you, Roberts? Don't you do it, anyway, old fellow."

Mrs. Roberts, in an ecstasy of satisfaction: "Willis! Oh, you've come in time to see him just as he is. Look at him, Willis!" In the excess of her emotion she twitches her husband about, and with his arm fast in her clutch, presents him in the disadvantageous effect of having just been taken into custody. Under these circumstances Roberts's attempt at an expression of diffident heroism fails; he looks sneaking, he looks guilty, and his eyes fall under the astonished regard of his brother-in-law.

Willis: "What's the matter with him? What's he been doing?"

Mrs. Roberts: "'Sh, Edward!—What's he been doing? What does he look as if he had been doing?"

Mrs. Crashaw: "Agnes—"

Willis: "He looks as if he had been signing the pledge. And he—smells like it."

Mrs. Roberts: "For shame, Willis! I should think you'd sink through the floor. Edward, not a word! I *am* ashamed of him, if he *is* my brother."

Willis: "Why, what in the world's up, Agnes?"

Mrs. Roberts: "Up? He's been *robbed!*—robbed on the Common, not five minutes ago! A whole gang of garroters surrounded him under the Old Elm—or just where it used to be—and took his watch away! And he ran after them, and knocked the

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largest of the gang down, and took it back again. He wasn't hurt, but we're afraid he's been injured internally; he may be bleeding internally, *now*— Oh, do you think he is, Willis? Don't you think we ought to send for a physician?—That, and the cologne I gave him to drink. It's the brandy I poured on his head makes him smell so. And he all so exhausted he couldn't speak, and I didn't know what I was doing, either; but he's promised—oh yes, he's promised!—never, never to do it again." She again flings her arms about her husband, and then turns proudly to her brother.

Willis: "Do you know what it means, Aunt Mary?"

Mrs. Crashaw: "Not in the least! But I've no doubt that Edward can explain, after he's changed his linen—"

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, yes, do go, Edward! Not but what I should be proud and happy to have you appear just as you are before the whole world, if it was only to put Willis down with his jokes about your absent-mindedness, and his boasts about those California desperadoes of his."

Roberts: "Come, come, Agnes! I *must* protest against your—"

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, I know it doesn't become me to praise your courage, darling! But I should like to know what Willis would have done, with all his California experience, if a garroter had taken his watch?"

Willis: "I should have let him keep it, and pay five dollars a quarter himself for getting it cleaned and spoiled. Anybody but a literary man would. How many of them were there, Roberts?"

Roberts: "I only saw one."

Mrs. Roberts: "But of course there were more. How could he tell, in the dark and excitement? And the one he did see was a perfect giant; so you can imagine what the rest must have been like."

Willis: "Did you really knock him down?"

Mrs. Roberts: "Knock him down? Of course he did."

Mrs. Crashaw: "Agnes, *will* you hold your tongue, and let the men alone?"

Mrs. Roberts, whimpering: "I can't, Aunt Mary. And you couldn't, if it was yours."

Roberts: "I pulled him over backwards."

Mrs. Roberts: "There, Willis!"

Willis: "And grabbed your watch from him?"

Roberts: "I was in quite a frenzy; I really hardly knew what I was doing—"

Mrs. Roberts: "And he didn't call for the police, or anything—"

Willis: "Ah, that showed presence of mind! He knew it wouldn't have been any use."

Mrs. Roberts: "And when he had got his watch away from them, he just let them go, because they had families dependent on them."

Willis: "I should have let them go in the first place, but you behaved handsomely in the end, Roberts; there's no denying that. And when you came in she gave you cologne to drink, and poured brandy on your head. It must have revived you. I should think it would wake the dead."

Mrs. Roberts: "I was all excitement, Willis—"

Willis: "No, I should think from the fact that you had set the decanter here on the hearth, and put your cologne into the wood-box, you were perfectly calm, Agnes." He takes them up and hands them to her. "Quite as calm as usual." The door-bell rings.

Mrs. Crashaw: "Willis, *will* you let that ridiculous man go away and make himself presentable before people begin to come?" The bell rings violently, peal upon peal.

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, my goodness, what's that? It's the garroters—I know it is; and we shall all be murdered in our beds!"

Mrs. Crashaw: "What in the world can it—"

Willis: "Why don't your girl answer the bell, Agnes? Or I'll go, myself." The bell rings violently again.

Mrs. Roberts: "*No,* Willis, you sha'n't! Don't leave me, Edward! Aunt Mary!—Oh, if we *must* die, let us all die together! Oh, my poor children! Ugh! What's that?" The servant-maid opens the outer door, and uttering a shriek, rushes in through the drawing-room *portière.*

Bella, the Maid: "Oh, my goodness! Mrs. Roberts, it's Mr. Bemis!"

Mrs. Roberts: "Which Mr. Bemis?"

Roberts: "What's the matter with him?"

Mrs. Crashaw: "Why doesn't she show him in?"

Willis: "Has *he* been garroting somebody too?"

Mr. Bemis, appearing through the *portière:* "I—I beg your pardon, Mrs. Roberts. I oughtn't to present myself in this state—I— But I thought I'd better stop on

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"I'VE JUST BEEN ROBBED!"

my way home and report, so that my son needn't be alarmed at my absence when he comes. I—" He stops, exhausted, and regards the others with a wild stare, while they stand taking note of his disordered coat, his torn vest, and his tumbled hat. "I've just been robbed—"

Mrs. Roberts: "Robbed? Why, *Edward* has been robbed too."

Bemis: "—coming through the Common—"

Mrs. Roberts: "Yes, *Edward* was coming through the Common."

Bemis: "—of my watch—"

Mrs. Roberts, in rapturous admiration of the coincidence: "Oh, and it was Edward's *watch* they took!"

Willis: "It's a parallel case, Agnes.

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Pour him out a glass of cologne to drink, and rub his head with brandy. And you might let him sit down and rest while you're enjoying the excitement."

Mrs. Roberts, in hospitable remorse: "Oh, what am I thinking of! Here, Edward—or no, you're too weak, you mustn't. Willis, *you* help me to help him to the sofa."

Mrs. Crashaw: "I think you'd better help him off with his overcoat and his arctics." To the maid: "Here, Bella, if you haven't quite taken leave of your wits, undo his shoes."

Roberts: "*I'll* help him off with his coat—"

Bemis: "Careful! careful! I may be injured internally."

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, if you only *were*, Mr. Bemis, perhaps I could persuade Edward that he was too: I *know* he is. Edward, don't exert yourself! Aunt Mary, will you *stop* him, or do you all wish to see me go distracted here before your eyes?"

Willis, examining the overcoat which Roberts has removed: "Well, you won't have much trouble buttoning and unbuttoning this coat for the present."

Mr. Bemis: "They tore it open, and tore my watch from my vest pocket—"

Willis, looking at the vest: "I see. Pretty lively work. Were there many of them?"

Bemis: "There must have been two, at least—"

Mrs. Roberts: "There were half a dozen in the gang that attacked Edward."

Bemis: "One of them pulled me violently over on my back—"

Mrs. Roberts: "Edward's put *his* arm round his neck and choked him."

Mrs. Crashaw: "Agnes!"

Mrs. Roberts: "I *know* he did, Aunt Mary."

Bemis: "And the other tore my watch out of my pocket."

Mrs. Roberts: "*Edward's*—"

Mrs. Crashaw: "Agnes, I'm thoroughly ashamed of you. *Will* you stop interrupting?"

Bemis: "And left me lying in the snow."

Mrs. Roberts: "And then he ran after them, and snatched his watch away again in spite of them all; and he didn't call for the police, or anything, because it was their first offense, and he couldn't bear to think of their suffering families."

Bemis, with a stare of profound astonishment: "Who?"

Mrs. Roberts: "Edward. Didn't I *say* Edward, all the time?"

Bemis: "I thought you meant me. I didn't think of pursuing them; but you may be very sure that if there had been a policeman within call—of course there wasn't one within cannon-shot—I should have handed the scoundrels over without the slightest remorse."

Roberts: "Oh!" He sinks into a chair with a slight groan.

Willis: "What is it?"

Roberts: "'Sh! Don't say anything. But—stay here. I want to speak with you, Willis."

Bemis, with mounting wrath: "I should not have hesitated an instant to give the rascal in charge, no matter *who* was dependent upon him—no matter if he were my dearest friend, my own brother."

Roberts, under his breath: "Gracious powers!"

Bemis: "And while I am very sorry to disagree with Mr. Roberts, I can't help feeling that he made a great mistake in allowing the ruffians to escape."

Mrs. Crashaw, with severity: "I think you are quite right, Mr. Bemis."

Bemis: "Probably it was the same gang attacked us both. After escaping from Mr. Roberts they fell upon me."

Mrs. Crashaw: "I haven't a doubt of it."

Roberts, *sotto voce* to his brother-in-law: "I think I'll ask you to go with me to my room, Willis. Don't alarm Agnes, please. I—I feel quite faint."

Mrs. Roberts, crest-fallen: "I can't feel that Edward was to blame. Ed— Oh, I suppose he's gone off to make himself presentable. But Willis— Where's Willis, Aunt Mary?"

Mrs. Crashaw: "Probably gone with him to help him."

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, he *saw* how unstrung poor Edward was! Mr. Bemis, I think you're quite prejudiced. How could Edward help their escaping? I think it was quite enough for him, single-handed, to get his watch back." A ring at the door, and then a number of voices in the anteroom. "I do believe they're all there! I'll just run out and prepare your son. He would be dreadfully shocked if he came right in upon you." She runs into the anteroom, and is heard without: "Oh,

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Dr. Lawton! Oh, Lou, dear! *Oh*, Mr. Bemis! How can I ever tell you? Your poor father! No, no, I *can't* tell you! You mustn't ask me! It's too hideous! And you wouldn't believe me if I did."

Chorus of anguished voices: "What? what? what?"

Mrs. Roberts: "They've been robbed! Garroted on the Common! And, *oh*, Dr. Lawton, I'm so glad *you've* come! They're both injured internally, but I *wish* you'd look at Edward first."

Bemis: "Good heavens! Is that Mrs. Roberts's idea of preparing my son? And his poor young wife!" He addresses his demand to Mrs. Crashaw, who lifts the hands of impotent despair.

II.

In Mr. Roberts's dressing-room, that gentleman is discovered tragically confronting Mr. Willis Campbell, with a watch uplifted in either hand.

Willis: "Well?"

Roberts, gasping: "My—my watch!"

Willis: "Yes. How comes there to be two of it?"

Roberts: "Don't you understand? When I went out I—didn't take my watch—with me. I left it here on my bureau."

Willis: "Well?"

Roberts: "Oh, merciful heavens! don't you see? Then I couldn't have been robbed!"

Willis: "Well, but whose watch did you take from the fellow that didn't rob you, then?"

Roberts: "His own!" He abandons himself powerlessly upon a chair. "Yes: I left my own watch here, and when that person brushed against me in the Common, I missed it for the first time. I supposed he had robbed me, and ran after him, and—"

Willis: "Robbed *him!*"

Roberts: "Yes."

Willis: "Ah, ha, ha, ha! I, hi, hi, hi! O, ho, ho, ho!" He yields to a series of these gusts and paroxysms, bowing up and down, and stamping to and fro, and finally sits down exhausted, and wipes the tears from his cheeks. "Really, this thing will kill me. What are you going to do about it, Roberts?"

Roberts, with profound dejection and abysmal solemnity: "I don't know, Willis. Don't you see that it must have been—that I must have robbed—Mr. Bemis?"

Willis: "Bemis!" After a moment for tasting the fact. "Why, so it was! Oh, Lord! oh, Lord! And was poor old Bemis that burly ruffian? that blood-thirsty gang of giants? that—that—oh, Lord! oh, Lord!" He bows his head upon his chair back in complete exhaustion, demanding, feebly, as he gets breath for the successive questions, "What are you going to d-o-o-o? What shall you s-a-a-a-y? How can you expla-a-ain it?"

Roberts: "I can do nothing. I can say nothing. I can never explain it. I must go to Mr. Bemis and make a clean breast of it; but think of the absurdity—the ridicule!"

Willis, after a thoughtful silence: "Oh, it isn't *that* you've got to think of. You've got to think of the old gentleman's sense of injury and outrage. Didn't you hear what he said—that he would have handed over his dearest friend, his own brother, to the police?"

Roberts: But that was in the supposition that his dearest friend, his own brother, had intentionally robbed him. You can't imagine, Willis—"

Willis: "Oh, I can imagine a great many things. It's all well enough for you to say that the robbery was a mistake; but it was a genuine case of garroting, as far as the assault and taking the watch go. He's a very pudgicky old gentleman."

Roberts: "He is."

Willis: "And I don't see how you're going to satisfy him that it was all a joke. Joke? It *wasn't* a joke! It was a real assault and a *bona fide* robbery, and Bemis can prove it."

Roberts: "But he would never insist—"

Willis: "Oh, I don't know about that. He's pretty queer, Bemis is. You can't say what an old gentleman like that will or won't do. If he should choose to carry it into court—"

Roberts: "Court!"

Willis: "—it might be embarrassing. And anyway it would have a very strange look in the papers."

Roberts: "The papers! Good gracious!"

Willis: "Ten years from now, a man that heard you mentioned would forget all about the acquittal, and say: 'Roberts? Oh yes! Wasn't he the one they sent to the House of Correction for garroting an old friend of his on the Common?' You see it wouldn't do to go and make a clean breast of it to Bemis."

Roberts: "I see."

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Willis: "What will you do?"

Roberts: "I must never say anything to him about it. Just let it go."

Willis: "And keep his watch? I don't see how you could manage that. What would you do with the watch? You might sell it, of course—"

Roberts: "Oh no; I *couldn't* do that."

Willis: "You might give it away to some deserving person; but if it got him into trouble—"

Roberts: "No, no; that wouldn't do, either."

Willis: "And you can't have it lying around; Agnes would be sure to find it, sooner or later."

Roberts: "Yes."

Willis: "Besides, there's your conscience. Your conscience wouldn't *let* you keep Bemis's watch away from him. And if it would, what do you suppose Agnes's conscience would do when she came to find it out? Agnes hasn't got much of a head—the want of it seems to grow upon her; but she's got a conscience as big as the side of a house."

Roberts: "Oh, I see, I see."

Willis, coming up, and standing over him, with his hands in his pockets: "I tell you what, Roberts, you're in a box."

Roberts, abjectly: "I know it, Willis; I know it. What do you suggest? You *must* know some way out of it."

Willis: "It isn't a simple matter like telling them to start the elevator down when they couldn't start her up. I've got to think it over." He walks to and fro, Roberts's eyes helplessly following his movements. "How would it do to— No, that wouldn't do, either."

Roberts: "What wouldn't?"

Willis: "Nothing. I was just thinking— I say, you might— Or, no, you couldn't."

Roberts: "Couldn't what?"

Willis: "Nothing. But if you were to— No; up a stump that way too."

Roberts: "Which way? For mercy's sake, my dear fellow, don't seem to get a clew if you haven't it. It's more than I can bear." He rises and desperately confronts Willis in his promenade. "If you see any hope at all—"

Willis, stopping: "Why, if you were a different sort of fellow, Roberts, the thing would be perfectly easy."

Roberts: "Very well, then. What sort of fellow do you want me to be? I'll be any sort of fellow you like."

Willis: "Oh, but you couldn't! With that face of yours, and that confounded conscience of yours behind it, you would give away the whitest lie that was ever told."

Roberts: "Do you wish me to lie? Very well, then, I will lie. What is the lie?"

Willis: "Ah, now you're talking like a man! I can soon think up a lie, if you're game for it. Suppose it wasn't so very white? Say a delicate blonde?"

Roberts: "I shouldn't care if it were as black as the ace of spades."

Willis: "Roberts, I honor you! It isn't everybody who could steal an old gentleman's watch, and then be so ready to lie out of it. Well, you *have* got courage—both kinds—moral and physical."

Roberts: "Thank you, Willis. Of course I don't pretend that I should be willing to lie, under ordinary circumstances. But for the sake of Agnes and the children— I don't want any awkwardness about the matter; it would be the death of me. Well, what do you wish me to say? Be quick; I don't believe I could hold out for a great while. I don't suppose but what Mr. Bemis would be reasonable even if I—"

Willis: "I'm afraid we couldn't trust him. The only way is for you to take the bull by the horns."

Roberts: "Yes?"

Willis: "You will not only have to lie, Roberts, but you will have to wear an air of innocent candor at the same time."

Roberts: "I—I'm afraid I couldn't manage that. What is your idea?"

Willis: "Oh, just come into the room with a laugh, when we go back, and say, in an off-hand way: 'By-the-way, Agnes, Willis and I made a remarkable discovery in my dressing-room. We found my watch there on the bureau. Ha, ha, ha!' Do you think you could do it?"

Roberts: "I—I don't know."

Willis: "Try the laugh now."

Roberts: "I'd rather not—now."

Willis: "Well, try it, anyway."

Roberts: "Ha! ha! ha!"

Willis: "Once more."

Roberts: "Ha! ha! ha!"

Willis: "Pretty ghastly. But I guess you can come it."

Roberts: "I'll try. And then what?"

Willis: "And then you say: 'I hadn't put it on when I went out, and when I got after that fellow and took it back, I was

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simply getting somebody else's watch!' Then you hold out both watches to her, and laugh again. Everybody laughs, and crowds round you to examine the watches, and you make fun and crack jokes at your own expense all the time, and pretty soon old Bemis says: 'Why, this is *my* watch, *now!*' and you laugh more than ever—"

Roberts: "I'm afraid I couldn't laugh when he said that. I don't believe I could laugh. It would make my blood run cold."

Willis: "Oh no, it wouldn't. You'd be in the spirit of it by that time."

Roberts: "Do you think so? Well?"

Willis: "And then you say: 'Well, this is the most remarkable coincidence I ever heard of. I didn't get my own watch from the fellow, but I got yours, Mr. Bemis,' and then you hand it over to him, and say, 'Sorry I had to break the chain in getting it from him,' and then everybody laughs again, and—and that ends it."

Roberts, with a profound sigh: "Do you think that would end it?"

Willis: "Why, certainly. It'll put old Bemis in the wrong, don't you see? It'll show that instead of letting the fellow escape to go and rob *him*, you attacked him and took Bemis's property back from him yourself. Bemis wouldn't have a word to say. All you've got to do is to keep up a light, confident manner."

Roberts: "But what if it shouldn't put Bemis in the wrong? What if he shouldn't say or do anything that we've counted upon, but something altogether different?"

Willis: "Well, then, you must trust to inspiration, and adapt yourself to circumstances."

Roberts: "Wouldn't it be rather more of a joke to come out with the facts at once?"

Willis: "On you it would. And a year from now—say next Christmas—you could get the laugh on Bemis, that way. But if you were to risk it now, there's no telling how he'd take it. He's so indignant he might insist upon leaving the house. But with this plan of mine—"

Roberts, in despair: "I couldn't, Willis. I don't feel light, and I don't feel confident; and I couldn't act it. If it were a simple lie—"

Willis: "Oh, lies are never simple. They require the exercise of all your ingenuity. If you want something simple, you must stick to the truth, and throw yourself on Bemis's mercy."

Roberts, walking up and down in great distress: "I can't do it; I can't do it. It's very kind of you to think it all out for me; but"—struck by a sudden idea— "Willis, why shouldn't *you* do it?"

Willis: "I?"

Roberts: "You're good at those things. You have so much *aplomb*, you know. *You* could carry it off, you know, first-rate."

Willis, as if finding a certain fascination in the idea: "Well, I don't know—"

Roberts: "And I could chime in on the laugh. I think I could do that, if somebody else was doing the rest."

Willis, after a moment of silent reflection: "I *should* like to do it. I should like to see how old Bemis would look when I played it on him. Roberts! I *will* do it. Not a word! I should *like* to do it. Now you go on and hurry up your toilet, old fellow; you needn't mind me here. I'll be rehearsing."

Mrs. Roberts, knocking at the door, outside: "Edward, are you *never* coming?"

Roberts: "Yes, yes; I'll be there in a minute, my dear."

Willis: "Yes, he'll be there. Run along back, and keep it going till we come. Roberts, I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for this chance."

Roberts: "I'm glad you like it."

Willis: "Like it? Of course I do. Or, no! Hold on! Wait! It won't do! No; you must take the leading part, and I'll support you, and I'll come in strong if you break down. That's the way we have got to work it. You must make the start."

Roberts: "Couldn't you make it better, Willis? It's your idea."

Willis: "No; they'd be sure to suspect me, and they can't suspect you of anything—you're so innocent. The illusion will be complete!"

Roberts, very doubtfully: "Do you think so?"

Willis: "Yes. Hurry up. Let me unbutton that collar for you."

III.

Mrs. Roberts, surrounded by her guests, and confronting from her sofa Mr. Bemis, who still remains sunken in his arm-chair, has apparently closed an exhaustive recital of the events which have ended in his presence there. She looks round with a mixed air of self-denial and self-satisfaction to read the admiration of her listeners in their sympathetic countenances.

Dr. Lawton, with an ironical sigh of

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"SHE LOOKS FONDLY UP INTO THE FACE OF HER HUSBAND FOR APPROVAL."

profound impression: "Well, Mrs. Roberts, you are certainly the most lavishly hospitable of hostesses. Every one knows what delightful dinners you give; but these little dramatic episodes which you offer your guests, by way of appetizer, are certainly unique. Last year an elevator stuck in the shaft with half the company in it, and this year a highway robbery, its daring punishment and its reckless repetition—what the newspapers will call 'A Triple Mystery' when it gets to them—and both victims among our commensals! Really, I don't know what more we could ask of you, unless it were the foot padded foot-pad himself as a commensal. If this sort of thing should become *de rigueur* in society generally, I don't know what's to become of people who haven't your invention."

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, it's all very well to make fun, now, Dr. Lawton; but if you had been here when they first came in—"

Young Mrs. Bemis: "Yes, indeed, I think so too, Mrs. Roberts. If Mr. Bemis —Alfred, I mean—and papa hadn't been

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with me when you came out there to prepare us, I don't know what I should have done. I should certainly have died, or gone through the floor." She looks fondly up into the face of her husband for approval, where he stands behind her chair, and furtively gives him her hand for pressure.

Young Mr. Bemis: "Somebody ought to write to the Curwens — Mrs. Curwen, that is—about it."

Mrs. Bemis, taking away her hand: "Oh, yes, papa, *do* write!"

Lawton: "I will, my dear. Even Mrs. Curwen, dazzling away in another sphere —hemisphere—and surrounded by cardinals and all the other celestial lights there at Rome, will be proud to exploit this new evidence of American enterprise. I can fancy the effect she will produce with it."

Mrs. Roberts: "And the Millers—what a shame they couldn't come! How excited they would have been!—that is, Mrs. Miller. Is their baby very bad, Doctor?"

Lawton: "Well, vaccination is always a very serious thing—with a first child. I should say, from the way Mrs. Miller feels about it, that Miller wouldn't be able to be out for a week to come yet."

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, how ridiculous you are, Doctor!"

Bemis, rising feebly from his chair: "Well, now that it's all explained, Mrs. Roberts, I think I'd better go home; and if you'll kindly have them telephone for a carriage—"

Mrs. Roberts: "*No*, indeed, Mr. Bemis! We shall not let you go. Why, the *idea!* You must stay and take dinner with us, just the same."

Bemis: "But in this state—"

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, never mind the *state.* You look perfectly well; and if you insist upon going I shall know that you bear a grudge against Edward for not arresting him. Wait! We can put you in perfect order in just a second." She flies out of the room, and then comes swooping back with a needle and thread, a fresh white neck-tie, a handkerchief, and a hair-brush. "There! I can't let you go to Edward's dressing-room, because he's there himself, and the children are in mine, and we've had to put the new maid in the guest chamber—you *are* rather cramped in flats, that's true; that's the worst of them—but if you don't mind having your toilet made in public, like the King of France—"

Bemis, entering into the spirit of it: "Not the least, but—" He laughs, and drops back into his chair.

Mrs. Roberts, distributing the brush to young Mr. Bemis, and the tie to his wife, and dropping upon her knees before Mr. Bemis: "Now, Mrs. Lou, you just whip off that crumpled tie and whip on the fresh one, and, *Mister* Lou, you give his hair a touch, and I'll have this torn button-hole mended before you can think." She seizes it and begins to sew vigorously upon it.

Mrs. Crashaw: "Agnes, you are the most ridiculously sensible woman in the country."

Lawton, standing before the group, with his arms folded and his feet well apart, in an attitude of easy admiration: "The Wounded Adonis, attended by the Loves and Graces. Familiar Pompeiian fresco."

Mrs. Roberts, looking around at him: "I don't see a great many Loves."

Lawton: "She ignores us, Mrs. Crashaw. And after what you've just said!"

Mrs. Roberts: "Then why don't you do something?"

Lawton: "The Loves *never* do anything — in frescoes. They stand round and sympathize. Besides, we are waiting to administer an anæsthetic. But what I admire in this subject even more than the activity of the Graces is the serene dignity of the Adonis. I have seen my old friend in many trying positions, but I never realized till now all the simpering absurdity, the flattered silliness, the senile coquettishness, of which his benign countenance was capable."

Mrs. Roberts: "Don't mind him a bit, Mr. Bemis; it's nothing but—"

Lawton: "Pure envy. I own it."

Bemis: "All right, Lawton. Wait till—"

Mrs. Roberts, making a final stitch, snapping off the thread, and springing to her feet, all in one: "There! Have you finished, Mr. and Mrs. Lou? Well, then, take this lace handkerchief, and draw it down from his neck and pin it in his waistcoat, and you have—"

Lawton, as Mr. Bemis rises to his feet: "A Gentleman of the Old School. Bemis, you look like a miniature of yourself by Malbone. Rather flattered, but — recognizable."

Bemis, with perfectly recovered gayety: "Go on, go on, Lawton. I can understand your envy. I can pity it."

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Lawton: "Could you forgive Roberts for not capturing the garroter?"

Bemis: "Yes, I could. I could give the garroter his liberty, and present him with an admission to the Provident Wood-yard, where he could earn an honest living for his family."

Lawton, compassionately: "You *are* pretty far gone, Bemis. Really, I think somebody ought to go for Roberts."

Mrs. Roberts, innocently: "Yes, indeed! Why, what in the world can be keeping him?" A nurse-maid enters and beckons Mrs. Roberts to the door with a glance. She runs to her; they whisper; and then Mrs. Roberts, over her shoulder: "That ridiculous great boy of mine says he can't go to sleep unless I come and kiss him good-night."

Lawton: "Which ridiculous great boy, I wonder?—Roberts, or Campbell? But I didn't know they had gone to bed!"

Mrs. Bemis: "You're too bad, papa! You know it's little Neddy."

Mrs. Roberts, vanishing: "Oh, I don't mind his nonsense, Lou. I'll fetch them both back with me."

Lawton, after making a melodramatic search for concealed listeners at the doors: "Now, friends, I have a revelation to make in Mrs. Roberts's absence. I have found out the garroter—the assassin."

All the others: "What!"

Lawton: "He has been secured—"

Mrs. Crashaw, severely: "Well, I'm very glad of it."

Young Bemis: "By the police?"

Mrs. Bemis, incredulously: "Papa!"

Bemis: "But there were several of them. Have they all been arrested?"

Lawton: "There was only one, and none of him has been arrested."

Mrs. Crashaw: "Where is he, then?"

Lawton: "In this house."

Mrs. Crashaw: "Now, Dr. Lawton, you and I are old friends—I shouldn't like to say *how* old—but if you don't instantly be serious, I—I'll carry my rheumatism to somebody else."

Lawton: "My *dear* Mrs. Crashaw, you know how much I prize that rheumatism of yours! I will be serious—I will be only too serious. The garroter is Mr. Roberts himself."

All, horror struck: "Oh!"

Lawton: "He went out without his watch. He thought he was robbed, but he wasn't. He ran after the supposed thief, our poor friend Bemis here, and took Bemis's watch away, and brought it home for his own."

Young Bemis: "Yes, but—"

Mrs. Bemis: "But, papa—"

Bemis: "How do you know it? I can see how such a thing might happen, but—how do you know it *did*?"

Lawton: "I divined it."

Mrs. Crashaw: "Nonsense!"

Lawton: "Very well, then, I read of just such a case in the *Advertiser* a year ago. It occurs annually—in the newspapers. And I'll tell you what, Mrs. Crashaw—Roberts found out his mistake as soon as he went to his dressing-room; and that ingenious nephew of yours, who's closeted with him there, has been trying to put him up to something—to some game."

Mrs. Crashaw: "Willis has too much sense. He would know that Edward couldn't carry out any sort of game."

Lawton: "Well, then, he's getting Roberts to let *him* carry out the game."

Mrs. Crashaw: "Edward couldn't do that, either."

Lawton: "Very well, then, just wait till they come back. Will you leave me to deal with Campbell?"

Mrs. Crashaw: "What are you going to do?"

Young Bemis: "You mustn't forget that he got us out of the elevator, sir."

Mrs. Bemis: "We might have been there yet if it hadn't been for him, papa."

Mrs. Crashaw: "I shouldn't want Willis mortified."

Bemis: "Nor Mr. Roberts annoyed. We're fellow-sufferers in this business."

Lawton: "Oh, leave it to me, leave it to me! I'll spare their feelings. Don't be afraid. Ah, there they come! Now don't say anything. I'll just step into the anteroom here."

Roberts, entering the room before Campbell, and shaking hands with his guests: "Ah, Mr. Bemis; Mrs. Bemis; Aunt Mary! You've heard of our comical little coincidence—our—Mr. Bemis and my—" He halts, confused, and looks around for the moral support of Willis, who follows hilariously.

Willis: "Greatest joke on record! But I won't spoil it for you, Roberts. Go on!" In a low voice to Roberts: "And don't look so confoundedly down in the mouth. They won't think it's a joke at all."

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Roberts, with galvanic lightness: "Yes, yes—*such* a joke! Well, you see—you see—"

Mrs. Crashaw: "See *what*, Edward? *Do* get it out!"

Willis, jollily: "Ah, ha, ha!"

Roberts, lugubriously: "Ah, ha, ha!"

Mrs. Bemis: "How funny! Ha, ha, ha!"

Young Mr. Bemis: "Capital! capital!"

Mr. Bemis: "Excellent!"

Willis: "Go on, Roberts, do! or I shall die! Ah, ha, ha!"

Roberts, in a low voice of consternation to Willis: "Where was I? I can't go on unless I know where I was."

Willis, *sotto voce* to Roberts: "You weren't anywhere! For Heaven's sake, make a start!"

Roberts, to the others, convulsively: "Ha, ha, ha! I supposed all the time, you know, that I had been robbed, and—and—"

Willis: "Go on! *go* on!"

Roberts, whispering: "I can't do it!"

Willis, whispering: "You've *got* to! You're the beaver that clomb the tree. Laugh naturally, now!"

Roberts, with a staccato groan, which he tries to make pass for a laugh: "And then I ran after the man—" He stops, and regards Mr. Bemis with a ghastly stare.

Mrs. Crashaw: "What is the matter with you, Edward? Are you sick?"

Willis: "Sick? No! Can't you see that he can't get over the joke of the thing? It's killing him." To Roberts: "Brace up, old man! You're doing it splendidly."

Roberts, hopelessly: "And then the other man—the man that had robbed me—the man that I had pursued—ugh!"

Willis: "Well, it *is* too much for him. I shall have to tell it myself, I see."

Roberts, making a wild effort to command himself: "And so—so—this man—man—ma—"

Willis: "Oh, good Lord—" Dr. Lawton suddenly appears from the anteroom and confronts him. "Oh, the devil!"

Lawton, folding his arms, and fixing his eyes upon him: "Which means that you forgot I was coming."

Willis: "Doctor, you read a man's symptoms at a glance."

Lawton: "Yes; and I can see that you are in a bad way, Mr. Campbell."

Willis: "Why don't you advertise, Doctor? Patients need only inclose a lock of their hair, and the color of their eyes, with one dollar to pay the cost of materials, which will be sent, with full directions for treatment, by return mail. Seventh son of a seventh son."

Lawton: "Ah, don't try to jest it away, my poor friend. This is one of those obscure diseases of the heart—induration of the pericardium—which, if not taken in time, result in deceitfulness above all things, and desperate wickedness."

Willis: "Look here, Dr. Lawton, what are you up to?"

Lawton: "Look here, Mr. Campbell, what is your little game?"

Willis: "*I* don't know what you're up to." He shrugs his shoulders and walks up the room.

Lawton, shrugging his shoulders and walking up the room abreast of Campbell: "*I* don't know what your little game is." They return together, and stop, confronting each other.

Willis: "But if you think I'm going to give myself away—"

Lawton: "If you suppose I'm going to take you at your own figure—" They walk up the room together, and return as before.

Willis: "Mrs. Bemis, what is this unnatural parent of yours after?"

Mrs. Bemis, tittering: "Oh, I'm sure *I* can't tell."

Willis: "Aunt Mary, you used to be a friend of mine. Can't you give me some sort of clew?"

Mrs. Crashaw: "I should be ashamed of you, Willis, if you accepted anybody's help."

Willis, sighing: "Well, this is pretty hard on an orphan. Here I come to join a company of friends at the fireside of a burgled brother-in-law, and I find myself in a nest of conspirators." Suddenly, after a moment: "Oh, *I* understand. Why, I ought to have seen at once. But no matter—it's just as well. I'm sure that we shall hear Dr. Lawton leniently, and make allowance for his well-known foible. Roberts is bound by the laws of hospitality, and Mr. Bemis is the father-in-law of his daughter."

Mrs. Bemis, in serious dismay: "Why, Mr. Campbell, what do you mean?"

Willis: "Simply that the mystery is solved—the double garroter is discovered. I'm sorry for you, Mrs. Bemis; and no one will wish to deal harshly with your fa-

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ther when he confesses that it was he who robbed Mr. Roberts and Mr. Bemis. All that they ask is to have their watches back. Go on, Doctor! How will that do, Aunt Mary, for a little flyer?"

Mrs. Crashaw: "Willis, I declare I never saw anybody like you!" She embraces him with joyous pride.

Roberts, coming forward, anxiously: "But, my dear Willis—"

Willis, clapping his hand over his mouth, and leading him back to his place: "We can't let you talk now. I've no doubt you'll be considerate, and all that, but Dr. Lawton has the floor. Go on, Doctor! Free your mind! Don't be afraid of telling the whole truth! It will be better for you in the end." He rubs his hands gleefully, and then thrusting the points of them into his waistcoat pockets, stands beaming triumphantly upon Lawton.

Lawton: "Do you think so?" With well-affected trepidation: "Well, friends, if I must confess this—this—"

Willis: "High-handed outrage. Go on."

Lawton: "I suppose I must. I shall not expect mercy for myself — perhaps you'll say that, as an old and hardened offender, I don't deserve it. But I had an accomplice—a young man very respectably connected, and who, whatever his previous life may have been, had managed to keep a good reputation; a young man a little apt to be misled by overweening vanity and the ill-advised flattery of his friends; but I hope that neither of you gentlemen will be hard upon him, but will consider his youth, and perhaps his congenital moral and intellectual deficiencies, even when you find your watches—on Mr. Campbell's person." He leans forward, rubbing his hands, and smiling upon Campbell. "How will that do, Mr. Campbell, for a flyer?"

Willis, turning to Mrs. Crashaw: "One ahead, Aunt Mary?"

Lawton, clasping him by the hand: "No, generous youth: even!" They shake hands, clapping each other on the back with their lefts, and joining in the general laugh.

Bemis, coming forward, jovially: "Well, now, I gladly forgive you both —or whoever *did* rob me—if you'll only give me back my watch."

Willis: "*I* haven't got your watch."

Lawton: "Nor I."

Roberts, rather faintly, and coming reluctantly forward: "I—I have it, Mr. Bemis." He produces it from one waistcoat pocket and hands it to Bemis. Then, visiting the other: "And what's worse, I have my own. I don't know how I can ever explain it, or atone to you for my extraordinary behavior. Willis thought you might finally see it as a joke, and I've done my best to pass it off lightly—"

Willis: "And you succeeded. You had all the lightness of a sick hippopotamus."

Roberts: "I'm afraid so. I'll have the chain mended, of course. But when I went out this evening I left my watch on my dressing-table, and when you struck against me in the Common I missed it, and supposed I had been robbed, and I ran after you and took yours—"

Willis: "Being a man of the most violent temper and the most desperate courage—"

Roberts: "But I hope, my dear sir, that I didn't hurt you seriously."

Bemis: "Not at all—not the least." Shaking him cordially by both hands: "I'm all right. Mrs. Roberts has healed all my wounds with her skillful needle; I've got on one of your best neck-ties, and this lace handkerchief of your wife's, which I'm going to keep for a souvenir of the most extraordinary adventure of my life—"

Lawton: "Oh, it's an old newspaper story, Bemis, I tell you."

Willis: "Well, Aunt Mary, I wish Agnes were here now to see Roberts in his character of *moral* hero. He 'done' it with his little hatchet, but he waited to make sure that Bushrod was all right before he owned up."

Mrs. Roberts, appearing: "Who, Willis?"

Willis: "A very great and good man: George Washington."

Mrs. Roberts: "I thought you meant Edward."

Willis: "Well, I don't suppose there *is* much difference."

Mrs. Crashaw: "The robber has been caught, Agnes."

Mrs. Roberts: "Caught? Nonsense! You don't mean it! How can you trifle with such a subject? I know you are joking! Who is it?"

Young Bemis: "You never could guess—"

Mrs. Bemis: "Never in the world!"

Mrs. Roberts: "I don't wish to. But

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oh, Mr. Bemis, I've just come from my own children, and you must be merciful to his family!"

Bemis: "For your sake, dear lady, I will."

Bella, between the *portières:* "Dinner is ready, Mrs. Roberts."

Mrs. Roberts, passing her hand through Mr. Bemis's arm: "Oh, then you must go in with me, and tell me all about it."

Editor's Easy Chair.

WILSON FLAGG is one of the most charming of our observers of nature, and also one of the most unknown. He lived in the neighborhood of Boston, and was engaged in business in that city, and died a few years go. "Though once a student of Harvard College," he says, in his *Woods and Byways of New England*, "I am not a graduate; and though in my early manhood for many years a contributor to the political press, I have never been an editor nor a politician. I have lived entirely without honors, and have never rejected any." His books are records of the delightful details and of the general aspect of woods and fields; but he says of the one to which we have alluded: "My book differs from learned works as Lavater's *Physiognomy* differs from Cheselden's *Anatomy*, or as a lover's description of his lady's hand would differ from Bell's anatomical description of it." He is less "subjective" in his observation than Thoreau, but he was not a less faithful student of rural arcana.

"When November arrives," he says, "leading along with it the short days and the darkness of winter, it opens the windows of the deep woods, pervaded all summer by a sort of artificial twilight." He proceeds to describe and explain the Indian summer, a mellow season, which, despite the soft days of latter October, "belongs to November, and is only a relic of the past." There is one consolation, however, in "the fall" of the year which Flagg does not mention, and which cheers the sadness that Coleridge felt in the autumn. As the leaves redden and drop and whirl in the chill gusts, and the asters and gentians prolong a little the floral splendor of the summer, and the hue of the hills sobers into brown, and the pyramids of apples in the orchard, and the stooks of corn like Indian camps upon the hill-sides, and the now infrequent but not altogether silent "beat of the thresher's flail"—which struck so impressively upon Goethe's ear and imagination—proclaim unquestionable autumn, they say not only that summer is gone, but that Christmas is coming.

Like a voyager coasting along the continent by day, to whom, as one headland is rounded, another appears, and by night, as one light is passed, another "little candle throws its beams" across the dark waters, so, circling the year, as the flowers leave us, the fruits appear, and as the summer holidays vanish, Christmas begins to rise, the noblest festival of all. As He whom it commemorates cheered the shrinking spirit and gathering shadow of declining life with the promise of a brighter day, so prospective Christmas, with its high-blazing fires and generous good-will, consumes the melancholy of autumn; and the Indian summer, which closes with tranquil warmth and tenderly luminous air the pageant of the year, may well seem the promise and dawn of that most happy season which itself forecasts celestial joys.

The word to describe Christmas is the word cheerful. In its strictest, fullest, and most generous sense it is cheerful Christmas. It is the day of good cheer for soul and body, and the delights of good living upon this happy day merely symbolize the spiritual joy which attends it. Consequently it is not the ascetic nor the pietist who most truly appreciates it, but the man who as fully enjoys this world as he reverently hopes to enjoy a better.

The irresistible tendency to cheerfulness which was suppressed by the laws of the English Puritan commonwealth against Christmas burst out again in the New England Thanksgiving. This was a Puritan Christmas, an autumnal Christmas, and in New England it has gathered around itself much of the traditional observance of the older day.

There is a sly stroke of humor in Edmund Quincy's capital sketch of "an octogenary fifty years since," which represents Thanksgiving as a conqueror, the junior feast-day bearing off the savory spoils of the elder branch. A young under-graduate at Harvard, not long after the Revolution, pays a visit of duty to a venerable friend of the family at some distance from Boston, and there eats his Thanksgiving dinner. The abounding banquet is described with the gusto of an æsthetic gourmet, and after the preposterous excess of tautog and roast turkey and beef *à la mode* and boiled chickens "oystered," and jellied venison and wild-ducks and partridges and lesser game had paid due tribute and passed along, at last "the table is cleared, and anxious expectation sits impatient on every brow. A pause ensues. The door opens, and lo! he comes, the Pudding of the Plum—Thanksgiving Day's acknowledged chief. He comes attended, conqueror-like, by the dethroned monarch of Christmas Day, Mince Pie, who follows crest-fallen in his triumphal train.

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Apple Pie, too, rears his 'honest, soncy face,' in sturdy yeoman pride. Custard, no longer 'blasphemed through the nose,' receives the respectful deference due to fallen greatness. And thou, Pumpkin Pie, my country's boast, when I forget thee, may my right hand forget its cunning! And Squash Pie, too, when I refuse to celebrate thy praise, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!"

This eulogy of dainty dishes might be Choctaw to Brillat-Savarin, and Ude might stare at the barbaric *menu*. But the passage shows how in the mind of a New England humorist Thanksgiving may have appropriated the honors of Christmas, which to him, scholar and gentleman, is apparently no more than King James the Pretender to Captain John Gilpin of the Georgian era. With fine audacity or absolving innocence our author blithely lays hands upon the very symbol of old Christmas, the Pudding of the Plum, and gravely and with an absolute air of indisputability, as if announcing an axiom of mathematics, declares it to be "Thanksgiving Day's acknowledged chief." What a delightful derangement of epitaphs and whimsical confusion of ideas! This humorous iconoclast might as well have robbed Michaelmas of its goose and given it to Martinmas, or bestowed the pancakes of Shrove-Tuesday upon the modest Ember-days, or garlanded the eve of St. Sylvester with Easter-eggs, or celebrated gracious Whitsuntide with hot cross-buns, as have stripped Christmas of its peculiar and distinctive gustatory delight and bestowed it upon any other day, even were it so meritorious as Thanksgiving.

How ready, nevertheless, Edmund Quincy would have been to maintain his thesis, and how dexterously he would have done it! He would willingly have nailed it upon any dining-room door, and defied all comers. He had always a reason for his faith, and in debates of this dainty kind his quiver of facts was full. A charming *bonhomie*, a certain tenderness of feeling, a racy vigor, and a high-bred courtesy, with a keen relish for the quaint and romantic aspects of old New England life and history, a highly cultivated taste and generous literary accomplishment, with a pleasant humor suffusing all, and a conscious exquisiteness of style in writing—these all belonged to Edmund Quincy. He was a man for a Christmas guest or a Christmas host. No man at table or by the fire would have told a merrier jest in a happier way, and with that sense of mirthful appreciation which causes everybody else to enjoy. It would have been a nimble wit which excelled his repartee, and a readier memory that outstripped his in apt allusion and happy quotation.

Mr. Quincy lived pleasantly at Dedham, in Massachusetts, a country gentleman of leisure, but whose leisure was devoted to the society of the most accomplished among his contemporaries, and to constant intercourse with the best authors, especially in English literature. He wrote a great deal, much in the form of correspondence, and in files of the *Antislavery Standard* and of the New York *Tribune* thirty years ago his letters are among the most delightful portions of these old journals. His best-known work is the life of his father, Josiah Quincy, which has no superior in American political biography. Mr. Quincy was a grandson of the famous Josiah of the early Revolution, the friend of Adams and Warren and Hancock. He was honorably proud of his lineage. No gentleman of the old French court felt more truly than he that *noblesse oblige*, and, like Lafayette in the Revolution, he was one of the first of those who were accounted gentlemen in New England to offer his services to the antislavery cause.

When the work was done he relapsed with satisfaction into his secluded and studious life, sharing all tranquil social pleasures with the utmost zest, the freshness of his interest in life unworn, and with the promise of a long and bright Indian summer of age. But one day, returning to his home from the library in Boston in which so many of his golden hours were spent, he suddenly died. In a singularly beautiful sonnet Lowell has embalmed his memory, who yet lives always a man of the most cheerful refinement of mind and manner and aspect to those who knew him.

There was another man of Quincy's time, but not of his kind, the friend of his friends, if not his own friend, whom this Christmas will not see. He had none of Quincy's leisurely spirit, no humorous delight in the good cheer of the body which the Christmas season suggests and brings again. The life of William Page was a life of spiritual enthusiasm and untiring devotion to the high ideal of his art. It was truly the artist's life as it is felt and described by Browning:

"I could have painted pictures like that youth's
Ye praise so—"

Fascinated by the great works of the great painters, he sought long and unweariedly the secret of that superb color, that divine glow, which has been the inspiration and the despair of generations of artists. How much of that mellow brilliancy which is the splendor of the Venetians he caught and transferred to his own canvas, those best know who are most intelligently familiar with his works. But he never rested. He was Emerson's "endless experimenter," and some of his finest portraits, painted according to his method of the moment, have gradually darkened and are practically extinct.

But the noble enthusiasm to which the reverent pursuit of expression in art is a religion and not a trade, if it kept him always poor, made him always young, and was as fresh at threescore and ten, and in the feebleness of illness, as it had been in the youth of the pupil at the Academy. He walked hand in hand with poetry as with painting. Familiar with

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the sonnets of Shakespeare as with the portraits of Titian, he lived among men rapt in that high ideal world

"Whose light doth trample on our days."

If it was pathetic to see how far he fell short, in his own estimate, of the excellence that he revered, it was inspiring and re-assuring to human nature to watch a devotion so absolute, and so invincible a faith. But of Page it is true, as of so many men of the finest nature, that his works, however beautiful and valuable, are but glimpses and gleams of a genius which leaves no adequate expression.

So the Christmas season recalls those who shall hear its cheerful greeting no more.

"With trembling fingers did we weave
The holly round the Christmas hearth."

It restores, not mournfully, the figures of those of its own spirit, lay preachers in their lives and works of its lofty fervor of faith, of its humane and happy gospel. With all its social delight they are associated, and at the Christmas feast, if at no other, the old tale told of the spiritual Swedenborgians is made true, and a plate is set for the invisible guest. So also Thackeray sings in his Christmas hymn to the Mahogany Tree:

"Evenings we knew
Happy as this;
Faces we miss,
Pleasant to see.
Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust!
We sing round the tree."

The tender singer himself also is gone, a quarter of a century ago! His face, too, is missed. The evenings we knew which he made so happy are vanished. But how many an evening he still makes happy, and how many have discovered that the man whom they thought so bitterly satirical was both gentle and just!

These are the inevitable minors in the cheerful Christmas hymn. But they make it all the richer and more alluring, like the mellow shadows of clouds upon a sun-lit hill. Who sits at an anniversary dinner without recalling those who sat there before, and snatching from memory a finer zest? Who listens to Gerster or Patti or Nilsson and does not hear other voices and see other forms than theirs? Who watches the lovely maiden of the moment moving to music across the floor that does not murmur as he remembers, It may teach a maid modesty to know that her mother was fairer? The Christmas of to-day is richer by the Christmas of yesterday and of all the past years, and its cheer is more deeply cheerful because of happiness remembered. It is with those kind hearts and true that we sit down to table, and the sorrow that we shall see them no more is not so deep as the delight that once we knew them.

Tradition undoubtedly touches Christmas, as it touches all things, with a wand of magic. Under that spell we are apt to think that we are belated in time, and lag behind the procession which has already passed on. There is a vaguely regretful feeling that our Christmas is only a pleasant reminiscence, and with a natural self-deception we imagine the Christmas that Irving describes to have been universal in an earlier and happier day. The ballad of the "Old and Young Courtier" portrays the hearty customs of a time which always seems a golden age to a later time. But was the old courtier, then, so much nobler than the new? Is it the grandfather who is the paragon and the grandson the scapegrace? Alas, melancholy moralist, was not the grandsire himself a grandson? It is the distance that enchants. The purple is upon the hills of the horizon, not upon the road-side bank. In the tender backward vista of what might have been, the Judge sees Maud Muller raking hay. But had he married her, would heaven have come down to earth?

The young courtier need not lose heart because

"With a good old fashion, when Christmas was come,
To call in all his old neighbors with bagpipe and drum;
With good cheer enough to furnish every old room,
And liquor enough to make a cat speak and man dumb,
Like an old courtier of the Queen's,
And the Queen's old courtier."

The old courtier still lives, and this is the Christmas spirit and practice which still survive. Other great days have their becoming observance, and we have already hinted at the particular form of good cheer that belongs to other festivals of the Church, and there are the kindred rites of palms upon Palm-Sunday and flowers at Easter. But Christmas includes all these—the nectar and ambrosia, the blossoms and green branches, the music of bells and choirs, the sports by the fireside and under the mistletoe—and adds to them all the interchange of gifts. The giving on New-Year's Day is but a reflected light. The true glory of gift-giving belongs to Christmas.

And what is this also but a symbol of the fraternal feeling which makes it a day of cheerful memory as well as of present pleasure? Greater love hath no man than this, that a man should lay down his life for his friend. The happy day commemorates that love. The gift is a sign of love. The whispering of the children, before light on Christmas morning, feeling for the bounty of Santa Claus in the stocking, a low laughing and murmuring like the bubbling chirp of birds in the summer dawn—what is it but anticipation and delight over the signs of a love that does not fail? It is the day of love, and love instinctively gives itself to the loved. The old courtier calls in his old neighbors and gives them good cheer at table. But young

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and old give mutual good cheer in exchanging gifts. It is the cheerful day of all the year.

Even the Magazine, which hopes to bring a kind of Christmas every month by banishing every kind of controversy, and promoting by innocent and refining pleasure peace and good-will, puts on a special Christmas aspect for Christmas Day, and gives its constant good cheer the flavor of the season. It is a familiar friend, but in holiday garb. As in Russia, on Easter morning, the universal greeting is, "Christ is risen," so on this day the Monthly says on every page, "Christ is born." And everywhere on this day, in the general feeling, in the signs of universal holiday, the refrain is echoed. In the generous sympathy which shows itself in gifts that feed the body and touch the heart, in sweet and chastening memories—

"Our voices took a higher range;
Once more we sang, 'They do not die,
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,
Nor change to us, although they change'"—

in secret regret for a thousand weaknesses, in secret vows for nobler living, it is still the true Christmas greeting, "Christ is born."

Editor's Drawer.

CONGRESS has never legislated to protect the mistletoe or the holly, though it is perfectly well known that these holiday plants, which are much more necessary to Christmas than eggnog, find their way over here from England in considerable quantities, and take the place of our American varieties. This neglect is defended by the Congressmen who give so much time to the study of botany in our Agricultural Department upon the ground that no amount of duties would change the character of our native plants. It is assumed that a moderate protection, not for revenue, but to satisfy the American sentiment, would not give to our holly (which is already a respectable plant in Virginia and elsewhere) the very glossy leaves and the very brilliant scarlet berries of the English growth. It is perfectly well known that the grape (wine being well protected) by long cultivation here becomes refined and purged of those gross, earthy, highly fruity qualities which connoisseurs (when they have seen the label) so much detest in wine. But whatever effect legislation would have on the American holly, the plant as it grows is adequate to express the American Christmas sentiment. With the mistletoe the case is still stronger. It is of no consequence that this mystic parasite, which flourishes so abundantly along our Southern coast, is not the veritable *viscum album* that the Druids handled with so much solemn mummery. It is a perfectly respectable mistletoe, with a virgin white berry, and answers every purpose of the other. The young lady, when she inadvertently stands in the doorway under the mistletoe bough, is not thinking whether it is a *viscum album*, and the kiss which the young gentleman steals, by immemorial right, is just as sweet as if it were called by any other name. He is a thief, whose sins are forgiven by fore-ordination, although he does not know that the plant is a *phoradendron*.

The Drawer would not escape, if it could, the sentiment attached to the English holly and mistletoe, and it would like very well at Christmas to mingle the American and English varieties in token of international kindness and the universality of the highest festival of the Christian year. But it is not sorry to see growing a strong American sentiment, not boastful or bumptious, but one of satisfaction in things American. And Christmas, with its overflowing good-will, is a good season to indulge it. It happens that the holly flourishes with more beauty and vigor in the South than in the North, and that the mistletoe likes the flavoring air of the Gulf States. The South is thus able to contribute something essential, in our traditions, to the Christmas festivities; and the North, in taking it, is conscious that the great country is our country, having in its vast domain all that national pride or sentiment or necessity can wish. In the period of alienation the two sections, it seems, were in a kind of vegetable ignorance of each other's capacities to satisfy the finer sentiments of each. The North thought it must go to England for its annual romance of the holly and the mistletoe. Now, with a better understanding, it knows that the united country contains all that even poetry can demand for the great festival. The Drawer, which never has any concealed motive, frankly confesses that the object of this paper is to induce the North to send to the South for its Christmas decorations. It is the little things of life, the little acts of kindness, the little exchanges of courtesy and confidence, that most bind people together. And the day has come—has it not?—in the United States, when nothing is lacking to the perfect unity in sentiment and national pride on Christmas Day. See! As the morning dawns which means peace and good-will among all Christian peoples, the South hangs up the mistletoe bough, and stands under it in the doorway, looking neither south, nor east, nor west, nor north, but just looking in maiden unconsciousness, Christmas-like; and the North—well, the North, if the Drawer knows it, just

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accepts the challenge like a gallant gentleman, glad to find a good enough *viscum album* at home.

A CHRISTMAS LAMENT.

It was a very inclement Christmas week, and I wondered how Aunt Mahaly and Uncle Pete were getting along. Picking up a few cold remains from our own delicacies, it did not take very long to reach their shanty in the suburbs of Richmond. Quite a respectable volume of smoke was issuing from their chimney, and on entering, it was indicated to my olfactory nerve that they would feast on cabbage if nothing more. Two fresh tallow dips, trimmed with fancy papers, adorned the mantel-piece, and a bunch of scraggy evergreens and holly berries in a broken china vase suggested the festive season. Uncle Pete was smoking a comfortable pipe over the fire, and his wife, with a gay yellow handkerchief on her head, was bustling about the kitchen, brandishing a huge pewter spoon in her hand.



"Ober to Tilly's quarters."

"God bless you, honey, for thinkin' 'bout your ol' aunty!" she exclaimed, gratefully, when she saw the basket deposited on her table. Then, after telling me about the "misery in Pete's chist" and the misery in her side, she struck a pensive attitude, and broke out in a feeling tribute to the Long Ago.

"Chris'mas nowadays ain't like it was in days agone, when I had my ol' mistiss. Mighty po' times now. But *you* don't know how it used to be 'fo' de wah on de plantation whar I was raised. Dere ain't no sech times no mo'. De hirelin's what lived out in de cities all went home to deir own masters, and had eight days' holyday. More'n gettin' de Chris'mas dinner for de white fambly, dey didn't have nuffin to do 'cept 'joy deirself. *We* had de parties den; the white folks have 'em after Chris'mas was all over. De cullud gals allers got married in Chris'mas week ef dey could. I got married den myself."

Here she glanced over at her husband, as though he must remember the occasion; and he laid down his pipe, and nodding his head approvingly, said,

"Dat you was, Mahaly, for I was dar," laughing huskily.

"You know my ole mistiss she lived down on James River. She was one o' dem high-toned famblys down dar what owned lots o' slaves, an' money in de bank, an' mo' land dan you eber seen. I was hired out in Richmond, an' she done promise to take me home an' lemme gib up my service place Chris'mas, an' git married. Pete an' me was keepin' comp'ny 'fo' I gone down dar. You jis ought to seen de letter he wrote to mistiss when he ax for me. Oh, it certain'y was a beautiful letter! Young master he taught Pete to write some, rainy spells in de winter, when dere wasn't much goin' on—"

"Young master set a powerful sto' by me," said Uncle Pete, proudly. "I was his body-sarvant."

"I seen dat letter. Pete he wrote it on a pink sheet o' paper, wid two real sweet silber dubs [doves] on de top o' de page. Dem dubs was me an' him—"

"Law, ole 'oman! 'ain't you seen trouble enough to forgit dem dubs yit?" asked the old man, rather sheepishly.

"No. I done learn it by heart, it was so pretty. Pete would 'a been a fine scholar ef he'd 'a got de edication lots o' good-for-nuffin niggers gits now. He says in de letter, 'My dear an' mos' 'spectable mistiss, I wants to try de life what you tried, an' ef you don't consarnt to lemme marry Mahaly, my po' heart will bust. Say yes to your humble sarvant Pete, an' I will agonize for you at de frone of grace in simple-mind'ness.' Now wa'n't dat pretty? Well, mistiss, she done consarnt, an' I bid 'em all good-by, all de cullud people down in Richmond. *Dey* had parties too in Chris'mas week,

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but dey had to git a pass to be out nights, an' dey got cotched widout de pass sometimes—ha! ha! We use to sing 'Run, nigger, run, de paddy rollers [patrollers] catch you!' It was Chris'mas Eve when I got home to de plantation on James River—dat was Watch Night, you know. De pious cullud folks allers had pra'r-meetin' Watch Night; dey met in one house, all of 'em, an' prayed twell de gret mawn come in. Dey sang de reg'lar shoutin' hymns, what ain't sot down in no book, but is jis made up out o' verses o' old hymns and texes out o' de Bible. Seems like I kin hear 'em now!

'Dere was a star rose in de east.
De Wise Men found our Lawd.
Dey took Him from His cradle dar,
An' kyar'd Him to His cross.'

'We come dis night to sing an' pray;
We hope 'twill last twell break o' day.
We come dis night to sing an' tell
De wonders ob King Emmanuel.'

'F'all you see me go 'long so,
I hab my trials here below;
Sometimes I'm up an' sometimes down;
Sometimes I'm lebel to de groun'.'

'De holy grace appears;
De promise is fulfilled:
Mary was de Virgin bold,
An' Jesus was de chile.

'My Lawd de highest Gawd
Called Him his only Son,
Bid Him to rule de lands abroad,
An' gib Him David's frone.'

'Po' an' needy yo I be,
Gawd, my Maker, keer for me.
He gib me clothes an' shelter, food;
He gib me all I hab ob good;
An' yo I sleep, an' yo I wake,
He keeps me safe for Jesus' sake.'

When twelve o'clock come dey all jump up, an' shout an' shake hands—'Chris'mas gift, Sis' Patsy!' 'Chris'mas gift, Bro' Nic'las!' Pete an' me we wasn't 'mong de watchers; we was dancin' all night wid de young people ober to Tilly's quarters. She gib de party dat night, an' she certain'y did hab a real fine supper." You know dey gib 'em all double rations for Chris'mas week. Mistiss she gib me an' Pete a piece o' groun' to 'gin housekeepin' on, twelve hens, an' two hogs. She 'lowed dat to each cullud fambly. Chris'mas mornin' she call up all de slaves on de plantation, an' she gib de women-folks a bandana hankcher an' a calico dress an' a white cotton apern all 'roun'; an' de men-folks dey got a pipe an' a shirt an' a cullud hankcher; an' de little gals, she gib 'em bib aperns an' some candy an' oranges.

"'Bout de weddin'? Oh yes; I was tellin' you 'bout de weddin'. Well, dat come off Chris'mas night. My young mistiss she fix my veil on herse'f, an' she lend me her white sash an' her gol' breas'pin. I wore a splendid white muslin dress; it had free full flounces on it, an' a long, sweepin' train. An' I had white kid glubs too; I bought 'em out of a sto' in Richmond. De white 'Pisc'pal minister 'formed de sayemony. He wore his gown, same as ef we was white folks, kase mistiss say she'd gib us a fust-class weddin', me an' Pete. All de cullud folks on our plantation was dar, an' lots o' high-toned darkies from ober to Bran'on an' West-ober was dar too. De weddin' supper, dat was ober to muvver's cabin, but de sayemony was in de basemen' up at de mansion, an' de white fambly all come in to witness de weddin'. But de supper! You jis ought to seen dat table! A gret fat pig holdin' a apple in his mouf was at de head o' de table, an' a 'possum was at de foot—"

"Yes," chimed in Uncle Pete, "an' I was trappin' that 'possum a whole week, de sly



"My young mistiss she fix my veil on herse'f."

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critter! A powerful fat 'possum he was, too."

"Hesh, man, twell I git fru wid de table! In de centre dere was a gret big cake o' corn-bread, all browned up nice to look like a real 'umptious poun'-cake, an' stickin' in de middle o' dis heah cake we had a real tree out o' de woods, mebbe fo' feet high, an' de limbs an' All of 'em had dat big cake o' corn-bread in de centre ob de supper table, wid de tree stickin' out o' it, an' de ole 'omen dey had a sayin'—'Dat cake ain't to be cut.' Ha, ha! den everybody must bust out laughin'. We had Chris'mas in de bones, I tell you. We danced an' danced twell broad daylight. Some o' de boys played de banjo, an' some played de fiddle—



AMERICANS ABROAD.

Stopping before picture of St. Sebastian—"Look-y-here, Bob, here's another of them condemned *pincushions*!"

twigs was wrapped in white paper, an' lots o' little things made out o' white paper was hung on 'em—little baskets an' tubs an' cups. Den we had a ham o' bacon, an' chicken pie, an' duck pie, an' a turkey, an' cabbage too—plenty of it—an' a sure nuff bride's-cake. Mistiss sent dat to me, an' I was de fust to stick a knife in it, kase I was de bride, you know. All fru de week dere was a party at somebody's house. dey made dey own fiddles on de plantation den. De gals had 'lasses stews too, an' dere was lots o' courtin' ober dem 'lasses stews. An' de boys dey went out 'coon an' 'possum huntin'.

"Yes, we all free now—praise God for dat! —but dey ain't no mo' sech times. Chris'mas nowadays ain't like it was in days agone, when I had my ol' mistiss."

FANNY ALBERT DOUGHTY.

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HARDCASTLE. "THEN YOUR FIRST SIGHT DECEIVED YOU."
—*She Stoops to Conquer.*—Act III.—[See page 276.]
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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXII. JANUARY, 1886. No. CCCCXXVIII.



ANY one who knows the Devon country in winter-time will appreciate the sensations with which we left London, in the midst of dense fog and dreariness, one December morning, and toward evening found ourselves whirled into a country of tender greens, where, if there was not actual verdure, there seemed the light and purity of approaching spring. It was almost as though winter could never really have been there—almost as though the note of the blackbird might be near; and in spite of a little thin drizzle of rain, there was a glow and look of cheer on all things about us.

The small town where we settled down for a time was not far from Torbay, and included all the desirable elements of a winter resort. It was, in English parlance, *homely*, well-to-do, and comfortable, with the sea within easy distance, and encompassed by a rich rolling country that stretched out with varied breaks to the moors, and it had the charm of quaint old streets, a historical market-place, and manor-houses of centuries gone by, combined with a smart little *new* town, all terraces, villas, and square, so that one might in one's lodgings have all the "modern conveniences," and in one's saunterings all the fascination of old fashions in architecture, and, indeed, in the people one encountered.

The handsome town was nearest to the station, and presented a fine appearance, with its rows of houses built in semi-detached villa style, circling about a green where stood a brand-new church, with a bravely clanging bell that woke echoes far and wide. There were no shops in this part of the town, and no attempt at seclusion in its fine roads and pathways; but turning to left or right it was easy to reach lanes with tangled hedge-rows that led upward to the country-sides where all was old and quiet and almost mediæval, past gateways and garden walls that sheltered houses wherein King Charles might have, and sometimes had, slept, or down toward the old town, where the market-cross made an imposing centre, and where in half a dozen very old streets the houses or shops showed at intervals bits of seventeenth-century architecture, sometimes forlornly wedged in with the most common-

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A DEVONSHIRE VILLAGE.

place repairs, but generally well preserved, and significant of the old days when William Prince of Orange came riding down the High Street, and the good people of the Devon town offered him their allegiance.

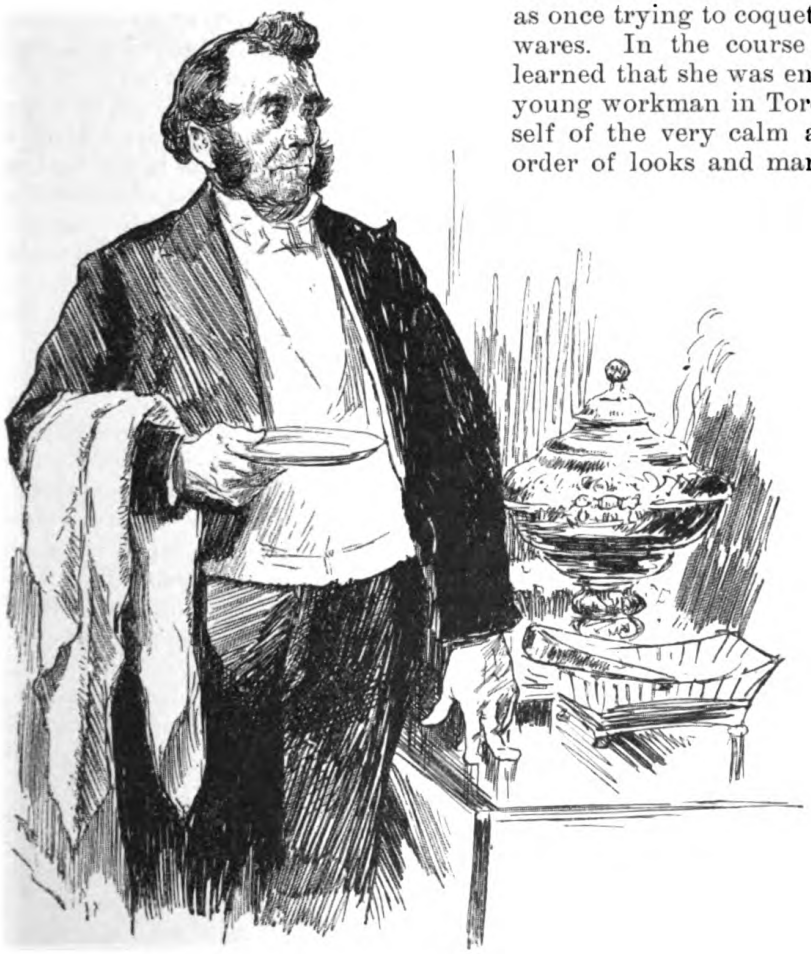
The town had its history, set deep in the heart of more stirring chronicles, but full of an element which seemed vital and real to us as we wandered about, studying old landmarks and modern manners. It had always been stanchly Protestant, I believe—was then the most conservatively prejudiced place I was ever in—and when it had welcomed a monarch or taken part in any historical event, it seemed to have throbbed with a satisfaction inherited by the generations that followed, so that, in spite of some new ways of thinking and feeling, the flavor of old times was never lost; and it may be that our sympathies were most strongly roused by finding here and there traces of *Mayflower* days, of those remarkable Pilgrim fathers, some of whom set sail from this very portion of the Devon coast, leaving behind them manners and phrases which were curiously familiar to our American observation. And not only were there such suggestions among the people living and working in the town, but in the church-yards, where occasionally one came upon a name or a line which was startlingly like home.

There came in the first days a sense of eagerness to know all about this wonderful winter country, which we fancied must include so much that was wildly romantic, legendary, and even weird; but after a time we settled down to a quietly ordered existence, studying the "ways and means" of the people about us, and developing a fine taste for very trifling matters in customs or manners, or even in marketing.

There were half a dozen houses in the town where lodgings were let, and it may be of interest to some to know that a set of two or three airy and nicely furnished rooms was to be had with "attendance" for about seven dollars a week, and one's marketing could be done in a fascinating manner, the shops being so nice and old-fashioned, and one's dealings with such individuals as the green-grocer, the dairy woman, etc., having a flavor of primitive simplicity about them which was very charming. I well remember my first visit to the dairy, which was at one end of rather a muddy little street in which all the houses showed bulging windows, sixteenth-century roofs, and tiny panes of glass. The dairy woman had a "bit of a yard" within her gate, wherein a cheerful family of ducks and chickens, and one pig in deep seclusion, held their sway; and yet they were very well mannered, for they made no effort to pass within the always open doorway of the little tumble-down house to the right. It was tumble-down,

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but scrupulously neat. The kitchen had a sanded floor, a fine clock, and a generous fire, where something savory seemed always simmering; and beyond this was the dairy, with its shining pans, and long windows made gay by geraniums all winter long. But the most attractive object in the house was the dairy woman's daughter, whom I thought then, and think now, the most blooming creature I have ever seen. She was a complete type of her class—rarely, I think, to be met with out of Devonshire, even in England—and presented herself that first morning to my gaze as a dazzlingly pink and white, blue-eyed, and brown-haired creature in a blue cotton gown, the sleeves of which were rolled up so as to show the round white arms, which one fancies only appropriate in the dairy-maid of poetry or the drama. Dolly's hands were red enough, no doubt, and I must say her expression was the most hopelessly stupid; but for mere flesh and blood beauty the girl was incomparable, and seemed not to have the least particle of consciousness to be stirred to vanity by the admiring looks I often saw cast upon her—market-days and the like, when the Corydons and Phyllises of the country-side flocked into the town. At the fair, Dolly did quite an active trade without so much as once trying to coquet above her wares. In the course of time I learned that she was engaged to a young workman in Torquay, himself of the very calm and bovine order of looks and manners, and, as the mother told me, they were to be married as soon as he earned twenty-five shillings a week, with which they could set up housekeeping in a four-roomed cottage, and hope for certain material comforts of life.



MR. B—— AS A WAITER.

The green-grocer's was a roomy shop, always deliciously fragrant, redolent of herbs and some spices, and presided over by a good-humored man and his wife,

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who had a very distinct love of their calling, Mrs. B—— cultivating certain vegetables in her strip of garden back of the shop, and being the very first person in town to display bunches of primroses or have good "sea-kale." Likewise to be observed in Mr. B—— was the difference in his manner when you bought his potatoes or greens, and when, in his second calling of waiter, he handed you your soup or pudding at the small winter dinner parties given in town. In the shop he was affably discursive, touching the onions or greens with a careless hand and a free, light-hearted manner. At a dinner table he was curiously solemn, and occasionally looked as though he defied any one present to suggest that his name hung over a shop in the High Street. The fact that he sold you potatoes for twopence a pound was never to be confounded with the other more imposing fact that for five shillings an evening, attired in an irreproachable costume, he waited on select dinner parties among the smaller gentry of the place. When the real spring began to show itself, the little green-grocery had an inexhaustible fascination for me. The garden was so spontaneously gay and flourishing, and its one bit of warm southern wall so early stood hung with blossoms, and B—— and his wife, moving about toward sunset among the small garden beds and modest vines, were such pictures of honest, homely content, that I was always inclined to linger after I had made my purchases, on the excuse of making an inquiry into the condition of asparagus and lettuce.

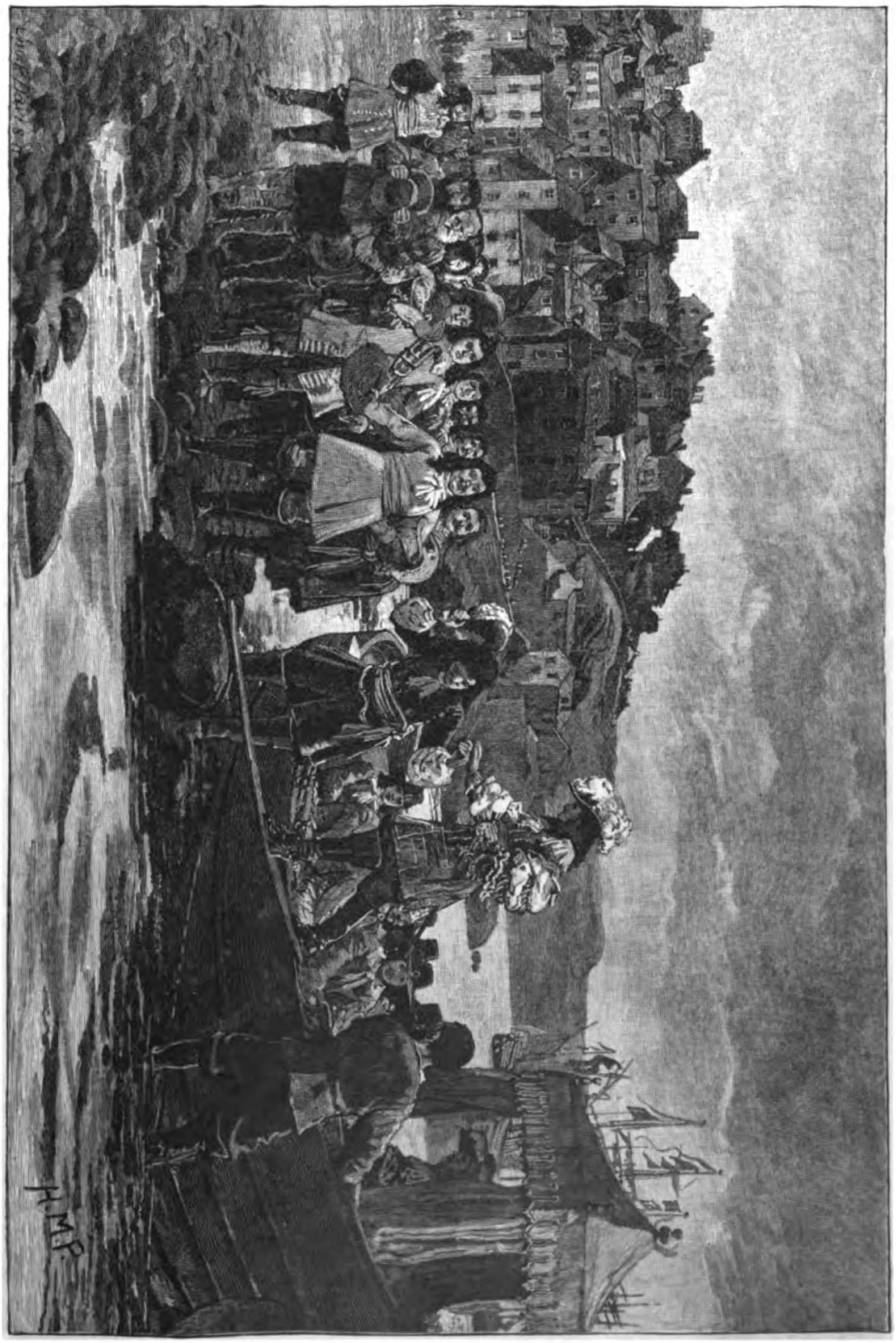
We went to a village where winter held a quiet brown dominion, full of shifting, changing lights that were perpetually suggestive of a storm that never came. It was a good hunting country — hard enough, yet rarely frosty; and the inn, which was a sort of rendezvous for redcoats, made a picturesque centre, standing midway on a slope, with a very conspicuous sign-board, the sombre shade of a huge old tree, and a tap-room worthy of Teniers. The people were extremely primitive, and of the heavy rural type which provides such characters as Audrey and Touchstone. Their lives were passed in the most monotonous fashion. The working people, those who had trades or steady occupation, earned from sixteen to thirty shillings a week, and out of this they nearly all maintained large families, the women doing little more than attend to their own household employments. As nearly all the daughters of such households go into service, the expenses decrease early, and it is therefore not uncommon to see an elderly couple living alone and comfortably after their flock have dispersed. There are early hours among such people —breakfast by six, and to bed by eight o'clock, few being found out-of-doors later than nine o'clock; and so secluded and simple was this little hamlet that I remember how very striking one evening's entertainment proved as a break upon its absolute monotony.

A man came around in a sort of van or caravan, and by means of some florid handbills and a large bell, and a very loud, hoarse voice, advertised a "panoror*ma*" which, as it included views of America, attracted our attention most successfully. The "panoror*mist*" took a small hall, and excited the community for two evenings, although so far as material and surroundings went it was as dreary a show as one could wish him to have had; for the reckless creature displayed New York in awful colors, evidently under the influence of the torrid zone, and with the palm-trees and groves of Brazil rampant in its streets, while Indians were seen on a place called the "Thoroughfare," which was a long, unhappy sort of street bearing a nightmare-like resemblance to Broadway.

It was odd sometimes to think of so much that was placidly rural encompassing a brilliant winter resort like Torquay, and, indeed, after drifting along among the more primitive country villages for a few weeks, the first visit to that gay watering-place had quite a startling effect.

Torquay was first brought into notice when the Channel fleet used it as an anchorage, but it had its associations, being marked by one of the most decisive epochs in English history. Here landed William of Orange in the famous November of 1688. Torquay was only a fishing village then, but for one knowing every step of the ground it is easy to fancy the Dutch prince riding on past old Tor Abbey—a gray building set among still winter colors away from the beach road—or perhaps Baltacombe way, to Ford House, at whose gates many a tourist lingers now. Ford House is not exactly what the guide-books call a "stately pile"; it is a fine gray house, well pierced by windows, and with a park which always seemed to me to retain the

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LANDING OF WILLIAM OF ORANGE ON THE DEVONSHIRE COAST.

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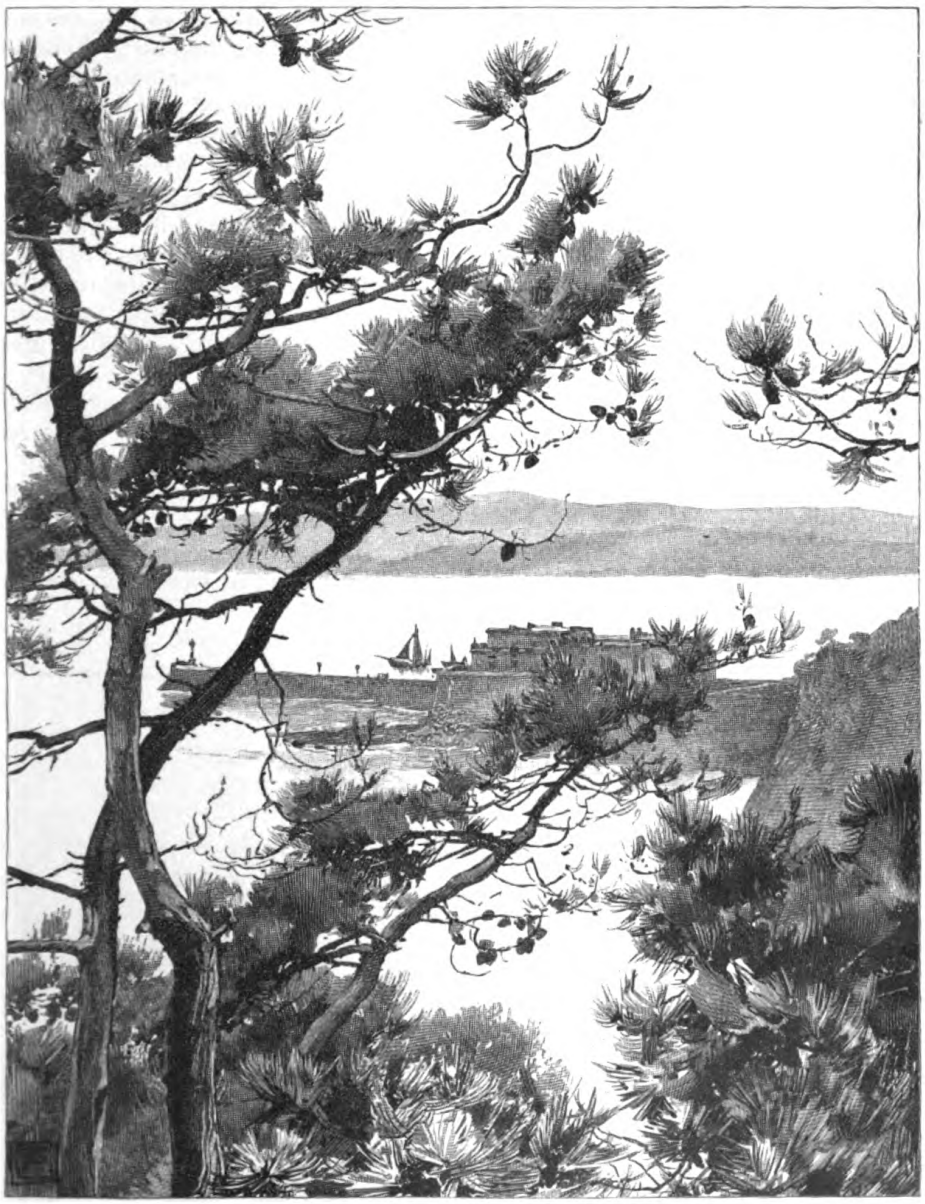
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peculiar quality of melancholy with which even in the spring-time of flush and color the Devon country is tinged; and here in the old house is shown the room in which

pression upon English or foreign minds. It remained an obscure village until the days of the Channel fleet, and then slowly grew into prominence, its picturesque ter-



AT TORQUAY.

William slept two nights, doubtless well fatigued by his reception at the town cross and his many perplexing anxieties. Here likewise reposed King Charles in earlier years, and around here are associations of a famous Devonshire outlaw, of whom I shall speak later. But as a port, Torquay seems to have made small im-

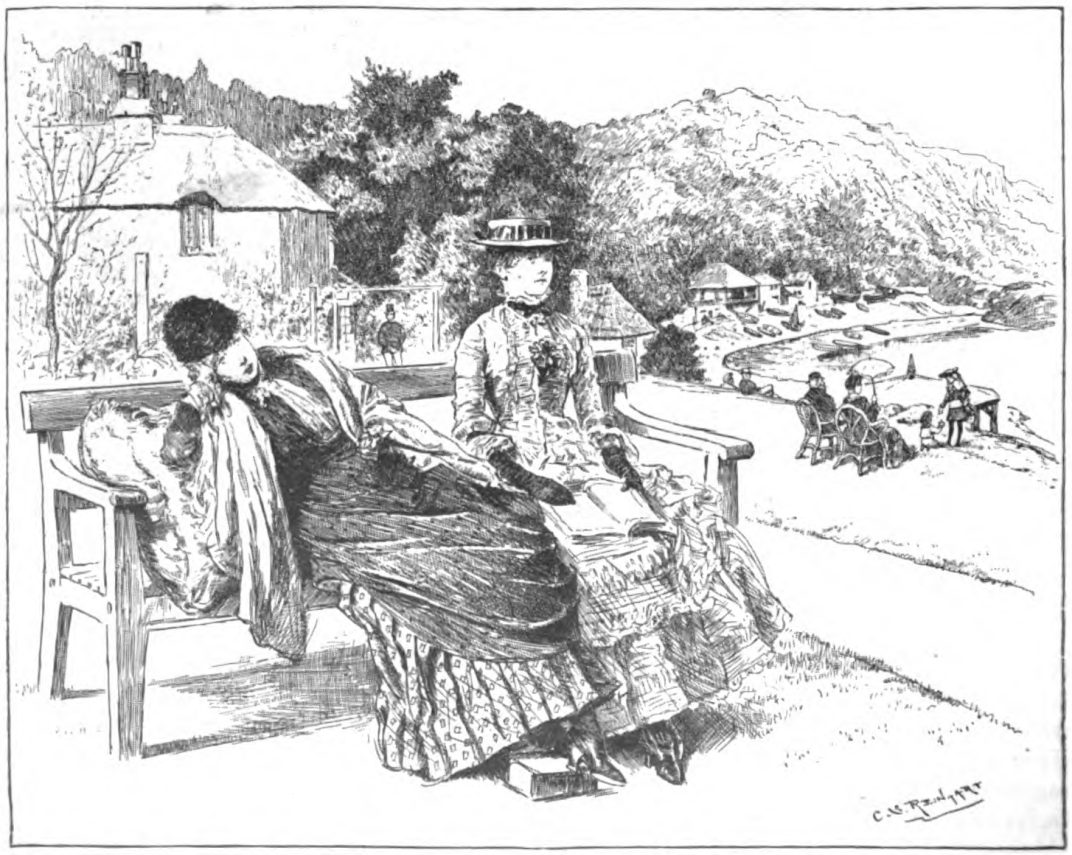
raced cliffs, dotting gradually with villas and hotels, until at length it grew into celebrity. Not alone were the beauties of its bay extolled, but the climate was found perfect for a winter sojourn, and, indeed, one visiting it in January, February, or March, might fancy the bay and sky had been transported from Naples.

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Leaving the railway station one February day, we followed a curving road which brought us suddenly into view of the shining water with its magnificent limestone coast, and to the left the town rose on its many terraces like a scene painted on some stage curtain suddenly let fall before us, for villas, roadways, and terraces all seemed curiously to lose their perspective, and the undulations where cool shadows rested were more like touches on a canvas painted for the striking effect of a moment, while overhead the sky was blue as in summer-time, the lazily moving clouds touching its brilliancy with but faint hints of shadow, and no promise or remembrance of any storm.

The beach was crowded with people, for it was early morning and fine weather, and all Torquay was abroad. Some were sauntering on the beach, others on the terraces, and several invalids were being slowly drawn up and down in Bath-chairs in the white streak of sunlight that divided the rocky beach from the first terrace, and it was hard to bear in mind that this was actual winter-time, and in England.

A long street curved about the town, and facing the bay, was lined with shops Parisian-like in their brilliant display of wares. Here and there in some fine villa where flowers showed in profusion one beheld the tempting legend, "Apartments," and were one to penetrate such, liveried servants, luxuriously furnished rooms, and dainty accommodations would be offered at high prices, since Torquay is considered in winter a resort for those whose purses are inexhaustible. The whole impression of the place from the first was of a Continental resort. That morning I remember the people idling up and down the streets, the band playing gayly in the square, and at every corner flower girls standing behind tables heaped up with blossoms; and up a hilly road we watched a party of riders going to the "meet" of the South Devon hounds, the red coats coloring the strong landscape with new boldness, and bringing into force the brown tones on either side,



INVALIDS AT TORQUAY.

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AT THE "DRAGON."

while the blue of the sky dominated all the scene, as though Fortuny had flung his brushes upward in despair of painting such sunlight and shadow, such white against white, such blue looking up at blue. Never, except in the extreme south of France, have I seen that curious quality of light in everything; a white wall was less white than the sunshine, and yet it stood out bravely holding its own, and the very figures of the children on the beach in their blue dresses, intense though they were as spots of color, were not so vivid as sky or water; and still an ineffable languor touched it all. Turning from this picture, the eye beheld a distant coun-

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try of compassionate sombre tones—the red of the cliff striking against a brownish earth that led on up and down sheltered highways out to a country where the cadences of this glorious winter land rose and fell in minor keys.

Balls, dances, assemblies, and very fine concerts enliven the Torquay winter, and round about in the towns and "country" a quiet sort of social season goes on, with, I fancy, but slight variation year after year. In such places one can to a nicety observe the differences between a town and country set—observe just where and how the country link is secured, and learn by a slow process of absorption to distinguish between *the* people and *people*. Yet I confess to having found this a very difficult task, and one which baffled my American precedents more than once, although hospitality is so generous and kind that the stranger is given no time for delicate analysis, and must feel himself unworthy if in his dissection he lays bare too many plans. But a provincial town in England or in America is at all times an interesting study, and down here, perhaps what most impressed me as an American was the *vitality* of prejudice. That it should flourish and put forth new roots and new growth just on a few time-worn, feeble traditions which really, when one searched the hearts of the kindest and most hospitable people on earth, had no actual feeling to support them, was a constant surprise to us; yet, after all, it may be argued that the frame-work of restraint which enfolds English social life in town or country has its advantages.

Not a peasant coming and going in this little community, not a shepherd, not the humblest creature who drank his cider at the "Dragon" (not venturing to the more aristocratic "George"), but felt instinctively that, according to the rules of life, the lot of man was to accept his own place, and always look up to some one who looked *down*, with a perfect right to do so, upon him.

Dinners, some dances, card parties, and high teas enliven the winter season of a country town such as this, where all through the winter months a certain semblance of warmth and careless growth gives a tone of spring, and a strong bond between the classes is created by Church interests. Let the rector and his curates be ever so aristocratic, there are occasions when they must be of and with the people, and I recall vividly certain festival practices, school entertainments, and the like, when there seemed almost a touch of American equality in the congregation; and on one occasion—a tea party for some church need—I might but for one or two evidences that I was in Devonshire have fancied myself in Maine or Connecticut.

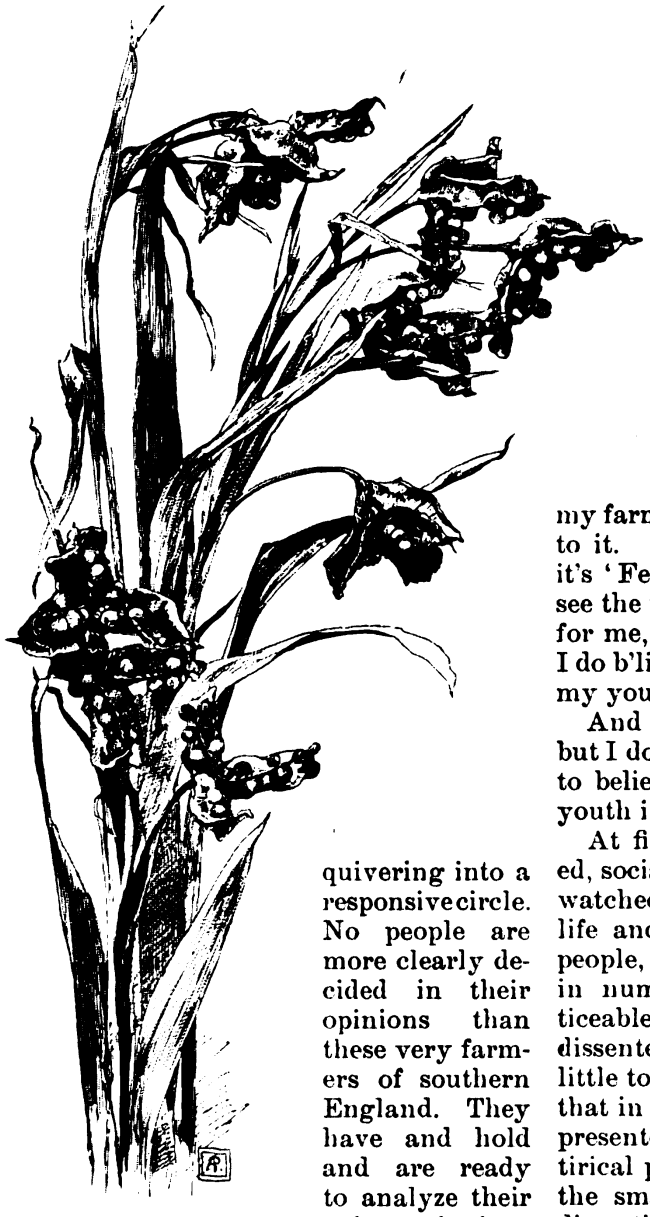
The Sunday-school building was devoted to the entertainment, and hung with bunting, flowers, and lanterns, while at long tables tea and buns and cakes were dispensed by very smiling young people, and during the evening selections of music were "obligingly rendered" by "gifted amateurs" in the congregation. Except that the choral singing was far better, and the solos much poorer, it might have been an entertainment in America; but the acute differences were in certain figures or groups which now and again projected themselves from the commonplace of familiar scenes; my blooming dairy-maid, for example, in her Sunday best, with her lovely inexpressive countenance one blush all the evening, as she sauntered about on her lover's arm, was strikingly typical—courtesying with a little duck to the clerical gentleman who addressed her, and twirling an end of her yellow shawl when one of the "quality" good-naturedly inquired for her welfare, or made some civil remark to her young man, and her long-drawn breath and exclamation of "La, Jan, that be foine, beant it?" when a pretty girl, in blue cashmere gown and white kid gloves, had finished singing "Twickenham Ferry." Also the presence of certain rustics in corduroy or velveteens, the look on certain farmers' faces, and the air of comfortably accepted plebeianism, if I may use the word, made an impressive difference between such a gathering in our country and England. Whereas with us social distinctions would be difficult to maintain on a similar occasion, here they pronounced themselves in definite lines. If there was a slight air of contempt anywhere, it was in the agriculturally inclined portion of the company: some farmers there were whose rosy countenances betrayed a touch of scorn now and again, and I doubt not later many a discussion as to the rights and wrongs of various questions was held in an adjacent taproom, and ideas not to be expressed in the presence of the "quality" were sent forth

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THE DISSENTING MINISTER.

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BERRIES OF THE IRIS.

quivering into a responsive circle. No people are more clearly decided in their opinions than these very farmers of southern England. They have and hold and are ready to analyze their points of view, not swerving from them for the sake of the traditions of caste or any rights of those above them; and I think it is one more evidence in favor of a life of out-of-door toil that the inner sense of freedom in the individual asserts itself, and what is intrinsically superior rises above the dross of custom and conventionality.

When the days were mild enough to admit of very idle kind of sauntering, I often talked with the country people, especially with a certain farmer whose rich pastures must have been beautiful to see in the real spring and summer, and I found him very seriously anxious on two questions—American exports, and the tendency among the rising generation in England to desert agriculture.

"I tell 'ee what, ma'am," he said, one crisp, quiet day, leaning against his hedge, and looking up and down reflecting—"I tell 'ee it be part 'unting as does it, the fondness they young people 'as for sport, ye see, and a part a-wantin' to get away like up to the toones. In my young days I rode a bit when I had a chance; but I didn't care for a red coat mor'n a brown 'un; and when I got my farm I didn't think of nort but stickin' to it. Now 'em must be up and off, an' it's 'Feyther, I think as how I'd like to see the world a bit,' or 'Country's too dull for me, feyther.' Oh, they're fules now, I do b'lieve, ma'am—not what they was in my young days."

And my honest friend sighed deeply, but I doubt if I could have persuaded him to believe that every middle age sees its youth in glorified perspective.

At first that part of the country seemed, socially speaking, so inactive that we watched with great interest for signs of life and movement among the working people, who, of course, predominated both in numbers and variety. The first noticeable feature was that the majority were dissenters, and after two months in our little town one needed not to be re-assured that in Mrs. Oliphant's *Salem Chapel* she presented a faithful and by no means satirical picture, for here I saw repeated all the small ostentations and hostilities of dissenting Carlingford, the eager, fervid, poorly paid minister, who, in spite of a fairly good education and a definitely soaring soul, stood completely beyond the pale of "society," and was no more to be allowed within it than were his first-class patrons, the green-grocer and the baker of High Street, yet who was much to be pitied, since from the very nature of his education and calling he felt himself a superior being, who had a right to mental and social food of a kind better than his honest, hard-working friends could offer him. I used to look at his tall, slim figure as he went up and down the little business streets, wind and rain mattering but little to him, and think of the wide gulf of difference between the position of such

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a one in England and America, for in the Devonshire town the dissenting minister was not even looked upon as a gentleman; and when one fine old lady, who had her hands well on the reins of society, was known to have called on the minister's quiet little wife, the town listened in wonder and consternation, and no less than



"SITTING WITH HIS DOG AGAINST A BROWN AND WINDY HEDGE."

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KISSING GATE, IN DEVON.

five different people called upon her to remonstrate upon so lawless an innovation.

The "chapel" was a bare-looking edifice, offering no homage to the decorative arts, and attempting none of the consolations of florid texts or comfortable hassocks, but I have a recollection of it one wet and windy night when the minister preached with an almost startling fervor, and the voices of the little heavy congregation rose and fell in hymn-singing that was a forcible reminder of Methodist meetings in America. They had revivals, of course; and with astonishing frankness, young people, roused to a fervor of remorse and passionate expression, stood up and told the congregation of their sins, this hour of intense utterances being curiously in contrast with the colorless, mat-

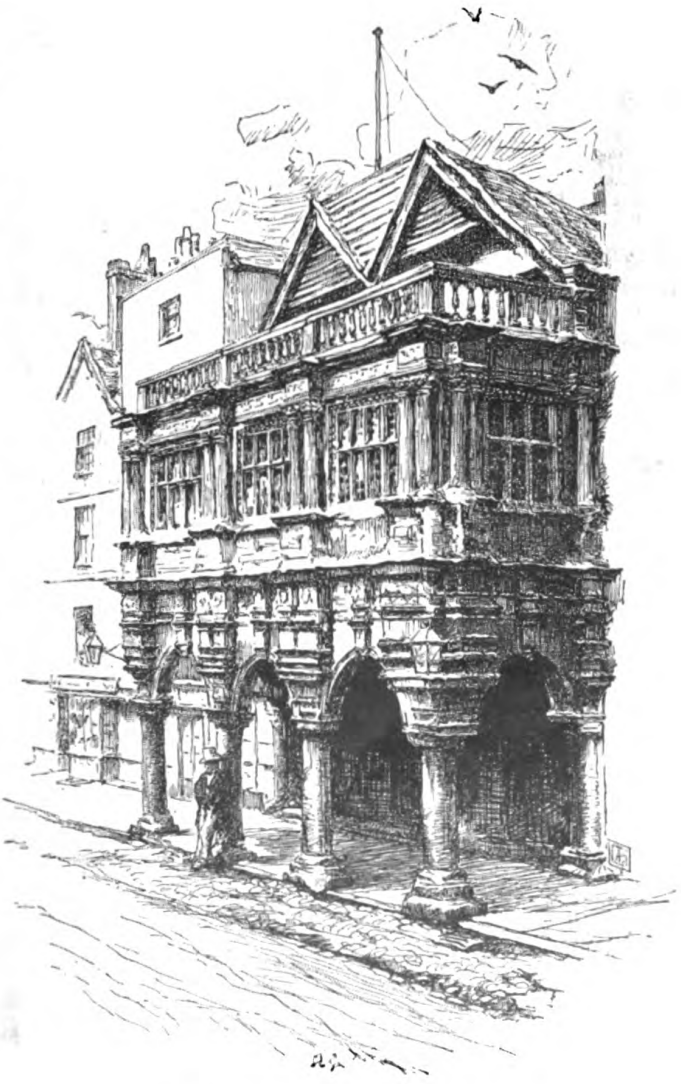
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ter-of-fact experiences of their daily lives, wherein market-day was an excitement, and the summer fair, or a trip to one of the sea-side resorts on a holiday, the highest form of dissipation known.

The complete equanimity and solidity of the American country man or woman is not theirs. Deep down stirs something which now and then can put forth its blossoms, and the tragic, pathetic, simple figures of such fiction as George Eliot's, Thomas Hardy's, Mrs. Gaskell's, or Mrs. Oliphant's are not only not unusual, but to be met on every side, but, curiously enough, affecting the community but slightly, stirring its surface in the most tranquil fashion, which only tends to emphasize the fact that they are a result of the natural instincts of the people.

A dozen different instances which that winter brought to my notice rise now to mind, notably one, which had its origin in the wild lawlessness which was inborn in the son of a wealthy man. Leaving college, he determined upon the life of a tramp, and asking nothing from his father, set out, wandering over the country for years, sometimes begging his way, sometimes joining shows at a fair, and now and then re-appearing at his father's house, unkempt and ragged, only for the purpose of proclaiming himself yet alive. Every one knew the story, every one recognized the thin dark face and light-limbed figure when it was seen on the road-sides or in the village streets, and yet no one seemed peculiarly impressed by it. To the people the lawless man was an object of pity and horror, yet they saw nothing suggestive in the dramatic side of his life. I have in my mind a very curious and strongly marked picture of him as I saw him one day sitting with his dog against a brown and windy hedge. His tattered garments, rough hair, and wild, sorrowful eyes seeming to inclose a picture of terrible mental sadness, in which was neither despair nor insanity, only the pathos of a lawless, undisciplined soul which found its only expression in a life unfettered and defiantly unconventional.

Down one long quiet lane where I often walked there was, I remember, a very poor cottage, the door of which stood always open, while its owner, an aged woman, sat always on the threshold when she was not at work; and when I came to know her, she gave me a simple story of her life and its many desolations, which was like a chapter from some old-fashioned, quaint romance, and invested the grave old woman, the sanded kitchen, and its stiff simplicity with a dignity only suffering can bring. She kept her door open, she told me, with a gesture worthy of Mrs. Siddons, "because, when I'm sor-



THE PORCH OF THE GUILDHALL, EXETER.

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"THE RED AND THE WHITE ROSE WERE BANDED HERE."

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rowing here, ma'am" (laying one withered hand hard against her breast), "I feel like to stifle, and seems as if I must get the air, and if I can, the smell o' the sea like; then oftentimes at noight I opens the door, thinking as how if my lad did come back, he'd find it ready; but it's thirty years agone since they said as how his ship was lost." Other figures, curious, fanciful, and romantic, come to mind; and old tales of strange deeds in the last century, which on winter evenings my landlady was fond of relating.

One waits in the Devonshire winter with tender longing for the first signs of blossom or green. The crocuses showed their heads at Christmas time, and a red bush, the escalonia, not unlike the fuchsia, colored many garden walls or overhung stone porchways we drove past. Here and there—down where Baltacombe nestles in a wood—one finds unexpected early growths even in January, but the real season of charm is with the first sign of daffodils or "Lenten lilies" and the earliest primroses. There was a strip of a garden under our front windows where that winter some of the pretty pale yellow stars showed themselves almost before the snow had melted, but it had been such a light, feathery fall of snow that it seemed only to soothe the earth, and it left so little trace, and the sun shone for a whole fortnight so bravely, that we began to believe winter quite done with. At Torquay the invalids and other visitors began to talk of moving; on the beach gay parasols were to be seen, and the shops displayed spring wares and bonnets with flowers and feathers and straw crowns. But even Devonshire can be treacherous. After one day of smiling sunshine, when all the rich, deep-toned country had seemed thrilled with the first pulse of spring, we awoke in the cathedral city of Exeter to find the coldest wintry weather; a town all sombrely gray and brown and stately, with a chill as of November sweeping across it. It would have been discouraging but for the fact that we had the wonderful cathedral and its close almost at our very door.

There is a peculiar charm about the cathedral close of Exeter which even winter gloom can not take away. The spaces are vast enough to make the silence solemn, yet there are tall old trees, a sward perennially green, the mingling of old bricks and ivy, and here and there gable ends of ancient grammar-school, monastery, or private dwellings, all peaceful, sleepy, and monastic. In the midst of these surroundings the gray old cathedral rears itself with that wonderful architecture which immortalizes an age if not a name, and the tread of feet twice a day, the clanging of bells, the cawing of rooks, rather emphasize than disturb the peacefulness of this spot.

Exeter rises on a hilly slope, and the river curves about it, so that here, from one turn near the church-yard in which we lingered, we could see a lovely stretch of valley land—wintry, yet strong in color, with the diversity of wandering roads, close hedge-rows, red roofs, and the emphasis here and there of a spire or steeple. Along one of the roads we knew Perkin Warbeck was led captive, and so on into the city; and indeed over all that peaceful country the wave of rebellion or uprising had swept more than once, so that it gained character and force from a historical fact, in spite of the exquisite tranquillity of its present surroundings. In High Street the houses are in many instances full of charm; the windows are seventeenth-century, and here and there an entire façade shows Elizabethan architecture. The old Guildhall is a notable specimen of this period. Its hospitable doors stand open, and although the interior has undergone certain renovations, they touch its character but slightly, the armorial bearings of an older Exeter remaining, and the curious brackets still giving quaintness to the roof.

Up and down the old High Street a whole procession of royal people—warriors, rebels, and conquerors—have passed; and one can easily conjure up a picture of that portion nearest the old castle warmly colored with the brilliant movement and flash of the fifteenth century. The red and the white rose were banded here; the conquering King-maker sent down his messages of defiance from Plymouth; and yonder, in an old gabled house, one of Queen Margaret's faithful servants languished.

Among our latest excursions, and one which seemed to close in that Devonshire winter, was to the old ruin of Berry-Pomeroy, about which cluster so many picturesque traditions.

I shall not attempt to describe the beautiful ivy-hung entrance, the keep, and the ruined towers. The architecture, which

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is partly thirteenth-century and partly seventeenth, is its least charm, the melancholy and dignity of the ruined walls baffling any attempt at word-painting. The old kitchen looked fairly well preserved, its most interesting feature being the remains of a small room over the fire-place. Here it is supposed prisoners were confined in secret captivity, and we could see just how food or necessaries could be handed up to them from the back of the huge chimney. Out in the quadrangle the afternoon sunlight danced quite gayly, on the grass, and on the stone entrance to a dungeon—now devoted to cups and saucers, spoons and tea-caddies—and across where the rooks were cawing in the trees and the road wound away down to a silent, pulseless pond—such a one as Ophelia might have floated on, for the reeds and rushes grew in picturesque confusion on its shores, and overhead; in a break in the trees, the young moon was visible as we drove away.

Berry-Pomeroy has had its royal visitors, its statesmen, its scholars, and its poets; and it is one centre of romance in Devonshire, but only one—over all the country hangs the web-like veil, the glamour of picturesque incident and life; and during our last days there, when the hill-sides were abloom and the meadows daintily green and yellow, we used involuntarily to wonder why Devon had not been Shakespeare's country, why Herrick, who so strongly felt not only the gayety, but the pathos, of the winter and the spring in his own county, should have called it "dull."

Peaceful, placid, and touched with something actually verdant, quaint speech and ways, generous fire-sides and wide-spreading lands, all the diversities of deeply rural life, with a background of old tradition and fanciful beliefs, with a curious charm, half of melancholy, half of hope—such are some of the impressions of the winter in South Devonshire.

EAST ANGELS.

CHAPTER XXI.

LANSING HAROLD was unable to move from his bed, or in his bed, for a number of weeks. During much of this time, also, he suffered from severe pain.

Dr. Kirby assured Aunt Katrina that the pain was a favorable symptom; it indicated that the difficulty was of a rheumatic nature; and with time, patience, and self-denial, rheumatism at his age could generally be subdued.

"Lanse isn't patient," Aunt Katrina admitted. "But I have always thought him extremely self-denying: see how he has allowed Margaret, for instance, to do as she pleased." For Aunt Katrina now regarded the Doctor as an intimate personal friend.

The Doctor went over to see Lanse three times a week, Winthrop's horses taking him to the river and bringing him back. On the other days the case was intrusted to the supervision of the local practitioner, or rather to his super-hearing, for as Lanse, after the first interview, refused to see him again (he called him a water-wagtail), Margaret was obliged to describe as well as she could to the baffled man the symptoms and general condition of his patient—a patient who was as impatient as possible with every one, including herself.

But save for this small duty, Margaret had none of the responsibilities of a nurse: two men were in attendance. She had sent to Savannah for them, Lanse having declared that he infinitely preferred having men about him—"I can swear at them, you know, when the pain nips me. I can't swear at you yet—you're too much of a stranger." This he brought out in the scowling banter which he had used when speaking to her ever since her arrival. But the scowl came from his pain.

He was able to move only his head; in addition to the suffering, the confinement was intolerably irksome to a man of his active habits and fondness for out-door life. Under the course of treatment prescribed by Dr. Kirby he began to improve. But the improvement was slow, and he made it slower by his unwillingness to submit to rules. At the end of two months, however, he was able to use his hands and arms again; they could raise him to a sitting position; the attacks of pain came less frequently, and when they did come it was at night. This gave

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him his days, and one of the first uses he made of his new liberty was to have himself carried in an improvised litter borne by negroes, who relieved each other at intervals, to a house which he had talked about, when he was able to talk, ever since he was stricken down. This house was not in itself an attractive abode. But Lanse violently disliked being in a hotel; he had noticed the place before his illness, and thinking of it as he lay upon his bed, he kept declaring angrily that at least he should not feel "hived in" there. As the building, bare and solitary, stood upon a narrow point which jutted sharply into the river, so that its windows commanded as uninterrupted a view up and down stream as that enjoyed by the little post-office at the end of the pier, it was probable, indeed, that no one would feel that sensation there; rather would one feel like a target for all the winds. The place had the look of a beacon or a signal station.

It had not always been so exposed. Once it was an embowered Florida residence, shaded by many trees, clothed in flowering vines.

But its fate was to be purchased at the close of the war by a Northerner, one of those sanguine men who, beholding the fair Southern country for the first time while marching across it under epaulets, had returned thither as soon as possible after peace had been established, with the benevolent intention of showing the cotton, the rice, the sugar-cane, or whatever it happened to be, how to grow. Under a proper system of cultivation (which had never yet been applied to them), these beautiful Southern products could not fail to attain a luxuriance which they had not dreamed of in the old days. But in most instances (this being one of them) the beautiful Southern products had displayed a lack of intelligence which was lamentable, for though it could be clearly demonstrated that, under the new methods, they were bound in reason to spring up with four times the vigor of former years, in actual fact they scarcely sprang at all, but unexplainably and disappointingly dwindled and died. The particular Northerner who had tried and failed at this point on the St. John's had, on his departure, left his chairs and tables behind him. Upon taking possession originally he had immediately stripped the old mansion of all its blossoming greenery, had cut down the magnificent trees which stood near, had put in a dozen new windows, and had then painted the whole structure a brilliant, importunate white. This process he called "making it wholesome."

He had furnished his rooms upon much the same principles. And now, as he was obliged to leave the house behind him, he contemplated with hope the possibility of renting it "for a water-cure." Why a water-cure no one but himself knew. He was a man haunted by visions of water-cures.

Lansing Harold had no intention of trying hydropathy, unless the wide view of the river from all his windows could be called that. But he said that if he were there, at least he should not feel "jostled."

Jostled he certainly was not; he and his two attendants, Margaret and the colored servants she had with some difficulty obtained, had much more the air of Robinson Crusoes and Fridays on their island; for the hotel, which was the nearest house, was five miles distant, and not in sight, and the river was here so broad that only an occasional smoke told that there were abodes of men over there opposite on the low hazy shore.

Once established in his new quarters, Lanse advanced rapidly toward a much more endurable stage of existence. He was still unable to move his legs; but he could now bear being lifted into a canoe; and once in, with a cushion behind him, he could paddle himself over the smooth water with almost as much ease as ever. He sent for a canoe which was just large enough to hold him. Boat and occupant seemed like one person, so perfectly did the small craft obey the motion of his light oar. One of his men was always supposed to accompany him. The two boats generally started together from the little home pier; but Lanse soon invented a way of ordering his follower to "wait" for him at this point or that, while he took "a little run" up some creek that looked inviting. The "little run" usually proved the main expedition of the day, and the "waiting" would be perhaps five hours long. The two attendants could not complain of overwork. They soon learned, however, to go to sleep comfortably in the bottom of the boat. Oftenest of all, Lanse and his canoe went up the Juana. The Juana came from the Monnlungs Swamp. As the spring deepened, and all the flow-

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ers came out, Lanse and his little box went floating up to the Monnlungs almost every day.

Mrs. Rutherford had not seen her "boy"; he could not yet endure the motion of any carriage, even the easiest, across the long miles of pine-barren that lay between the river and East Angels, and it would require a brigade or two of negroes, so he said, to carry him all that distance in his litter. As soon as he should feel himself able to undertake so long a journey, he promised to go by steamer to the mouth of the St. John's; here the *Emperadora* could meet him and take him southward by sea to the harbor of Gracias, thence down the lagoon to the landing of East Angels itself.

Aunt Katrina was therefore waiting. But this was a condition of things which somebody was very apt to be enjoying where Lanse was concerned. Lanse had a marked contempt for what he called a "panting life." Under these circumstances, as he never panted himself, there was apt to be somebody else who was panting. By a little looking about one could have found, almost every day, several expectant persons who had the reverse side of his leisurely tastes to bear.

Aunt Katrina, in bearing hers, at least had her Betty. Now that Margaret was absent, this good soul remained constantly at East Angels, not returning to her home at all. She led a sort of camping-out existence, however, for dear Kate never asked her to bring down a trunk and make herself comfortable; dear Kate always took the tone that her friend would return home, probably, "about the day after to-morrow." Betty, therefore, had with her only her old carpet-bag, which, though voluminous, had yet its limits; she was constantly obliged to contrive secret methods of getting necessary articles down from Gracias. She lived in this makeshift manner for a long stretch of weeks, heroically wearing her best gown all the time, because to have sent for the second best would have appeared to dear Kate like preparation for a longer visit than she seemed to think she should at present require.

Dear Kate in the mean while found her principal entertainment in making her friend glisten. She liked to watch a shine of anxiety appear on poor Betty's rosy face. It was not easy to make Betty uncomfortable in this way; she was far too generous, too unconscious of self, to be disturbed by the usual petty stings. But Katrina was an artist in this sort of work; she soon grew so ingenious in finding out the right places for her probe that it could be said with truth that she never failed to make Betty take out her handkerchief, dab it here and there on her cheeks and forehead, and look about her anxiously for a fan, at least twice every day.

Every day, too, the aunt wrote a little note of affectionate inquiry to Lanse. She was sure her "boy" would prize the sight of her "own handwriting." These notes were piled up in a particular place in the house on the river. After the first three or four, Lanse never read them. About twice a week Margaret would take it upon herself to reply. And then Mrs. Rutherford would say, "As though I wanted Margaret *Cruger's* answers!" She explained to Betty that Margaret purposely kept Lanse from writing. And then Betty, looking meditatively at the carpet, would shake her head slowly, with her lips pursed up, but without venturing further answer; for she had already got herself into trouble with Katrina by expatiating warmly upon the "great comfort" it must be to "poor Mr. Harold" to have his wife with him once more.

"Nothing of the sort," had been Katrina's brief reply.

"Such a comfort to *her*, then, poor dear, to be *able* to devote herself to him in this time of trial."

"*Margaret* devote herself!"

"Well, at least, dear Kate, it must be a great comfort to *you* to have them together again, as they ought to be, of course," pursued Betty, hopefully. "It may be—who knows?—probably it *will* be without doubt, the beginning of a *true* reconciliation, a *true* home."

"True fiddlesticks! It shouldn't be, then, in my opinion, even if it could be. Margaret Cruger has been *much* too leniently dealt with. After deserting her husband as she has done entirely all these years, she shouldn't have been taken back so easily; she should have been made to go down on her *knees* before he forgave her."

"Dear me! do you really think so?" said Betty, dismayed by this picture. "And Mrs. Harold has so much sweet dignity, too."

"It should be stripped from her; it's all hum. What right has Margaret *Cruger*

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to such an amount of dignity? Is she Alexandra, Princess of Wales, may I ask?"

"Do you know, I have *always* thought she looked quite a good *deal* like her," exclaimed Betty, delighted with this coincidence.

But Katrina's comparison had been an impersonal one; she was not thinking at all of the fair graceful Princess of the Danes. "My patience! Elizabeth Gwinnet, how dull you are sometimes!" she exclaimed, closing her eyes with a groan.

Elizabeth Gwinnet agreed that she was dull, agreed with an unresentful laugh. Katrina's epithets were a part of the vagaries of her illness, of course; if she, Betty, was sure of anything in this world, she was sure that she was an enormous comfort to her poor dear Kate. And under those circumstances she could agree to anything.

While helpless and in pain, Lansing Harold had been entirely absorbed in his own condition; even Margaret's arrival he had noticed but slightly. This strong, dark, large man took his illness as an extraordinary dispensation, a tragic miracle; he was surprised that Dr. Kirby was not more agitated; he was surprised that his two attendants, when they came, did not evince a deeper concern. Surely it was a case unprecedented, terrible; surely no one had ever had such an ordeal before. Not once did he emerge from his own personality and look upon his condition as part of the common lot. Lanse, indeed, had never fully believed that he belonged to the common lot.

He announced to everybody that Fate was treating him with frightful injustice. Why should *he* be maimed and shackled in this way—he, a man who had always led a wholly simple, natural life? *He* had never shut himself up in an office, burned his eyes out over law papers, or narrowed his chest over ledgers; *he* had never sacrificed his liberty in the sordid pursuit of money-getting. On the contrary, he had admired all beautiful things wherever they were to be found, he had breathed the fresh air of heaven, had seen all there was of life and nature, and enjoyed it all in a full, free, sane way. It was monstrous, it was ridiculous, to strike at *him*. Strike, and welcome, at the men who kept their windows down! Thus he inveighed, thus he protested, and all in perfectly good faith. Lanse believed of himself exactly what he said.

But once established in a house of his own, and able to float about on the river, promptly his good-humor came back to him; for Lanse, while not in the least amiable, had always had an abundance of good-humor. He began to laugh again; he began to tell Margaret stories connected with his life abroad. Lanse's stories, though the language was apt to be almost as condensed as that of telegraphic dispatches, were invariably good.

There had been no formal explanations between these two, no serious talk. Lanse hated serious talk. And as for explanations, as he had never in his life been in the habit of giving them, it was not likely that he was going to begin now. When Margaret first arrived, and he could scarcely see her from pain, he had managed to say, "Oh, you're back? glad to see you"—as though she had left him but the week before—and this matter-of-course tone he had adhered to ever since. It was the easier since his wife showed no desire to alter it.

He required no direct services from her; his men did everything. As he grew better, he gave her the position of a charming comrade whom it was a pleasure to meet when he came (in his wheeled chair) to the parlor in the evening; he thanked her gallantly for being there. In this way they lived on. Margaret had been for nine or ten weeks under the same roof with him before he made any allusion to their personal relations. Even then it was only a remark or two, uttered easily, and as though he had happened to think of it just then. The remarks embodied the idea that the "interruption" (that was what he called it) which had occurred in their life together should be left undiscussed between them. It had happened, let it therefore remain "happened." They couldn't improve it by chattering about it (an illusion of weak minds), but they could take up the threads again where they had left them, and go on without any bother. "Bother" was another of the things Lanse detested.

Later, he added a few things more: they were not taking up the threads, after all, just where they had left them, but in a much better place. For now they were relieved from any necessity for being sentimental. He admired her greatly; he didn't mind telling her that she had grown much more interesting, as well as handsomer; but his having remained away from

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her as long as he had, and of his own accord, debarred him, of course, from expecting personal affection from her, at least at present; he certainly didn't expect it, she might rest secure about that. On the other hand, he didn't believe, either—no, not in the least—that she had broken her heart very deeply about him. There was no better foundation than this state of affairs for the most comfortable sort of years together, if she would look at it in the right way. What was the cause of most of the trouble between husbands and wives nowadays?—by "nowadays" he meant in modern times, since women had been allowed to complain. Their being so bigoted, wasn't it? on one side or the other, as to wish to absorb each other, control each other, in a petty, dogmatic, jealous sort of way. Now in their case there would not be any clashing of that sort; when people had lived apart as they had, voluntarily and contentedly, for seven years, they must at least have got out of the habit of asking prying questions, of expecting a report of everything that had happened, of trying to dictate and govern. As to jealousy, it would be rather late in the day to begin that.

These were the only approaches Lanse had made toward a discussion of intimate topics. The reserve was not so remarkable in him as it might have been in another man, for Lanse seldom talked on intimate topics with anybody. His principle, so far as it could be gathered from his life, appeared to have been to allow himself, in actual fact (quiet fact), the most radical liberty of action, while at the same time in speech, in tastes, in general manner, he remained firmly, even aggressively, a conservative; Lanse's "manner" had been much admired. Always, so he would have said, he behaved "as a gentleman should," which had seemed to mean principally (according to his own idea of it) that he had no local views of anything, that he was fond of the fine arts and good guns, that he had a taste for ablutions and fresh air, for laced shoes and shooting jackets, and that he never (it had not happened since his early youth, at least) lost control of himself through drink. All this went perfectly with his apparent frankness. It also went perfectly with his real reserves.

On the occasions when he had said his few words to Margaret, he had given her no chance to reply; he had made his remarks when one of his men was momentarily expected to enter, he himself, meanwhile, being occupied in examining his guns (Lanse was always examining his guns); and the second time he took up a book, and became absorbed even while speaking, his words dying away as he read. Lanse was sure that he read a great deal, that he was very fond of reading. In reality he had read of late years almost nothing; he only turned to reading as a last resort. He was barbarically ignorant regarding the authors of his day. He liked best personal memoirs and letters of the last century. When these failed him, he re-read Fielding—fortunately Fielding was inexhaustible.

He was in the habit of saying this. But one evening even Fielding palled.

It was when they had been for nearly two months in the house on the river. He had been out during most of the afternoon in his canoe; his two attendants had now established him upon his sofa, placed everything which they thought he might want within his reach, had adjusted his reading lamp (he had announced that he was going to read), and had then left him. They were to return at ten o'clock and help him to bed, for Lanse was obliged to keep early hours; the night was the dangerous time, and one of the men always slept on a cot bed in the room with him, so as to be within call.

Margaret was sitting near the larger table, where there was a second lamp. She was sewing. Having thrown down his book, apparently with the sudden realization (it came to him occasionally) that he knew every word of it before beginning, Lanse sat among his cushions, watching her hand come and go above the long seam.

"You are always sewing on such long things!" he said. "What is the use of your doing that sort of work nowadays, when there are sewing-machines?"

"That's like the American you told me about, who asked, in Venice, what was the use of people's sketching there nowadays, when there were photographs?"

"Oh, your seam is a work of art, is it?" said Lanse. He was silent for a moment. Then he took up an old grievance. "Evert is abominably selfish not to come over here oftener. He might just as well come over and stay. Do you know any earthly reason why he shouldn't?"

"I suppose he thinks he ought not to

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leave Aunt Katrina—I mean for any length of time."

"He comes for no length, long or short. Aunt Katrina? I thought you said she'd got a lot of people?"

"Only Mrs. Carew."

"Mrs. Carew and five or six servants; that's enough, in all conscience. No; I'll tell you what it really is: Evert knows I've got a canoe now that won't hold him, and that he would have to paddle himself. So he stays away. He might stay forever, as far as I am concerned, if it weren't for the evenings. But they're so confoundedly long—you must admit that they are—for a person who doesn't sew seams. If Evert were here, I could at least beat him at checkers—that would be something."

Checkers was the only game Lanse would play; he hated games generally. His method of playing this one was hopelessly bad. That made no difference in his being convinced that it was excellent. He blustered over it always.

Margaret had not answered. After a while, still idly watching her hand come and go, Lanse began to laugh. "No: I'll tell you what it really is, Madge; I know it as well as if he had drawn up a formal indictment and signed his name. He's all off with me on account of the way I've treated you."

She started; the movement of her hand became uneven, though she kept on making stitches.

"Yes. What do you say, Lavens told him the whole story—got what really happened, and without the shade of claiming myself in any way? Don't you think that pretty good of me? But I found out, too, what I didn't know before—that you yourself have never said a word all this time either to him or to Aunt Katrina; that you have told nothing. I call that pretty good of *you*. I dare say, in the mean while, Aunt Katrina has led you a life!"

"I haven't minded that—she didn't know—"

"It was really very fine of you," said Lanse, appreciatively, after a moment or two of silence, during which he had seemed to review again her course, and to sincerely admire it. "It would have been so easy to have considered it your 'duty' to tell, to have called the telling 'setting yourself right.' Everybody would have been on your side—would have taken your part. But I can't say, after all, that I'm surprised," he went on. "I have always had the most perfect confidence in you, Madge. If I hadn't, I shouldn't have been so easy, of course, about going away. But I knew I could leave you, I knew I could trust you; I knew you would always be the perfect creature you have shown yourself to be."

"I'm not perfect at all," answered Margaret, throwing her work down with a movement that was almost fierce. "Don't talk to me in that way."

"There! no need to flash out so; remember I'm only a cripple," responded Lanse, amiably. He sat there stroking his short beard with his strong, well-shaped hand, looking at her, as he did so, with some curiosity.

She rose. "Is there anything I can do for you?—anything you want before I go?" And she began to fold up her work.

"Oh, don't go! that's inhuman. It's only a little after nine—there's nearly an hour yet before the executioners come. I didn't mean to vex you, Madge; really I didn't. I know perfectly that you have done what you did, behaved as you have—so admirably (you must excuse my saying it again)—to please yourself, not me; you did it because you thought it right, and you don't want my thanks for it; you don't even want my admiration. Probably you haven't a very high opinion of my admiration. I condole with you—you may have [illegible] the truth is, you have had [illegible] you have been rid of me, [illegible] no disagreeable gossip about you. If you had ever loved me, things would have been, of course, very different; there would have been the grief and all that to consider; but there's been no grief. You probably know now, though you didn't then, that I never seriously cared for [illegible] you *thought* you did."

Margaret was standing, her folded work in her hand, ready to leave the room. "I should—I should have tried," she answered, in a husky voice, her eyes turned away.

"Tried? Of course you would have tried, poor child," responded Lanse, laughing. "I should have had that spectacle. You were wonderfully good; you had a great sense of duty; you really married me from duty—because I told you you could save me, and you believed it, and thought you must try. And you mistook the interest you felt in me on that account

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for affection — a very natural mistake at your age. Never mind all that now. I only want you to admit that I might have been worse; I might have been brutal, tyrannical, in every petty way. I might have been a pig. Instead of leaving you as I did, I might have staid at home—and made you wish that I *had* left! Even now I scarcely touch your liberty. True, I ask you to keep house for me, set up a home and make me comfortable again. But outside of that I leave you very free. You shall do quite as you please. Luckily we've got money enough—that is, you have — not to be forced to sacrifice ourselves about trifles. If you want your breakfast at eight o'clock, and I mine at eleven, why, we can have it in that way. It won't be necessary for us to change our customs in the very least for each other, and I assure you in the long-run that tells. It's possible, of course, that you may hate me. But I don't believe you do; and in case you don't, I see no reason why we shouldn't lead an easy life together. Really, looking at it in that way, it's a very pretty little prospect—for people of sense."

As he concluded with these words, genially uttered, Margaret sank suddenly into a chair which was near her and covered her face with her hands.

Lanse looked at her. There was genuine kindness in his beautiful dark eyes with the yellow lights in them. "There's one question I might ask you, Margaret. But no, I won't; it's really none of my business. You will always *act* like an angel. Your thoughts are your own affair."

Margaret still sat motionless, her face covered.

"I'm very sorry you feel so. I meant to be—I want to be—as considerate as possible. Great heavens!" he went on, "what a fettered, restricted existence you women — the good ones — do lead! I have the greatest sympathy for you. When you're wretched, you can't do anything; you can't escape, and you can't take any of the compensations men take when they want to balance ill luck in other directions; all you can do is—sit still and bear it! I wonder you endure it as you do. But I won't talk about it; talking's all rot. Short of killing myself, I don't know that there's anything that would improve the situation. And that wouldn't be of any use either, at least to you, because it would leave you feeling guilty, and guilt you could never bear. Come, hold up your head, Madge; nothing in this stupid life is worth feeling so bad about; life's nothing but rubbish. Get the checker-board and we'll have a game."

Margaret had risen. "I can't to-night; any other time."

"But what am I to do, then?" began Lanse, in a complaining tone. He was as good as his word; he had already dismissed the subject from his mind. "Well, if you must go," he went on, "just hand me that book of poor Malleson's, first."

This was a book of sketches of the work of Mino da Fiesole, the loving, patient studies of a young American who had died in Italy years before, when Lanse was there. Lanse had been kind to him at the last; had closed his eyes, and had then laid him to sleep in that lovely shaded cemetery under the shadow of the pyramid outside the walls of Rome—a sweet last resting-place that lingers in many a traveller's memory. The book of sketches had been left to him, and he was very fond of it.

As Margaret gave it to him he saw her face more clearly, saw its pallor and the traces of tears under the dark lashes. "Yes, go and rest," he said, compassionately; "go to bed. I should reproach myself very much if I thought it was waiting upon me, care about me, that had tired you so."

"No; I have very little to do; the men do everything," Margaret answered. "I haven't half as much to attend to here as I have at home." She seemed to wish to re-assure him.

"At home?" said Lanse, jocularly. "What are you talking about? This is your home, isn't it?—wherever I happen to be."

But evidently his wife's self-control had been rudely shaken when her tears had mastered her, for now she could not answer him. She turned away without speaking and left the room.

"Courage!" he called after her as she went toward the door. "You'll see it will all come right in the end."

She went with a swift step to her own room, and threw herself face downward upon a low couch, her head resting upon her clasped hands. The sudden movement loosened her hair; soon it began to slip from its fastenings and drop over her shoulders in a thick, soft, perfumed mass. Then, falling forward, lock by lock, the long ends touched the floor.

As she lay thus behind her bolted doors,

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fighting with an unhappiness so deep that her whole heart was sobbing and crying, though now she did not shed outwardly a tear, her husband, stroking his brown beard meditatively, was getting a great deal of enjoyment out of poor Malleson's book. Lanse had a very delicate taste in such matters; he knew a beautiful outline when he saw it, from a single palmetto against the blue, on a point in the St. John's, to these low reliefs of the sweetest sculptor of the Renaissance. Long before, he had told Margaret that he married her for her profile. Slim, unformed girl as she was, there had been from the first moment he saw her an immense satisfaction for his eyes in the poise of her head and the clearness of her delicate features every time she entered the room.

Whether he would have found any satisfaction in these same outlines, could he have seen them prone in their present abandonment, only himself could have told.

He would have said, probably, that he found no satisfaction at all. Lansing Harold, as has been remarked before, had a great deal of benevolence.

CHAPTER XXII.

"I DON'T know what to say to you, Mrs. Harold, or how to explain to you what I can not—fully, that is—explain to myself," Dr. Kirby began. He was evidently highly disturbed. He sat down and stroked his chin; he got up and walked to and fro; then he sat down again, but with no increase of tranquillity.

He was in the sitting-room of the house on the river—a place not so desolate after eight months of Margaret's habitation there. She could not restore the blossoming vines to the stripped exterior; she could not bring to life again the magnificent old trees; but within she had made a great change. The rooms were fairly comfortable now. Dark blinds gave a semblance of the former leafy shade.

But more than the rooms was the mistress of them herself transformed. The change was not one of manner or expression; it was the metamorphosis which can be produced by a complete alteration of dress. For Lanse had objected to the simplicity of his wife's attire, and especially to the plain, close arrangement of her hair. "You don't mean it, I know," he said, "but it has an appearance of affectation, a sort of 'holier than thou' air. I hate to see women going about in that way; it looks as if they thought themselves so beautiful that they didn't mind calling attention to it—with sanctimonious primness, of course. It's the most conspicuous thing a woman can do."

"It's not a matter of principle with me; it's only my taste," Margaret answered. "I have always liked simplicity in others, and so I have dressed in that way myself."

"Well, alter it, then. With your sort of face you couldn't possibly look flashy. And you might look prettier—less like a saint. There, don't be enraged; I know you haven't a grain of that kind of pose. But it seems to me, Margaret, that you might very well dress to please me, since I regard you as a charming picture, keeping my hands off."

The next steamer that touched at the long pier (it was not two hours afterward) took from there half a dozen hastily written letters to carry North.

"What in the world—why, I hardly *knew* you," Aunt Katrina said, ten days later, when her niece came over to East Angels to see her: now that Lanse was so much better, she could come oftener.

"Lanse wished it," Margaret answered as she took her seat.

"And very properly. You certainly had a most tiresome way of having your things made—so deadly plain. It looked as if you wanted people to think you either very Quakerish or very miserable, I hardly know which."

"If I had been miserable I shouldn't have paid so much attention to it, should I? It takes a great deal of attention to dress in that way." She spoke, if not smilingly, then at least in the even tone which people now called "always *so* cheerful."

"Oh, I don't know what you really *were;* I only meant how you looked. I am glad, at least, that you acknowledge that it takes a great stock of vanity to go steadily against all the fashions. Well, you don't look Quakerish now."

"You like the dress, then?"

"It's *lovely*," said Aunt Katrina, scanning every detail from the hat to the shoe. "Expensive, of course?"

"Yes."

"And Lanse likes that?"

"He wishes me to dress richly: he says so."

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"I think that's so nice of him. He wants you to look, I suppose, as well as you *can*," said Aunt Katrina, magnanimously. "And certainly you do look a great deal better."

Whether Margaret looked better was a question whose answer depended upon the personal taste of those who saw her. She looked, at least, very different. The sumptuous wrap with its deep fringes, the lace of the scarf, the general impression of costly fabrics and of color in her attire, brought out the delicate outlines of her face, as the soft waves of her hair over her forehead deepened the blue of her eyes. On her white arms now, at home in the evenings, bracelets gleamed, the flash of rings came from her little hands; her slender figure trailed behind it rich silks of various light hues.

"You are a beautiful object nowadays, Margaret," Lanse said more than once. "Fancy your having known how, all this time, without ever having used your talent!"

"It's my dress-maker's talent."

"Yes; she must have a great deal to carry out your orders."

He was especially pleased one evening. She came in, bringing his newspaper, which had just arrived by the steamer. She was dressed in a long gleaming gown of satin, with long tight sleeves; she wore a little ruff of Venetian lace; there was a golden comb in her dark hair. A fan made of the bright plumage of some tropical bird lay against the satin of her skirt; it hung by a ribbon from the broad satin belt, which, fastened by a golden buckle, defined her slender waist.

"You look like a fine old engraving," he said.

She stood holding the paper toward him. But for a moment he did not take it; he was surveying her critically. Then he lifted his eyes to her face. There was a smile in them. "You did it—do it—to please me?" he said.

She did not answer.

"Because you think it your duty to do what I wish. And because, too, you are a trifle afraid of me," he laughed. "It would have an even better effect, though, Madge," he went on, "if you wouldn't take it quite so seriously. Couldn't you contrive to get just a little pleasure out of it on your own account?—I mean the looking so handsome."

She gave him the paper, and went across to her work-table. "I am delighted to look handsome," she said.

"No, you're not. It was probably easier for you to dress as you used to—plainly; more in accordance with your feelings—women like to be in accordance. Poor child!" Lanse added, irrelevantly.

"The truth is, Madge, you're too conscientious," he resumed, after a short silence. "I take advantage of it, of course—I always shall. But you would get on a great deal better yourself, you might even have had more influence over me (if you care about that), if you had been, if you were now, a little less—patient."

"I suppose there's no use in my repeating that I'm not patient at all," answered Margaret. She was taking some balls of silk from the drawer.

"You want me to think it's self-control. Well, perhaps it is. But then, you know, unbroken self-control—"

"Would you mind it if I should ask you not to discuss it—my self-control?" Her hands were beginning to tremble.

"Put your hands in your pocket if you don't want me to see them," said Lanse, laughing; "they always betray you—even when your voice is steady. Well, at any rate, you're much better off than you would have been if you had happened to care for me. That's been the enormous blessing of your life—your not caring. Just supposing you *had* cared! You ought to be very thankful. And you ought to reckon up your blessings every now and then, for fear of forgetting some of them; we ought all to do that, I think."

He said this with great gravity. Not that he felt in the least grave. But it was one of Lanse's methods of amusing himself to make remarks of this sort once in a while with a very grave face. It was his way of enjoying an inward laugh.

He looked at her for a moment or two longer as she sat with her eyes bent upon her knitting. "You're in the right chair," he said at length, "but you're sitting too straight. Won't you please take that footstool, put your feet on it, and then lean back more? You long lithe women look better that way."

She did not move.

"Come," he said, "you're furious; but you know you ought to humor me. It's only that I want my picture more complete—that's all."

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And then, with nervous quickness, she did what he asked.

He thanked her, and resumed the consideration of his guns, which her entrance with the paper had interrupted.

It was upon the morning following this little conversation that Dr. Kirby made his appearance at the house on the river and declared that he could not "explain."

"Tell me without explaining," Margaret suggested.

But this at first seemed to the Doctor even more difficult than the other alternative; it would have been so much more in accordance with his sense of the fitness of things to lead up to it gradually, to ascend the stumbling-block which had fallen in their path by means of a proper staircase, carpeted steps of probabilities and causes, things he had foreseen—intuitions. But in fact he had foreseen nothing. He felt that he could not make a staircase. So he gave one great hard bound.

"Garda is engaged," he announced. "To Lucian Spenser."

"I didn't know he was back," said Margaret, in astonishment.

"He has only just come. She went up to Norfolk with my cousin, Sally Lowndes"—here the Doctor stopped, gazing at Margaret inquiringly.

"Yes, I left it to you to decide about her going—don't you remember?"

"I decided wrongly. I thought it would be a variety for her—Virginia having *some* interesting points. Sally was obliged to go, and anxious to take Garda—I was in Charleston, and I allowed it. I had no business to!" said the Doctor, slapping his knee suddenly and fiercely. "I distinctly disapprove of much travelling for young girls—mere aimless gadding about. But I have been corrupted, to a certain degree, by the new Nor—the new modern ideas that are making their way everywhere at present: they creep in at our very key-holes. I could bury my head in a hay-stack! When did you hear from her last?"

"I had a letter from Norfolk immediately after her arrival."

"Before she had met him—yes. And nothing since?"

"Nothing."

"She said she would rather have me tell you than write herself."

"She thought you would be on her side."

"No, madam, no; she couldn't have thought that—that would be impossible. But she was good enough to say that I should, in the telling, be certain to make you laugh. And that was what she wanted."

Moisture glittered suddenly in his eyes as he brought this out. He pretended it was not there, and searching for his handkerchief, he coughed gruffly, complaining of "a cold."

"I certainly don't laugh," said Margaret. "But perhaps we need not be so—so troubled about it. The first thing is to have her come home."

"She's back in Charleston, of course."

"Oh?"

"Yes. As soon as I received Sally's letter—she wrote at once—I started immediately for Norfolk" (the Doctor did not say how difficult it was for him to spare the money for the journey). "I saw Mr. Spenser—in my quality of guardian it was proper that I should see him. And I brought the two ladies home."

"And not Mr. Spenser too?"

"I don't know anything about Mr. Spenser!" Then, after a moment, "I reckon he will follow," the Doctor murmured, dejectedly.

"And I—who thought he was in Venice!"

"He was in Venice until a few weeks ago. I don't know in the least what brought him home. But I do know what brought him to Norfolk: some confounded fancy or other for sketching—of all places in the world—the Dismal Swamp—the miry, malarious old Dismal. I beg your pardon, madam"—here the Doctor rose, bowing ceremoniously, with his hand on the broad expanse of beautifully starched linen, which kept its place unmoved over his disturbed breast. "It is not often that I am betrayed into language unsuited to a lady's presence. I should not have used the adjective I did before 'fancy.' I beg you to excuse me."

"Do you not like Mr. Spenser?" said Margaret.

The Doctor stared. "Do you?"

"I suppose it is not so much whether we like him as whether we approve of him. It is for Garda to like him, isn't it? I don't think we can oppose it: she would not listen to us."

"No, no; I apprehend you are in error there," said the Doctor, beginning to walk to and fro with quick steps. Much as he

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liked Margaret, he was ranking her now with the general Northern enemy.

"I must tell you what I think, mustn't I?" said the other guardian, gently. "And I think she has cared for him a long time."

"It is impossible for me to agree with you. Long time? Permit me to ask how long you mean? In the mean while she has been engaged to another man—Evert Winthrop. Do you forget that?"

"I don't think she realized—she was very young; she is extremely impulsive always," answered his colleague, wandering rather helplessly for a moment among these phrases. Then she spoke more decidedly. "But now she knows, now she is sure; she is sure it is Lucian she cares for."

"She doesn't dream what she cares for yet. She is fanciful, and this is only another fancy. Sally, too, has been much to blame."

"I do not think Garda is fanciful," said Margaret. "And—it is not a childish feeling, her liking for Lucian Spenser."

The Doctor stopped on the other side of the room. Then he came back and stood gazing at Margaret in silence. "You are a woman, and you are good," he said at last. "She is very fond of you, she tells you everything, and you *must* know. If therefore you say that she—"

"Yes," answered Margaret, "I do know. I am sure she cares for him very, very much." Here some of Garda's frank expressions about Lucian, and the delight it gave her to even look at him, coming suddenly into her memory, over all her fair face there rose a sweet deep blush.

The Doctor turned away and dropped into a chair.

"There is nothing against Mr. Spenser, I believe," Margaret began again, after a short pause.

"It isn't that. No, I believe there is nothing." Then: "Well, I reckon she has taken us all by surprise and grown up," he said, rising abruptly with an attempt at cheerfulness. And during the remainder of his visit he spoke with unusual rapidity, and held himself in an erect, business-like way (or what he supposed to be such), as if he were facing the entire North. Once they had faced its armies. Now they must face its influences, its assertions. These influences were coming from all directions, sometimes in a pleasant form—as that of Margaret Harold herself, sitting there before him now in her pale blue draperies; sometimes, and far oftener, in an unpleasant. Fortunately he was an old man—he should see only the beginnings; he would try to bear himself bravely in the face of these beginnings while still above-ground.

He told Margaret (with his new quick utterance) that Lucian was now possessed of "a genteel income." He had not accepted his wife's large fortune. She had left everything to him, but he had immediately given three-quarters of it back to her relatives. This still left him "a competence." They were to wait six months; a proper time would then have elapsed since—

"Yes, I know," said Margaret. Not at all deceived by the poor Doctor's business-like manner, she came as soon as she could to his relief. "Where do you think she had better stay when she comes back? Could you have her with you for a while? I don't think I— I doubt whether she would care to stay here."

"She says she isn't coming back. She knows you have no place for her, no time; and you are the only one she cares for."

"She doesn't mean that; she cares greatly for you all. I think she ought to come back; she has been a long time in Charleston. Mrs. Lowndes has been wonderfully kind."

"Oh, as to that, Sally is very fond of her, and loves to have her there. Sally hasn't much in the way of amusement nowadays, she tells me. I suggested to her," added the Doctor—he was evidently trying to recapture his old fluency—"that she might extract some small flavor of it possibly by giving herself up for a while to an undivided contemplation of that hallucinated Ernesto de Torrez."

"Is he there still?"

"He is there still. He doesn't believe in the least in Garda's engagement."

"He didn't believe in the other one," said Margaret. And then she was sorry she had said it, for the Doctor jumped up and seized his hat. It was still insupportable to him, the thought of those two engagements.

"He's an arrant idiot!" he said, violently. Then, controlling himself, he took leave of Margaret in his softest tones, bowing over her hand with his old stately ceremony. Mr. Harold was in the garden? He would go out and see him there. It was most satisfactory, certainly, the improvement in Mr. Harold.

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Lanse was, indeed, much better, so much that, had it not been for his crippled condition, he would have seemed quite himself again. But he could not yet walk; his knees and ankles remained swollen and stiff. He had not been able to go over and see Mrs. Rutherford.

To two or three persons, Minerva Poindexter very decidedly among them, it seemed possible that the short journey would not cause much more fatigue than the long days he spent in his canoe. But Lanse was of a different opinion; and, as has been already mentioned, only two or three persons turned over his opinion far enough to find selfishness underneath it.

It had happened to Lansing Harold all his life to be seldom criticised with any real severity by those who knew him personally (there was plenty of criticism from those who didn't); those who knew him personally were always a little under, if not the charm, then at least the influence, of his breezy good-humor. He had always been so large and strong and handsome, there had been such an air of vigor about him—it was markedly visible even now—that it had seemed a sort of generosity on his part that he should be so good-humored, often so witty as well. That was what they found him now, the people of Gracias—so good-humored, often so witty as well. For they had all made his acquaintance. Mr. Moore had been over at regular intervals to pay his respects to Margaret in her new home; Betty Carew had come also, her Katrina permitting; Madam Giron and Madam Ruiz had made the little journey of courtesy; even Mistress Kirby in her visite had accompanied Reginald several times when he came to see his patient. For they all felt that the new-comer belonged in reality to them; he would have been at East Angels, of course, and not "on the river" (Gracias people had a low opinion of "the river"), if it had been possible for him to reach the former place.

On the present occasion the Doctor went to the garden, where Lanse, stretched on a couch, with a cigar, was surveying the river contentedly. Lanse liked the Doctor; it was an ever-fresh entertainment to him to realize that his large long bulk was committed to the care of that "pottering little man." The Doctor was not in the least "pottering." But Lanse really thought that all short men with small hands, who were without an active taste for guns, were of that description. The Doctor made but a brief visit this time; then he started homeward. He had still the news about Garda to tell in Gracias. At present it was known only to Ma.

Garda did not comply with the wish of her friends, and return to them. She wrote a dozen letters about it, but in actual presence she staid away. Most of these epistles were to Margaret. As time went on she wrote to Margaret almost every day.

But her letters were not letters at all, in the usual sense of the word; they were brief diaries, rapidly jotted down, of the feelings of the moment; they were pæans, rhapsodies, bubbling little exclamations of delight; none of them ever exceeded in length a page.

They seemed to Margaret very expressive. She did not know what Garda might be writing to the Kirbys, the Moores, and Mrs. Carew; but what Garda wrote to her she kept to herself.

This was the girl's first letter after Margaret's note urging her to return:

"Margaret, I *can't* come—don't ask me; for none of them there would sympathize with me—not even you. It isn't that I want sympathy—I never even think of it. But I don't want the least disagreeable thing now when I am so *blissful*—bliss is the only word. Lucian comes in every morning on the train. The Doctor said that of course he would not stay all the time in Charleston. So, to satisfy him, Lucian stays thirty miles out, and comes in every day.

"Oh, Margaret, I *wish* you were as rapturous as I am! GARDA."

"DEAR MARGARET,—Every morning I watch until he opens the gate" (she wrote a day later), "and then I run down to meet him in the hall. We don't stay in the house; we go into the garden. Mrs. Lowndes says she loves to have him come, because he reminds her so much of Mr. Lowndes—'Roger,' she calls him. And she says *we* remind her of her own engagement. (But I don't believe Mr. Lowndes was like Lucian.) And she says it makes her young again in her heart to see us. And perhaps it does in her heart. But the change hasn't reached the outside yet. GARDA."

"DEAR MARGARET,—If I could stay with you I would come back to-morrow" (she

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wrote in answer to a second letter from Margaret, which urged her strongly to return). "But I know you don't want me now—that is, you can't have me—and where else could I stay? The Doctor *hates* Lucian—he may pretend, but he *does*. And Aunt Betty is always at East Angels now, so I can't stay with her. If I should stay at the rectory, Mrs. Moore would be sure to say, how *pleasant* for Lucian and I to read poetry on the veranda, because that is what she and Mr. Moore used to do when they were engaged. But Lucian and I don't want to read any poetry on any verandas. I should just *die* at the rectory. You must see that I can't come home. GARDA."

"DEAR MARGARET,—Lucian has gone for the night, and there's nothing else to do, so I thought I would write to you. Mrs. Lowndes has just been in. She brought a daguerreotype of Mr. Lowndes, taken when he was young, and she says she knows exactly how I feel, because she used to feel just the same. When she was at the window, and saw 'Roger' coming down the street, the very calves of her legs used to quiver, she says. Roger must have been rather stout—at least he is in the daguerreotype. He wore glasses.

"Lucian is painting me; but I only wish I could paint *him*. Oh, Margaret, he *is* so beautiful, I *adore* him. GARDA."

"DEAREST MARGARET,—I am so happy. I am so glad I am alive. It's so nice to be alive. People say life's dreadful, but to me it's perfectly enchanting every single minute. I thought I would tell you how happy I was before going to bed. I love to *write it down*. GARDA."

The Doctor went up to Charleston again. He was much displeased with the course things had taken, and he spoke with a good deal of severity to Sally Lowndes.

Sally, who was soft-bodied as well as soft-hearted (her figure was a good deal relaxed), shed tears. Then, recovering some spirit, she wished to know what the Doctor had expected *her* to do? It was true that that sweet Garda had left off her lessons (up to this time she had "had instruction," that is, teachers had arrived at fixed hours); but Sally was decidedly of the opinion that a girl who was so soon to be married should be relieved at least of "*school-room* drudgery."

"Nothing of the sort," said the Doctor; "she should be kept even more closely to her books. Your ideas are provincial and ridiculous, Sally; I don't know where you obtained them."

"From my mother," answered Sally, with a pink flush of excitement in her faded cheeks. "From my grandmother too—who was yours also. It is *you* who are changed, Reginald; it has never been the custom in our family to keep the girls down at their books after sixteen."

This was true. But the very truth of it made the Doctor more angry. "I shall take her back with me," he said.

"She doesn't wish to go."

"That makes no difference."

And then Sally "supposed" that it was not his intention to drag her back "in chains." Mrs. Lowndes was evidently much displeased with Cousin Reginald.

The Doctor took Garda to a remote part of the garden. Here he placed before her in serious words the strong wish he had that she should return with him to Gracias.

Garda laughed out merrily. Then she came and kissed him. "Don't ask me to do anything so horribly disagreeable," she said, coaxingly.

"Would it be disagreeable?" asked the Doctor, his voice changing to sadness.

"Of course. For you're not nice to Lucian; you know you're not. If I adore him, as I do, how can I like that?"

"I will be—I will be nice," said the Doctor, borrowing her word, though the use of it in that sense was to him like turning a somersault.

"Would you really try?" said Garda. She came behind him, putting her arms round his neck and resting her head on his shoulder. "You never could, you dear old thing," she said, fondly. And then, as though he were some big good-natured animal, a magnanimous elephant or bear, she let him feel the weight of her little dimpled chin.

"I am weak because I have loved you so long, my child. I might insist—you are my ward. But it seems to me that you ought to care more about doing a little as we wish. Mrs. Harold agrees with me in thinking this."

"Margaret is *sweet;* I love her dearly. But, do you know"—here she disengaged herself, and began with a sudden inconsequent interest to gather flowers—"it's so funny to me that you should think,

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either of you, for one moment, that I would leave Lucian now."

"He could come too, a little later." The Doctor was driven to this concession.

"But I shouldn't see him as I do here; you know I shouldn't. Here we do quite as we please; no one ever comes to this part of the garden but ourselves; we might be on a desert island—only it would have to be an island of flowers."

"And you care more for this than for our wishes?" began the Doctor. Then he took a lighter tone. "Of course you don't. You will come home with me, my child; we will start this afternoon." Watching her move about among the high bushes as she gathered her roses, he had fallen back into his old belief: this young face where to him were still so plainly visible the childish outlines of the little girl he had been used to lead about by the hand—even of the dimpled baby he remembered so well—he could not bring himself to realize that it had gained older expressions, and deeper, expressions he did not know.

"I am very sorry, dear," Garda answered, generally. And then she knelt down to peer through a bush which might perhaps be holding its best buds hidden.

The Doctor, completely routed by the word which she had without the least effort used, the maturity of that "dear," addressed her at last, though unconscious that he was doing so, in the tone of equality. "It isn't as though you had anything to bear, like the prospect of a long engagement, as though there were any difficulties in the way; your marriage is to come so soon," he pleaded.

"Soon?" said Garda. "Six long months! Do you call that 'soon'?" She stopped gathering roses, and sat down on a garden bench. "Six months! I must see him every day, and for a long while every day; that will be the *only* way to bear it." Then her words ceased. But her splendid eyes, meeting the Doctor's (she had forgotten that he was there), grew fuller and fuller of the loveliest dreaming expression, until the poor guardian—he realized that she would not perceive his departure—could not stand there and watch it any longer. He turned abruptly and went away.

"DEAR MARGARET,—The Doctor has gone" (Garda wrote the next day). "And I am afraid he is displeased. Apparently we please no one but ourselves and Sally Lowndes. But the Doctor is so funny! he doesn't seem to comprehend. He said to me once, 'What is it you see in him, Edgarda?' And I said, 'I see in him that I *love* him.' And *yet* he doesn't comprehend. I suppose it's because he's so old. Margaret, when my wedding day really comes at last, nobody must touch me but you. You must dress me, and you must put on my veil, and the orange blossoms (from the old East Angels grove—I won't have any others). And then, just before we go down-stairs, you must say you are *pleased.* And you must forgive me all I have done—and been too—because I *couldn't* help it. I shall come over from Gracias, and go down on my knees to Mr. Harold to beg him to let me be with you, or rather to let *you.* He must, he shall say yes."

But Lanse was not called upon to go through this interview.

He had already said, "*You* go?" in rather a high-noted tone of surprised remonstrance when Margaret suggested, some time before, that she should go herself to Charleston and bring Garda back. "And leave me shut up alone here?" he added, as if to bring home to her the barbarity of her proposal.

"The servants do very well at present."

"They don't look as you do," Lanse answered, gallantly. "I must have something to look at."

"But I think I ought to go."

"You can dismiss that 'ought' from your mind. There are other 'oughts' that come nearer. In fact, viewing the matter impartially, you should never have consented in the beginning, Madge, to take charge of that girl, without first consulting me." Lanse brought out this last touch with much judicial gravity. "Fortunately your guardianship, such as it is, will soon be over," he went on; "she will soon have a husband to see to her. Apparently she needs one."

"That won't be for six months yet."

"Call it two; as I understand it, there's nothing but a dogmatic old custom between them, and as Florida isn't the land of custom—"

"Yes, it is."

"Well, even grant that; the girl is, from all accounts, a rich specimen of willfulness—"

"Of naturalness."

"Oh, if they're guided by naturalness," said Lanse, "they won't even wait two."

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And it was not two, when early one morning, in old St. Michael's Church in Charleston, with Sally Lowndes, excited and tearful, as witness—their only one save an ancient little uncle of hers, who had come in from his rice plantation to do them the favor of giving the bride (whom he had never seen before) away, Edgarda Thorne and Lucian Spenser were married.

The Reverend Batton Habersham, as he came robed in his surplice from the vestry-room, could not help being conscious, even then and there, that he had never seen so beautiful a girl as the one who now stood waiting at the chancel rail—not in the veil she had written about, or the orange blossoms from East Angels, but in an every-day white frock, and garden hat covered with roses. The bridegroom was very handsome also. But naturally the clergyman was not so much impressed by Lucian's good points as by Garda's lovely ones. Sally Lowndes was impressed by Lucian. She gazed at him as one gazes at an old Venetian portrait. Lucian looked very handsome, very tall and manly, and very much in love—a happy combination, Sally thought. And then, with fresh sweet tears welling in her eyes, she knelt down for the benediction (though it was not given to her), and thought of "Roger," and the day when she should see him again in paradise.

The Reverend Batton Habersham, who was officiating in St. Michael's for a week only, during the absence of the rector, was a man unknown to fame even in his own diocese. But it is possible to do a great deal of good in the world without fame. And Batton Habersham did it. His little mission chapel was on one of the sea islands. Always thereafter he remembered the early morning marriage of that beautiful girl in the dim, empty old Charleston church as the most romantic episode of his life. Fervently he hoped that she would be happy. For even so good a man is more earnest (unconsciously) in his hopes for the happiness of a bride with eyes and hair like Garda's than he is for that of one with tints less striking. Though the relation, all the same, between the amount of coloring matter in the visual orbs or capillary glands, and the degree of sweetness and womanly goodness in the heart beneath, has never yet been satisfactorily determined.

An hour later the northward-bound train was carrying two supremely happy persons across the Carolinas toward New York, the Narrows, Italy.

"Well, we have all been young once, Sally," the little old rice planter had said, with a smothered sigh, to his weeping niece, as the carriage drove away from the hospitable old mansion of the Lowndeses. Garda had almost forgotten that they were there, Sally and himself, as they had stood for a moment at the carriage door. But she had looked so exquisitely lovely in her sweet absorbed felicity that he forgave her on the spot, though of course he wondered over her choice, and "couldn't imagine" what she could see in that "ordinary young fellow." He went back to his plantation. But he was restless all the evening. At last, about midnight, he got out an old miniature and some letters, and any one who could have looked into the silent room later in the night would have seen the little old man still in his arm-chair, his face hidden in his hand, the faded pages open beside him.

"It is perhaps as well," said Margaret Harold. She was trying to administer some comfort to Dr. Kirby, when, two days later, he sat, a flaccid parcel of clothes, on the edge of a chair in her parlor, staring at the floor.

Mrs. Rutherford was triumphant. "A runaway match! And *that* is the girl you would have married, Evert. What an escape!"

"*She* has escaped," Winthrop answered, smiling.

"What do you mean? Escaped? Escaped from what?"

"From all of us here."

"Not from me," answered Aunt Katrina, with dignity. "*I* never tried to keep her; *I* always saw through her perfectly from the very first. Do you mean to say that you understand that girl even now, Evert?" she added, with some contradiction.

"Yes, I think I do—*now*," Winthrop answered.

"I don't envy you your knowledge. *Poor* Lucian Spenser! what could have possessed him?"

"He? He's madly in love with her, of course."

"I'm glad at least you think he's a fool," said Aunt Katrina, applying her vinaigrette disdainfully to her well-shaped nose.

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"Fool? Not at all; he's only tremendously happy."

"The same thing—in such a case."

"I don't know about that. The question is, is it better to be tremendously happy for a little while, and unreasonable, or to be reasonable all the time, and never tremendously happy?"

"Oh, if you're going to talk *rationalism*—" said Aunt Katrina.

Immediately after her return from Norfolk, in the interval before Lucian came, Garda sent for Ernesto de Torrez. When he appeared, she did not even ask him to sit down; she came to him eagerly, and begged him to do her a favor, namely, to leave Charleston for the present.

"Is it that you wish me to return to Gracias?" he asked. "The place is a desperation without you."

"You need not go to Gracias if you don't want to; but please go away from here. Go to the Indian River," she suggested, with a sudden inspiration.

"I will go to the Indian River certainly—if that is your wish," replied the Cuban; "though I do not know"—this he added rather longingly—"what harm I do here."

"No harm at all. But I want you to go." She smiled brightly, though there was also a good deal of sympathy in her eyes as she surveyed his lack-lustre countenance.

"That is enough—your wish. I go—I go at once." He took leave of her.

She called him back, and looked at him for a moment. Then she said, "Yes, go; and I will write to you."

This was a great concession. Ernesto felt it to be such.

But the letter was a long time in coming; and when it did come at last, it dealt him, like an actual hand, a prostrating blow.

It was dated several days after that morning which had seen the early marriage in St. Michael's, and the signature, when his dazed eyes reached it, was one he did not know—Edgarda Spenser.

The Cuban had received this note at dusk. He went out and wandered about all night. At daylight he came in, dressed himself afresh and carefully, and had his boots polished—a process not so much a matter of course on the Indian River at that day as in some other localities. Next he said a prayer, on his knees, in his rough room in the house where he was lodged. He then went out and asked the old hunter, his host, for the favor of the loan of one of his guns for the morning.

With this gun he departed into the woods. He was no sportsman. But this did not matter, since the game he had in view was extremely docile; it was so docile that it would even arrange itself in the best possible position for the ball.

But the desperate young man—his manner was composed and tranquil as he made his way through the beautiful Southern forest—was not permitted to end his earthly existence then. A hand seized his shoulder. "Are you mad, Ernesto?" said Manuel Ruiz, tears gleaming in his eyes as he almost threw his friend to the ground in the quick, violent effort he made to get possession of the gun. Then, seeing that Ernesto was looking at him very strangely, "If you come another step nearer, I'll shoot you down," he shouted.

The Cuban did not say, "That is what I want." He did not move or speak.

Manuel immediately began to talk. "They sent me down here, Ernesto; they had heard, and they were afraid for you. I had just got home, and they asked me to come—your aunt asked me."

"My aunt asked you?" repeated Torrez, mechanically.

"Yes, Ernesto, your aunt. You must care something for *her*," said Manuel. He looked uneasily about him.

And then, hurrying through the wood, came Madam Giron.

The loving-hearted, sweet-tempered woman was much moved. She took her dead sister's unhappy boy in her arms, and wept over him as though he had been her own child. She soothed him with motherly caresses; she said, tenderly, that she had not been kind enough to him, that she had been too much taken up with her own children. "But now—*now*, my dearest—" This all in Spanish, the sweetest sound in the world to poor Torrez's ears.

A slight convulsion passed over his features, though no tears came. He was young enough to have felt acutely the loneliness of his suffering, the solitude of the death which he was on his way to seek. He stood perfectly still. His aunt was now leaning against him as she wept. He put one arm protectingly round her. He felt a slow, slow return toward, not a less torturing pain, but toward greater courage in bearing it, in this sympathy which had

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come to him. Even Manuel had shown sympathy. "I feel—I feel that I have been—rather cowardly," he said at last in a dull tone.

"No, no, dear," said his aunt, putting up her soft hand to stroke his dark hair. "It was very natural. We all understand."

And then a mist did show itself for an instant in the poor boy's eyes.

That same evening, Garda, far at sea, sitting with her head on Lucian's shoulder under the brilliant stars, answered a question he asked. She did not answer it at first; she was too contented to talk. Then, as he asked it again, "What ever became of that mediæval young Cuban of mine?" "Oh, Ernesto?" she said. "I sent him down to the Indian River."

"To the Indian River? What in the world did you do that for?"

"He was in Charleston and you were coming: I didn't want him there."

"Were you afraid he would attack me?" asked Lucian, laughing.

"I was afraid he would suffer. In fact, I knew he would. And I didn't want to see it. He can suffer because he is like me—*he* can love."

"Poor fellow!"

"Yes. But I never cared for him. And he *wouldn't* see."

"And 'way down there in the land of the cotton,' I don't suppose he knows yet what's happened, does he?" said Lucian.

"Oh yes; I wrote to him from New York."

"You waited till then? Wasn't that rather hard?"

"Are you finding fault with me?" she murmured, turning her head so that her lips could reach and rest against his bending face.

"*Fault!*" said Lucian, taking her in his arms.

Ernesto passed out of their memory.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"I CAN not let you go alone," said Evert Winthrop.

He was speaking to Margaret. They were in the East Angels drawing-room, Betty Carew hovering near, and agreeing with perfect sincerity now with one, now with the other, in the remarkable way which was part of the breadth of her sympathy. "Of *course* you feel as you do," she would murmur to Margaret. And then, a minute later, she would nod her head impressively with the slow sidewise movement which says, "Yes, indeed, you *are* right," when Winthrop advanced his view of the question.

"But it's not in the least necessary for you to go," Margaret repeated. "Even if the storm should break before I reach the river, the carriage can be made perfectly tight. The storm, too, might disturb Aunt Katrina; she is the one who would need you, not I."

"Aunt Katrina is so much better that my absence, storm or no storm, will hardly trouble her seriously. She has always her kind friend—the most unselfish woman in the world, I verily believe," Winthrop said, turning with a smile toward Betty. "From the look of the sky, I am almost sure that we shall have a blow before the rain; in the face of such a probability, I couldn't allow you to start across the barrens alone—it's absurd to suppose I should."

Margaret stood hesitating. "You want me to give it up—postpone it. But I can not get rid of the idea that something has happened—I have had no letter for so long; even if Lanse had not cared to write himself, Elliot or Dodd would have done so, it seems to me, under any ordinary circumstances."

"Lanse probably keeps them too busy."

"They always have their evenings."

But Winthrop showed scanty interest in the evenings of Elliot and Dodd. "For myself, I can't pretend to be anxious," he said—"I mean about Lanse. I am only anxious about you."

"But if I don't go now, I can't go until to-morrow noon; before that time I shouldn't meet a boat that stops at our landing. That would make a delay of twenty-four hours." She looked at him as she said this, with a sort of unconscious appeal.

"I doubt whether anything very exciting could happen over there in twice twenty-four; it isn't an exciting place."

"Of course you think me obstinate. But I can not help feeling that I ought to go."

"*Perfectly* natural," said Betty. "I should feel just the same in your place—I know I should—not hearing for *so* long; 'absence makes the heart,' of *course*."

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"It's that—the silence. I have been disturbed about it for several days, but it was only to-day, this morning, that Aunt Katrina would hear of my going; of course I could not tell her that I was anxious."

"Go, by all means, if you feel in that way about it," said Winthrop. "I haven't the least desire to prevent it—as you seem to think; I only say that I shall go too."

"Yes; and that is what I don't want." She turned away and stepped out on the balcony to scan the sky.

A dark haze edged the eastern horizon. It was far away at present, lying low down on the sea; but it would come, it was already coming, westward. A clear, empty-looking space of cold pearl-hued light preceded it. Here on the lagoon the atmosphere was breathlessly still, not a sound of any kind stirred the warm silence. "Perhaps it will be only a heavy rain," said Margaret, rather helplessly. She looked very uncomfortable.

"Yes, I reckon that's all it *will* be," said Betty, who had followed her to the balcony door. "And then, too, if it *should* be anything more, Mr. Winthrop will be with you, of course; that is, in case you decide to go; and if you don't go, why then he won't, you know; and you needn't be uneasy about taking him away from your aunt. So, either way, it's all for the best."

Margaret turned and came back into the drawing-room. Winthrop was standing by the table where she had left him. His eyes met hers. She saw that he would not yield. "I don't dare give it up, I don't dare wait," she broke out with sudden agitation. "Something has happened; nothing less could have kept both of the men from writing, when I gave them my express orders. I don't understand why you don't agree with me."

"You see probabilities. And Lanse isn't a devotee of probabilities, as a general thing. Didn't the last letter say that he had begun to walk a little?—with the aid of two canes? By this time it is one cane, and he is camping out. And he has carried off the whole force of the house to cook for him."

Betty thought this an excellent joke, and laughed delightfully over it.

"If he is camping out, it is quite time I was back," answered Margaret, trying to speak lightly. She took up her gloves. "Good-by, Aunt Betty" (Betty, who was very fond of her, had prayed her long before to give her that friendly title); "you will write to me about Aunt Katrina?"

"Yes, indeed, I will," said Betty, kissing her. "Poor dear, between the two who need you, you're like Mahomet's coffin, aren't you? suspended between heaven and—and the other place. And I'm *so* glad you've decided as you have, because you will be *much* easier in your mind, though of course, too, Mr. Winthrop was *quite* right, of course, about being afraid for you in case you were alone, for sometimes we *do* have the most dreadful gusts, and the pine-trees are blown down all *over* the barrens and right across the roads; but then, all the same, if you *hadn't* decided, you would be *so* uncomfortable, and much like the old man and his son and the donkey, who never got anywhere, you know, because they tried to please too many people, or was it that they had to carry the donkey at the last?—perhaps that was it; at any rate, certainly there's no donkey *here*. Well, good-by, dear; I shall be so *dreadfully* anxious about the trees! But still, it won't be as bad as it *might* be, because they say falling trees don't make the least *bit* of sound when there's no one there to hear them, and, naturally, you won't be within hearing of *all* that fall."

"I am quite sure"—this was called down the stairs after Margaret had descended—"I'm quite sure, dear, that it will be *nothing* but a rain."

A carriage was waiting at the lower door; Winthrop's man was to drive; but the horses were not his; they were a pair Margaret had sent for. The carriage had a light top, which at present was thrown back: when it was up, the coachman's seat was under it, and not outside, the two seats being on the same level. Margaret took her place, and Winthrop followed her. Betty, who had now hurried out to the balcony, waved her handkerchief in vehement farewell as long as she could see them.

Margaret had been at East Angels for nearly a month, called there by a sudden illness which had attacked Mrs. Rutherford. It was not a dangerous illness; but it was one that entailed a good deal of suffering, and Margaret had been immediately summoned.

By this time everybody in Gracias knew how dependent "dear Katrina" was in reality upon her niece, in spite of her own majestic statements to the contrary.

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For in small communities, with time, the truth as to dispositions generally ends by becoming known; the helpful are seen to be helpful; handsome smiling selfishness is at last recognized as selfishness; and the people who are constantly "*so* sorry" for this neighbor or that are perceived not to be actuated always by the purely benevolent motives that were at first ascribed to them. So now no one was surprised when, after the new illness had declared itself, and Mrs. Rutherford had said, plaintively, that she should think Margaret would feel that she *ought* to be there, Betty immediately sat down and wrote a note.

Looth herself was thankfully glad when Margaret came. As for Celestine, that reticent attendant relaxed her reserve long enough to sit down for a moment, at Margaret's request, and give one of her characteristic reports. "Ben up nights? I expect I hev. But I don't mind that a mynt; what I mind is that she's ben so hard to get along with; it don't reelly seem as though she'd done me justice. Everything I've tried 's ben wrong, and she's ben mad as hops at me most of the time. Not but what I ain't sorry for her —land! yes, she's suffered so. And do you know, I almost begin to think, Miss Margaret, that she'll never be able to wear them plain tight-fitting waists again. It 'll be a dreadful blow to her, and I don't mind saying that *I* shall miss the cutting out and fitting her myself—she *did* set everything off so! She'd a splendid back," said Celestine, with admiration. But here Minerva Poindexter realized that this was the tone of worldliness. "But what's a back to salvation?" she said, getting up with a jerk. "Lots of narrer-chested, crooked-backed, one-shoulder-higher'n-the-other people are going through the strait gate this very minute, I'll be bound."

"I hope there'll be some room left for a few who are not crooked," Margaret suggested, smiling.

But Minerva was mounted upon her high horse now; she said, inflexibly, that she didn't know.

After two weeks of suffering, Mrs. Rutherford had begun to improve. She had now almost attained her former comparatively comfortable condition, and Margaret was returning to the house on the river.

The light carriage crossed the country rapidly; the same hushed silence continued; the pine-trees which Betty had seen in a vision prostrate "all over the barren" did not stir so much as one of their green needles. Margaret and Winthrop spoke occasionally, but they did not talk. Anything they should say would necessarily be shared by the man who was driving. But conversation between them was not much more free when the steamer was taking them up the river. They sat on the deck together at some distance from the other passengers, but their words were few; what they said had even a rather perfunctory sound. They exchanged some remarks about Garda which contained rather more of animation.

Garda's last letter to Margaret had borne at the head of the page the magic word "Venice." Garda had appeared to think life there magical indeed. "She admires everything; she is rhapsodically happy," was Margaret's comment.

"Rhapsodically? How does she say it?"

"You have heard her talk."

"Not as Mrs. Spenser. And from Venice!"

"I shall tell her to write her next letter to you."

"I have no doubt she would. I see you are afraid to quote."

"Afraid?" said Margaret, in a tone of cold inquiry. And then, with the same cold intonation, she repeated two or three of Garda's joyous phrases.

"Yes, she is happy! Of course it's magnanimous in me to say so; but I owe her no grudge; on the contrary, it has been a delight to see, in this nineteenth century, a girl so frankly in love. She would have married Lucian Spenser just the same if they neither of them had had a cent; she would have made any sacrifice for him—don't you think so?"

"Yes; but it wouldn't have been a sacrifice to her."

"Bravo! I gave you such a chance to say insidious things."

Margaret smiled a little at this suggestion. Then, in the silence that followed, the old look came back to her face—a look of guarded reserve—reserve, however, which evidently covered more of apprehension than calm.

She had, indeed, been in great dread. The dread was lest the emotion which had overpowered her during that last conversation she had had with Winthrop before she went back to her husband should reappear. This brief journey of theirs to-

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gether was the first perfect opportunity he had had since then to waken it, call it forth again. But the moments were passing, and, so far, the only approach he had made to any subject which was at all intimate was what he had said about Garda, and Garda now seemed to Margaret quite outside of that atmosphere, apart from it. The atmosphere had closed round herself and Lanse, closed with its outward calm, its inward terrors and suspense. And Evert was included within its dark line. Any one of a hundred sentences which he could so easily say would suffice to throw her into that agitation she dreaded, an agitation which was none the less suffocating because she could repress, for a time at least, most of its outward signs.

But he had said, so far, none of these things. She was grateful to him for every instant of the respite.

Thus they sat there, appearing no doubt to the other passengers a sufficiently happy and noticeably fortunate pair.

For Evert Winthrop had about him a certain look which, in America, confers distinction—that intangible air that belongs to the man who, well educated to begin with, has gone forth into the crowded course, and directed and carried along his own fortunes by genius and energy to the goal of success. It is a look of power restrained, of comprehension, of personal experience, personal knowledge, not theory. The unsuccessful men who met Winthrop—this very steamer carried several of them—were never angry with him for his good fortune; they could see that he had not always been one of the idle, though he might be idle now; they could see that he knew that life was difficult, that he had, as they would have expressed it, "been through it himself," and was not disposed to underrate its perplexities and oppressions. They could see, too, not a few of them, poor fellows! that here was the man who had not allowed himself to dally with the inertia, the dilatoriness, the self-indulgent weakness, folly, or worse, which had rendered their own lives so ineffectual. They envied him, very possibly, but they did not hate him, for he was not removed from them, set apart from them, by any bar. He was only what they might themselves have been, perhaps; at least what they would have liked to be.

And the women on board all envied Margaret. They thought her very fair as she sat there, her eyes resting vaguely on the water, her cheeks showing a faint, fixed flush, the waves of her brown hair rippling back in a thick mass above the little ear. Everything she wore was so beautiful, too—from the hat, with its long curling plume, and the soft gloves, to the rich shawl, which lay where it had fallen over the back of her chair. They were sure that she was happy, because she looked so fortunate. Any one of them would have changed places with her blindly without asking a question.

Thus they sailed on, a heterogeneous, rather silent little company of voyagers, up the broad brown river, on the boat which still bore uneffaced the marks of the cannon with which she had been armed during the war. There was scarcely a sound; the cry of a bird, passing them on the wing, seemed preternaturally loud. Gradually evening darkened down. And then came night.

Soon after, the steamer stopped at the long pier which was adorned with the little post-office. The postmaster had made a dim illumination within his official shanty by means of a lantern, and here Margaret waited while the boat was made ready by the negroes who were to row them down the five additional miles of coast which Lanse had considered the proper space between himself and the hotel, to keep him from feeling "hived in." The night was very dark, the water motionless; the men rowed at a good speed; the two passengers landed at the little home pier in safety, and the negroes turned back.

As soon as Margaret had ascended the winding path far enough to come within sight of the house, "No lights!" she said.

"That's nothing," Winthrop answered. "Lanse is probably outside somewhere, smoking." Then, as the path made another turn, "If there are no lights in front, there are enough at the back," he said.

From the rear of the house light shone out in a broad glare from an open door. Margaret hurried thither. But the kitchen was empty; Dinah, the old cook, her equally ancient cousin Rose, and Primus, the black boy, all three were absent. Rapidly Winthrop went through the house. He found no one. Lanse's room, as well as the parlor and dining-room, appeared not to have been used that day, while the smaller rooms occupied by the two men who were in attendance upon him had an even more deserted air.

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"Their trunks are gone," said Margaret, who met Winthrop here. "It is all so strange," she murmured, looking at him inquiringly, as if for some solution, her eyes dark in the yellow light of the lamp she held.

Winthrop agreed with her in thinking it strange, but he did not tell her so. They went back to the kitchen. None of the servants had returned.

"They are probably somewhere about the grounds. But you must sit down and rest while I go and look for them: you are tired."

"No, I'm not tired," answered Margaret, contradicting this statement.

"Come," he said, authoritatively. Taking the lamp from her, he led the way toward the parlor which she had made so pretty.

She followed him, and sank into the easy-chair he drew forward. "Please go," she said. "Don't wait."

"But if you feel ill—"

"It's nothing. I'm only nervous."

"I shall probably bring them back in five minutes."

But twenty minutes passed before he returned with Dinah and Rose, whom he had found some distance down the shore. The two old women were much excited and voluble. Their story was that "Marse Horrel" must be "lorse." He had started early that morning in his canoe to go up the Juana, and had not returned. When it grew toward evening, as he had never before been out so long, they had become alarmed, and had sent Primus over to East Angels; the steamer that had carried him, and the one that had brought "Mis' Horrel" back, must have passed each other on the way. They did not send Primus to the hotel, because "Marse Horrel," he "'spizes monstous fer ter hev de hotel fokes roun'." They evidently stood in the greatest awe of anything "Marse Horrel" should "'spize." And they did not send Primus up the Juana, because "Prime, he sech a borned fool," they "dassent" trust only to that. So not knowing what else to do, they had sent him to East Angels for orders. Of course they had no idea that "Mis' Horrel" was on her way back.

Where were the men? Dodd had been gone a week; "Marse Horrel" had dismissed him; he said he was so well now that he did not need the two. And Elliot, "Marse Horrel" had sent "day befo' yesserday" up the river on an "arr'nd," they did not know what; he was to return, they did not know when.

"Something has evidently happened to Lanse," said Margaret, drawing Winthrop away a few paces when at last she had extracted the facts from the mass of confusing repetitions, ejaculations, and long, unintelligible phrases in which Dinah and Rose had enveloped them. The little old creatures wore scarlet handkerchiefs bound round their heads in the shape of high cones, and as they told their story, standing close together, with much brandishing of their skinny hands and a rolling of their eyes, they might have been African witches just arrived from the Cameroons.

"The nearest house is the hotel," said Winthrop. "Of course the boat that brought us is beyond call." But there was a chance that it might not be, and he hurried down to the landing. Margaret followed.

There was no sound of oars. He hailed loudly, once, twice. No one answered. "I shall have to go to the hotel myself," he said.

"That would take too long; it's five miles. It would be at least two hours before a boat and men from there could get here, and in that two hours you could find Lanse yourself, and bring him in."

"You speak as though you knew where he was."

"So I do. He is in the Monnlungs swamp. For a long while he has been in the habit of going up there every day; I have been with him a number of times; that is, I have followed in the larger boat with one of the men to row. Lanse is there now, and something has happened to him; either the canoe has been wrecked, or else he has hurt himself in some way so that he can't paddle. The great thing is to get him in, or at least to find him, before the storm breaks; we can't possibly wait to send to the hotel."

By this time the two negresses, each carrying a light, had joined them; that is, they had come as near as their respect would permit. Apparently they supposed that a great illumination would be required, for they had lighted and brought out two large parlor lamps, and now stood holding them, their large-lidded eyes cast down, motionless and reverent.

"Bring your lamps this way, since you're here," said Winthrop. He went toward the boats.

"That is the best," said Margaret, touch-

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ing the edge of one of them with the tip of her slender boot.

The negresses stood on the low bank above. By the light of the great globes they held, Winthrop examined the canoe. It was in good order; the paddle was lying within.

"Now tell me how to get there," he said.

"Oh, I forgot; you don't know the way!" Margaret exclaimed, a sharp, nervous disappointment betraying itself in her tone.

"No, I don't know it. But probably you can tell me."

She stood thinking. "No; it's impossible. Dark as it is, you might not even find the mouth of the Juana, there are so many creeks. And all the false channels in the swamp. No, I shall have to go with you. I will take Rose; possibly she can be of use."

But quickly old Rose handed her great lamp to Dinah, and jerked herself down on her thin knees. "Please, missy, *no*. Not inter de Munloons in de *night*, *no! Ghossesses* dar!" She brought this out in a high shrill voice, rocking her little body to and fro in an anguish of fear, her broad flat features working in a sort of spasm, her great eyes fixed beseechingly on her mistress's face.

"You, then, Dinah," said Margaret, impatiently. But in spite of her rheumatic joints, Rose was on her feet in an instant, and had taken the lamps, while Dinah, in her turn, prostrated herself.

"You're perfectly absurd, both of you," Margaret exclaimed.

"Poor old creatures, you're rather hard on them, aren't you?" said Winthrop from the boat.

"Yes, I'm hard." She said this with a little motion of her clinched hand backward—a motion which, though slight, was yet almost violent.

"We must lose no time," she went on. "Go to the house, Rose—I suppose you can do that—and bring me the wraps I usually take when I go out in the canoe, the lantern, and some candles—"

"No," said Winthrop, interposing; "let her bring pitch-pine knots, or, better still, torches, if they happen to have them."

It appeared that "Prime" always kept a supply of torches ready, and old Rose hurried off.

Margaret stepped into the boat; she stood a moment before taking her seat. "I *wish* I could go by myself," she said —"do it alone!"

"You know how to paddle, then?" Winthrop asked, shortly.

"No; that's it; I don't; at least I can not paddle well. I should only delay everything; it would be ridiculous to try." She seated herself, and a moment later Rose appeared with the wraps and the torches.

Both of the old women were quivering with a wild excitement: agitated by gratitude at being spared the ordeal of the devil-haunted Monnlungs by night, they were equally agitated by the thought of what their mistress would certainly have to encounter there. They shuffled their great shoes against each other almost as if they were going to dance; they mumbled fragments of beseeching words; they seemed to have lost all control of their mouths, for they grinned constantly, though their breath came almost in sobs. As Winthrop pushed off—there was never any delay when action was intrusted to *him*—suddenly they broke out into a loud fervent hymn:

"Didn't my Lawd delibber Dan-yéll, Dan-yéll?
Didn't my Lawd delibber *Dán*-yell?"

For a long distance up the stream this protective invocation echoed after the voyagers, and the two grotesque figures holding the lamps remained visible, like black sibyls, on the low shore.

"Turn in now, and coast along close to the land," said Margaret. "It's so dark that even with that I am almost afraid I shall miss the mouth."

But she did not miss it. In ten minutes she said, "Here it is." And she directed him how to enter.

"I should never have thought it the right one, it's so narrow," Winthrop commented, as he guided the canoe toward an almost imperceptible opening in the near-looming forest.

"Yes—that was what I couldn't guard you against."

But the mouth was the narrowest part: the stream inside widened out, and was broad and deep. Winthrop sent the boat forward with strong strokes; the pine torch which Margaret had fastened at the bow cast a short ray in advance.

"I think now that we shall certainly escape the storm," she said.

"It's holding off wonderfully. But don't be too sure."

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"Oh, I know it's coming. Still, I think we shall find Lanse and get him in before it actually breaks."

They did not speak often. Winthrop was attending to the boat's course; Margaret had turned and was sitting so that she could scan the water and direct him a little. Her nervousness had disappeared. Either she had been able to repress it, or it had faded in the greater presence of the responsibility she had assumed in undertaking to act as guide through that strange water-land of the Monnlungs, whose winding channels she had heretofore seen only in the light of day. Even in the light of day they were mysterious, dim; the enormous trees, thickly foliaged at the top, kept the sun from penetrating to the water; the masses of vines everywhere shut out still further the light, and shut in the perfumes of the myriad flowers. Channels opened out on all sides. Only one was the right one. Should she be able to follow it? The landmarks she knew—certain banks of flowering shrubs, a tree trunk of peculiar shape, a sharp bend, a small bay full of "knees"—should she know these again by night? Then there came to her suddenly the memory of a little arena far within through which the channel passed—an arena where the flowering vines hung straight down from the tree-tops to the water all round, like tapestry, and where the perfumes were dense.

"Are you cold?" said Winthrop. "You can't be—this warm night." The slightness of the canoe had betrayed what he thought was a shiver.

"No, I'm not cold. I think we shall find Lanse very soon."

"I am glad you feel so confident. I don't."

"I do. I am sure—I am sure he is near."

"Turn in now," she said, a few moments later. "To the right."

"We shall run aground; we're going into a wood."

"Yes, that's what it is, a wood—a wood in a lake, Lanse calls it."

"This is what Lanse has named the 'Water Gate,'" she said, as they passed under an arch of boughs.

"We're well within now," she went on, some moments afterward. "Don't you think we can begin to call for Lanse?"

"Call if you like. But for mere conversational purposes, pray don't invoke him so constantly; it really isn't necessary; I've known him for some time."

After that she said no more.

"The best thing we can do is to make the boat as bright as possible," he went on. "But not in front; that would only be blinding; the light must be behind us." He took the torch from the bow, lighted three others, and stuck them all into the canoe's lining of thin strips of wood at the stern. Primus had made his torches long; it would be an hour before they could burn down sufficiently to endanger the boat.

Thus, casting a brilliant orange-hued glow over the flowers and vines above, and lighting up the dark water vistas to the right and left as they passed, they penetrated into the dim sweet swamp.

LAMENT.

HOW meagre seems the life so briefly doled
That I who noted in your earliest hour
The dimple in your lovely cheek unfold
With the first smile of all—that I who told
The promise of your beauty as some flower
Flaming across the dark days of the year
Promises summer—that I who in your first
Dear warble had divined the glorious burst
Of music in your throat that yet might be
The marvel of some later minstrelsy—
How meagre seems the life so briefly doled
That I shall never see that beauty grow
To its meridian, full-orbed as the moon
Which great and golden in the mist swims low,
And hangs wide-winged in heaven when perfect June
Transfigures night—that I shall never hear
The voice in all the passion of its tune,
Sweet, sweet, and rich, with the unfallen tear,
The stress of love, the wine of life!

Ah me,
I shall be lying in my dust, all mute;
For song the owlet over me shall hoot;
I shall be gone, like the loose leaf from the tree,
The idle leaf that flutters in the blast,
And falls, and sodden with showers returns at last
To the enriching earth. Nor late nor soon,
Dead in the dark, shall it be known to me
That you, the one consummate flower and fruit,
Still show all men how goodly is the root!

Thus murmured I when the child's loveliness,
With gracious prophecy of lip and brow,
Filled all my yearning heart with sweet distress
And longing for the impossible. And now,
Less even than the loose and idle leaf,
A mere blown petal from the blowing bough,
The child is gone, and I grow gray and old.
And still I murmur to my angry grief,
How meagre is the life so briefly doled!

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HUNTING A MYTHICAL PALL-BEARER.

DURING the war I scanned anxiously all correspondence from Stafford County, Virginia, where I was born, and from Fredericksburg, where my nearest relatives resided after our old house in Falmouth was turned into a hospital.* One day came a paragraph stating that in the old church-yard at Fredericksburg was the tombstone of a pall-bearer of Shakespeare. The phraseology was followed in an article in *Fraser's Magazine* (March, 1865), "Virginia, First and Last." Therein it is said that a pilgrim to Fredericksburg would find in St. George's church-yard a tomb "on which it is inscribed that he whose dust rests there 'was one of the pall-bearers of William Shakespeare.'" Thus unhesitatingly did I take stock in this pall-bearer, never suspecting him to be the creation of a correspondent's brain. I have since passed days scrutinizing war correspondence from the Army of the Potomac, to discover the man who set that story afloat. That ingenious person has long been wanted by others also. I have met some who would cheerfully be his pall-bearers. For myself—such are the Fallacies of Memory, whereof Miss Cobbe has written cleverly—for some time I would have serenely staked the life of any number of war correspondents on the certainty that I had seen that stone in my boyhood; for we had awe-inspiring tombs beside the Rappahannock. One at Falmouth possessed weird interest, being fortified with iron bars five feet high; a great cedar growing out of the grave indicated antiquity, and "James Hunter," in large iron letters—the sole inscription—piqued curiosity. A tomb to "John D. Baptist, a native of the Island of St. Kitts" (died 1804), was a striking object beside a stream utilized for immersions. In Fredericksburg was the monument of Washington's mother, its unfinished condition explained by the legend of a coquette of that family who imposed on her lover the task, but married another before its completion. There are two old grave-yards in the town. In one is the epitaph of Lewis Littlepage (born on the 19th December, 1762, and died on the 19th July, 1802). "Honoured for many years with the esteem and confidence of the unfortunate Stanislaus Augustus, King of Poland, he held under that monarch until he lost his throne the most distinguished *offices*." This is in the "Masonic burying-ground." In the older, beside St. George's Church, were curious epitaphs, of which only confused impressions remained with me across twenty years, when the enterprising correspondent evoked one of importance not to be realized by a boy. To meet the skepticism of London friends I wrote for the full inscription. The amazing reply came that no such stone was discoverable. But soon after (1870), my mother forwarded me the following, "copied from New York paper by Miss Olive Hanson": "One of Shakespeare's Pall-bearers buried at Fredericksburg.—In the old burying-ground at Fredericksburg, Va., is a tombstone with the following inscription: 'Here lies the body of Edward Helder, practitioner in Physick Chirurgery. Born in Bedfordshire, England, in the year of our Lord 1542—was contemporary with, and one of the Pall-bearers of, William Shakespear. After a brief illness his spirit ascended in the year of our Lord 1618, aged 76.'" Miss Hanson, sister of the principal of the Fredericksburg Academy, belonged to a family long connected with St. George's Church, and was likely to know if there were such a stone. This epitaph appeared in an editorial note of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and brought (July 13, 1870) comments, signed "Anglo-Colonus," who remarks that the phraseology is modern. The word "contemporary," he submits, "was not in use in the reign of James I., but was created in the learned age which followed. Cowley, perhaps, introduced it—'and loves his old contemporary trees.'" The Fredericksburg *News* (August 11, 1870) said: "In 1607 the landing at Jamestown occurred, and there was no church here for a hundred years later."

The literary criticism of "Anglo-Colonus" might have been made stronger. Even an epitaph could hardly indulge in such tautology as to describe a man's

* "*Falmouth, Va., opposite Fredericksburg, Dec.* 21, 1862.—Began my visits among the Camp Hospitals in the Army of the Potomac. Spent a good part of the day in a large brick mansion on the banks of the Rappahannock, used as a hospital since the battle. Seems to have received only the worst cases. Out-doors, at the foot of a tree, within ten yards of the front of the house, I notice a heap of amputated feet, legs, arms, hands, etc.—a full load for a one-horse cart."—*Walt Whitman's "Memoranda" in "Two Rivulets."*

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"pall-bearer" as his "contemporary." It presently became manifest that the epitaph, if it existed, was still undergoing manipulation. In a version of the Washington *Evening Star* (1875), "pall-bearers" is followed by "to the body of William Shakspeare." The latest phrase is, "One of the Pall-bearers of William Shakespeare of the Avon!" But such variants did not affect the basis of the pall-bearer. Fredericksburg was founded in 1727, but the act of incorporation refers to the many people already settled in the neighborhood. When Bacon's rebellion occurred (1676) Stafford County was represented by two members in the Virginia Assembly. In Smith's map, published in 1812, our Rappahannock River is traced fairly well. There were old grave-yards in the vicinity long before Fredericksburg existed, and tradition says that bodies were brought from them to St. George's church-yard. There was nothing in the historic conditions of the question precluding the possibility of an early settler's body being brought to Fredericksburg, and his grave-stone also, or a new one raised. Indeed, it is probable the town held a grave-yard before incorporation, as old inhabitants say human bones were found when a street near the church was made.

In the summer of 1875 I visited Fredericksburg, after an absence of seventeen years, and found the church-yard much battered. The late Mr. Barton, an eminent lawyer but inveterate punster, who lived opposite, once remarked to a man at his door, "You see I have always a *grave* prospect before me." The man went off to report as "Barton's latest joke" that he said, "You see I have always a melancholy prospect before me." Were the old lawyer alive he might accept his dull friend's version. I guided Alexander Little, editor of the *News*, to the spot where I thought the stone lay. We found there a foot-stone only, the head-stone having been removed. I suspected theft, but soon concluded that it was an illusion of memory. I could not find one positive of having seen it, though several with vague impressions of it, and many who had heard of people who had seen it. It seemed impossible that such a stone, in a church-yard so accessible, should be overlooked by writers like Alden, Meade, Philip Slaughter, Howe, and Howison.

When I returned to England, in 1876, the matter had ceased to interest me as a Shakespearean, but all the more as a student of mythology, and also as a Virginian. I once "assisted" at a Cotswold hunt; that is, I sat in a carriage and watched the red-coated sportsmen careering over the fields after a fox which doubled on them successfully, and went home to have a good laugh with Mrs. Fox over the way he had done the gentry. The same evening I sat with Charles Flower, then Mayor of Stratford, a shrewd Shakespearean critic, at Avonbank, and he expressed his belief in the "pall-bearer." As one who had adopted the story, in my *Fraser* article, I felt some responsibility for the faith reposed in the story, and resolved to search the thing out. I entered on a hunt that has led me a dance unknown to any Cotswold "meet." A myth is as much a living organism as a fox, as fleet and more cunning. It hides in the bush of popular superstition, takes the color of local pride, enlists the truthful in its stratagems. However, chasing a myth is glorious sport, and though it may often double on one, it is pretty sure to be run down at last, and yield a pretty skin to stuff.

Another search made by myself in the Fredericksburg church-yard in 1880 convinced me that no stone there suggested the myth. In lists of adventurers to Virginia, up to 1620, are no names nearer Helder than "Eldred," "Elkin," and "Heiden." The improbabilities represented in the epitaph were thus great. That a man at seventy-four should be Shakespeare's pall-bearer, immediately emigrate to the wilderness of Virginia, and his death in a region remote from Jamestown be recorded on a stone unknown to antiquarians, were improbabilities whose sum was an impossibility. On the other side, however, were improbabilities that had also to be faced. But that anybody should invent such a story, should select for it a Virginia town only 135 years old, and make his pall-bearer seventy-six years old instead of a plausible age, were extreme improbabilities. Could a correspondent be so deep? Moreover, the only ship-load of early emigrants to Virginia whose names are entirely unknown sailed with Argall soon after Shakespeare's death (1616), reaching Virginia in 1617.

The pall-bearer was a myth—that was certain; but the myth must have a basis. In the absence of any explanation, the myth was growing luxuriantly, and some of its effects were phenomenal. "That

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story," as my college friend Horace Furness wrote me, "has its periodicity like a comet, and when it once starts out it never returns until, like the cholera, it has slain its thousands. Its periodicity is about fifteen years, and I've seen two of 'em, and shall probably see a third." The latest appearance of the fatal meteor was in the New York *Times*, October 20, 1884. That article should be preserved as an example of how mythology is made. The correspondent finds in the Masonic grave-yard (only a hundred years old) a "red sandstone" slab on which the epitaph "may yet be deciphered." He has changed the name to Heldon, and added, after Shakespeare, "of the Avon." The "Heldon slab" stood in St. George's grave-yard, he says, "until Burnside mowed it down, after which it found its way to the Masonic yard, where it now lies under a locust, the old English lettering dim but traceable." As a matter of fact, there is but one red sandstone slab in that grave-yard; it never lay on its back, but was always firm set in its place; and there has not been for many years the faintest inscription upon it, the whole facing having come off in flakes. This, perhaps the only stone in the ground of which nothing is known, was naturally fixed upon by our foxy myth as a good bush to hide in. One can not help feeling compassion for this correspondent on his learning where the Helder stone really was what time he was beating that bush and starting a new fiction. But he hardly deserves mercy, having told "whoppers." *E. g.:* "One of the best posted men in regard to this section is Mr. Samuel Knox, who is a vestryman at St. George's. . . . Mr. Knox well remembers the stone." The venerable vestryman T. F. Knox could naturally remember an inscription "dim but traceable" near his house; but as there was no Helder stone there, neither he nor his sons remember it. The correspondent says Fredericksburg has "more tombstones than people"—not wonderful since the soldiers who fell there lie in their cemetery; and that "tombstones are in such favor as to be utilized for door-steps and fire-places"—a characteristic rendering of the fact that some hundred of the stones ordered for soldiers' graves were rejected, and are utilized for street crossings. "There is preserved in the town a copy of the *Fredericksburg Gazette*, published in 1784, which bears evidence that the stone was then a feature of the place, in a tribute to it in verse, as follows." There never was any such paper. The *Virginia Gazette* was published at Williamsburg (1736), and this *Times* letter was the means of taking up the time of Rev. Philip Slaughter in examining its files. The poem, of course, was not found, having been written by F. W. Loring for the *Atlantic Monthly*, September, 1870, suggested to him by the floating paragraph familiar to all. The *Times* man gave himself the last stroke by his alterations of this poem, and on that "red sandstone slab" the memorial will henceforth be "traceable," "Here lies, considerably, the discoverer of the epitaph of Shakespeare's Pall-bearer."

Nevertheless, I can not help feeling a certain consideration for that man—despite his calling the crystal Rappahannock a "muddy serpent," and our picturesque little city a "red mud town"—because of the courage with which he has gathered in his breast the fatal sheaf of fictions about the Pall-bearer. Many mythological formations may be explained by an analysis of his letter. He correctly counted on the public gullibility. When I again visited Fredericksburg this year I found the community fairly awakened by the inquiries received there, and by correspondents come to glean after the *Times* man. A crop of kindred myths had sprung up. It was said two strangers had visited a gentleman in the neighborhood whose wife was a Shakespeare, and with him found the inscription. This gentleman I saw; his wife was, indeed, a daughter of Mr. Shakespeare of Delaware; he had been visited by a citizen and a "correspondent," but no stone was searched for by them. Several times I was assured that Mr. or Miss So-and-so had seen the epitaph, but when the "dry so," as Virginians say, was reached, each had only heard, etc. But the "red sandstone slab" under its locust-tree had become an Object of Interest.

In September last I noticed in St. George's church-yard a small surface of stone exposed on a long mound of earth left about forty years ago, when the present church was built. By scratching away the thick sod a stone three feet by twenty-one inches was disclosed. My heart gave a leap on seeing a letter H. No stone must be left unturned, certainly not this; so I tracked the old colored sexton, Wash. Wright, about town, to the

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church, where, a few yards from me, he had been sweeping. He peered down from the gallery.

"Mr. Wright, I want you to look at a grave-stone out here."

"Is it Mister—Mister—"

"Shakespeare's?" I suggested.

"That's it. Is it that stone?"

"No. You have heard about that?"

"Yes. A good many people have asked me about it. I never saw any such stone in the thirty years I've been here."

Spade and pick revealed the surface of a very old stone bearing what might be either an H or two old-fashioned J's separated by a mark. We turned the stone, but found nothing whatever. The stone was probably the foot-stone to John Jones, brother of Paul, but I pondered whether its mysterious mark, out of its place, might not have left in my childish mind congenial place for the mythical epitaph.

Talking with my mother of old tombs in Stafford County, she remembered driving with her father near Potomac Run, when he copied an inscription from an ancient stone standing by itself in a lonely place, about a mile from ruins of a church. She remembered no word of the inscription, but had heard it was a spot to be avoided after "sundown." Next morning came a note from Frederic Holland, of Concord, saying he had read in the *Literary World* that Dr. Helder was buried near Potomac Creek. This was vague enough, and, for a Staffordian, somewhat misleading, our rivulets being called "runs," and only "creeks" as they expand into the Potomac River. Potomac Creek was many miles from the spot where my mother remembered the stone. But in casual conversation with my uncle, Dr. Daniel, I learned that the stone was that of a British "chirurgeon." There was a tradition that a party had anchored in the creek and come to this region, where one of them was killed by Indians. Plainly this was the stone on which the myth of the pall-bearer was built. My mother assured me I would find nothing about Shakespeare on it; her father was a lover of the bard, and would have made the country ring with any such epitaph.

In company with St. George Fitzhugh, a lawyer of Fredericksburg, I started out on a bright September morning for a search after the Helder stone. We passed over the shining Rappahannock with its green islet, paused to observe the distant hills of Falmouth on one hand and the region of Washington's boyhood on the other, drove past well-remembered old mansions amid their stately trees, and at last reached the lonely valley through which glides the Potomac Run. I greeted such early friends as the Virginia creeper, the fox-grapes, and friendly black eyes of chinquapin bushes, and rather hoped to see a copper-head—there used to be plenty—but was disappointed. Perhaps these are disappearing with the political species they symbolized. Now and then the colin's call was heard, "Ah, Bob White!" but no sound indicating the proximity of human life. It was almost a surprise when we saw two men in a corn field. They tried hard to remember a tombstone, but could not. They went with us to the site of Potomac Church. When I was last there it was still a picturesque ruin; but armies used its bricks for hearths, and now one can only trace the walls in their débris. Here, where my ancestor, John Moncure, preached a hundred and fifty years ago, I pushed through a thicket, and emerged green with the tiny burrs poetically called "beggars' lice." There was beauty about this Gothic church, once the largest in Overwharton Parish, within my memory, and it was haunted by spirits of antiquity. A visit to it in boyhood inspired a tale furtively sent to the Fredericksburg paper, tremblingly read in print by its author, of the last of the Stafford Indians, made to work with his little son in building the church. My red hero avenges the cruel architect's fatal maltreatment of his son by hurling him from the tower on the day of its completion, then executing himself. This was a fifteen-year-old fancy, not founded on any fact beyond the traditional injustice of early settlers toward the aborigines. The glory of the old church departed in 1812, when soldiers were quartered in it. It was afterward used to breed silk-worms in.

No grave-stone being found here, we returned to Potomac "Run," drove in the water a little way, then took a primitive road by its side for a half-mile. Fortunately for our progress there had been a drought; even as it was, our wheels sank deep in mire. The road was so little used that we had to remove a small tree fallen across it. At length we saw the railway bridge, and on climbing a hill, north bank of the "run," a house. When we drew up in front of this house an aged man

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came out of it, whom I had seen in early life—a Mr. Taliaferro. The house belonged to a widow, Mrs. Alexander. In reply to our questions, he said: "Yes, there used to be over there" (pointing), "on the edge of Willow Grove Farm, a tombstone, which was broken by the Northern soldiers. Mr. Cox, who afterward occupied the farm, removed the larger part of the stone to the sugar-berry tree yonder, against which it was left leaning for a long time. A few years ago Mrs. Alexander was building a kitchen at her old place" (pointing to a spot about four hundred yards away), "and somebody brought the stone for the chimney. But it was not used, and was left lying near the chimney. Last year, August, the kitchen burned down, and the chimney fell; the hot bricks covered the old tombstone, burned its surface, and I doubt if you could now find any letters on it." On our way to the burnt house I asked Mr. Taliaferro (Tolliver) whether he remembered the inscription. He said it had been many years since he read it, but he remembered the name, "Helder"—"Daniel Helder," he thought, or maybe "D. Helder"; that he was a doctor, and the date "16—something."

"The name of Shakespeare on it?"

"No, that was not on it."

"Did you ever hear of a tombstone of Shakespeare's pall-bearer being in Fredericksburg?"

"Yes; I read it last year in a New York weekly paper, and noticed that the name 'Helder' was the same as that on the old stone out here."

The burnt house was as the fire left it. The débris and bricks were in such a condition that it would have required a day to make any thorough search. But an edge of the stone we were searching for was visible, and on clearing away the bricks, its surface was found to be charred black and white. The ordeal of snows and rains, following that of fire, had only required a year to complete the work of destruction. No word could be traced.

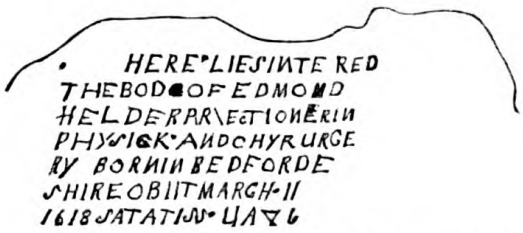
I called on Mrs. Alexander, who said: "When the stone was first brought, I said it should not go into any chimney of mine, because it was a tombstone, and was sacred. I am afraid to say much about the stone, only I am certain the name was 'Helder,' that he was a physician, and 16 was in the year of his death. Last year we read in Frank Leslie's paper something that made me think this might be the stone spoken of, and I was sorry I had not paid attention to it. Many years before the war, Mr. Campbell, then editor of the Fredericksburg *Democratic Recorder*, came with my father (Robert Alexander, foreman in the printing-office), and copied the inscription for his newspaper. I was a child, but remember the visit, and feel sure the epitaph was then printed. I never heard any tradition concerning Dr. Helder, nor any superstition connected with the spot where he was buried."

We next repaired to the sugar-berry tree, and found a number of sunken graves there. They were in a row, and we concluded that they had been graves of soldiers whose bodies were removed after the Soldiers' Cemetery was completed. Close to the tree were two long stones, which I determined to dig up. A laborer brought from a neighboring house said they were natural stones; but when dug up—a difficult job, the tree's roots having surrounded them—they proved to be worked on the under side, though no letters were found. I concluded that these were fragments of the Helder stone—by all accounts large and massive—and suspected that the story of its removal from its original place to this tree must be legendary. Possibly the site of the Helder stone had been chosen for these recent burials as ground that might be consecrated.

A week after finding the stone I learned that the inscription had been preserved by Mr. C. J. Brown, now of Byfield, Massachusetts, with whom I have been in correspondence, and who has kindly aided me in getting at the facts. Having been sent a map of the neighborhood, Mr. Brown marked the spot where the stone stood, and it was precisely that of the sugar-berry tree (which he thought a wild cherry, but describes exactly); so that the story of its removal from another place is discredited. "I was," writes Mr. Brown, "a soldier of the Sixth New Hampshire Volunteers, and for a few days in August, 1862, my company was on guard duty on the railroad near Potomac Creek. One day, while off duty, I was wandering round, and stumbled upon the old tombstone. . . . I took a great deal of pains in making my copy, making it as nearly a fac-simile as possible, copying the curious formation of the letters, the manner of spelling, and the division of the words, and I am very sure the copy is correct.

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I hardly think the soldiers could have broken up the stone for any such purpose as you suggest, as it was of granite or hard sandstone, at least four feet in length by twenty in width and six inches thick. (These figures are from memory.) All of our hearths were made of brick brought from the ruins of an old church in the vicinity, and further down the creek.... The stone was too firmly imbedded in the earth for me to move; the top was somewhat broken, but not enough to interfere with the lettering, which was very distinct.... If you can translate the bottom line, I would be pleased to see the translation. The line at the top indicates the shape of the top of the stone as it had crumbled or been broken off."



FAC-SIMILE OF MR. BROWN'S COPY OF THE INSCRIPTION.

If my reader, before going further, will study the characters following the date "1618," he will find that they make a pretty puzzle. My neighbor, Mr. Gordon Ford, his son Paul—expert in such things—and I concentrated ourselves for some hours on this line. The character immediately following the date is not an S, as it seems, but an ornamental separating line. The rest is, "Atatis sua 76." (*Ætatis suæ.*) However faulty the sculptor's Latinity, his English is careful; witness his small "c," indicating the need of repeating the "TI" in "prectioner."

My brother, resident in Fredericksburg, to secure the stone for me, got an old Confederate messmate to undertake its removal. Fortunately there was found near by a second fragment which exactly fits the top of the large piece. On this are two distinct letters and a slight mark, probably part of the letter R. No doubt these letters are the beginning of the word HERE. The sketch, by my brother's wife, is exact. The stone is now 1 foot 4 inches in height, 1 foot 3 inches in width, $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick; the letters are $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches high, and of the same width.

My reader has now a picture of the chirurgeon's grave-stone, set nearly 268 years ago, under which the fictitious pall-bearer now finds rest. Mr. John Hawkins, of Newberry, South Carolina (*Literary World*, February 7, 1885), has a soldier's diary, picked up by a Confederate at the battle of the Wilderness—a diary extending between February 17 and December 31, 1862; on a fly-leaf is written the spurious epitaph. Unless the epitaph was added later (the battle occurred in 1864), this would show that the imaginary pall-bearer began his career earlier than was supposed. It is probable that some correspondent, having copied the epitaph correctly, added that Dr. Helder was a contemporary of Shakespeare, and might have attended his funeral. A printer may have incorporated the comment in the epitaph, and some contemporary evolved the simple statement into the startling one. The original correspondent may have described the stone as "at Fredericksburg," for the region was a camp, and normal were merged in military boundaries. Perhaps



PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE GRAVE-STONE.

it will never be known who served up the chirurgeon as a Shakespearean figure. One can forgive him, since he has been the means of discovering to the New World its oldest English epitaph.

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DOMESTIC AND COURT CUSTOMS OF PERSIA.

A PERSIAN mounts his horse on the right side; he writes from right to left. These may seem unimportant, trifling characteristics, but they are cited as forcible illustrations of the radical and permanent difference between the nations of the East and the West. The difference in the external customs and institutions is more apparent, perhaps, but is less important and profound than the divergences existing in the thought or the intellectual cast of these two great divisions of the human race.

The Persians resemble Europeans, or rather the Latin people, more than do other Asiatics, and yet, from the great gulf existing between Persian and Frenchman, one who has never been in the East may form some conception of the vast and seemingly irreconcilable space that separates the Asiatic in general from the European type.

Oriental life must possess charms for the student of human nature for ages; that of Persia is of especial interest, because, while apparently cast in fixed moulds of immemorial usage, it is more plastic and mobile than that of other Eastern countries. The Persian is of a vivacious, mercurial disposition, and has none of that aversion to change, as such, which is so marked a characteristic of the Chinese or the Indian. The climate suggests certain customs which, being suited to the circumstances, require only slow modification, and the rigidity of the theocratic code retards social movements. Were it not for these the Persians would be inclined by nature to be less distant in the rear of this progressive age. As it is, we find in Persia a somewhat complex civilization, and a diversity of races which by their individual traits give variety to the study of life in that ancient country. Three points are especially prominent when one comes to an analysis of Persian life: one is the fact that it is essentially an out-of-door life; another point is the seeming publicity of life there, the absence of reserve; and thirdly, in direct contrast with this characteristic is the profound seclusion and mystery of the domestic life of Persia. The former two characteristics of Persian society are the direct result of the climate, and necessarily partake of the simplicity which attends primitive life in all lands; but the reason for the character of the domestic institutions is more obscure; it can not be attributed wholly to the teachings of the Koran, for it has been a marked feature of Oriental life in all ages, the English sentiment that a man is lord in his own castle seeming to be a concise statement of the Persian ideas on the question of home life.

The physical conditions underlying the customs of Persia are as simple as the habits to which they have given rise—a country twice the size of France, representing, except in the Caspian provinces, a vast plateau 4000 to 6000 feet above the sea, skirted by tremendous snow-clad ranges, and including vast tracts of waste lands strewn with sand and salt. These spaces, where the onager and the gazelle wander at will, and the vulture poises in the cloudless heavens above, are broken at intervals by water-courses, giving sustenance to tufts of luxuriant verdure, which are as distinctly marked on the red waste lands as a dark shadow of a cloud on a summer day.

Here is a climate where rain never falls from April until December, where the temperature is uniform for the entire season, and the transition from one season to another as gradual as the approach of old age. For the greater part of the year the heat of mid-day obliges one to travel by the light of the moon, and to remain in the cool until the sun nears the west. For thousands of years these physical conditions have existed, and have maintained the character and customs of the Persians without change. The Persian who, smoking his kaliân at Teheran to-day, meditates "treasons, stratagems, and spoils," is in no essential sense different from his "burned fathers," whom Xenophon describes, no less unscrupulous, no less acute and wily and intellectual, no less addicted to the discussion of mystic philosophy and poetry, no less devoted to corrupt thoughts, and no less inspired by a wonderful feeling for the beautiful.

A third of the population of Persia is still composed of nomads, and all travel and freightage are still, as of old, conducted by means of horses, asses, camels, and mules, even though it be the choice wares and inventions of Europe, which they carry from the frontier over lofty rocky passes to the royal saloons of Teheran. It is at early morning, after a long toil-

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some night over the mountains and plains, that these caravans enter the gates of Teheran, with the tinkle of donkey bells or the sonorous, monotonous clang of the larger bell which announces the stately march of the otherwise noiseless train of camels. Here and there among the confused throng of beasts of burden and vociferous drivers surging into the capital, one sees some man of rank coming from Meschêd or Ispahân. He is of dignified mien and dark but handsome features, and is superbly mounted. A train of mounted attendants clear the way for his approach, and perhaps his wives are also with him in tachtravans, or litters, borne by mules, or in kajevêhs, which are covered boxes slung on each side of a mule. Attaching ourselves to this imposing train, and borrowing some of its splendor, we enter the Gate of Meschêd, so called because one coming from that celebrated shrine of the Sheah faith, and from the now famous frontier of Afghanistan in dispute between England and Russia, must enter Teheran at this point. It is a lofty arched structure, resembling a Roman triumphal arch in size and plan. It is crowned with four pinnacles, and the entire surface is decorated with elegant geometric designs composed of glazed bricks of several indestructible colors.

Having fairly entered the city, one is surprised to find a bustling, thriving place of 180,000 people, rapidly spreading out in all directions, and destined soon to outgrow the limits now prescribed by the extensive earth-works and fosse laid out in modern style of fortification by the late General Büler, who captured Herat under Mohammed Shah. The nucleus or centre of the city is composed of the Ark, or the vast inclosure which embraces the palace now occupied by the Shah and the Foreign and War offices, with the arsenal and barracks. Adjoining the Ark are the extensive covered bazars, the finest in the East after those of Constantinople, less magnificent, perhaps, in the external display of goods, but more solidly and elegantly constructed. From the centre the city radiates in all directions, occupying the space of a European city of thrice the population, owing to the numerous and extensive gardens it includes, and the large ground-plan of the dwellings. It is now divided into the so-called Old and New parts, the latter being laid out with considerable regularity, with broad streets lined with trees, parks, and esplanades. Avenues of trees by the street sides are not, however, a feature of Teheran borrowed, as one might hastily suppose, from European usage. The finest avenues of Ispahân and Shiraz were thus beautified in the palmy days of Shah Abbas and the good Kerim Khân, the Zend.

Open water-courses, distributing water to all parts of the city, are on either side of these avenues of Teheran, and daily the dust is laid by sakkâhs, or water-carriers, who also supply the tea-shops and families of the better class with drinking water from sources presumed to be uncontaminated by the impurities defiling the ordinary connaughts, or channels. Water is the most precious article in Persia. Agriculture is entirely dependent upon irrigation, while the depth to which wells must be carried, and the absence of either rain or dew for ten months, require the expenditure of enormous labor and treasure to bring water from the mountains, or to divert the few existing streams into the public service.

We entered Teheran in the morning, and following the direction taken by the caravan, we came to one of the numerous caravansaries, which serve at once as inns for the lodging of strangers, and depots for the deposit of goods until distributed. On the country roads they are generally small, and the animals and loads rest outside in the open, generally free from molestation, for the country is at present in good order, and far more safe from brigandage than the disturbed adjoining territories of Turkey. Men of wealth or position travelling in Persia usually send in advance and hire a house during their stay in a place, or they are entertained by friends. The vaunted hospitality of olden times, still in full vogue in Oriental countries, is no indication of superior amiability or breeding; it is the result of circumstances—a system of mutual accommodation under unavoidable conditions, in which the host dispenses a courtesy which he knows he may need in turn. But the men of the middle and lower classes generally resort to the caravansaries, where they take a room, cook their own meals, and sleep on a rug they carry with them. In Teheran it is usual for a traveller to resort to an inn where he may find fellow-townsmen. Availing myself of this fact in several instances when I was obliged to cause the arrest of

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fugitive criminals, I was able to trace and secure them through information obtained from those sojourning there.

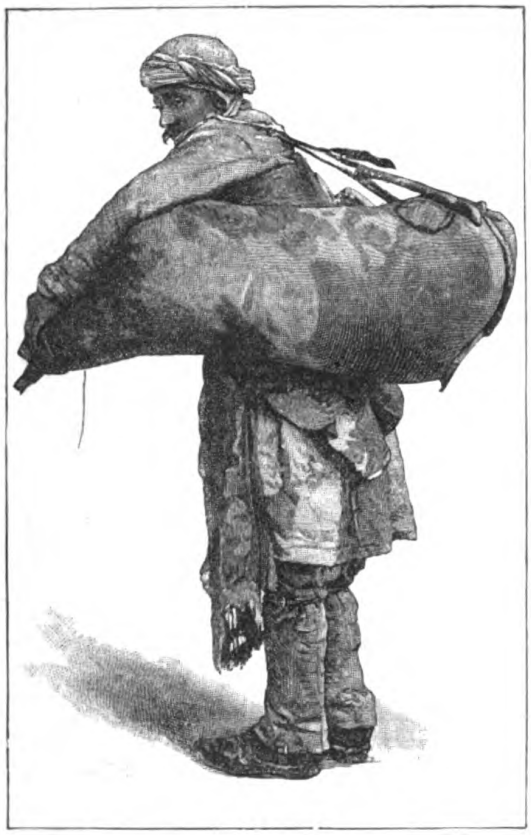
After unloading his goods, the travelling merchant finds it next in order to take a bath, which is one of the institutions of Persia. Public baths abound at Teheran, and every one visits them at least once a week; many do it daily. The wealthy have private baths attached to their houses, which are sometimes elegant and luxurious. Christians are never permitted to enter the public baths of Persia—a point in which the Persians are far more fanatical than the Turks. But I am able to judge, from several private baths I have entered, what are the arrangements and practice. They resemble the Turkish baths, but in those of Persia the cold plunge bath in an immense tank is a most important feature. The water in these tanks becomes foul from frequent use and insufficient care to change it, and diseases are undoubtedly thus communicated. Notwithstanding this fact, these public baths are in the main useful and indispensable institutions in such a climate.



WEIGHING MERCHANDISE IN A CARAVANSARY, TEHERAN.

After completing his bath, the Persian traveller goes to the bazars, to transact the business which brought him to Teheran. This net-work of covered streets is cool even when the heat is unbearable elsewhere. Where two streets meet, the roof forms a Saracenic dome, groined or

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WATER-CARRIER.

elegantly decorated with the beautiful honey-comb work called Saracenic, although in reality Persian in its origin. Each trade or fabric has certain streets allotted, the dealers in carpets and embroideries in one street, the shoe-makers in another, the workers in brass in another, the cotton beaters and weavers in still another street, and so on. In each avenue, however, are found confectionery or bakers' shops or eating shops, where one gets kebabs, ragouts, and the various native dishes of rice, classified under the general heads of chillô and pillô. All the shops are open to the street like booths, the buyer standing outside, liable to be jostled or run over by the ever-shifting, bustling, confused throng of pedestrians, and riders, porters, horses, and loaded mules.

Of course business is not confined to the bazars or covered market. Grocers, hucksters, butchers, carpenters, or blacksmiths are found in every quarter. It is curious to see, with all this thriving activity and apparently complex artificiality of a busy capital, a prevailing simplicity which carries one back to primitive times or nomadic usages. Everything is open to the public. The carpenter finds his shop too small for the window-sash he is framing; the good fellow takes it out to the shady side of the street, and shapes it on the pavement, regardless of passers-by. The carpenters of Teheran are a curiously independent set, who require so little to live on that they spend half the time in sleeping and smoking; this habit is encouraged by the fact that custom allows them to have an advance on what they are to receive for a job, ostensibly to buy the materials; but, if lazy, they spend it in smoking, and then have to resort to make-shifts to get their wood and nails. They are clever fellows, however, and do very good work when in the mood; but they labor under great disadvantages, for, having no wood like our soft pine, with a smooth, tenacious, but easily worked fibre, they must make even the simplest objects out of the chenar, the poplar, the hard pine, and the walnut, and this, too, with tools far inferior to ours. The saw, the Persian carpenter draws toward him in cutting; instead of a hatchet, he uses an adze, at the imminent risk of splitting himself asunder; in order to saw a bit of plank, he squats on the ground and holds the wood between his toes. In one respect the Persian has, I think, a means for drilling holes superior to our common gimlet. It is practically a drill, which is worked by a bow and cord, the latter twisted around the handle of the drill. The hole is made with much less effort than with the ordinary gimlet, especially in hard wood.

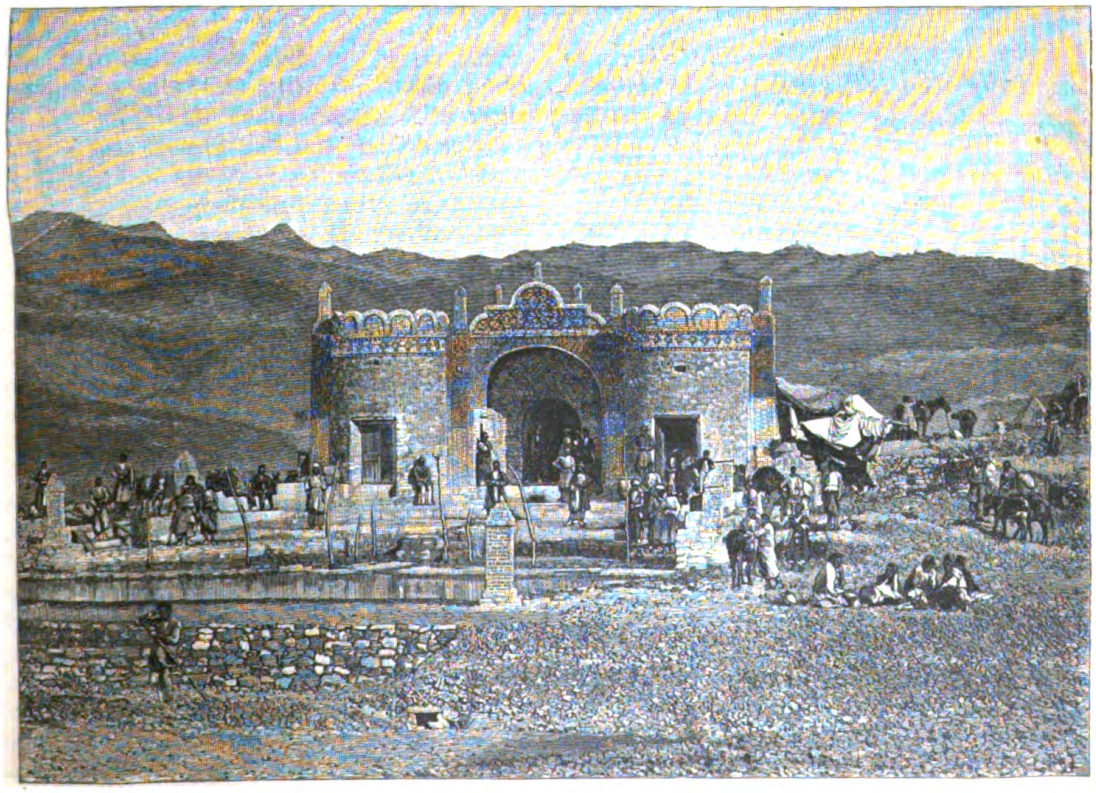
The out-of-door-ness of Teheran life is again seen in the publicity of the schools, which are open to the street exactly like the shops. The old master, with goggles on his nose, glances alternately at the passers-by in the street and on the pupils seated on their heels in rows before him, and reciting their lesson in chorus. The barber performs his functions in the same public manner, barber and barbered alike being indifferent to the common gaze; but, in fact, the sight is so ordinary, no one notices it. As it is the custom and law for Persians to shave the head, it is evident that the barber is a person of some consequence there, and he adds to it by pulling teeth, leeching, and vene-

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section, the latter a very important pursuit in Persia, for even well persons are in the habit of being bled once or twice a month as a preventive to disease, while the slightest colic or neuralgic pain sends them in haste to the barber, who at the same time gives them in return advice *ad libitum* and the latest scandal of the neighborhood as a panacea to the soul of the patient. It is the custom, also, to bleed horses once a month in Persia. As the Persian horses are in every way admirable, and possess great endurance, and as the Persians have in all ages been noted for their knowledge and management of horses, it would seem that this custom is at least not injurious, and possibly in such a climate has decided advantages.

The baker is another absurd character of Teheran, who has the faculty of pursuing his vocation in violation of all Occidental notions about professional secrets. Whatever the baker of Teheran does is done "free and above-board," and if the customer is cheated, he has only himself to blame. He kneads and rolls his bread before the public, flattens the loaves into long thin sheets on his bare arms, and after the bread is baked, lays it on a ledge in the street wall by his shop to dry, or flings it over his shoulder like so many sides of leather, and peddles it. This bread, which, when baked, is only the tenth part of an inch thick, is very palatable when just from the oven, and even foreigners come to prefer it to any other, for it is sweet and easily digested.

But the growing heat of mid-day suggests that the hour for lunch and repose has arrived. The noonday meal is light, composed of fruit, grapes, figs, or melons, with salads and bread. After it perhaps follows a cup of tea and a kaliân, and then a nap, in which high and low participate. In the middle of the day, during the warm season, the whole city, the very streets and walls, seem asleep, gradually waking again as the sun begins to approach the west. After his siesta, the Teheranee says his prayers, or is supposed to say them: in spite of, or perhaps as a result of, their intense external fanaticism, the modern Persians are but little addicted to praying; their religion is rather like a shibboleth, a *mot d'ordre* to swear by, than a code of guidance to shape life and



EXTERIOR OF COUNTRY CARAVANSARY.

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COTTON BEATER.

character. But the Persians are not singular in this respect at the present day. After another smoke, the Persian gentleman sallies forth toward the cool of the evening with a rosary in his hand, attended by a servant or companion.

It is the hour of peace; a rosy light bathes the house-tops, but the stately avenues leading north and south are in shadow, and cooled by the water thrown by the sakkâhs. The tender evening light also rests on the snowy crests of the vast ridge of the Shim Irân, or Light of Persia, which soars to a height of 13,000 feet across the northern side of the plain, but nine miles away. The evening glow, before it fades into twilight, lingers last on the snowy cone of Demavend, 21,000 feet high, ever present in every view, like the presiding genius that protects the capital of Persia.

With slow and dignified steps the Persian gentlemen stroll through these inviting avenues, engaged in genial converse. Their long robes, their massive beards, their lofty caps or voluminous turbans, give them a lofty stateliness as they wend along, undisturbed by the numerous horses or carriages, or the hideously unkempt and filthy dervishes who claim alms on account of their sanctified rags.

At this hour the tea-houses are in full blast. The reader may be surprised to learn that the national beverage of Persia is not coffee, but tea. One would naturally suppose that a country so near Araby the Blest and the aromatic groves of Mocha would, like the Turks, prefer coffee. Of course a great deal of coffee, prepared in the Turkish way, is consumed by the Persians, but the fact remains that they are essentially a tea-drinking race, drinking it in vast quantities, flavored with lemon or tourchee, which is the prepared juice of the lime, and sweetened almost to a syrup. The habit is probably the result of the commercial intercourse which at an early period existed between Persia and China, and which, as is now well known, gave an impulse to the arts of Persia, of which evidences appear at various stages of her æsthetic history. At Teheran the tea-houses take the place of the coffee-houses of Constantinople. One meets them at every turn, of every rank, but all

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alike resorts for rest, leisure, and entertainment. There one may see public dancers, who by law are now invariably men, although women of questionable repute contrive to evade the laws sometimes and exhibit in the harems. The male dancers are brought up to this vocation from boyhood, and invariably wear long hair in imitation of women, and shave their faces smooth.

What interests an intelligent European more at these tea-houses than the dances are the recitations from the poets. The songs of Hafiz may be heard there, and entire cantos from the great epic of Ferdoonsee, repeated with loud, sonorous modulation, heard sometimes at quite a distance at the more inspiring passages, and listened to with enthusiastic rapture. Here, too, one may hear the *Arabian Nights* tales given without any attempt at expurgation, exactly as in a recent translation. The reader will recollect that the characters in the *Arabian Nights* are constantly and at every opportunity quoting long and appropriate passages from the poets. This may to the European appear to be an affectation or a freak of poetic license on the part of the author of these tales. On the contrary, he was simply giving us another of those traits of Oriental character the record of which has given to those inimitable narratives immortality as the finest picture ever given of the life of the East, which, after thousands of years, is only just beginning to feel the transforming influence of Western civilization.

As one continues his ramble through Teheran at this hour, he sees a crowd amused by baboons dancing to the beat of tambourines—animals which, if they do not get all the happiness they deserve, at least well fulfill their mission in ministering to the pleasure of myriads by their absurd antics and grimaces. Or we see a chained lioness put through her paces, or, fatigued by the part she has been forced to play in life, and unable to escape from it by suicide, is sleeping heavily on the pavement. But one of the most common spectacles of Teheran in the late afternoon—a sight which always draws a crowd—is a match of trained wrestlers, or athletes exercising with clubs, at both of which the Persians are very expert, although they make no great figure in jugglery.

The afternoon is also the time when the gentlemen of Teheran exchange calls. A gentleman in Persia never calls on a lady; he does not even dare to inquire after her health, or even mention her to her husband. Notwithstanding this, the exchange of visits is a most formidable affair at Teheran, affording an opportunity for the full display of the elaborate etiquette for which Persia has always been celebrated. I make no apology for describing with some minuteness the details of such a visit, as doubtless no such social ceremony is elsewhere in vogue to such a degree at the present day. All the ceremonies attending such an affair are shaded



A BUTCHER.

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off to the finest point, and are expected to form part of the education of every Persian, or, in fact, to be a second nature to him.

Before making the visit, a servant is sent, generally the previous day, to announce it. The rank of the servant who is sent is suited to the rank of the gentleman who is to receive the call. If a person of very high rank is to call on one of similar position, it is considered eminently proper to announce and accept the visit in an autograph note. If the caller is of the higher rank, he simply states that he proposes to call at such an hour; if of equal or lower rank, he asks permission to call. The call must be made on horseback or in a carriage, and the number of mounted attendants depends upon the rank of the person visited. Xenophon in his Anabasis states it as a custom peculiar to the Persians that they always went abroad accompanied by many retainers. The usage exists to this day, and is still carried to such a degree that it has a material effect on the resources of the country, so large is the number of servants who are consumers but not producers. The Prime Minister has in his employ two thousand men, of whom many, as well as their fathers, have been in his family all their lives. He rarely goes out with less than sixty to one hundred attendants. There are many gentlemen at Teheran whose households include one hundred domestics. Most of them are assigned some special duty, but often a number are merely retained to assist in the display of the *ménage*, fed by, and receiving the protection of, their lord, and picking up pishkesh, or presents, as they can.

On approaching the house, the visitor, if of high rank, is met by mounted heralds, who immediately return at full speed to announce the approach of the guest. If of very high rank, the host will try sometimes to see the effect on his guest by coming into the reception-room after the arrival of the guest. Supposing that he has not tried such a manœuvre, a courteous skirmish occurs when the guest enters the door; each seeks to outdo the other in politeness, while each is exceedingly careful not to accept or allow a position to which he is not entitled by rank. The corner of the room the most remote from the entrance is the place of honor; the guest, if he outranks the host, while strenuously declining to take that seat, will be very careful that his host does not occupy it instead, and quite as careful not to accept it if of inferior rank, although urged, for to do so under such circumstances would be to affront the host, and invite an affront in return. I should state here that the host advances outside of the door of the reception-room to receive one of superior rank; meets him at the door if of equal rank, and leads him by the hand to his seat; goes half-way the length of the apartment to meet one of slightly inferior rank, but does not condescend to advance a step for a guest far below in social or official position. When the host and guest are of equal rank, chairs or cushions are arranged in equal position opposite the refreshment table, and so on through all the various social grades. Other things being equal, the left hand, and not the right, is the place of honor.

The serving of refreshments is another important question, regulated by undeviating custom. The nazir, or head steward of the household, enters in his stocking feet, ushering in a number of servants equal to the number to be served. If host and guest are of equal rank, the cup is presented to each exactly at the same moment; but if one outranks the other, he is first served. When there is present a member of the royal family, or one of the cabinet or council of the Shah, or a foreign minister, the servants must always retire backward to the door. The number and character of the refreshments depend on the rank, the hour, and the season. In the morning tea is served once. In the afternoon, the guest being of equal or higher rank, he is first served with tea in dainty glasses. This is followed by the kaliân, or water-pipe, which differs from the Turkish nargileh by having a short straight stem. In it is smoked the tobacco called tumbakee, a species grown only in Persia. That of Shiraz is very delicate in flavor, and the best. The tumbakee must first be soaked in water and squeezed like a sponge, or it will cause vertigo. A live coal made from the root of the vine is placed on the tobacco, and the smoke is drawn through water with a gentle inhaling, depositing the oil in its passage through the water. When several persons of equal rank are being served, it is the proper thing to bring an equal number of lighted pipes; but if one present outranks all the others, only one pipe is brought in, which is handed to him. Be-

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fore smoking, he makes a feint of offering it in turn to all present, but woe be to him who incautiously accepts it before he of higher rank has first smoked, for he will be made to feel the withering scorn of which a Persian gentleman is capable. I knew of such an instance. The pipe was offered by the host in this perfunctory manner to one of lower rank, and it was accepted; but when he of lower rank had smoked and returned it to the other, the host ordered the servant to take out the pipe, wash it thoroughly, and prepare it afresh. The Mestofi-Mamolêk, the highest man in Persia after the king, has not smoked for forty years. He took a solemn resolution against tobacco, because, when a young man, the kaliân was on one occasion given in his presence to a man whom he considered of lower rank before it was offered to him. He dashed aside the pipe, and swore never to smoke again, in order to avoid the possibility of being again subjected to such an affront.



ITINERANT BEGGAR.

After the first kaliân, tea is served again, followed by a second pipe. After a proper interval, whose length is regulated by the acceptability of the visit, coffee is served in tiny cups, followed in turn by the pipe. This is the signal that the limit of the entertainment has been reached, and the guest in honeyed words expresses his acknowledgments for the courtesy of the host, and requests permission to depart. When the Persian new year begins, with the spring equinox, the season is indicated by the substitution of a cool sherbet for the first cup of tea, and sometimes of an ice in the place of the coffee; but after the September equinoctial the tea and coffee are resumed. These may seem trivial matters, but in Persia they have great weight; and not only is the taste of the host indicated by the quality and style of the refreshments, but the *savoir-faire* and the rank of the guest are weighed by his bearing on such an occasion. It is of no slight importance that

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NIGHT PROCESSION WITH LANTERN.

a European in Persia should understand these laws of etiquette; otherwise he is liable not only to have his breeding as a gentleman misunderstood, but to be assigned purposely such an inferior rank that he loses influence, while by strongly asserting his claim to all the privileges which he has the right to expect and demand, suitable to his rank, he receives the respect which is his due, but which no Persian will give except when he sees him firm on these points.

Thus far we have been considering life at Teheran as it appears in public to a man. From this aspect it appears to be an open-air, a public existence. But there is another phase to life in Persia of which even he who lives years in that country knows little and sees less—a state of mystery, a system hidden in the midst of a city busy and apparently open to the widest publicity. I refer to the domestic life of Persia, and the existence of woman in that land of romance and song. Without woman, how can there be romance and song? and where are the women of Teheran? and how is the poet who would sing their praises to see and appreciate the charms that quicken the chords of his lyre? Pope has said, and been applauded for ages for saying, that "the proper study of mankind is man." I venture to assert that the great sage and satirist stated only half a truth, and showed that he but dimly perceived the complex character of woman, or he would have said, instead, "The proper study of mankind is woman." But at Teheran one sees but rarely the face of a woman, unless she be a Nestorian, an Armenian, or a Guebre, or Fire-worshipper, who all go but slightly disguised, or if he be a Mussulman, in which case he may have all the concubines he pleases. It is a little singular that there are still about twenty-five thousand Guebres left in Persia; persecuted from the

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time of the Mohammedan conquest, a few faithful ones still cling to the cult of Cyrus and Darius. Unlike the Mohammedan Persians, they have intermarried with no other race, and thus present to-day the original Persian race.



STROLLING MUSICIANS.

The laws of Persia are theocratic. They are founded on the Koran, and a system has been deduced which, like the common law, consists of the opinions of priests of especial sanctity and wisdom. This code is called the Shahr. There is a lesser and secular law called the Urf, based on oral traditions and practice, and employed in unimportant cases; but the Shahr is always the final authority. The laws relating to marriage and the relations of the sexes are a marvel of minuteness, and form the most extraordinary reading in existence. As it is simply impossible for any one to remember and practice every one of the regulations which govern the great question of the sexes and domestic life, a large portion of this burdensome

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code is practically a dead letter; but enough yet remains in practice to produce an extraordinary system. Every Persian house is constructed upon a plan of secrecy; no windows are visible from the streets; but the interior is constructed around several courts, with lovely gardens, tanks, shrubbery, and even luxuriant groves of fruit and shade trees, of all of which one obtains not the slightest hint from the street. In the main dwelling the master of the house lives and transacts business during the day. But his business over, he retires for the night to his anderoon, which is the quarter of the residence devoted to the women. The anderoon is jealously guarded by the eunuch, and no man ever enters it but the proprietor. When he is there in the bosom of his family, he can not be disturbed; it is sufficient to say to any one who inquires for him, "He is in his anderoon." This is an asylum from outward cares which it would be well to import into the United States for those who seek effectual quiet and repose. To the Persian it takes the place of a club—the more so as clubs, theatres, and other places for evening resort would not be permitted in Persia. The influence of the women would be sufficient to prevent the establishment of institutions which would result in a complete reversal of the present domestic system. Knowing nothing better, and able to compass their ends with matters as they are, being accustomed to them, the women of Persia are satisfied to have the system continue. It would be a mistake hastily to conclude that this indicates a low order of intellect or an abject spirit. If uneducated according to our ideas, the Persian women, from all I can gather, are by no means stupid, and enjoy an influence and a controlling power in domestic and state affairs not inferior to that of women elsewhere, only it finds expression by different methods. It is not the semblance of power that is to be feared, but the unseen power behind the throne; and I can affirm emphatically that in no country do women have more influence



A SLEEPING LIONESS.

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than in Persia, where they are content to be the power behind the throne.

It is true, the laws of the country appear at first sight to discriminate against the women. Divorce, for example, is easy for the man but difficult for the woman who has a grievance. The husband may dismiss his wife by saying three times, "You are divorced."

Besides the usual form of marriage, which is presumably for life, there is the temporary marriage. During the period agreed upon, which must be specified in a written contract, neither party can be divorced from the other. It is not uncommon for ladies of social position to prefer this form, as, by making the term sufficiently long, they can insure themselves against divorce, and loss of the portion or jointure advanced by the husband.

Women of great talents are occasionally found in the anderoons, skilled in music, poetry, and painting, and in the diplomatic art. All of them show skill in embroidering, which has been carried in Persia to a degree never elsewhere surpassed. According to Persian law, a husband must divide his time equally among his wives; but if he has one he prefers, she can generally arrange with the others by presents to have part of the time to which they are entitled. Diplomacy, intrigue, and influence in Persia are dependent in a large measure on the force of character displayed by the women. If a man wishes to influence another in an affair of importance, he manages it by confiding the matter to one or all of his wives, who in turn visit the wives of the man to be influenced, or the wives of one who has influence over him, and by urging and presents seek to attain the object. Most of the important transactions of Persia are conducted in this manner. The greatest difficulties I had to encounter in Persia were against the intrigues of women who were deputed to bespeak in this manner the opposition of the high officers of the government, or of the Shah himself; while, on the other hand, it was by availing myself of this usage that I was able repeatedly to win the advantage in certain difficult affairs.

The profound disguise worn by the women of Teheran in the street, supposed by foreigners to be a serious inconvenience, is, under existing conditions, an enormous advantage, and the women themselves would be the last to advocate a change, so long as polygamy exists. No argument is required to show what a power for intrigue exists in such a costume. In her mantle or veil, completely covering her from head to foot, a woman can go wherever she pleases without the slightest possibility of detecting her identity, and not even her husband would dare to raise her veil: to do so would render him liable to instant death. On the other hand, if a woman wishes to disclose her charms to any one, she generally contrives to find a chance to withdraw her veil for an instant. The rest is arranged by third parties, who are always on hand. The women of Teheran can thus go anywhere with little risk of detection; only the wives of the Shah and of his sons are debarred from the privilege, never going abroad without numerous attendants. The former are always accompanied by the royal guards, who, at a certain distance before and behind the royal ladies, keep the



A GUEBRE.

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way clear. When these ladies propose to leave the palace, the event is announced by heralds in all the streets by which they are to pass; the shops are closed, and every one is expected to take himself out of the way. Until recently it was impossible, for this reason, to construct windows overlooking the principal avenues, and any unlucky person found in the passage of the royal cortége was put to death on the spot. But the most that would now happen would probably be that he would be roughly handled, even if he turned his face to the wall.

There could hardly be a greater contrast than between the out-of-door and the indoor costume of the ladies of Teheran. What it is at home is shown by the picture on page 233, taken from a photograph. It was formerly more modest, but this fashion came in with the present century. Like the costume of short clothes worn by men in the last century in Europe, it requires a good figure to show it off to advantage. The moderate garments worn admit of considerable scope in the exercise of a taste for color and embroidery, but otherwise there is no difference in the home dress worn by the Persian ladies of Teheran from the palace to the meanest hovel.

The simplicity of this dress is, again, in strong contrast with the very elaborate and costly costume worn by gentlemen of the court. There is a tendency to adopt a modification of the European dress, resembling a military uniform. But on state occasions the magnificent and imposing robes of office are worn as of old, made of the richest stuffs of Cashmere and Kermân, worked with exquisite designs. At a royal audience the invariable kolâh, or black lamb-skin cap, is exchanged for a white turban, which is doffed on retiring from the royal presence, and given to a servant who has waited outside of the palace gate. As may be easily imagined from the account of visiting etiquette, the court ceremonials of Persia are of the most elaborate and punctilious character, although indicating at present an inclination to relax a little from a ceremonial that is burdensome in its details. It must be admitted that such



GUEBRE WOMEN.

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ARMENIAN WOMAN IN STREET COSTUME.



PERSIAN WOMAN, WITH VEIL RAISED, IN STREET COSTUME.

pomp is qualified to give majesty to a monarch, and to aid in the maintenance of power in a despotic government. It was the great court pageants and ceremonials of Byzantium which aided to prop up the decaying Roman Empire long after it had lost its vitality, presenting by its continued existence for centuries after it became moribund one of the most extraordinary phenomena in history.

Nusr-ed-Deen Shah, the reigning sovereign of Persia, is a man of good and progressive ideas, patriotically inclined, but often hampered by the character of his *entourage* and the menacing aspect of Russia, frowning upon any progress in Persia that would tend to add to the independence of an ancient monarchy that she hopes eventually to absorb without resistance—a problem that, in my opinion, is not likely to be as easy as she supposes. The Shah is a man fond of the chase, a bold and skillful marksman, of social disposition, and prefers, as far as possible, to drop the irksome ceremonies of state which surround him. On one occasion he said to an elegant and accomplished Persian gentleman whom he had honored by a visit to his superb country-seat, "If only I could for a while lay aside the embarrassments of my position, how I should enjoy a free conversation with a gentleman of your tastes and culture!"

He gives an audience to his ministers every morning about six, receives their reports, and gives his orders for the administration of affairs. In the afternoon, and sometimes in the evening, he engages in

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social converse with one or more of his favorite courtiers, or listens to the reading of foreign periodicals. On such occasions there is sometimes a freedom of expression allowed his courtiers which in former reigns would have cost them their heads. But Nusr-ed-Deen Shah is a man of noble and generous impulses.

The tendency to modify the strictness of the court etiquette at Teheran is shown by the manner of receiving foreign ministers. His Majesty receives them standing at the upper end of the audience chamber, which is the magnificent hall containing part of the crown jewels, when an audience is granted to the entire diplomatic corps on state occasions. When an audience is given to a single person for a special object, the king receives him in one of the smaller but scarcely less splendid apartments of the palace. Nothing further is required of the minister except to leave his galoches, or outer shoes, at the gate of the palace. He is attended by the Zahiri Doulêh, or master of ceremonies, and when the massive embroidered portière is raised and discloses the Shah-in-Shah opposite him, resplendent in rubies and diamonds, he bows, and repeats this mark of respect when he has reached his Majesty, who stands as near to him as two gentlemen in ordinary conversation. The minister remains covered, as indicating the equality of the two powers, and waits for the Shah to begin the conversation, which becomes free and easy if his Majesty is in pleasant humor, or is favorably inclined to the minister and his country. The Shah speaks French, and sometimes condescends for a moment to dispense with the court interpreter and converse directly with the minister, although such condescension may be accepted as a mark of high favor. In former days the Shah would terminate the audience by saying, "You have leave to retire;" but the present king simply keeps silent or takes a step back, which is the signal for the minister to withdraw from the "blessed presence," taking care not to turn his back to the king until he reaches the door. This manœuvre is not an easy one when the entire diplomatic corps at Teheran is forced to retire down a hall over a hundred and fifty feet in length, and to be careful not to stumble over the chairs of beaten gold on either hand, and to avoid slipping on the highly polished pavement of variegated tiles.



WINTER IN-DOOR COSTUME.

But perhaps I can not better describe the intricate and time-honored ceremonies of the court of Persia than to give an account of the ceremonies of the No Rooz, or New-Year. The Persians, being now Mohammedans, pretend that the No Rooz comes at that time because it is the birthday of the Prophet. But in reality it is the time of the spring equinox, and the ancient Persians or Fire-worshippers made this the time for the opening of their new year. Traces of old religious customs of Persia still exist, such as looking over a row of burning heaps of brushwood the evening before No Rooz, and also the custom of hailing the new moon by covering the face with the hands, and then, as the hands are withdrawn and the moon appears, to stand several moments in that position and offer a prayer.

The celebration of the No Rooz contin-

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ues for ten days; it is a period of rejoicing. All labor ceases; every one appears in a new suit of clothes, and visiting and feasting are universal. On the last day of No Rooz the entire city goes forth into the suburbs on a general picnic; the gardens of the wealthy are thrown open to the public, and for the only time in the year Persian gentlemen are accompanied by their wives in a promenade.

As the hour for the sun to cross the line approaches, the great officers of the realm gather in the grand hall of audience, around whose walls are clustered the crown jewels, the most costly and magnificent possessed by any court. The courtiers arrange themselves by prescribed rules, according to rank, on each side of the hall, the first in order being assigned places next to the celebrated peacock throne brought by Nadir Shah from Delhi, the lowest estimate of whose value has been placed by experts at fifteen millions of dollars. Between these two ranks of the distinguished men of Persia, who are glittering with innumerable gems, the Shah-in-Shah, or King of Kings, now passes with a slow and majestic step, and seats himself upon a silk carpet, embroidered with diamonds and pearls, at the foot of the peacock throne.



SUMMER IN-DOOR COSTUME.

When his Majesty has taken his place, the chief of the Khajars approaches each courtier in turn, attended by servants bearing trays loaded with coins, of which a portion is now given to all in order, for good luck, that they may have money in their hands when the new year begins. Numerous salvers containing the fruits of earth and water, or piled with silver and gold coins of Persia of different denominations, are also laid before the king, who now proceeds to burn incense on a small brazier until it is announced that the sun has crossed the line. A cannon proclaims the tidings over the capital, accompanied by the blare of trumpets. At the same instant the king takes up a magnificently bound Koran which is laid be-

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COURTIER IN COURT COSTUME.

fore him, presses it to his forehead, lips, and bosom, and then turning to the mollahs, says, "Mombarêk bashêd!"—"May it be propitious to you!"

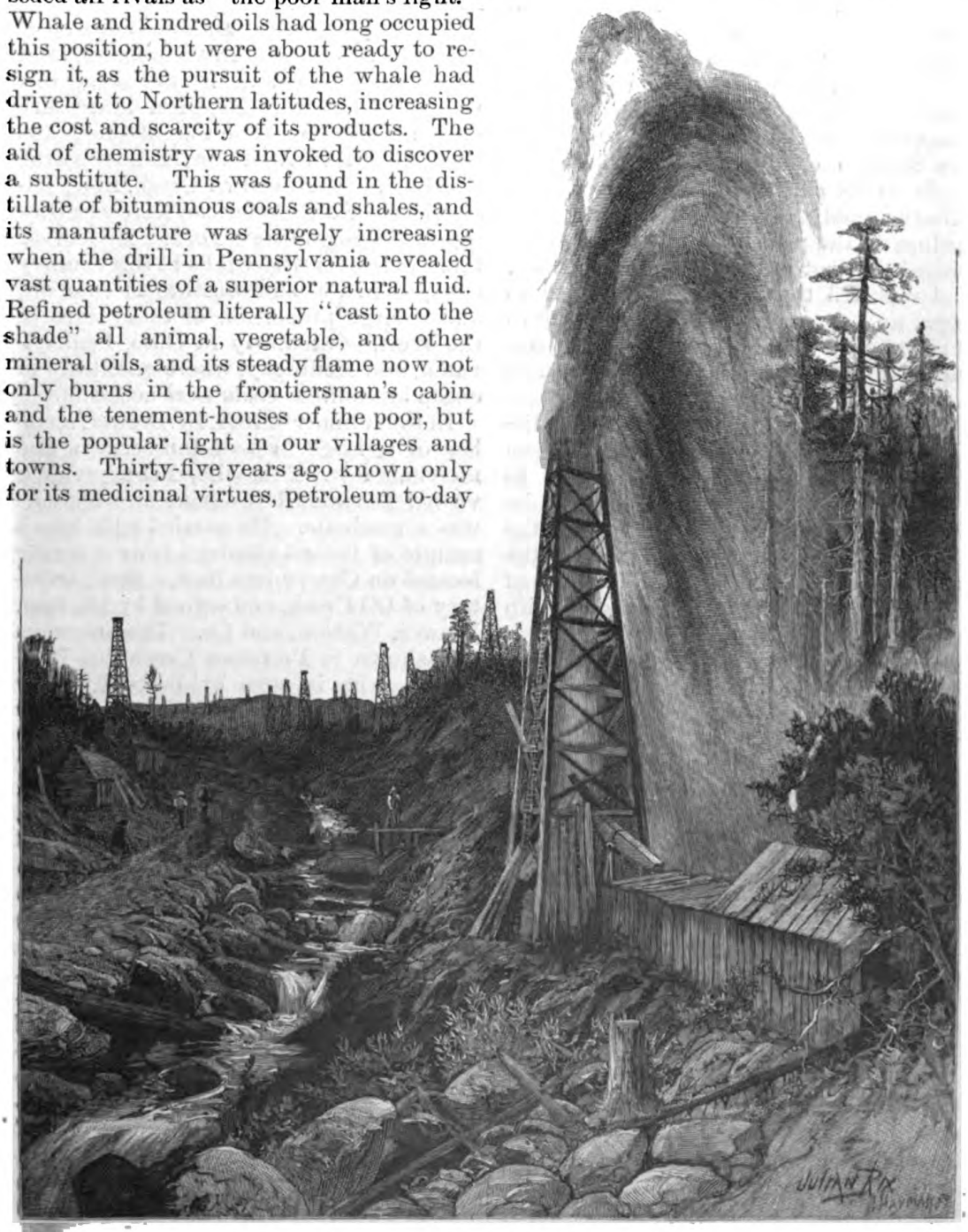
A mollah then arises, and in full, rich voice chants an invocation. This over, each personage present, according to rank, kneels before the Shah and receives from the royal hands a gift of coin, the amount depending upon the favor in which he stands with the king. This done, each retires from the hall until his Majesty remains alone. In the evening there are other imposing state ceremonies.

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A LAMPFUL OF OIL.

MAN'S ingenuity in the production of artificial light has spanned the gap between the primitive striking of flints and the brilliant electric glow of modern times. Though gas and electricity are the highest forms of this evolution, petroleum, soon after its introduction, as a cheap, portable, and brilliant illuminant, superseded all rivals as "the poor man's light." Whale and kindred oils had long occupied this position, but were about ready to resign it, as the pursuit of the whale had driven it to Northern latitudes, increasing the cost and scarcity of its products. The aid of chemistry was invoked to discover a substitute. This was found in the distillate of bituminous coals and shales, and its manufacture was largely increasing when the drill in Pennsylvania revealed vast quantities of a superior natural fluid. Refined petroleum literally "cast into the shade" all animal, vegetable, and other mineral oils, and its steady flame now not only burns in the frontiersman's cabin and the tenement-houses of the poor, but is the popular light in our villages and towns. Thirty-five years ago known only for its medicinal virtues, petroleum to-day is one of our great staple domestic products, and the fourth article in value of our exports.

Petroleum is a universal product, whose existence and burning properties have been known from the dawn of history. It is therefore very remarkable that its practical utilization should have



A FIELD OF DERRICKS—EFFECT OF A TORPEDO.

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been reserved to Americans of our day and generation. Physically considered, petroleum is a liquid bitumen (hydro-carbon), and occupies a middle position between natural gas and asphaltum — respectively its gaseous and solid forms.

Herodotus describes a fountain of pitch on the Euphrates, from which "three different substances, asphalt, salt, and oil, were drawn." A semi-liquid bitumen was employed in Babylon and Nineveh as a cement in masonry, cisterns, etc. Baku, the present seat of the Russian petroleum industry, but in ancient times a portion of Persia, is famed for its sacred fires, and we know that as early as A.D. 636, the period of the Saracen conquest, pilgrimages were made to its shrines by fire-worshippers. Hindoos continue to visit these naphtha springs to the present time. Marco Polo visited the spot in the thirteenth century, and reported that the oil was "good to burn, and to anoint animals that have the mange. People come from vast distances to fetch it, for in all countries round there is no other oil."

The first mention of petroleum in the United States is contained in a letter from the commandant of Fort Duquesne to General Montcalm in 1759. In it he describes a religious ceremony of the Seneca Indians, three leagues above the mouth of the Venango. "The surface of the stream," he says, "was covered with a thick scum, which, upon applying a torch at a given signal, burst into a complete conflagration." There is evidence that some aboriginal race had known the value of petroleum, and had dug pits ten to twelve feet in diameter and eight to ten feet in depth to procure it.

The first petroleum discovered at any depth was in the salt wells on the Kanawha, Big Sandy, Cumberland, and Allegheny rivers.* The first well bored for salt in the United States was in 1806, and thereafter the industry grew and extended, and in almost all the salt wells a little petroleum was found. It was regarded as an inconvenience, and the only thought given to it was to get rid of it.

In 1833, Professor Silliman, the elder, described a visit to an oil spring near Cuba, New York. He said that the petroleum which floated on the surface was collected by thin wooden skimmers, then strained through flannel, and used for sprains, rheumatism, and sores on horses.

At this early date, oil from this and other springs and from the wells at Burkesville was bottled and sold under the name of "Seneca Oil" or "American Oil." Samuel M. Kier, a Pittsburgh druggist, began in 1849 to bottle quite extensively petroleum taken from his father's salt well at Tarentum, located about twenty miles above Pittsburgh.

At this period the paraffine industry of Scotland was successfully established, and both lubricating and illuminating oils were distilled from Boghead and other coals and shales. The manufacture was begun in 1853 in Waltham, Massachusetts, and in 1854 at Newtown Creek, Long Island, by the North American Kerosene Gaslight Company of New York. By 1857–59 there were over fifty works in this country engaged in the manufacture of *coal* oil, and a large proportion of these were in the West, particularly in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Kentucky, where quantities of cheap bituminous coals were accessible.

In the summer of 1854, Dr. Brewer, member of a large firm of lumbermen and merchants in Titusville, Pennsylvania, visited Dartmouth College, of which he was a graduate. He carried with him a sample of the oil obtained from a spring located on Cherry-tree Run, a small tributary of Oil Creek, and owned by his firm, Brewer, Watson, and Co. The specimen was shown to Professor Crosby of Dartmouth, who in turn exhibited it a few weeks later to George H. Bissell, a New York lawyer, then on a visit to his *alma mater*. Investigation followed, and on the 10th of November, Brewer, Watson, and Co. deeded to Eveleth and Bissell one hundred and five acres of land, and on December 30, 1854, the Pennsylvania Rock Oil Company was organized, with a nominal capital of $250,000, divided into 10,000 shares of $25 each. This was the first petroleum company ever organized. Professor B. Silliman, Jr., the Yale chemist, was engaged to exhaustively test and report upon the petroleum, which he finally did April 16, 1855. His report was singularly correct in his estimate of its utility, and in his forecast of the proper method of refining it. Owing to various complications and dissensions among the stockholders, the property was finally leased to the Seneca Oil Company, a Connecticut corporation owned in New Haven.

* This name, curiously, is spelled Allegheny for the river and Pennsylvania city, Alleghany for the mountain, and Allegany for the county in New York.

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COLONEL E. L. DRAKE.

Things moved slowly. Finally, in 1857, E. L. Drake, by courtesy "Colonel," who had been consecutively dry-goods clerk, express agent, and railroad conductor, was sent out to the property to examine and report. He returned full of enthusiasm. The next year Drake again departed for the "promised land," determined to bore a well, as had been done for salt. Beginning to drill in the early summer of 1858, his labors were interrupted, and again resumed, and on August 28, 1859, at a depth of sixty-nine and a half feet, he "struck oil." This was a red-letter day in the annals of Oildom, as it marks the first deliberate step in the petroleum industry. It will be noted that the parties in interest, while never abandoning their undertaking, were unconscious of the great mine of wealth which lay beneath their property. They actually occupied nearly five years, from the date of their purchase, in drilling a hole sixty-nine and a half feet in the ground.

"Colonel" Drake, whose name will forever be identified with the first oil well ever drilled, after acquiring notoriety and a competency, lost it all in speculating in oil stocks in New York. He also lost his health, and was reduced to positive penury, which was first relieved by a purse of $4200 generously contributed by his old neighbors and friends in Titusville. In 1873 the Legislature of the State of Pennsylvania granted an annuity of $1500 to himself and his wife during the lifetime of either. The widow is still living.

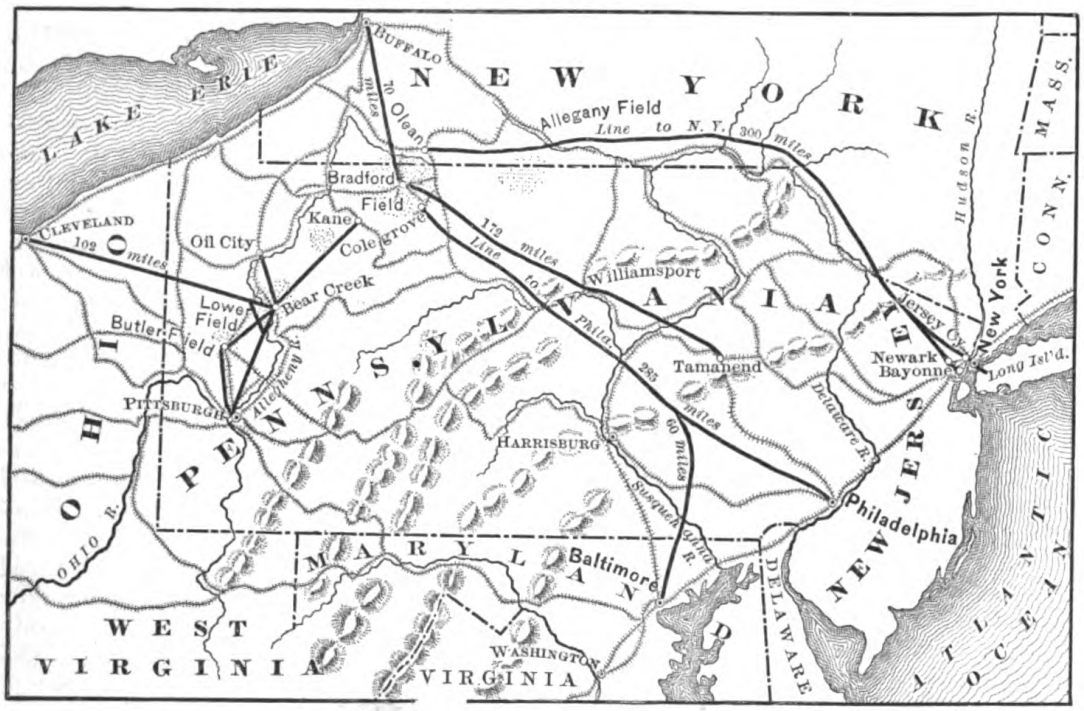
The Drake well was tubed, and started off at the rate of ten barrels per day, and later, by the aid of a more powerful pump, its production was increased to forty barrels. To-day a well of this size would be regarded as small, as crude oil is now worth only two and one-half cents per gallon, while the product of the Drake well during the first four months commanded an average of fifty cents.

Doubt and distrust that preceded Drake's successful venture suddenly fled before the common conviction that an oil well was the *open sesame* to wealth. Land which hitherto had been valued only for its timber increased in price a hundred or a thousand fold. Every farmer now thought he had found an Aladdin's lamp filled to the brim with kerosene. The dreary solitudes which had been broken only by the woodman's axe now resounded with the busy notes of preparation for a dive into nature's great *grab-bag*. In the beginning developments proceeded slowly, as the means of transportation were defective, and everything had to be carried into the wilderness. By June, 1860, the daily production was estimated to be two hundred barrels. On the 15th of May, 1861, a report was made that 135 wells were producing 1288 barrels. In this month the Funk well, at a depth of 460 feet, encountered the "third sand," from which stratum the bulk of oil has since been obtained, though usually at a much greater depth.



THE DRAKE WELL.

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MAP [illegible] REGION AND MAIN PIPE LINES.

Several different theories have been advanced as to the origin of the oil, but none of them are entirely satisfactory. As a matter of fact, petroleum is encountered in all ages from the Laurentian to the tertiary. The sand strata in Pennsylvania in which oil is found are chiefly in the Chemung group of the Devonian formation. The name is derived from the Chemung River, where they crop out distinctly.

By this time the prospectors had learned where to find the oil, and in September, 1861, the Empire well on the Tarr farm started off, to everybody's amazement, at the rate of 2500 barrels per day. Production ran to waste for want of barrels and tanks to store the oil, and became more of a drug in November, when the Phillips well on the Tarr farm flowed 3000 barrels the first day. Other wells came in to swell the production, and by January 1, 1862, oil could hardly be sold at the wells at any price, and was nominally quoted at ten cents per barrel. Sales in New York at that time did not cover the cost of transportation. This was a wasteful and unprofitable period. J. T. Henry states that the production during the early part of 1863 was scarcely half that of the beginning of 1862, and that of 1864 was still less. In May, 1865, the production had declined to less than 4000 barrels per day.

In January, 1865, the Frazer well on the Holmden farm, at Pithole, "struck oil," and its output the first day was 250 barrels. This was followed by a series of rich strikes, which like a magnet drew restless spirits from every quarter, until within a few months a city of 15,000 to 20,000 people was established. Pithole City was a nine days' wonder; it was so phenomenal and ephemeral that it was like a phantom of the imagination. It had banks, saloons, churches, school-houses, large and numerous hotels, one costing about $75,000, a fire department, and by September a daily newspaper. It was at one time, next after Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, the largest post-office in Pennsylvania. During the coming winter the wells showed signs of exhaustion, and within two years the glories of Pithole had vanished. Fire and flood completed the work of destruction, and to-day there is hardly a human habitation to mark its site.

Oil men are fond of recalling the great flood of 1865, which swept everything movable out of the valleys, carrying engines, derricks, bridges, embankments, tanks, and barrels of oil before its resistless fury. In this year also the govern-

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ment levied a tax of one dollar per barrel, and many oil-producers were sad at heart. Their spirits were revived next year, owing to the increased demand abroad for petroleum and the repeal of the government tax. Our exports in that year aggregated nearly 51,000,000 gallons, against 25,500,000 gallons in 1865, an increase of one hundred per cent. Operations during all these years up to about 1874 were in the valley of the Allegheny and along its tributaries. Oil Creek, Pithole, Tidioute, Parker's Landing, Petroleum Centre, Oleopolis, and Titusville were, each in its own time, the centres of interest.

As early as 1866 a well was begun in McKean County, near Bradford, but it was abandoned at a depth of 850 feet. In 1871 another well in that vicinity was drilled through to "pay sand," which was below the level of the unsuccessful venture. It proved to be a small producer, yielding ten barrels per day, and excited no interest. In 1874 a seventy-barrel well was completed, which may be regarded as the beginning of the development of the Bradford field. On account of its area and the longevity of the wells, it has completely overshadowed all other districts. Though the extent of its resources was not immediately recognized, by January, 1878, its production reached 6000 barrels. The daily average then steadily rose to 17,500 in 1878; 38,500 in 1879; 55,000 in 1880; 71,000 in 1881. It attained its maximum production, 81,000 barrels, during the month of August, 1881, since which time it has steadily declined. It has recently been yielding only 26,000 barrels daily.

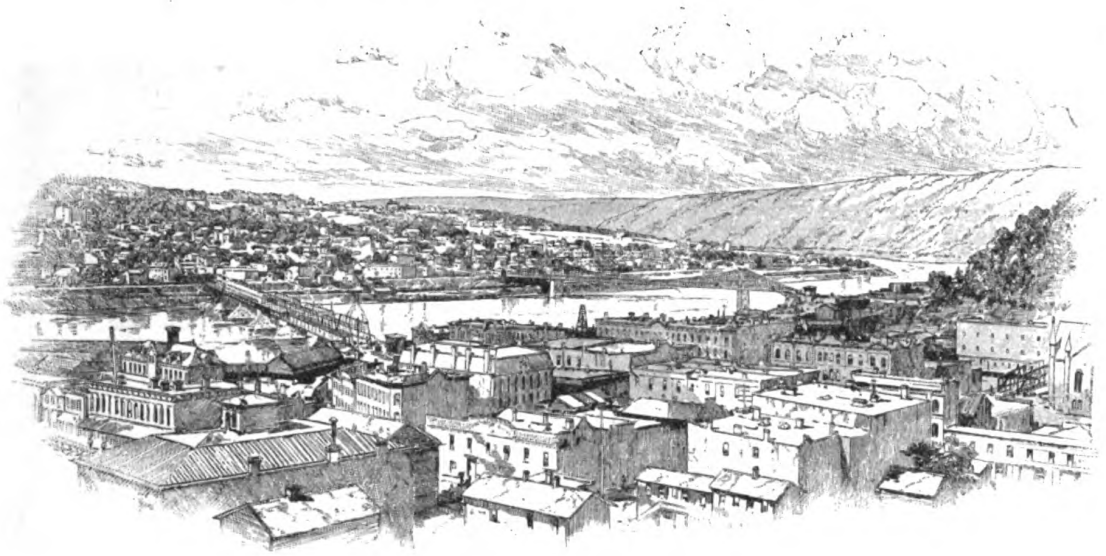
In the autumn of 1881 there was a large increase of operations in the Allegany field in southern New York. By July, 1882, its production mounted to an average of 23,884 barrels per day, which has declined to 7000 at recent dates. The period of its maximum development was simultaneous with the most phenomenal of all the later fields—Cherry Grove.

On the 22d of December, 1881, Grace and Dimick began to drill in this township what is known as a "wild-cat" well, *i. e.*, a gambling venture in territory not known to be oil-bearing. By March 3, 1882, operations there were temporarily suspended, and the well was boarded up and guarded to prevent public inspection. For nearly two months and a half the oil trade watched it with absorbing inter-



VERTICAL SECTION OF BRADFORD WELL.

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VIEW OF OIL CITY.

est, which its subsequent performances fully justified. It was known as "Mystery 646," from the number of the lot upon which it was located. Producers and speculators were on the *qui vive* to ascertain the facts, and scouts were employed to fathom its mystery. It required bravery as well as diplomacy, a knowledge of sands and oils as well as physical endurance, to learn the secret of the drill. The scout who most distinguished himself was Si Hughes, who eluded the vigilance of the guards, crawled under the derrick, decided that the well was dangerous, and hastened to inform his principals of his discovery. For this piece of detective work he was handsomely rewarded.

At four o'clock in the afternoon of May 17, 1882, it made a big flow. The news of a "gusher" in the wilderness created a genuine sensation, and the spot was soon invaded by an army of drillers. Within sixty days the surrounding farms were perforated by hundreds of holes, and oil was springing from every pore at the rate of 25,000 to 35,000 barrels per day. The area of fertile territory was soon defined, and nature's resources soon exhausted. By November the production had declined below 5000 barrels.

The oil there was found in the fourth, or "white sand," as distinguished from the third, or "black or chocolate-colored sands" of Bradford and Allegany. Since then there has been a succession of white sand pools, such as Cooper tract, Balltown, Henry's Mills, Wardwell's Ferry, and Thorn Creek—the home of the "gushers." They lacked the staying qualities of the darker sand districts, and while they dazzled by their rocket-like ascent, they fell with equal celerity. The "gushers" may be compared with the boiling geysers of the Yellowstone, as the tremendous hydrostatic pressure, when they are first opened, sends a shower of oil high in the air above the derrick.

It will, of course, be understood that these wells, by their extent if large, or their failure if dry, exercised a potent and immediate influence upon the market for oil, as well as the value of contiguous land. The scouts, in their haste to advise their principals of important events, had some exciting races to the nearest telegraph office. The telegraph companies themselves had some exciting races to see which should first reach the wells. One company ran a wire into a small coal-bin belonging to a country school-house, and there received and dispatched as many as three hundred messages per day. A few days later a rival company opened an office in a portable canvas tent about twenty feet from an important well that was nearing completion. The climax of this competition of telegraph companies "at the front" was reached when the Postal Company improvised a perambulating office in an omnibus, and a little later strung a wire to a frontier well in Thorn Creek

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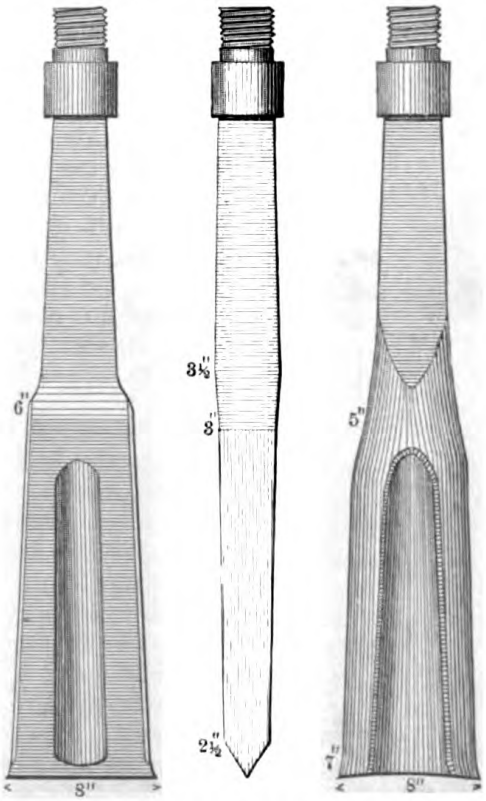
district, placed their instruments on a stump, and opened an out-door office.

In the early days trading was largely confined to those who really wanted the article for shipment, refining, and exportation. The accumulated stock was then very light, and there were some startling fluctuations in prices. The first product of the Drake well sold for $20 per barrel of 42 gallons. In 1860 it sold down to $2 or $3 per barrel. The extremes in 1861 were $10 early in the year and 10 cents in the autumn, when the product of the big flowing wells was running to waste. In March, 1862, prices ranged between 25 and 50 cents per barrel, but eight months later, owing to declining production, increasing consumption, and improved facilities for handling the oil, the price advanced to $4. In June, 1864, oil sold at $12 per barrel, but the average for the decade 1863–73 was somewhere between $3 and $5. In January, 1873, the highest price was $2 90, but by the next December it had lost the two dollars and was selling for 90 cents per barrel. In December, 1876, it reached $4 23¾, but by September 27, 1878, it was off to 78¾ cents.

When the magnitude of the Bradford field fairly dawned upon the oil trade, a permanent reduction in values occurred. This downward tendency was accelerated by the added production of the Allegany field, but the greatest depression in prices since the glutted markets of 1861–2 was occasioned by Cherry Grove. But when it was discovered that Cherry Grove was doomed to a rapid exhaustion, oil mounted upward from 49¼ cents, to which it had declined July 6, 1882, to $1 37 on November 6 following. The bubble of high prices burst, and the market which closed at $1 08½ on the evening of December 12, sold as low as 89¾ cents the next day, and within a few days declined still further to 75 cents. This panic was due to the opening of a "gusher" at four o'clock the preceding evening in a new district called Balltown.

The Wall Street panic in the spring and early summer of 1884 involved relatively heavier losses to the oil trade than to traders in the market for railway stocks, cotton, or grain. Oil which sold at $1 02¼ on the 6th of May, the day the Marine Bank failed, touched 50⅞ on June 21. Thus the value in the open market of a great staple commercial product was cut in two within six weeks. On those perilous, exciting days when the petroleum exchanges were converted into slaughter-houses, terror was depicted on every countenance, and the stoutest hearts were paralyzed with the overwhelming disaster that swept away margins, capital, and credit. Within the past few months the strength of the statistical position has made crude petroleum firm in price at $1 per barrel and upward.

In the early days trading was done wherever men congregated in the oil regions—at the wells, on railway trains, in telegraph offices, hotels, streets, and public places. As early as November, 1868, an exchange was organized at Petroleum Centre. In 1869–70 there were common market-places, though not regularly organized exchanges, in Oil City and Pittsburgh. In 1871 an exchange was established at Titusville. The first successful Petroleum Exchange was created in Oil City on February 7, 1874, New York followed in 1877, Pittsburgh in 1878, and Bradford in 1879. Until within two years Oil City exercised an autocratic influence in fixing the price of oil, and its quotations were the standard of value. It is a singular and unique fact that an interior town, with a small



BITS FOR DRILLING WELLS.

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DRILLING APPARATUS.

population, moderate banking facilities, and no longer the centre of any important producing interests, should so long have held its commanding position. As a rural speculative centre it is positively without parallel. Virginia City, Nevada, located immediately above the colossal silver mines of the Comstock lode, and four or five times as large as Oil City, never aspired to any pretensions as a market-place for shares.

Up to the winter of 1882–3 the original New York Petroleum Exchange was of no influence in the oil trade. It then moved to enlarged quarters, and trebled its membership to 600. At this time the National Petroleum Exchange was organized, with 500 members, and simultaneously the New York Mining Stock Exchange, with nearly 500 members, began trading in petroleum. In April, 1883, the latter two exchanges were consolidated, and on May 1, 1885, the old Petroleum Exchange was merged with the consolidated board, forming the Consolidated Stock and Petroleum Exchange. The present organization has 2117 members, pays $8000 upon the death of each as life-insurance, has cash reserves of over half a million dollars, and now establishes the market price for petroleum. The clearances in the New York market in 1884 aggregated over 5,500,000,000 barrels —about 150 times the total product above-ground.

Having briefly reviewed the growth of the industry and its accompanying speculation, we may now glance at the methods employed in producing, transporting, and refining oil.

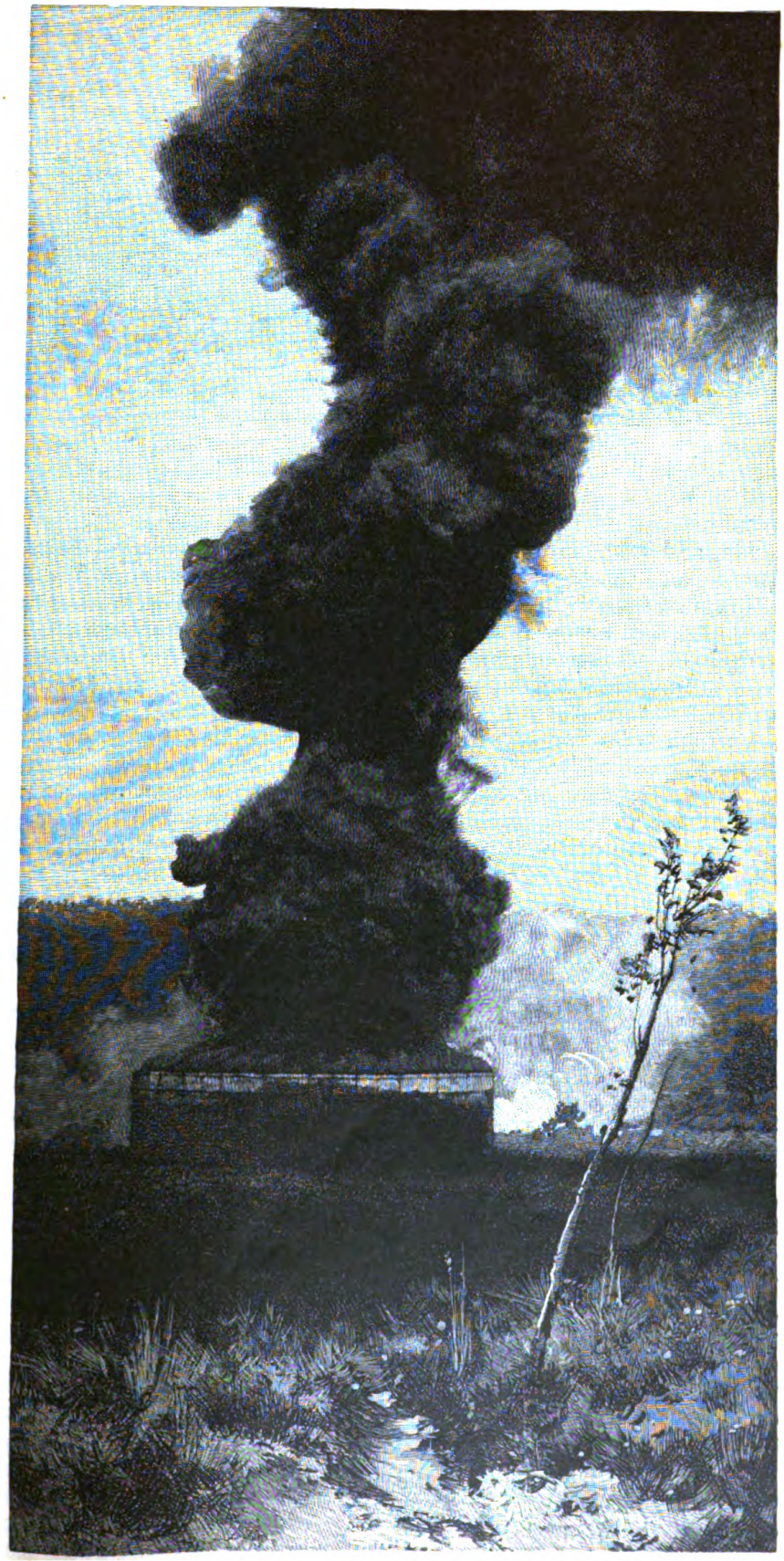
Prospectors in selecting a promising spot to test new territory are often influenced by a "belt theory," first advanced by a man named Angell. In a general way his idea has been verified by experience. It proceeded upon the hypothesis that oil lies in belts or pools having a northeast and southwest trend, sometimes called the "forty-five degree line." In districts known to be oil-bearing the wells are frequently located near the boundary of the owner's property. The object is to drain as much of his neighbor's oil as possible, for there are no partitions in the subterranean chambers corresponding to the lines of surface ownership. The driller's motto is "first come, first served," hence there is generally a race to see who shall first tap nature's till.

When the exact spot for the well has been determined upon, a well-hole is dug about fifteen feet in depth, and if solid rock is not reached, a wrought-iron pipe eight to twelve inches in diameter is driven down to it. Above this is erected the "derrick," a pyramidal structure of heavy timbers, generally seventy-two feet in height. At each side is located a fifteen to twenty horse-power engine, which operates a walking-beam, to which is attached a heavy cable and the drilling apparatus.

This consists of four parts. The upper one is called the "sinker-bar," about eighteen feet in length; next come the "jars," seven feet in length; then the "auger-stem," about thirty feet long, of 3¼-inch cold rolled steel; and finally, at the end of this is a "bit" three feet in length. Thus equipped, steam is turned on, and the ponderous weight of 2000 to 3000 pounds, alternately raised and dropped, as in a pile-driver, drives the bit into the rock at the average rate of sixty to one hundred feet daily. After drilling for some time the tools are hoisted and a fresh bit is inserted. Meanwhile a "sand pump," or "bailer," a cylindrical tube with valves opening inward, is dropped down the hole to remove detritus or water. A "casing" is fitted snugly to the walls of the well to keep out the water; and when it is necessary to pump the oil, the well is tubed. The tube is about two inches in diameter, around which a rubber packer is inserted just above the oil and gas bearing rock. This cuts off the escape of the gas, forcing it up through the tube, and causing the well to flow. The bore of the well varies from eight to six inches, and its depth varies with the geological formation, averaging perhaps 1200 to 1500 feet, and sometimes reaching 2500.

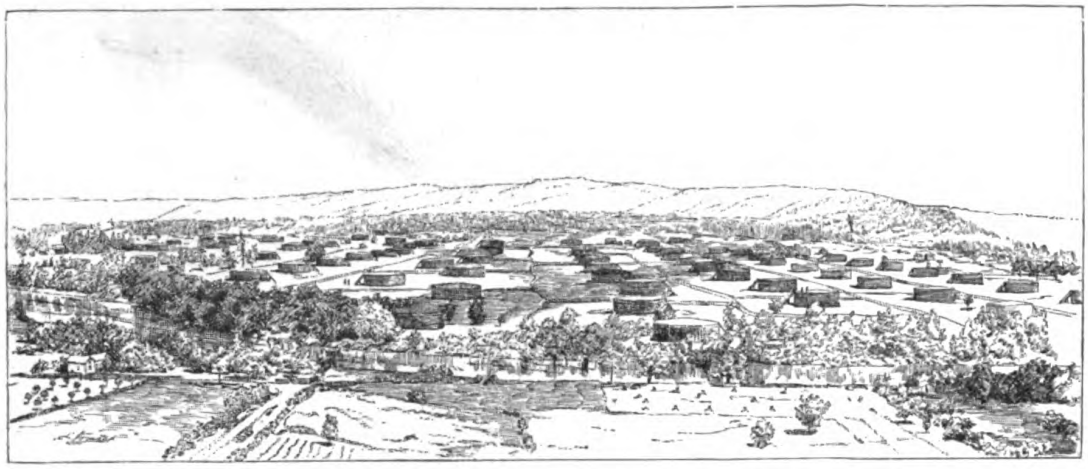
The cost of a well naturally depends upon its location, depth, and character of rock. The owner generally erects the

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A BURNING TANK.

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A CITY OF TANKS AT OLEAN, NEW YORK.

derrick, engine, and tank, at an average expense of $1500, and then contracts with a driller to furnish the tools and sink the well. This charge will probably average sixty cents per foot. It is perhaps safe to say that wells in the larger fields average in cost from $2500 to $3000.

Torpedoes, which were first introduced about 1865, were received with distrust, but are now in general use, and have become a necessary part of the equipment of a well. They are cylindrical tubes, varying in size, but generally eight inches in length and four in diameter, containing fluid nitro-glycerine. These torpedoes are carefully lowered into the wells and exploded by dropping a 20-pound cast-iron weight upon them from above. The explosion shatters the walls, giving a greater exposure of surface to draw oil from, thus stimulating the wells and increasing their production. Though this treatment hastens the exhaustion of a well, it is believed by many that the amount of oil obtained exceeds what would otherwise be procured. At first only five or six quarts of nitro-glycerine were introduced, but now it is no unusual thing to employ 120 to 200 quarts of glycerine, equal to 3240 to 5400 pounds of gunpowder.

This explosive has often been employed with startling results, notably in the autumn of 1884. The Armstrong well No. 2, at Thorn Creek, in the vicinity of several "gushers," was drilled through to the pay sand, and finding no oil, on October 25 it was pronounced dry. The result of this announcement was felt in the oil market, which advanced from 73 to 81½ cents. On the evening of the 27th a large charge of nitro-glycerine was exploded in it, and instantly a tremendous stream of oil gushed forth, putting five hundred barrels in the tank during the first hour. This was the largest well ever opened in this country, and has since been surpassed by only one of its neighbors. The effect of this torpedo was almost as instantaneous in the market as in the well, and early the next morning the price dropped like a plummet to 64¾ cents.

The torpedo was patented by Colonel E. A. L. Roberts, and though contested by the oil-producers, the validity of the patent was established, and a fortune was made out of royalties for its use. One year ago last May it expired, and since then the cost has been largely reduced.

In the beginning of the oil industry great difficulty was experienced in procuring storage and transportation facilities. This was before railroads had penetrated the oil regions, and when the principal mode of shipment was by barrels in wagons to the Allegheny, and thence by bulk boats to Pittsburgh. The barrels were at first so imperfect that much of the oil oozed out in transit, but this defect was afterward remedied by a preparation of glue.

Then came the era of railroads and tank cars, which were improved in their construction by an upper valve for loading and a lower one for discharging the oil. During all this time the great problem was to get the oil to the cars, and the necessity for this led to the introduction

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of iron pipes, or conduits, from the wells to the railways. The pipe line built in 1865 from Pithole to Miller's farm, the nearest railway station, was the germ of the present labyrinthine system of pipes that traverse the oil fields. Teamsters and roustabouts were so hostile to this innovation, which they regarded as an invasion of their rights, that the line had to be constantly guarded.

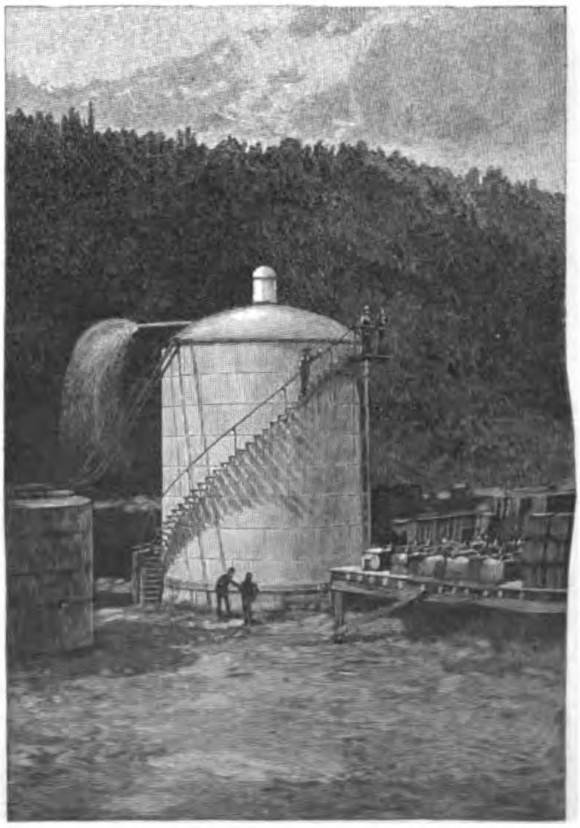
The first companies were merely common carriers, and made no provision for the storage of the oil, but about 1864 a regular storage company was established in Pittsburgh to receive oil from the Allegheny boats. The monthly charge for storage at first was five cents per barrel, and in some exceptional cases ten cents, but later the rate was reduced to two and a half cents, and in 1876 to one and a quarter cents. Between 1869 and 1871 a number of miscellaneous companies were organized to store and transport oil, but their service and management were not always satisfactory.

In 1876–7 a general consolidation of the leading independent corporations was effected under the name and title of the "United Pipe Lines." This organization, with its capital of five millions, came under the control of the Standard Oil Company, and its pipes and tanks were extended to meet the growing proportions of the oil fields and the accumulating stock of oil. On April 1, 1884, this company was absorbed by the National Transit Company, a later adjunct of the Standard, the capital of which is thirty-two millions. The original company is now known as the United Pipe Line division of the National Transit Company.

The oil fields are covered with a network of pipes and tanks connected with the wells. When a new district is discovered, the pipe line connects it with the nearest station of one of the old fields. Each individual erects a tank at his well of a capacity corresponding to his expectations of the well. When the tank fills up with oil he sends for the company's gauger, who measures its contents and turns it into the pipes of the company. A receipt for the number of barrels, less three per cent. for leakage, evaporation, etc., is given to the owner. This may remain from thirty to forty-five days, storage free, as a credit balance. Then it is converted into what are technically called "acceptances," but commonly known as "oil certificates," in round lots of one thousand or ten thousand barrels. This acceptance or certificate corresponds to a warehouse receipt, and is the title of ownership passing from the seller to the buyer on all the petroleum exchanges.

The United Pipe Lines is a mutual insurance company, and in the event of destruction by fire of any oil held by it, a *pro rata* assessment is levied on all outstanding certificates. The company owns no oil, except such as it purchases for "sediment and surplus" account, to maintain the integrity of its certificates.

As the custodian of this oil it charges 50 cents per 1000 barrels daily, or $12 50 per month. This charge covers the use of its plant, loss by evaporation, and the formation of worthless sediment. There must be a very handsome profit in this business, though it should be remembered that when the oil fields give out, the plant will be as worthless as old junk.

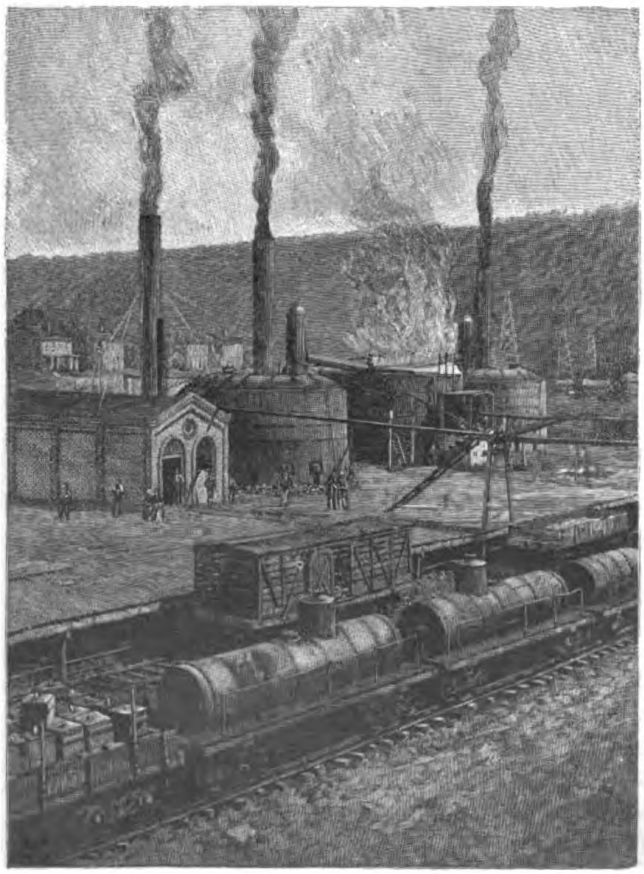


THE AGITATOR.

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When the holder of the company's acceptances presents them, requesting the delivery of a corresponding amount of oil at a certain railway station, an additional charge of twenty cents per barrel is made. This covers the cost of making connection with the wells, the conveyance and loading of the oil, leaving again an apparently large margin of profit for the service. The oil regions are within an area one hundred miles square, and it is only at some railway station within this territory that the United Pipe Line will deliver the oil. If the owner desires to ship it to any outside point, he can do so at such railroad freight rates as may be established. If he wishes it transported to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Buffalo, Cleveland, or Pittsburgh, to which points the National Transit Company has trunk pipe lines, he can have it sent in this way at the same rate charged by the railroads. This cost varies from forty to fifty-five cents to the sea-board.

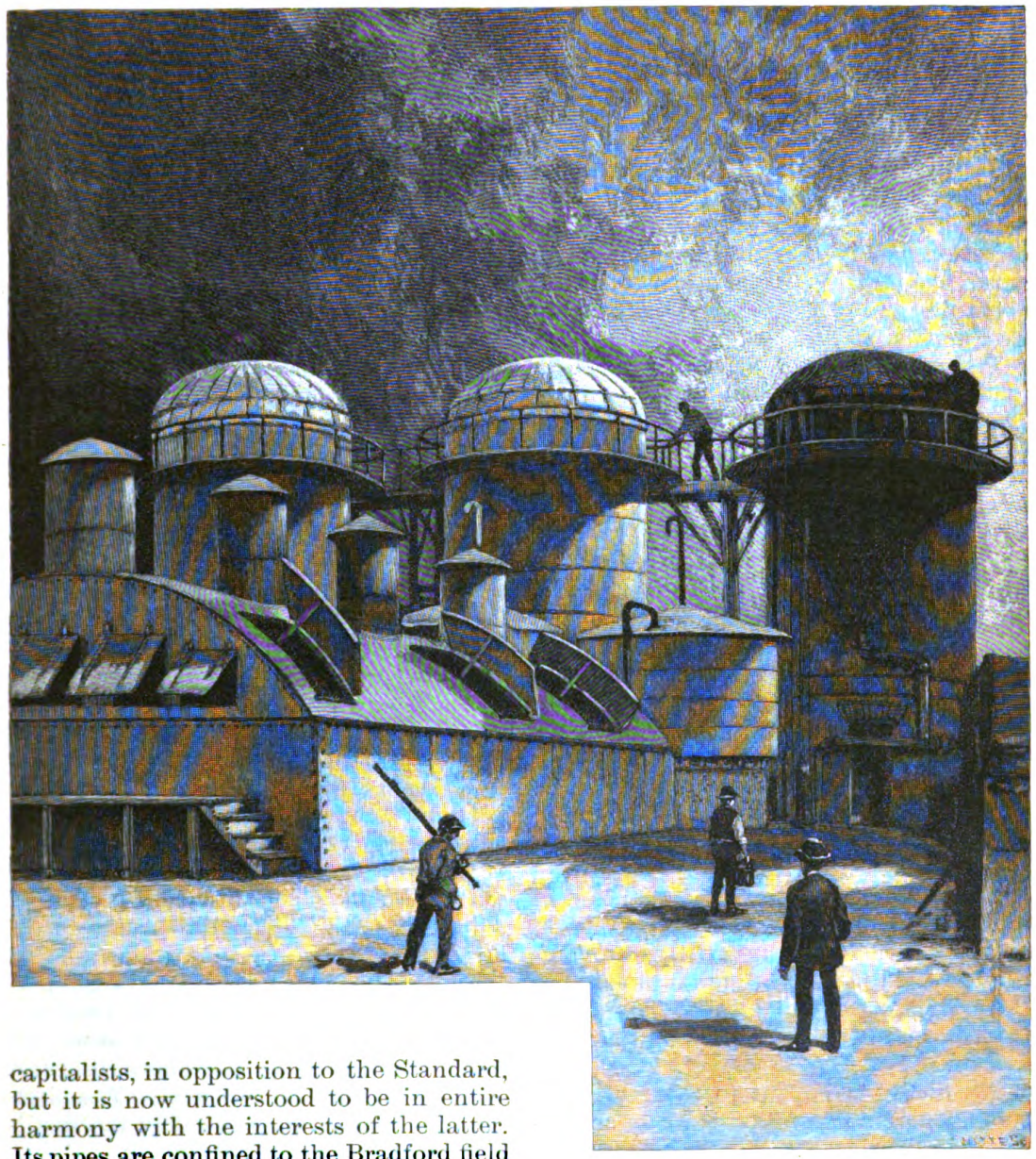
Olean, just north of Bradford, is the northeastern terminus of the United Pipe Lines and the western initial station of the trunk line to New York. Here are located immense storage tanks, each holding 35,000 barrels. The National Transit Company in its two divisions owns or leases 1554 tanks, with an aggregate capacity of 42,000,000 barrels. They have held over 40,000,000, but, owing to a reduction of stocks during the past year, they now contain about 36,000,000 barrels. The trunk line from Olean to New York was completed in October, 1881. It consists of two six-inch pipes, which follow the inequalities of surface the entire distance of three hundred miles. Every twenty-five miles there is a pumping station with double tanks. While the oil from the first section is discharging into one tank, the contents of the second tank are pumping into the next section. This operation is repeated at each succeeding station until the sea-board is reached, requiring about one week to complete the transfer.



A REFINERY IN THE OIL REGIONS, SHOWING TANK-CARS.

At Saddle River, near Passaic, New Jersey, and eleven miles from New York, a branch line diverges, and crossing the North River, New York city diagonally from Seventy-second to Sixty-third Street, and the East River, it supplies the refineries at Hunter's Point, Newtown Creek, Williamsburg, and Brooklyn. The main line continues to the large Standard refineries at Bayonne, on New York Bay. The line to Philadelphia begins at Colegrove, in McKean County, with a branch from Millway, Pennsylvania, to Baltimore. The lines to Buffalo, Pittsburgh, and Cleveland are shorter and of less interest. The company purchased the right of way, and did not look to the State to exercise the right of eminent domain. A private telegraph wire follows the pipe line, giving the managers perfect control of its operations. There are several small lines too insignificant to mention. The only important attempt at rivalry came from the "Tidewater Pipe Company, limited." It was organized by Philadelphia and New York

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A GREAT REFINERY AT HUNTER'S POINT.

capitalists, in opposition to the Standard, but it is now understood to be in entire harmony with the interests of the latter. Its pipes are confined to the Bradford field and to a trunk line from Rixford, near Bradford, to Tamanend, on the Reading Railroad, a distance of 170 miles. It built and operated refineries, and has a storage capacity of about a million and a half barrels. It assumes the fire risk, and its certificates are only bought and sold for legitimate commercial purposes, as they are not a good delivery on the petroleum exchanges of the country.

Having thus traced the crude oil, which is of a greenish color, from its subterranean home to the receiving tanks of the refineries at the sea-board and elsewhere, we may now study the processes whereby it is fitted for use.

The discovery of petroleum in quantity was the death-blow to the distillation of coal oil from coal and shale, but the manufacture of coal oil paved the way for the successful refining of petroleum. Kiers, the druggist who had experimented with some primitive refining utensils, was not successful until he called to his aid in 1858 the services of C. B. Holmes, an expert distiller of coal oil.

After Drake's discovery, the works at Newtown Creek and South Brooklyn were converted from distilleries of coal oil to refineries of petroleum, and it was in these

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factories that kerosene was first produced to any extent. Early in 1860 Holmes erected a refinery at Erie, Pennsylvania, and soon thereafter the "woods were [literally] full of them," particularly along Oil Creek. They were of very simple and primitive construction, and their product did not compare with the careful scientific work of to-day. The greatest step in the direction of improved apparatus and processes was taken in 1862, at Corry, Pennsylvania, and at Plummer, between Oil City and Titusville.

Processes vary in different establishments, but they are essentially as follows: The crude oil is emptied into stills made of heavy boiler iron, either in a cylindrical form (placed horizontally), or with oval top and corrugated bottom, underneath which is the furnace fire. Every refinery has a series of these stills, each containing from 600 to 1500 barrels. The former are twelve and a half feet in diameter and thirty feet in length. The heat of the furnace causes vapors to rise from the most volatile portions of the oil within three hours after firing up. This vapor enters a coil, or worm, of iron pipe submerged in cold water. The water cools or condenses the vapor into a liquid called "distillate." This condensation in some refineries is effected by permitting the vapor to escape into confined boxes of water, or condensers. In this box or condenser the vapor is converted into a distillate which passes through a pipe to the "receiving-room," and the water sinks to the bottom of the condenser, and is withdrawn.

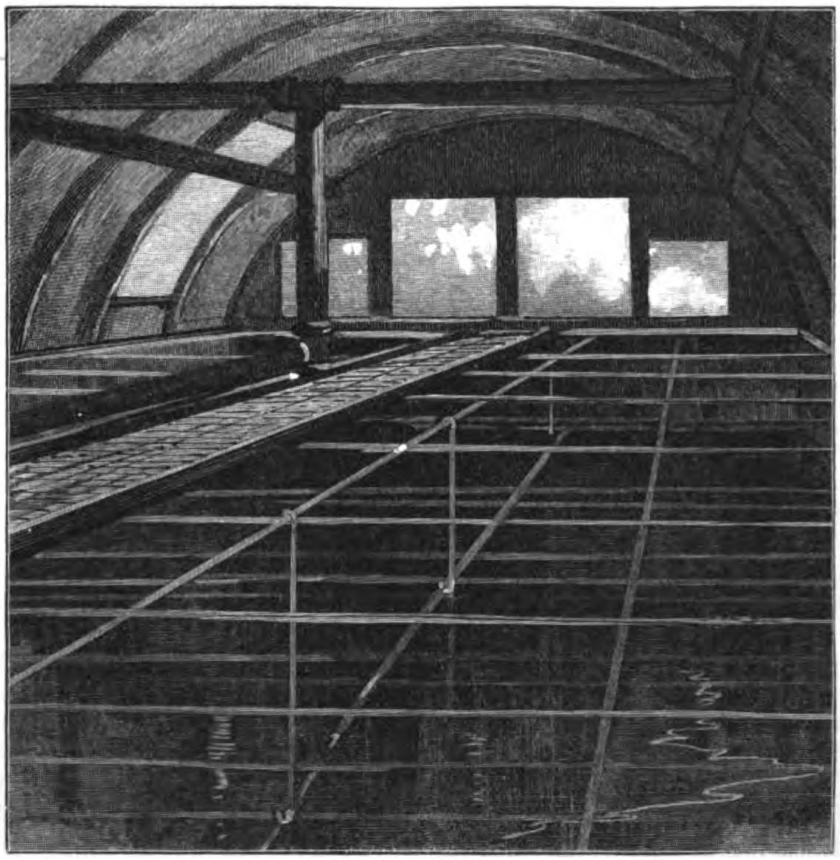
All distillate is sent to the receiving-room, where a separation is made according to its density. All that is below 60° B. (Baumé, standard of density), and down to 40° B., is turned into a tank for kerosene distillates. The lighter portions, or the earlier runs from the still, go into naphtha, gasoline, or benzine tanks, while the heavier oils, below 38° B., go into the manufacture of paraffine and lubricating oil. The lightest vapor is called "rhigolene," ranging from 115° to 105° B., though it and the second run are usually turned into the naphtha tanks. When saved it is used as an anæsthetic. The next product is known as "cymogene," ranging from 105° to 95° B., and is sometimes used in ice-machines. Below this is gasoline, 95° to 80° B., used largely in country houses for manufacturing gas. The Park Avenue Hotel, New York, the Grand Union, Saratoga, and the Hotel Kaaterskill are lighted by this kind of gas. Next comes naphtha, 80° to 65° B., which is extensively used in South American towns for street-lamp lighting, and in conjunction with benzine, 65° to 60° B., as a substitute for turpentine in mixing varnishes and paints. They are also used as a solvent to remove stains and grease and for cleaning wools, and for this purpose are of superior value.

Finally we come to that portion of the distillate intended for kerosene. It is relatively free from the obnoxious and inflammable elements that characterized the earlier runs from the stills, but it is necessary to subject it to further treatment. This distillate, therefore, is conveyed into a still, where live steam is injected into it, the gentle heat driving off through a pipe a large proportion of its remaining inflammable ingredients. The method of one of the leading manufactories in producing their high-test oil is to introduce the oil in the lower part of a tank of water heated to a temperature of 206 F°., or just below the boiling-point. The oil rises through the water, and the vapor which is thus generated is carried away; the remaining portion of the improved distillate is conveyed to a large tank called the "agitator."

In this agitator the distillate is treated with one and a half to two per cent. of sulphuric acid. Meanwhile a current of air is forced down a tube submerged in the distillate. The air escapes from perforations at its lower extremity, breaking up the acid into minute particles or atoms, which insures the closest commingling and admixture of the oil and acid. The pitch which is held in suspension in the distillate has a greater affinity for the sulphuric acid, and consequently flies to its embrace. When the current of air ceases, the acid in combination with the pitch is precipitated to the bottom and drawn off. The acid acts as a scavenger, "sweetening" the oil. It goes into the agitator as white and clear as water, and comes out a thick, black, and tarry substance, known as "sludge" or spent acid. This sludge, which has a very offensive odor, is either dumped in deep ocean or sent to Barren Island to be used in the manufacture of artificial fertilizers.

The next process is to give the distillate a water bath, for which purpose a large quantity of water is pumped to the top of the agitator, and falling to the bottom,

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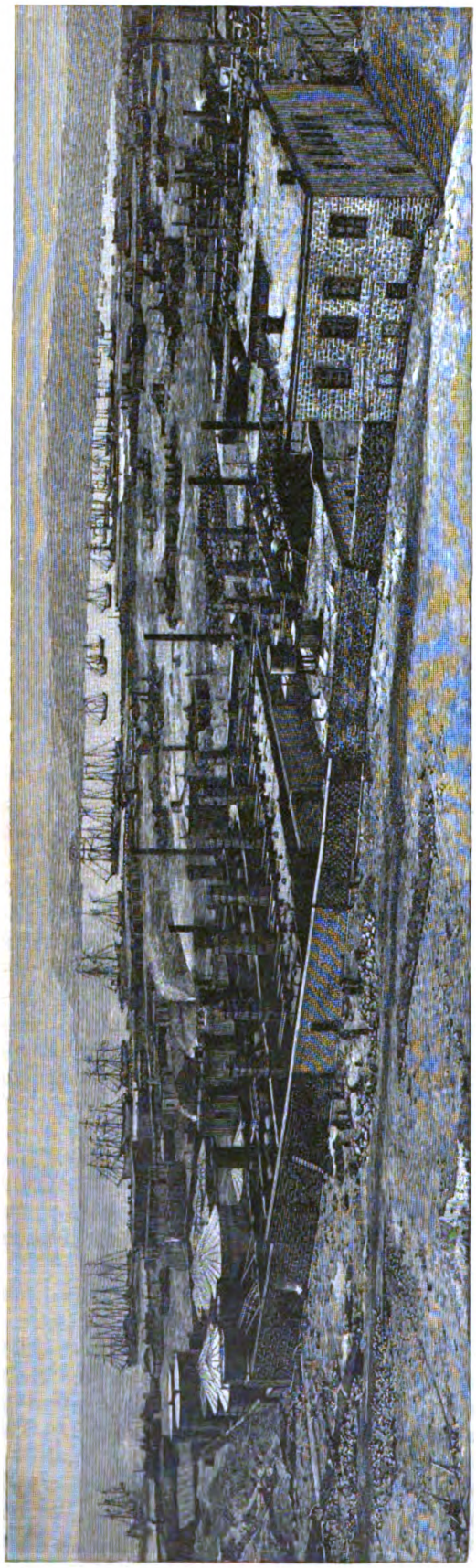
INTERIOR OF BLEACHING TANK.

cleanses its contents, removing the light films of acid that may attach to the oil globules. A solution of caustic soda is next applied in like manner to neutralize any remaining traces of acid, and to complete the deodorization of the oil. This distillate has now become *refined* oil, but to lighten and brighten its color it is withdrawn into settling pans, where it is bleached from twelve to forty-eight hours. It is then barrelled or packed in wood-incased tin cans, and made ready for shipment to consumers at home or abroad.

The next product from the stills is a black tarry substance, termed residuum because it can not be advantageously distilled for illuminating oil. It is therefore converted into paraffine wax and lubricating oils by processes entirely different from those employed in producing kerosene. Paraffine is made into wax candles, matches, chewing-gum, candies, etc. Anthracine is the basis of the beautiful aniline dyes. Heretofore it has been solely derived from the coal tar obtained by the dry distillation of bituminous coal. A process has, however, been patented for obtaining this anthracine from crude petroleum, or the petroleum tar obtained as a refuse product in the distillation of petroleum for the purpose of producing kerosene. Lubricating oil for journals working under light pressure is as good as sperm-oil. In fact, such railroads as the London and Northwestern, the war ships of England, and the cotton factories of Manchester and New England use paraffine oils in preference to animal or vegetable oils. The former will not spontaneously ignite. Mineral lubricating oil costs only a tenth as much as sperm-oil.

The medicinal value of petroleum and its products, especially for rheumatism and sores, has long been recognized. Its most important use is in vaseline, which is conceded to be almost without a rival as a base for ointments; and for many diseases, such as consumption, bronchitis, phthisis, etc., its internal use has been recommended. Further experiments are necessary to define its full value as a remedial agent.

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THE RUSSIAN OIL FIELDS OF THE NÖBEL REFINERY—VIEW AT BAKU.

In the matter of refined oil there are various grades adapted to different markets or legal requirements. The ordinary standard for the oil of commerce is 100° flash test, Tagliabue tester, and 110° fire test. Different instruments have been devised to test the quality of oil, but the principle of all is the same. An open or inclosed cup containing oil in which a thermometer is submerged is heated by means of a spirit-lamp. As each increasing degree of heat is registered, a lighted taper is rapidly passed over the surface to detect the existence of naphtha or gaseous matter. The lowest temperature at which the oil evolves an inflammable vapor is noted and fixed as the "flashing-point." The heat is intensified and the experiment continued until the oil itself ignites. The former is the flash test, the latter the fire test. An inflammable vapor such as a low grade of oil gives off at even a low temperature is, when mixed with atmospheric air, say in the proportion of one to five, a very dangerous compound. It is not the oil which explodes, but the gas which is generated in a hot lamp.

The flash test of 100° F. and the fire test of 110° are doubtless safe in properly constructed lamps, even though the temperature of the oil may rise above the degree of the test, because the vapor is confined, and also because a portion of it is constantly consumed by the flame. As a matter of fact, experiments made by Professor C. F. Chandler demonstrate that the temperature of the oil in lamps frequently does rise higher than the degree fixed upon as a safety standard. For instance, in a room where the thermometer recorded 82° to 84° F. the highest record of the oil in any one of thirteen metal lamps was 120° F., and in any one of twelve glass lamps 91°, the average for the metal lamps being 96½° F., and for the glass 86°. In a room 90° to 92° F. the highest temperature in the metal lamp was 129° F., and in the glass 98°, the average for the metal being 104½° F., and for the glass 92⅓°. From this it would appear that glass is a safer material than metal, inasmuch as

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the oil does not get so hot, but, on the contrary, danger of breakage is greater. While the brass "student-lamp" heats up to about the highest degree, it has an attachment excluding the atmosphere, so that blowing out the flame does not drive it downward. Moreover, it is so arranged that the oil is always on the same level, and therefore the capillary attraction is never overtaxed, as in ordinary lamps, when the oil is low. Experts in kerosene lighting lay stress on the necessity of procuring a good quality of wick and of fitting it fully.

Absolutely safe as a good grade of kerosene is in a good lamp, the consumer's only protection lies in the brand, or in State or municipal inspection. The law should be based upon scientific experiments, and be rigidly enforced. Some States are without adequate laws in this respect, and they should hasten to surround their citizens with proper safeguards. Such laws also serve to protect honest manufacturers from the competition of unprincipled refiners. While in England, New York city and State, and Massachusetts 100° F. flash test is the standard, in Indiana, Michigan, and Ohio 120° is the lowest. Georgia, Pennsylvania, and Maryland have 110° fire test as the standard, while in Maine, New Hampshire, Wisconsin, and Japan it is 120°. Missouri and Illinois require 150° fire test, which insures to all families the grade of oil which is used by the most intelligent consumers everywhere. The instruments differ so much, however, that kerosene which would be condemned by one might be accepted under another.

The petroleum industry gives employment to a large body of laborers. In 1880, according to the census report, there were 2111 skilled and 8784 unskilled workmen engaged in producing oil, and 9869 persons in refining it. There are about 20,000 wells in the entire oil field, but many of them are small pumpers, and one hand can attend to several of them. After the completion of the derrick, and the arrival of engine and tools, four men are required to drill a well. These men receive $3 50 per day. The common well-tenders, pipe-men, and the like receive $50 per month, or from $1 75 to $2 per day. Coopers and carpenters get about $2 50. In refineries skilled laborers receive $3 per day, and still-men, or common workmen, get about $1 75.

The best-paid men in the oil business are those who own and control "the Standard," and their services undoubtedly come under the head of "skilled labor." Mr. John D. Rockefeller, who is the master-spirit of the Standard, is still a relatively young man. When he became interested in a small refinery in 1862 he was not much more than a precocious boy. He had the prescience and sagacity, however, to foresee the future possibilities of the petroleum industry, and in 1865 he abandoned his produce commission business in Cleveland and devoted himself exclusively to oil refining and shipping. By 1870 the firms of Rockefeller and Co. and Rockefeller, Flagler, and Andrews had attained a high position in the trade; but Rockefeller's dream was a great organization that should control the petroleum business of the country. In this year the Standard Oil Company of Ohio was formed, with a nominal capital of $1,000,000. To it was transferred the plant, property, and good-will of the two firms above mentioned. Later, this capital was increased to $3,500,000, by uniting with it the larger outside refineries of Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and New York, and the policy of aggression and absorption of rival concerns was begun. A Standard Oil Company was organized in Pennsylvania, in New York, and in New Jersey; but, superior to these companies, there was created in 1880 a mysterious organization known as the "Standard Oil Trust," with a capital of $70,000,000. One of its originators has testified that it is "neither a partnership nor corporation," but "an agreement made by individuals interested, who have by virtue of that agreement created a trust, and put that trust in the hands of trustees." In it is supposed to be lodged the supreme control of the four Standard Oil Companies of Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, and New Jersey, of the National Transit Company, and of the various refineries and allied interests which it owns or controls. It is a commercial secret society, which has been managed with consummate skill and ability, and it has successfully defied inquisitive courts, legislatures, and newspapers.

"The Standard" in its generic sense has come in for generous abuse in many quarters, as its tentacles have reached out and bodily appropriated the transportation facilities and refineries of oil, suppressing all opposition and competition. Before it constructed a pipe line of its own to the

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sea-board it was necessarily the largest shipper of crude oil to tide-water, and great complaints were made that all the oil terminal facilities of railways, particularly the Erie and New York Central, were owned or leased by the Standard interests, and such large rebates were made to it on the oil transported in tank cars that the discrimination was ruinous to all outside refiners and shippers.

It may be said, however, that the growth of the Standard was merely in keeping with the commercial tendency of the present time, which leads to the aggregation of capital and the consequent overthrow of smaller artisans and tradesmen. The company should be less subject to hostile criticism than had it been the recipient of grants, subsidies, or valuable public franchises. It is a natural and not a legislative monopoly, and in this respect differs from many other great monopolies, like the East India Company, the Hudson Bay Company, and Alaska Fur Company, or railways with large land grants of public domain. Though "the Standard" has acquired control of almost the entire pipe line system, and manufactures and sells perhaps ninety per cent. of all the oil produced, it has, as a rule, held aloof from the producing business, though many of its largest stockholders are personally interested in production.

From present appearances the petroleum wells of Pennsylvania have passed their maximum, and though occasional small pools are likely to be found, it is extremely doubtful if future discoveries can possibly approach the volume of output of the palmy days of 1881 and 1882. The probability is, however, that prolific fields will be opened in some other portions of the country, perhaps in West Virginia, the Carolinas, Kentucky, Ohio, Missouri, Wyoming, or in California and Canada, where oil has been found in small commercial quantities. South America, too, especially Peru, is a promising field, and, in fact, since petroleum is a universal product, a great many surprises in the way of development doubtless lie before us in the future. Since its sources of supply, however, are hidden, and it is in that respect radically different from most staple products, great uncertainty must always attend the production of petroleum.

The foreign demand for our refined oil has steadily increased, as follows:

EXPORTS OF OIL FROM THE UNITED STATES.

Year.	Gallons.	Value.
1862	5,828,129	$1,539,027
1864	25,496,849	16,563,413
1866	50,987,341	24,830,887
1868	79,456,888	21,810,676
1870	113,735,294	32,668,960
1872	145,171,583	34,058,390
1874	247,806,483	41,245,815
1876	243,660,152	32,915,786
1878	338,841,303	46,574,974
1880	423,964,699	36,216,625
1882	559,954,590	51,232,706
1884	513,660,092	47,103,248

The exports for 1885 exceed those of 1884 by about ten per cent. The larger portion goes to Germany and England, but the demand in India and China is increasing. The domestic consumption is growing, and at the present time the aggregate consumption of American kerosene is in excess of the production of petroleum, as it has been for a year or more. The present daily production of petroleum is about 55,000 barrels, against an estimated consumption of between 65,000 and 70,000. The foreign demand averages about 42,000 barrels, and the home consumption 26,000.

The great rival to American petroleum, which gives promise of dangerous competition in the near future in the markets of Europe, is the Russian.

The petroleum industry of Baku may be said to date from 1872, when the crown monopoly was abolished, and the territory divided into lots of twenty-five acres each and sold to the highest bidder. This brought the petroleum resources of the region to public attention; but up to 1877 their development was seriously restricted by the onerous tax collected from the product. In 1875 Robert Nobel, a Swede, whose brother Albert invented dynamite, and whose brother Ludwig was a rich ship-builder on the Neva, located in Baku, and erected a small refinery. A few years later he was joined by Ludwig, who invested his fortune and brains in the petroleum industry. They introduced modern ideas in a vigorous manner that completely revolutionized the previous methods of the oil business of that region, and in fact they created the industry. They imported skilled well-borers with their tools from Pennsylvania, and constructed a pipe line eight miles in length from Baku to the wells at Balakhani, replacing the old mode of transportation on Persian carts. At the present time there are seven lines of pipe

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between these two points, besides a railway.

The great obstacles to overcome were the remoteness of the refineries from the market and the difficulty and excessive cost of transporting the refined article to the centres of consumption. In 1879 they began the construction of a fleet of cistern steamers, specially designed and built for the purpose of carrying oil in bulk on the Caspian Sea to the mouth of the Volga. These vessels were constructed in Sweden, and floated in halves through canals to the Volga, where they were united. They have a length of 250 feet, beam 28 feet, and depth in water when loaded 10 to 12 feet. Mr. Redwood states that "the whole of the bows and forward part of the steamer forms one large cistern, furnished with two longitudinal bulk-heads and several transverse bulk-heads, to prevent oscillation of the liquid when the vessel is rolling in a heavy sea. The engines and boilers are amidships, and aft of these are two cylindrical vertical tanks of a diameter about equal to the beam of the vessel, rising somewhat above the level of the deck." The Caspian is a stormy sea, and the voyage to the mouth of the Volga is 460 miles. (The first experiment in shipping oil in bulk across the Atlantic was declared to be a failure, and American oil is usually exported in barrels or cases, but during the month of October last the American ship *Crusader* carried in bulk from New York to Liverpool 177,400 gallons of oil.) The Caspian steamers can proceed no further than about twenty miles from the mouth of the Volga, as the water is too shallow to allow their passage. To meet this difficulty the Messrs. Nobel constructed a number of tank barges to convey the oil to Tsaritzin, where they built large storage tanks, sidings, cooper shops, etc. At this point they met the Tsaritzin-Griazi Railway, which connects with the railway system of Russia, and they built 1500 tank cars to transport the oil into the interior for general distribution.

The refinery at Black Town, the Hunter's Point of Baku, covers seventy-five to eighty acres, and about eight thousand men are said to be employed by the various firms and companies at that place. The firm of Nobel Brothers has passed into the hands of the Nobel Company, which occupies in Russia relatively the same position that the Standard does in this country.

As a rule, American producers make light of Russian production, and American exporters of refined oil contend that inasmuch as only about one and a half per cent. of European consumption is supplied by Russian refineries, they have no fears of Russian competition. That they underestimate the capabilities of that region is apparent, if we may believe such observers as Charles Marvin, an English authority on Russia, or Boverton Redwood, the chemist of the London Petroleum Association, and the statement of well-informed Americans who have visited that region. Mr. Redwood, who recently returned from a tour of inspection, states that "the oil field from which the Baku refiners are supplied is not, in fact, more than three miles square, and on this small tract there are flowing wells or fountains which apparently could supply the whole world with lamp oil and lubricating oil. . . . There is, I believe, no reason to doubt that something like 1000 to 1200 square miles of the Apsheron Peninsula may be fairly regarded as more or less productive oil territory. . . . I had seen wells in America that were considered remarkable in regard to the quantity of the oil yielded, and had read accounts of the productiveness of the Russian wells, but I was, I must confess, wholly unprepared for the evidences of abundant supply. . . . The well I saw spouting (Nobel's No. 18) yields at the rate of 1,125,000 gallons (say 27,000 barrels) per twenty-four hours when opened (it is shut down by a valve attachment when its product is not needed), and it is by no means the most productive that has been struck, the Droojba well and Nobel's No. 9 well having for a time yielded about double that quantity." The significance of this statement will be realized when it is remembered that a 5000 barrel well in this country is considered very large indeed, and that the largest ever opened here made less than 10,000 barrels in twenty-four hours.

No effort has been made to develop the resources of that region, as the 400 wells already opened have supplied more than the refineries could use, and in its crude form at the wells the oil has only a nominal value, say from 10 to 25 cents per barrel. It costs more to drill wells there than here, or say $10,000 against an average of $2500 to $3000. This is owing to the harder rock generally encountered, and greater cost of machinery, the average

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depth being only about 450 feet. The oil seems to lie in cells, and when one is exhausted and stops flowing, upon deeper boring another reservoir is tapped. There are only about one hundred of these wells actually yielding oil at any one time, and though the figures are not so exact as those obtained of American production, the output in 1879 is given at 370,000 tons= 2,590,000 barrels, and in 1884, 1,130,000 tons=7,910,000 barrels. Upon good authority it may be said that the present daily production of Russian oil averages 35,000 barrels.

The completion within a few years of the Trans-Caucasian Railway from Baku to Batoum, on the Black Sea, a distance of 560 miles, furnishes a European outlet for Russian petroleum. This railway has so far, however, not accomplished so much as was expected of it, owing to single track, insufficient rolling stock, and steep grade in crossing the Suram Pass, 3000 feet above sea-level. It is said that transportation from Baku to Batoum costs about two cents per gallon for oil, and takes from four to fourteen days' time. It has been proposed to construct a pipe line between these points to economize the cost of shipment. And this must be done to give the Russian product a cheap and adequate outlet. The Austrian Lloyd's and the Black Sea Navigation Company can convey the oil to Constantinople, and thence through the Mediterranean to all the ports of western Europe. Liverpool by water is 3110 miles from Batoum, and 3000 miles from New York; Antwerp is 3185 miles from Batoum, and 3348 from New York; Hamburg is 3452 miles from Batoum, and 3576 miles from New York. Thus it will be seen that with proper shipping facilities Baku will be at no disadvantage in respect to proximity to markets. Moreover, oil is introduced into Germany and Austro-Hungary directly across the border by rail from Tsaritzin as a distributing point.

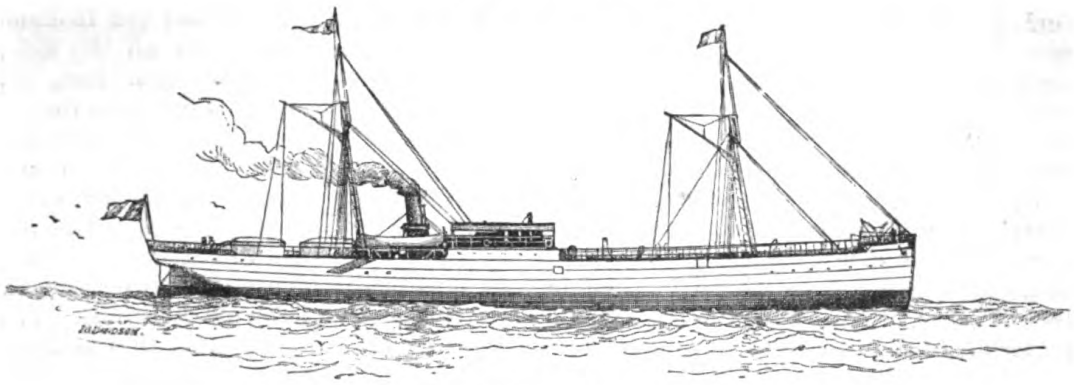
The relative quality of Russian and American refined oil has been a subject of much discussion. Mr. Redwood says that "when the Russian oil was first introduced in Europe its high specific gravity led to the belief that it would not burn in ordinary mineral oil lamps. The fact, however, was overlooked that the crude oil yields so small a percentage of kerosene that this product is necessarily very homogeneous." It is not regarded as quite equal to the American article, but this is probably due to superior care in refining it here. If American refined advances materially in price, it is likely to assist the Russian refiners in marketing their oil in Europe. At home they have an advantage over foreign oil in a protective tariff equivalent to about six cents a gallon on imported kerosene.

The Russian oil, as all American oil men remark in commenting upon it, yields only about 27 to 30 per centum of kerosene, against 75 to 78 per centum from Pennsylvania oil; but as an offset to this the Russians obtain 45 per centum of lubricating oil, which, according to the testimony of a prominent Standard magnate, "is flooding Europe," and also about 14 per centum of liquid fuel.

This brings us to the interesting question of the use and value of petroleum as a fuel, in which respect Russia has determined a problem which is not yet regarded as conclusively solved in this country. In the Caspian region coal and wood are scarce, and the necessity of finding a substitute, together with the cheapness of crude petroleum or its refuse, called *astatki*, accounts for the persistent and successful attempts to use petroleum as a fuel. To-day nearly if not all the steamers on the Caspian and Volga, and the locomotives on the railways in that region, burn oil exclusively. In the apparatus employed, a continuous stream of oil passes through an aperture one-eighth of an inch in diameter, falling vertically, and meeting a jet of steam which forces the oil into the furnace in the form of exceedingly fine spray, making in its combustion an intense heat.

In this country, with a few exceptions, the only practical utilization of petroleum as a fuel is in kerosene stoves, and during the past few years their manufacture and use have greatly increased. In the ordinary oil stove the heat is obtained from three or four wicks without chimneys. The great objection to all oil stoves (which also applies to gas stoves) is that they vitiate the air unless the apartment be fully ventilated. It is estimated that a four-burner stove in a closed room would consume as much oxygen as fifty men. Oil stoves are very convenient for small families and for light meals, and are decidedly economical. Gasoline and naphtha have been employed in stoves, but they are dangerous, and their use should be avoided.

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OIL STEAMER ON THE CASPIAN SEA.

Notwithstanding the acknowledged success of petroleum as a fuel for locomotives and steamers in the Caspian region, it can hardly be said to have passed the experimental stage in this country. As early as 1862, in the refinery at Corry, Pennsylvania, previously referred to, its use as a fuel was undertaken by means of an apparatus similar to that now employed in Russia, but it does not appear to have impressed the refiners, perhaps because petroleum became more valuable in succeeding years. Those, however, who have tested the spraying injector concede that it is a complete mechanical success, but nearly all American authorities pronounce against its use on ocean vessels. The objection is that the heat of the engine-room might generate dangerous explosive vapors, besides rendering the close quarters of the vessel uncomfortable from its stench. No such comments are made on it in Russia; on the contrary, it is highly commended there. In 1867 the Bureau of Steam Engineering, in a report to the Secretary of the Navy, said: "It appears that the use of petroleum as a fuel for steamers is hopeless; convenience is against it, comfort is against it, health is against it, *economy* is against it." At that time, however, petroleum was five or six times as dear as now, so that the last portion of the statement must be reversed. The economy of course depends on the relative cost of the two fuels, which is constantly varying.

With crude oil at 75 cents a barrel and coal at $3 per ton, their value would be identical. The common scientific statement is that one pound of petroleum contains twice as many heat units as a pound of coal; but experiments made under the direction of B. F. Isherwood, the distinguished Chief Engineer of the navy, with a regular marine boiler, show that one pound of petroleum evaporated two-thirds more water than a pound of anthracite. The apparatus by which he made this test was a simple Giffard injector, by which the petroleum is injected into the furnace in the form of minutely divided spray by the agency of steam.

The point has been urged that one great advantage possessed by petroleum as a fuel lies in its smaller bulk; and, while this is true in a measure, there has been considerable loose writing on the subject, which may be corrected by the exact facts.

The facts are that the relative weights of anthracite and petroleum that can be carried on board a vessel in a given space depend largely upon the manner in which the latter is stowed. American anthracite has a specific gravity of 1.50, and as stowed in vessels sixty pounds can be placed in a cubic foot of space, taking large and small lumps mingled. The specific gravity of petroleum at engine-room temperature is but little over one-half that of anthracite, but fifty pounds of it can be placed in a cubic foot of space, provided it be carried in compartments or tanks built into the vessel for the purpose. The compartments must be numerous and small, however, on account of the rolling and pitching of the vessel at sea, for the weight of a large quantity of petroleum could not be allowed to shift position. Assuming that the petroleum is carried in tanks, and that it evaporates two-thirds more steam per pound than anthracite, we have for the relative steam-producing capabilities of the anthracite and petroleum in equal spaces (1×60), 60 for the former and ($1\frac{2}{3} \times 50$) $83\frac{1}{3}$ for the latter, so that for equal space in the vessel occupied by

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fuel, petroleum would produce about 39 per cent. more steam. The relative weights of fuel to be carried, which is also very important in vessels, would be as 60 for the anthracite and 50 for the petroleum, or one-sixth less than the anthracite.

If, however, the petroleum be stowed in barrels, the above ratios change materially. In this case only about 36 pounds of petroleum could be placed in a cubic foot of space, allowing for the bulk of the materials of the barrels and for the interstitial spaces between them. Then the relative quantities of steam that could be obtained from equal spaces occupied would be (1×60) 60 for the anthracite and $(1\frac{2}{3}\times36)$ 60 for the petroleum, or exactly the same. In either case the aggregate weights of fuel and containing vessels would not materially vary, for the weight of the barrels or of the partitions of the small compartments containing the petroleum is considerably greater than the weight of the bunkers containing the anthracite.

The great economy in the use of petroleum on large vessels may be illustrated by reference to the *Etruria*, the latest Cunarder. Shipping men say that one reason such vessels are not more profitable is because of the small space left for freight after stowing the necessary quota of coal. It burns on a passage of six days and a half 2275 tons of coal, but, to be prepared for delays, it carries 3000 tons, leaving only 400 tons for freight. If 39 per cent. of space could be economized on such a vessel as this, it would give space for 1170 tons more cargo of the same gravity as coal.

The Hydrographic Office of the Navy Department recently requested mariners to report upon the value of oil in quelling boisterous and dangerous seas. The testimony is uniformly favorable to the use of animal and vegetable oils "on the troubled waters," but petroleum is thinner, and lacks that oleaginous quality necessary to subdue the breaking of the waves.

Unless petroleum be found in much greater quantities than heretofore, it could not to any considerable degree furnish sufficient fuel to drive the wheels of our industries. Its enlarged use would doubtless increase its cost to an extent that would destroy the economy.

In steel works at Worcester, Massachusetts, on steam ferry-boats on the bay of San Francisco, and elsewhere, isolated attempts have been made to use petroleum as a fuel.

A naphtha engine called the Holland patent ran for some time on the Erie, drawing a train of passenger-cars, but nothing seems to have come from the experiment. The Dickey furnace, which has a spraying apparatus, uses crude oil, and extended experiments were made with it.

Though the introduction of petroleum as a fuel has met with little favor, natural gas, chemically identical with petroleum, has of late attracted wide attention. The existence of natural gas in this country was known long before petroleum wells were drilled; and as early as 1821 a gas spring at Fredonia, New York, was discovered, a well dug, and the gas was conveyed to several houses, which were illuminated by it in 1824, when Lafayette passed through the village.

In the early days of the oil industry natural gas was found to co-exist with the oil, and its presence causes oil wells to flow. As early as the spring of 1861 Rouse's well was opened as a large producer of petroleum, with a large volume of escaping gas that filled the neighboring valley like a fog. Coming in contact with fire somewhere in the vicinity, a terrific explosion occurred, killing nineteen persons. During the last decade natural gas has been introduced into most of the towns of the oil regions, both as a fuel and illuminant. Prominent among towns using this natural agent are, first, Pittsburgh and Allegheny City, where it is extensively employed in manufactures, and next to these Oil City, Bradford, Warren, Titusville, Franklin, Butler, Beaver Falls, Bolivar, Allentown, Friendship, etc., in Pennsylvania, and Cuba, Fredonia, and Olean, in New York.

There is a saving in its use over lump coal of about twenty per cent., and in labor of about ten per cent. Manufacturers consider it superior to coal, as it is easily applied and cheaply and conveniently manipulated. It is probable that within a year it will almost entirely supersede coal in Pittsburgh, where it already displaces over ten thousand tons of coal daily. Thus the character of that city will be completely transformed, and it will no longer be properly described as "the dirtiest city in America." On the contrary, it should be the cleanest of any manufacturing centre. It is only within the last two years that any serious attempt has been made to convey the gas from the chief sources of supply at Murraysville and Tarentum, about

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twenty miles distant. Now there are over three hundred miles of pipe, from six to twenty-four inches in diameter. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the distinguished iron-master, in a late address before the Steel and Iron Institute of London, said: "A walk through our rolling-mills would surprise the members of the Institute. In the steel-rail mills, for instance, where before would have been seen thirty stokers stripped to the waist, firing boilers which require a supply of about 400 tons of coal in twenty-four hours, ninety firemen in all being employed, each working eight hours, they would now find one man walking around the boiler-house, simply watching the water-gauges, etc. Not a particle of smoke would be seen. In the iron mills the puddlers have whitewashed the coal-bunkers belonging to their furnaces."

Natural gas has given such a manifest advantage to Pittsburgh manufacturers, where its use has already become quite general, that other cities and towns are moving in the same direction. A recent proposition is to convey through pipes to Cincinnati a large supply of gas now escaping under a pressure of 400 to 700 pounds to the square inch from wells located on the boundary between Kentucky and Virginia. It has also been proposed to bring natural gas from Pennsylvania to New York city. Drilling for gas wells has become an industry distinct from oil borings, and the use of this natural gas agent for heating and lighting purposes is becoming general in the oil regions. In northwestern Ohio, about Lima and Findlay, important strikes of natural gas have been made within a year. For house supply the natural gas companies generally estimate the amount of coal that would be consumed, and then furnish the gas at the cost of the coal, or less, at so much per month, though in some instances, as in Allegheny City, it is sold by the thousand feet, the present rate being fifteen cents. Its safety has been questioned in pretty much the same way that the safety of petroleum as a fuel has been questioned, but the Board of Underwriters have assured themselves that in Pittsburgh it is introduced and distributed in a perfectly safe manner, under conditions prescribed by them.

The thought naturally suggests itself that the supply of gas may be soon exhausted, but the fact is cited that a gas well at Murraysville has been blowing off gas for nine years, and notwithstanding it is now surrounded by a cordon of wells, the diminution in its pressure is scarcely perceptible. Numerous other examples confirm the opinion that within a number of years these gas wells suffer no appreciable diminution in supply, and many geologists advance the theory that Nature is constantly evolving the gas in her laboratory. Near Baku, in Russia, the naphtha springs have been discharging for twenty-five hundred years. Capital, which is proverbially timid, though slow in coming to the conclusion, is now freely invested in furnishing Pittsburgh and other towns with natural gas, and there is good reason to believe that the sources of supply will not be exhausted during the present generation.

"SIS."

I.—A MEMORY.

"HER name is Ferginia, but dey calls her Lily, becase she's so white; en my name is Sajane, en dey calls me Sis, becase—becase—well, I don' know no reason, 'cept de debil had a spite agin me."

This forms the introduction to Sis and her nursling, and a strange contrast the two presented. Sis, elfish, grotesque, hump-shouldered, and black as the ace of spades; and Lily, petite, fairy-like, and fair as her name-flower, with eyes as blue as the heavens, and flaxen hair which crinkled and curled about her shoulders and formed a pretty frame-work for the baby face. Sis, in her blue cotton dress and white apron, with her woolly head enveloped in the inevitable "head-hancher" of the negro; Lily, dainty and spotless from the crown of her fair head to the toe of her little blue slipper—and yet the two were as closely bound by ties of affection as if born of the same mother. These ties were first riveted when Sis was permitted to lift the exquisite specimen of babyhood from the cradle, and was established second nurse. For in spite of her deformity Sis was in great demand as a nurse—she was so faithful and bright, devoted to children. Her misfortune had made her a sort of pet in the family, "Ole Mis'" ear-

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"OH, SAJANE! POOR SAJANE!"

ly transferring her from the rougher life of the negro quarters to the easy servitude of the family. So it happened that Sis lifted the precious baby from the cradle and took her right into her heart.

They were not too devoted to have many a sharp skirmish, however, as the little lady, under her soft exterior, possessed a willful nature and a strong sense of what was due to her small self, and Sis, occupying the superior position of guardian of the little lady, was not disposed to abate a tittle of her authority.

Sis had a great objection to her nickname, and early determined that her little "Miss Lily" should give her her proper title; but Lily soon learned that this concession could be used as a means of obtaining many indulgences, and used it accordingly.

"Sis!"

"I ain't name no Sis; I name Sajane, en so I dun tol' you time and agin. I don' love nobody what call me dat ugly name."

"Well, if I call you Sajane, will you take me down to the quarters to see Aunt Dolly's little baby?"

"Miss Lily, chile, I can't do dat. Yo' mammy say I mus' keep you outen de sun."

"Then you des ole Sis, en I ain't goin' to call you Sajane."

"Dyare, now, you is des a bad chile, en I haffer take you to ole mammy."

Then quickly would follow the reconciliation, and they were more devoted than ever. Lily early discovered that Sis's form was not quite like other people's, and some instinctive feeling of delicacy made her shy about speaking of it. One day, however, when Sis had her in her arms, the child leaned over her shoulder and said, touching the hard protuberance which was so different from any other back she knew, "Sajane, what makes you have this on your back?"

Sis shook herself a little impatiently, and did not answer.

Then Lily said, "I is sorry, Sajane;" and she was, though she did not know why.

Sis clasped her arms a little tighter about the tiny form at the sound of the sympathizing words, and then blurted out, "Well, yo' see, when I was a little baby, littler den you is, Miss Lily, my mammy

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lef' me on de bed while she went out to hang out her clothes, en somehow or udder I fell off dat bed, en when she cum back she find her little black baby layin' under de bed, wid her back all broke; en dat what make it lump up ugly dis way."

Lily did not raise her head, but Sis could feel the sobs which shook the little form, and she said, in a shaky voice,

"Don' cry, Miss Lily."

"Oh, Sajane," broke out the child, as her little arms stretched out to embrace the misfortune on Sajane's back—"Oh, Sajane! poor Sajane! I love you. Lily thinks you is buful, if ev'ybody does think you is ugly."

"Humph!" said Sis, her sense of humor coming in to break up the pathos, which was becoming too strong for her—"Humph! Cose I's b'utiful! Who says Sajane is ugly?" and then she laughed, so that in a minute Lily had to wipe away her tears and laugh too, for they both recognized it as really the very best joke of the season that Sajane should be beautiful.

II.—SIS PREACHES A REVIVAL SERMON.

One bright Sabbath afternoon in midsummer Sis had been permitted to go to church, and our little Lily, now five years old, after spending the hours between mammy in the nursery and mamma in her room, was permitted to go out with a small ebon attendant, Fanny by name, to watch for the return of the devout Sis. Soon they saw her approaching, dressed in her new homespun dress and white apron, and mamma's last summer bonnet surmounting her bright cotton "head-hancher." The two children ran to meet her with eager cries of joy, but Sajane retained an aspect of forbidding solemnity as she said: "Chillun, you wouldn' laf uv a Sunday ef you had heyard Bro' Peter Stubbs hold fofe like I did dis bressid Sabbat day, en you ain' nudder of you bin to church. Oh, I's oneasy 'bout you." Here followed a deep groan of anguish, which melted the two young culprits like wax before the fire. They fairly cowered in the presence of their judge.

"I spec I better hab church fur you. Don't you want me to preach fur you like Bro' Peter Stubbs? I tell you de people jest howled like wolfs 'fo' he wuz dun wid 'em." A trembling assent was given by the two children, and Sis, mounting a moss-covered rock, with her small audience before her on the grassy carpet, proceeded to hold a service—in direct imitation of "Bro' Peter," it must be presumed, as she completely smothered her



"I'S SECH A SINNER TOO!"

own identity. First she struck up the hymn, in which Fanny joined with fervor, and even Lily took up the chorus.

"Sister, dus you want to git aligion?
Go down in de lonesome valley.
Sister Mary got de letter,
Sister Martha got de letter,
To meet my Jesus dere,
'Way down in de lonesome valley."

Next followed the sermon, "fum de tex' w'ich is foun' in de holy book whens all our comforts cums. 'Dese here shill go to eberlastin' fire.'

"My bredren and sisters, to you I speaks in dese solem' words, en may de Lord in His marcy sen' down fire and brimstone en melt you' hard hearts!"

Sis had not quite calculated upon the speedy effect of her eloquence. First the undue solemnity of her salutation, then the weird singing, and now the stirring petition for fire and brimstone, so wrought upon the excitable little girl that she broke into loud cries, in which she was joined by Fanny, and both children fled into the house before Sis could stop them.

Down the stairs flew Lily's mamma, followed by old mammy from the nursery.

"What's the matter with my darling?" said mamma, opening her arms wide.

"Oh, mamma, I'm such a sinner!" cried the child, as she threw herself into the offered refuge, and she was borne away into the cool library to be tenderly comforted.

"Fur de lor's sakes what is de matter?" said old mammy, catching Fanny by the shoulders.

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"I's sech a sinner too!" exclaimed the little mourner.

"Sinner indeed!" exclaimed the irate guardian, as she commenced a tattoo upon the mourner's shoulders. "I'll teach you to be a sinner here in de house wid de white folks! Go 'long to de quarters, and be a sinner dere wid de niggars! You's jest fittin' to stay dar, bein' a sinner and skeerin' de chillurn to def. Go 'long wid you, and don't lemme see you till you stops bein' a sinner!"

III.—HOW SIS LEARNED TO READ.

Passing years touch the fair nursling of Sajane with developing hand, transforming her from the baby into a little maiden who knows how to read. Sis is still her attendant, and the contest for mastery is carried on between them with a growing spirit—resistance on the one side, and Machiavelian strategy on the other. Sis has attained to womanhood in years, but still looks like an elfish child. Now a new fire burns in her eyes; it is a thirst for knowledge. She must know all that is in the books she sees Lily reading. So she sets her wits to work to persuade the little lady to teach her. It is not a hard thing to do at first; it was a position of superiority which was quite to her mind. She could lord it over Sajane to her full satisfaction, and for once Sajane made no resistance. She would do anything for a lesson; but after a while Lily found her pupil so apt that her own laurels were in danger; and then, too, she tired of her task: and so one day she announced that she would not teach Sis any more. In vain Sis pleaded; in vain she offered rewards; taffy and pea-nuts were rejected. She would not teach her, and that was the end of it. Sis reproached her.

"Law, Miss Lily, you ought to be 'shamed. Whar would you 'a bin ef Sis hadn't nuss you? You'd 'a bin ded, en in yo' coffin—dat you would."

Lily laughed derisively as she left the room to prevent further importunity. Do you think Sis gave up her point? Not she; it was not her way; but she took a little time to form her plans. Lily had not been quite well. Mamma said she had been sitting up too late, and Sis was instructed to see that her charge was in bed at an earlier hour. Sis fairly glowed with satisfaction; the order supplied the very opportunity she needed.

The sun had scarce disappeared, and the rosy light of his face still illuminated the western sky, when Lily was disturbed at her play by Sis's voice, saying, "Come, Miss Lily, you mus' go to bed."

"Oh, Sis, I won't!" said the child.

"Yes, you mus'; yo' mar said I was to put you to bed early, en de sun is down, en you mus' go."

Lily knew of the order, and was forced to yield, which she did rather sulkily, it must be confessed; but Sajane, with an object to accomplish, spared no blandishments to restore her to good-humor. As she undressed her she told her all the stories she knew Lily liked best, those of a religious tendency having the predominance, as best calculated to produce a proper frame of mind. The salutary influence of this treatment was apparent in the meek tones of the little maiden's voice as she knelt in her white night dress at Sis's knee, and repeated:

> "Now I lay me down to sleep,
> I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
> If I should die before I wake,
> I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Once fairly ensconced in bed, Sis's plan bloomed forth suddenly in all its diabolical wickedness.

"Now, Miss Lily, chile, I gwyin to read yo' to sleep."

Lily rose in her wrath. "You can't read; you sha'n't read to me!"

"Miss Lily, dat's bery wicket in yo', not to want to hear me read de Bible to you—jist after you sed yo' prayers too. God won't love you, and maybe you will die befo' you wakes. What you tink yo' mudder gwine say when she hyar you don' wan' hyar de *Bible* read? You sholy ought to be 'shame' of yo'self, Miss Lily, chile. I is oneasy 'bout you—'deed I is; you better ax God to fogif you 'fo' you shets yo' eye." And Sis's voice became quite plaintive as she painted with master touch the perils awaiting the young reprobate.

If it had been broad daylight, with the whole day ahead, Sis would have scored no easy victory in the contest; but the gathering shadows fell upon the little heart, and the thought of the long dark night she must pass, and the possible appearing at the awful Judgment bar, broke her spirit of resistance, and a very meek little voice answered, "Go on, then, Sajane."

Not a shadow of the triumphant bound her heart gave showed itself in the weird

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"LILY WAS APT TO PICK UP A BOOK."

face of the ambitious Sis as she opened the Bible and began her lesson.

"'Now w-h-e-n—' What do w-h-e-n spell, Miss Lily?"

"When," was the answer from the bed, in a very patient voice.

"'Now when Jesus was b-o-r-n—' Oh, Miss Lily, what *do* dat spell?"

"Born!" came in louder tones from the bed.

"'Now when Jesus was born in Be-be-t-h-l-e-h-e-m—' Laws gracious, Miss Lily, what is all dis? I neber see sich a big word. 'Tis a whole Bible at oncet. What do it spell, Miss Lily?"

"Oh, Sis, let me go to sleep!" cried the tormented child, her indignation overmastering her fears.

"Oh, you wicket chile, not to want to know where Jesus was born!" said Sis, in sad rebuke.

"Bethlehem!" shouted Lily at the top of her voice.

Sis resumed her reading without any change of tone.

"'Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of J-u-d-e-a—' Oh, Miss Lily!"

Lily rose up in bed, thoroughly aroused. "Sis, if you don't let me alone and let me go to sleep, I'll scream as loud as I can, and tell mamma that you put me to bed in broad daylight just to teach you to read."

"Miss Lily, chile"—Sis's voice was tremulous with tender reproof—"I don' know what's cum over you. You ain't like you wuz when you wuz a little baby, en I use to nuss you en cyar you roun'. I's feard de ole Satan is gittin hol' of you—"

"Sis," said Lily, sitting up straight in bed, "I just know ezakly what you put me to bed for; but I'll teach you to read

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five verses if you will promise to go away then and let me go to sleep."

The required promise was given, and the lesson followed, upon which Sajane could be heard to say under her breath: "Well, I dun larn consider'ble to-night. I'll git it out er dat chile yit." And she did, and became a fluent reader.

IV.—MISTRESS AND SLAVE.

A few more years and Lily is a big girl, still fairy-like and fair, disposed to be dreamy and self-absorbed, which often got her into trouble. She shared Sis's service with her little sisters, but was still first in the constant affections of Sajane, who tyrannized over her, however, as only Southern nurses know how to do.

It was a rule in the well-ordered household that every child must be at morning prayers, the unfortunate delinquent being punished by having a breakfast of dry bread. Lily was apt to pick up a book and idle the time away until the last moment, and then hurry Sis to dress her. If Sis happened to be in a good humor, she made no trouble about it, but woe be to Lily if she had "put on any a'rs" and provoked her.

One morning this had been the case. Lily had been very provoking. The prayer bell was imminent. Lily was fully roused to the danger of her situation. "Oh, Sis, dress me!" had sounded several times. Sis was busy with the other children. "Miss Lily" must wait. At last, goaded to the utmost, Lily exclaimed, with flashing eyes:

"Sis, I order you to dress me *at once*. What were you made for, miss, but to wait on me?"

A terrible speech, and the narrow view it embraced of the scope and end of the creation of Sajane could not easily be forgiven. She was furious.

"What was I made fur but to wait on you! You better ax yo' mudder dat question. What she gwine to say when she hear how you talks to her po' niggar? What was *I* made fur but to wait on *you*? I'll show you what. Jist wait till I ready to dress you; I's busy now."

Lily was shocked at herself as soon as the words were out of her mouth, but not so sorry as she was as she munched her "bread of affliction" morning after morning, in sad repentance, with her hair plaited back so tight that every hair pricked, and she could hardly shut her eyes; and she did not complain, as she knew further punishment would be meted out to her if her mother should hear of her unkind and arrogant speech. It was a principle with Virginia mothers never to encourage children to "tell tales," and it embodied a sort of chivalrous feeling toward the nurse, whose faithfulness in great matters was so proven that the small tyrannies were not to be feared, but were even regarded as conveying salutary lessons to the nursling. Lily's mamma heard the whole of this contest, and left it, without interference, to work out its own result, which was repentance on both sides, and renewed affection, which, with many interruptions, lasted through life.

V.—A WEDDING.

The large house on Franklin Street, Richmond, is lighted from garret to cellar on this particular evening in May, the season when this beautiful Southern city is wont to dress herself in her festoons of roses. The house upon which our especial gaze is now concentrated is a perfect bower of this most beautiful of all the flowery kingdom, and many of the fashionable promenaders on Franklin Street make it the terminus of their walks, and stop to gaze at the luxuriant branches of white, red, pink, and yellow roses, which mingle their hues and their perfume in luxuriant profusion. Roses are nowhere more beautiful than they are in the city of Richmond in the month of May, and they were rarely so beautiful even here as on this particular May, when they brought their garlands to deck the bridal day of the fair young daughter of the house, the "Miss Lily" whom we have known briefly as the infant, the sinner, the student, the teacher, the arrogant young mistress. Through all of these developing periods she has passed, and now stands the fair young bride, beside the man of her choice. She has not lost any element of her exquisite beauty. She is as lily white as the baby Sis lifted from the crib eighteen years ago, and the soft draperies, the shimmering lace of the veil floating like a cloud about the airy form, make one think of Raphael's cherubs. It is a pretty picture, framed in by the wide arched doorway—that beautiful woman contrasting in her delicacy and lily whiteness with the stalwart dark-browed young man at her side: perfect specimens of their kind, she with her shy modesty, he with every

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fibre of his being displaying his triumphant joy.

It is a home wedding in accordance with the old Virginia custom, which regarded the home as the proper place for the father to bestow the daughter upon her husband. Around the pair are grouped family and friends, the mother a little tearful, but not sorrowful. The background of this scene is a dusky one, consisting of the servants of the household; and pressing forward almost to the front is the familiar form of Sajane. Like the mamma, she has tears in her eyes, which are riveted on the face of the bride. Sajane is dressed in a black silk dress, but she is not thinking of it now; her memory is busy with the past; she is sorry for every cross word she has ever spoken to her darling. Just at this moment to be "*made* to wait on Miss Lily" filled the sum of her ambition. Then came the inevitable "I pronounce you husband and wife. What God has joined together, let no man put asunder. Salute the bride"—that beautiful old fashion, now obsolete, so appropriate in a home wedding—and Lily submits blushingly, and is then hugged and kissed by all, and laughs and blushes and cries; and from the very bosom of some brocaded old dowager catches sight of Sajane, and, as she has done all her life, flies to her, crying, "You darling old Sajane, we will never part, will we?"

Sajane catches the little white hand, with the wedding ring on it, and covers it with kisses and tears, and says, "La, Miss Lily, de idear ob you bein' maryid! It seem to me like you is jest a little baby yit!"



ON THE ESPLANADE OF THE PALAIS.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE WITH THE GERMANS BEFORE PARIS.

IT has been my fortune, since attaining years of discretion—or indiscretion—to have spent Christmas in a curious variety of places. One Christmas I passed steering all day long a water-logged timber ship in the Atlantic; another in the barrack-room of a cavalry regiment. I have seen the Christmas morning sun rise over the frozen surface of a bay in Lake Ontario, and on the crumbling ramparts of Jelalabad, in Afghanistan. I have "put through" a Christmas jammed into a snow-

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drift on the railroad between St. Paul, Minnesota, and Sioux City, Iowa, and have enjoyed another among the cordial folk of New Zealand. I have listened to the Christmas morning service in the Isaac Cathedral of St. Petersburg, and passed a Christmas afternoon and evening driving a "four-wheeler" in the streets of London, with intent to find an article in the experience. But the most interesting Christmas I ever spent was with a regiment of the Saxon army corps on the forepost line of the German environment of Paris.

In France the winter of 1870–1 was a bitter and a bloody season. It seemed as if the Germans had brought with them from their own land its rigor of hyperborean temperature. The summer had been hot enough, in every sense of the word. Never was there a fiercer sun, never a fiercer fight, than the sun that blazed and the fight that raged all day long on the plain of Mars la Tour. Round Sedan, on the 2d of September, all the dead whose corpses littered the slopes had not fallen by bullet, shell, or steel; the sun, too, had claimed his victims on that lurid day. But already there had been thin ice on the Moselle and the Wied before Bazaine's surrendered army had trudged dejectedly out of Metz to the prisoner camps where they were to shiver till the crammed prisoner trains carried them away into captivity. There was an interval of "Indian summer" later; and when, journeying from one siege to another—from surrendered Metz to where Paris lay, to quote General Trochu, "in that circle of iron which threatened to stifle her in a slow agony"—the bright warm sunshine was sparkling on the dome of the Luxembourg and the cross that surmounts the Pantheon, and German officers were sitting round the *café* tables on the sidewalks of the Versailles avenues.

That glint of Indian summer lasted long enough for me to discern and appreciate, even in the dishevelment war had brought on them, the beauty of the environs of Paris, in whose villages and châteaux the German besiegers made their quarters. Versailles itself was virtually a German town. Wilhelm's royal banner floated from its Préfecture, the Crown Prince had his head-quarters in the mansion of one of its notables, and "the man of blood and iron" occupied a modest little house in the Rue de Provence. Prussian soldiers mounted guard on the esplanade of the Palais, on whose façade is carved Louis the Grand's proud legend, "A Toutes les Gloires de la France"; and the cots of wounded Prussian soldiers were ranged close under the mirrored walls of the famous Galerie des Glaces. But Versailles was not much to the taste of a man whose line as a war correspondent was the forepost line. It seemed to me, after a few days' experience, a pool of stagnation, on the surface of which floated princes, diplomates, correspondents, and the errant citizens of every civilized country of the world. No fighting, gossip, and some scandal, in the place of real wholesome news. Undoubtedly, if that were all, Versailles was the place to see notabilities. What a place would Versailles have been in those days for old Pepys! How he would have bowed to the ground as he sniffed the odor of exalted rank! how he would have scuttled about from one back stair to another, from the park to the table d'hôte of the Réservoirs, from the lawn of Les Ombrages to the court-yard of the Préfecture!

It was arranged that I should attach myself to the head-quarters of the Army of the Meuse, whose commander was the Crown Prince (now the King) of Saxony, and to which was intrusted the northern and eastern sections of the cordon of environment, from the right bank of the Seine opposite St. Germain round to the Marne at Champigny. There was yet sunshine enough in the third week of November to warm the thin blood of the old militaires doddering mournfully among the stalwart lounging Landwehr-men of the Prussian Guard, and among the children with their *bonnes* on the terrace of St. Germain, as I rode along that beautiful esplanade on the journey to my new sphere of action. Once across the Seine, it was soon made apparent to me that the atmosphere had changed from an atmosphere charged with gossip to an atmosphere accentuated by bullets. The nearest road to my destination was under easy chassepôt range from the other side of the river for a stretch of four miles—a distance which the sensible man was wont to cover at a smart canter. The Crown Prince of Saxony had his snug head-quarters among the châteaux surrounding the pretty village of Margency, in the heart of the forest of Montmorency.

The region all around Margency was historic ground. American and English

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visitors to Paris are familiar, not alone with the cuisine of the Cheval Blanc, but also with the superb scope and beauty of the scene from the lofty terrace on the brow of the hill of Montmorency, at the end of which terrace stands that hostelry. The waiter at the Cheval Blanc may inform his foreign patrons that the white horse on its creaking sign-board was painted by the famous Gérard in liquidation of a long score he and a couple of festive friends had run up with Ledru during a short, riotous visit; but he is scarcely likely to impart the information that the adjacent terrace is carried over the site of the old mansion of the Montmorencys, that great family whose name is writ large on the pages of the history of France. Looking out from that terrace, the eye can rest on no spot unlinked with associations. That is the hill of Montmartre, house-crowned, away there over the double bend of the Seine and the peninsula of Gennevilliers; Montmartre, where in 1814 Marmont and Mortier made the last desperate stand for their great master and Emperor, and whence, in the days when I lived within view of it, the lime-light used to flash out so luridly over the night sorties. That grand pile away to the left is the Cathedral of St. Denis, in whose vaults repose the dust of dynasty after dynasty of French monarchs, down to the Napoleons, whose family tomb is in the little church of St. Leu, away behind on the edge of the forest of Montmorency. That tree-embowered house close under the terrace of Montmorency—the cottage of Montlouis—was the last residence of Rousseau before he migrated to Ermenonville, where he died. But the Montlouis cottage is not the original "Hermitage"; that too, however, is close at hand, a little sequestered house on the fringe of the forest, a short distance to the east of the town of Montmorency. Grétry lived in it after Rousseau left it, and the composer shares with the sage the memorial trophies of the Hermitage. Within view from the terrace are the residences of the bright coterie that opened its arms to Rousseau when he came to settle at Montmorency—the two sisters Mesdames D'Houdetot and D'Épinay, to whom he was the apple of discord; Grimm, the graceful and spirited historian; and the poet St. Lambert, the "gentleman of the sword and pen," whom Horace Walpole did not like. The château of the Neckers, where Madame De Staël was the centre of a brilliant circle, stood among the trees over the way there in St. Ouen: it suffered from its proximity to a French battery during the siege. Talma, the tragedian, lived at Enghien, down there by the lake-



"THOUSANDS WHO HAD BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO CHRISTMAS-TIDE."

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side, close to the Princess Demidoff's villa; and Marshal Catinat, the great soldier of fortune, grew flowers and cabbages in Épinay, where the trees are touching the river. In the church of Argenteuil, down there to the right front, there is a massive chest containing a piece of the seamless coat of our Lord, that garment of which Matthew of Westminster wrote, "Mater ejus fecit ei, et crevit ipso crescendo." Just beyond Argenteuil on the river's brink is the château of Marais, where Mirabeau dwelt during the stormy times of the great Revolution; and in the church of Colombes, whose spire shows above the trees there on the other side of the river, Bossuet pronounced his magnificent funeral oration over the coffin of Henrietta Maria, the young daughter of Henri Quatre.

I must crave pardon for garrulousness about the associations of those scenes, for the scenes themselves seem as if welded into my life. From that terrace of Montmorency I have looked down on fierce-fought sorties—glancing back on it now, that winter's memory is as of one long sortie—on the storm and smoke of a week's bombardment. I have helped wounded men along it as they limped toward the hospital, have dodged the shells from Fort du Nord that came hurtling through the air to burst on its containing wall, and have traversed it with a triumphant column marching down to take possession of surrendered St. Denis. But I will sin no more. It was a strange thing, surely, that round the edge of that cockpit, where every man went about with his life in his hand, there should have been thoughts about and preparations for the Christmas festivities before November had come to a close. Indeed, before November was to end, thousands who had been doubtless, like their fellows, looking forward to the Christmas-tide, were stark and stiff on the battle-field. For on the last day of that month Ducrot made his great sortie on the eastern face, and the fiercest fighting of all the siege raged on the slopes and among the lanes of Villiers, Champigny, and Brie.

It was on these slopes, not indeed on the 30th November, but two days later, where the fighting was renewed with all but equal venom, that I received my earliest Christmas invitation—the one I kept. I had joined a Saxon regiment that was moving down the slope from Villiers on Brie, while a great deployment of French was pressing upward from Brie on Villiers. Under conditions such as those a struggle becomes inevitable. And it was a struggle. Both sides were in stern earnest, and it simply was a question which would the sooner harden its heart to push on to close quarters. In the turmoil a young officer whom I had spoken to once or twice before in the course of the day was hit, and came staggering back to the corner where I had accepted what cover it offered. I roughly bandaged his arm, took him back a little way, and remained with him till the regiment, having forced the French back and having been relieved by fresher troops, was on its return to its original position. The officer commanding the young lieutenant's battalion halted, thanked me very heartily for my little good offices to his subaltern, said every man of his command would thenceforth regard me as a comrade, and begged me to find the battalion out, wherever it might be, and share its Christmas cheer, whatever the fortune of war might make that. I gave him a conditional half-promise, and between that afternoon and Christmas morning saw in a casual way so much of the good major and his officers that I had almost come to be regarded as a member of his regimental family.

For after that day I had but little enjoyment of my comfortable quarters in the Margency château. Most of the fighting occurred on the eastern face, and my life became a long gallop, in the attempt to carry out Prince Frederick Charles's maxim of "making for the cannon thunder." A chronic skirmish sputtered on the confines of Le Bourget, varied by desperate and once or twice all but successful efforts on the part of the French to retake that long unlovely village, which before I reached the vicinity of Paris they had recovered once, to be driven out two days later by an onslaught so stubbornly resisted that not many of the heroic defenders were left to be driven out. I was not a witness of the scene depicted in De Neuville's famous picture, but when I visited the place first with some of the officers who had taken part in its recapture I saw and heard enough to entitle me to vindicate its accuracy. He painted the scene outside the church of Le Bourget; I was inside that church while it yet remained as the desperate combat left it. Its open door creaked dismally in the wind. As one entered, there lay the bloody rags

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"I ROUGHLY BANDAGED HIS ARM, AND TOOK HIM BACK A LITTLE WAY."

and gouts that were the relics of the wounded. Priestly vestments lay torn and foul; they had been used in the pinch to bind up wounds with, and the blood on them was scarcely dry. Shells had broken through the roof, and the floor was strewn with fragments of ceiling. The light from the windows had been softened by pictured screens. These were all unfastened, and swung to and fro in the wind. The Virgin had a bullet-hole through her heart; our Lord had been shot right through the head. On the altar, its marble dinted here and there with bullet blows, and with a blood-stained boot on its steps, there lay open the great Psalter, with a great splash of blood across the page. The book was open at the 57th Psalm — "Miserere mei, Deus, miserere mei. . . . Clamabo ad Deum altissimum." In all the village there was but one house that had not been either knocked about by the shell fire from the great guns of the Paris forts, or hacked and battered by the crowbars of the Prussian pioneers as they drove a way through the partition walls for their comrades who retook the place—the street was so swept by French fire as to be impassable. That still habitable building was a low-browed

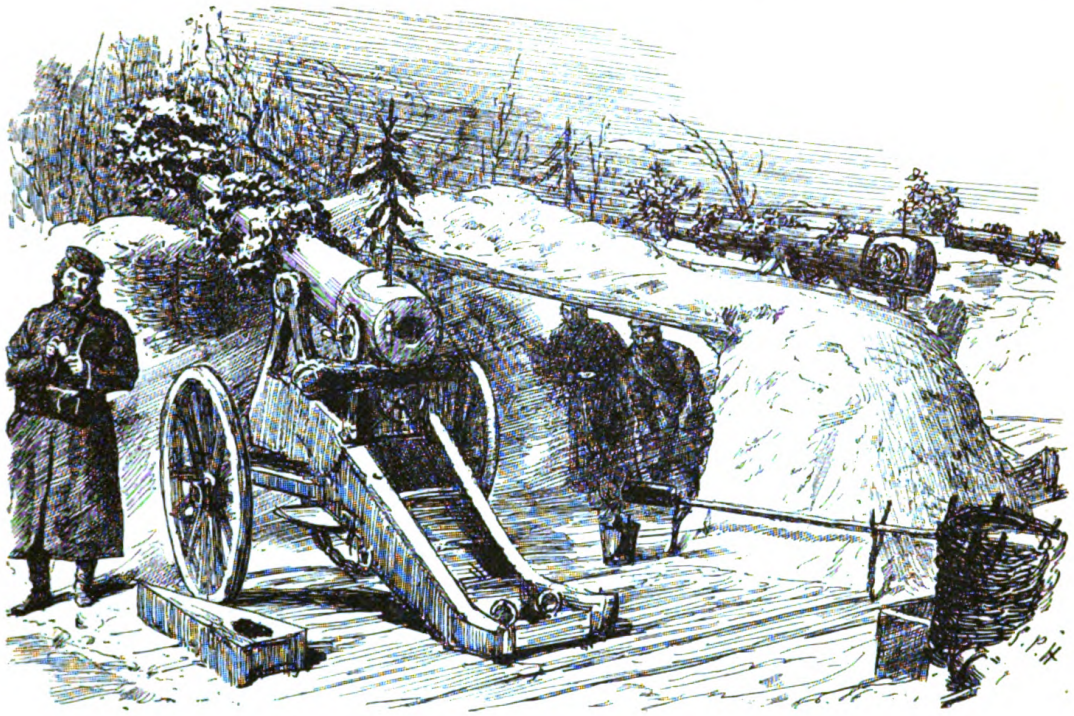
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farm-house at the end nearest Paris, whose walls were exceptionally massive. Into this place were crammed two companies of one of the Guard regiments. In danger, squalor, and discomfort as the fellows were, they had thus early commenced their poor Christmas preparations. Love-gifts from home were being saved up for the feast or the tree, and Chinese lanterns were in course of manufacture. When Christmas came, but few men of that detachment remained to share in the seasonable cheer.

From its officers I had a Christmas invitation, with the genial temptation that almost for certain the festivities would be interrupted by a fight. I was to watch more than one fight in which the gallant Von Thummel and his lads were hard put to it to hold their own; but it seemed to me that if one were to "take his risks" as the accompaniment to his Christmas dinner, he might have some compensation in at least a modified luxury, and so I declined the invitation of the gallant Queen Elizabeths. Then there came to me another, that promised luxuriously enough, for the dinner was to be eaten in the Petit Vattel of Versailles; and there was an infinitely greater attraction than the fare in the company. The little English coterie in what I may call the Franco-German capital had resolved on dining together on the Christmas night, and had sent out summonses to their outlying compatriots within range. There were to gather round that board in the Little Vattel men "of light and leading," as well of social charm and brilliancy: William Howard Russell, the *doyen* of that service which he has elevated into a profession; poor Odo Russell, subsequently Lord Ampthill, whose premature death when British Ambassador at Berlin was an irreparable loss to his country; the taciturn but not saturnine Hillary Skinner, my own colleague; that burly admirable Crichton Beatty Kingston, of the *Telegraph;* the poet-journalist Alfred Austin, of the *Standard:* the mild and retiring De Havilland, whom antithetically we used to call the "great commander"; John Furley, the most skillful and most daring volunteer ambulance man in the world, and others less known to fame. With their kindred Anglo-Saxons were to dine such American gentlemen as the Christmas should find in Versailles. It was hard to steel one's self against the temptation of participating in an occasion so full of bright conviviality as this gathering was sure to be; but then Versailles was off my ground, and if there should be trouble on that pestilent restless eastern front and I not at my post, the remorse or the default would far outweigh the pleasure of the dinner. Then there was the knowledge that the preparation for the bombardment of Mont Avron would be all but completed by Christmas Day, and that on the morning of the holy day itself the blindage of trees which covered the batteries might be cut down, and the roar of the cannon be heard instead of Christmas bells.

The big cannon which the Germans had brought from Spandau and placed in battery along the eastern face of the environment from Maison Guyot south to Noisy respected the sanctity of Christmas Day, and their loud throats were silent until the morning after but one, although the French forts desisted not from their desultory cannonade on the natal day of the Prince of Peace. But there was sharp and stubborn fighting during the whole week previous, which culminated in a general "alarm" of the whole Meuse army on the 24th, in the momentary expectancy of a general and a desperate sortie. The French troops had been out in the open then for four days and as many nights, when the temperature was many degrees below freezing-point. To face this cold by night, and to stand all day with faces to the foe! I protest I was filled with admiration, respect, and heart-felt compassion for the men I saw before me doing this—doing it, too, as we knew, poorly clad and on scant rations, and without the spur and the stay which the consciousness of success ever imparts. Those men out on the plain there must have been stanch soldiers, and they must have been led by officers worthy to command troops that could confront hardships so great. As the sun went down on Christmas Eve there were happy indications that the day consecrated to associations of peace on earth and good-will among men was not to have its hallowed character desecrated by the mad passions and cruel carnage of a great battle. As the twilight fell, the air was still throbbing to the din of a cannonade; but the French infantry were breaking up from their chill and cheerless bivouacs on the plain, and falling back, none of us were so churlish as not to wish, into less rigorous Christmas quarters.

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"IN HONOR OF CHRISTMAS."

As for the Germans, they were not standing to attention every hour of every day, and when two days before Christmas the field-post wagon came rolling into Le Vert Galant, laden till its springs were flattened with the load of Liebesgaben from kinsfolk and friends in the fatherland, a goodly muster of stalwart Saxons crowded round the welcome vehicle. The wagon halted outside the regimental headquarters, and the bugle sounded "the rally," for the Germans love to do everything formally and in order. It was a curious medley of contents that streamed out as the tail-board of the wagon was let down. The German field-post was an elastic institution, and had a friend at home chosen to send to the front a box-mangle or a live parrot in a cage, I do not believe there would have been any objections on the score of bulk. There tumbled out cigar boxes wrapped in canvas, long podgy rolls that were eloquent of sausage, flabby parcels that probably contained warm under-clothing, and little packets which rolled as they fell, and evidently consisted of thalers. Yes, there were two beer barrels which Major Von Schönberg had been expecting: it rejoiced my heart that Frau Majorin had fulfilled the marital requisition, since her husband was to give the Christmas dinner at which I presently was to be a guest. A pile of packages was made against the wall, the sergeant cleared a space, and went to work calling out the name on each letter and packet, as letter or packet came to hand. To many of his calls the answer had no cheerful tone, for the regiment had suffered severely in the fighting of the great sortie. "Schumann!" bawled the staff sergeant. "Killed," came the response, uttered by some comrade in a solemn voice: for poor Schumann the love-gift from home had arrived too late. "Kaspar!" Kaspar did not answer to his name; his corporal laconically replied for him, "Wounded." "Bergmann!" The cold and exposure had invalided Bergmann; of him, in two words, the report was, "In hospital." "Schräder!" Schräder was not on hand to receive his love-gift; the answer regarding him was the indefinite "Weg." "Weg" in this connection had a wide and vague meaning—or no meaning. The "Weg" Schräder might be a prisoner; wounded, and as yet unreported to his battalion, snug in some field hospital outside the Saxon ken; lying unburied, with his dead face looking up into the wan wintry sunshine out there on the snowy

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slope stretching down to the Marne; a deserter—only that one never heard of a German soldier deserting. The sum of "Weg" in the case of Schräder and others was simply "Not here, and the Lord only knows where they are." When the sergeant had completed his task of distribution, there remained quite a heap of packets which those to whom they were addressed never would claim.

There were few indications in Lagny of preparations for "Merry Christmas" when I rode back from Le Vert Galant into that little town to dispatch a letter by the post train, which started from it every morning. As the terminus of railway communication with Germany, Lagny was the focus on which concentrated all the movable *detritus* of the great siege. From all round the cordon captured French prisoners were escorted in batches to Lagny, thence to be deported into captivity by the prisoner trains; wounded German soldiers, as soon as they were in condition to be evacuated from the field hospitals, were sent thither for conveyance to Germany in the ambulance cars. Ever since the end of November there had been hard fighting somewhere around the great circle every day, and unfortunate little Lagny had been inundated with wounded and prisoners—for days at a time at the rate of a thousand of each per day. Under the avalanche of misery the German organization had for a time broken down. I saw a batch of prisoners march into Lagny so ravenous with hunger that the wretches grubbed in the gutter after turnip-tops and bones, and turned over dirt heaps in search for scraps of bread. The wounded poured into the place, unfed, their wounds undressed, chilled to the marrow by the cruel cold, and jolted almost to distraction. Sheds, railway vans, the railway station, the church, the Mairie, were used as receptacles for the poor broken creatures. That Lagny church, to what strange and diverse uses I knew it come during this terrible month! Now a shelter for 700 wounded men; now the barracks for 1000 Bavarians, a new draft pressing to the front; in the Christmas week itself the prison pen of some 1200 French prisoners, some of whom died on its cold stone floor. As I went into the station to mail my letter in the post-wagon, I found its platform strewn with a kind of baggage, waiting dispatch, that made my heart ache. There, stretched on the planking or the litters, lay the poor wounded fellows, looking up at the hale folk with their great, calm, patient eyes. I saw a clumsy man stumble over one of the prostrate forms, and all the chiding he received was a wan, pinched smile.

Christmas morning, "All quiet everywhere," was the early morning report communicated by gallant old General Budritski, of the Guard Corps, as he stood pulling his white mustache in the doorway of his quarters in the high street of Gonesse. I seemed to recognize an intonation of disappointment in the old chief's accents; he was always happiest when the bullets were flying, and he had shown the young ones the way over the barricade at the recapture of Le Bourget. "All quiet everywhere!" Yes, the Christmas bells were ringing out from the Gonesse belfry; but surely those were strange echoes of them that came pealing to us across the Corneuve plain and over the tree-tops of the forest of Bondy. Those white wreaths that decked the grim fronts of Forts Rosny and Aubervilliers were truly in a strange style of Yule-tide decoration. There was no sentiment about the old war-dog Budritski. With a shrug of his lean shoulders he intimated that he regarded the accompaniment to the Christmas bells which the cannon of the French forts were sounding as a *dummes Zeug*, and straightway went inside to breakfast. He was so kind as to ask me to accompany him; but in those days—alas that they are so old!—I was fonder of the society of buoyant young subalterns than of general officers of a saturnine temperament. And in Gonesse, notwithstanding that it was within range of the French forts, the Prussian Guardsmen had established a "casino," or officers' club, where a French couple cooked dainty little *plats* to the marvel, and where the Bavarian beer was as good as the French red wine. In the Gonesse casino you could have a *déjeuner à la fourchette* not much inferior to Durand form, and at about one-fourth the cost, for the German Guardsman is not a wealthy man, and the tariff was fixed to suit a modest purse.

My way from Gonesse—I was bound for the Saxon battalion which Major Von Schönberg commanded, which I knew was lying somewhere in front of Clichy—was southward through the wrecked villages

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"'SCHUMANN!' BAWLED THE STAFF SERGEANT."

of Aulnay and Sevran, to where General Von Montbe had his quarters in the pretty château of Clichy. There I learned that the Von Schönbergs were well out to the front, on the confines of that beautiful ancient chase the old park of Raincy, an outlying part of the historic forest of Bondy. An orderly went forward with me to show me the villa in which the major had his residence. Here, it is true, I found him, but the arrangements for the Christmas festivities, which were to have been celebrated in the said villa, had been thrown into dislocation by an order for his battalion to relieve another on the forepost line opposite the strong French position of Bondy; whereas the expectation had been that it would have been left until the morrow in its present position of support. However, orders had to be obeyed, and the good major hoped in his cheery way that although, if the piano could be sent up into the forepost line, the proximity to the French posts would prevent its being used, and although our dining-room would be smaller than the spacious *salle à manger* of the villa, nevertheless we should do very well.

I had to leave my horse in the stable at the villa: mounted men, save on duty, were forbidden in the foreposts. From time to time the dull boom of a French cannon was heard as the major and I walked down the long garden on whose evergreens the snow hung crusted, and passed out through the wicket-gate into the forest. And soon it was apparent that the *dummes Zeug* had a tragic element in it. Four men came along the forest alley bearing a motionless form lying on a stretcher, and covered with a blood-stained blanket. "Wounded?" asked Von Schönberg. The solemn "Dead" came in an under-tone from the mouth of the accompanying under-officer. It was a corpse they were carrying back into the village.

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Private Jeskow had seen his last Christmas morning. He had been making his coffee in a house behind an outpost, when a shell burst under the window. A sergeant warned him that the French had got the range; but the coffee was close to the boil; a second shell burst inside the room; a fragment struck Jeskow in the back; and so it was that they were carrying the corpse of him back to the village grave-yard.

On our way to the front we passed one of the batteries of siege guns which were to open fire on Mont Avron the following morning but one. The guns were already in their places, ambushed by the belt of undergrowth that had been preserved in front of them; they reminded me of tigers lurking in the jungle waiting for their prey. In honor of Christmas time the gunners had bedecked the smooth sleek devils with wreaths of ivy and winter blossoms. Green leaves begirt the muzzles so soon to vomit forth death and destruction. The honest artillerists were proud of their pretty decorations, nor saw in them some such incongruity as would be a flower show in the crater of a volcano.

Forward through underwood interspersed with great trees, the path broken and jagged by shell holes. Everywhere the forest was full of barricades, of *chevaux-de-frise*, of all kinds of appliances for arresting the advance of an enemy. Then we emerged into a strip of clearing, on which were works of greater pretensions —intrenchments, stockades, abattis, enfiladed approaches, about which and among the huts behind were many soldiers. Passing through some scrub, we were in a sort of village of pretty country houses nestling among underwood. Forest, clearance, and village reminded me of Chiselhurst Common, of Cresson Springs on the summit of the Alleghanies. On the *rond point* in the centre of this forest village strolled and lounged some officers of the battalion waiting to be relieved; the men not standing on watch in the forepost line were massed in shelter behind the walls inclosing the gardens of the villas. My major and other officers exchanged items of information as we waited for his battalion to arrive. The French in Bondy had been on parade in the morning; a hollow square had been formed, it was conjectured for a religious service. If this had been so, the cannon of the forts had furnished the responses.

We were in the park of Raincy, and the mansions all around us, now empty, forlorn, and dilapidated, were the country-seats of rich Parisians. No life anywhere about the picturesquely built houses, save where a vagrant cat darted across the road. The desolation of war had fallen on the dainty pleasaunces, and had scored its fell mark athwart the trim finished prettiness. The furniture had been used in the construction of barricades, a shell had burst in a piano that helped to make a shelter-place for a sentry, and tapestry hangings formed screens for bivouacs. No forlorner spectacle could be imagined than was presented by this dainty settlement, so purely French in its mingled rusticity and self-consciousness of metropolitanism.

By-and-by from out the wood came steadily tramping Von Schönberg's battalion, led by the senior captain, big Kirchbach, who, like his dashing brother-in-law Hammerstein, had been an officer of the old Hanoverian army, and had fought at Langensalza, its last battle. They, with a number of their comrades, rather than accept the Prussian service, had hurried from Langensalza to join the army of Saxony, and fight with it against the hated Prussians at Sadowa. But fate had been overstrong for them. As a consequence of Sadowa, the Saxon army had shared in effect the fortune of the Hanoverian, and been blended with the Prussian army. So Kirchback, Hammerstein, and the other Hanoverian officers found themselves in 1870 fighting the battles of that Prussia which they still hated. Nevertheless they fought, while they cursed that they had to fight, and Wilhelm had no better officers under his banner than the Hanoverians who held commissions in the Royal Saxon Army Corps. They were men for the most part both of superior general culture and exceptionally conversant with military duty, although, to be sure, they did not seem very soldier-like here on the winter forepost service, incased in multitudinous wraps that made them all but unrecognizable, and wearing high fur boots, which were jocularly traditioned to have been bequeathed to Hammerstein by an Esquimau ancestor. Hammerstein was proud of his family, and resented this theory of derivation for the fur boots, but wisely continued to wear them. As for Kirchback, he was a philosopher, and would have accepted any ancestral attribution

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that would have brought him a fur coat to match the fur boots.

The relief in detail of the foreposts was a delicate duty that had to be accomplished while the two battalions remained to cover it, for the relief had to be in full occupancy of the chain of posts before the relieved could safely withdraw. As each company went out to its section of the position, it was met by a trusty non-commissioned officer of the corresponding outgoing company, who acted as its guide. Then the sergeant and the lieutenant went out and relieved the sentries along the front, and, with a cheery adieu, off tramped the "old guard," glad enough to go, for sure, after three days and three nights of the wearing, anxious, and hazardous forepost work.

It was well on in the afternoon before the relieving duty was finally got through, and the Von Schönbergs fully in possession of the new positions. The rendezvous for the Christmas feast—a hut built of doors from wrecked houses—was the quarters of Captain Von Zanthier, the officer under whose charge was the uttermost forepost line of the section of front held by the battalion. Its greatest height inside was about six feet, the roof sloping till at the back it was barely four feet. This lower-roofed side was lined with spring mattresses having the same origin as the doors. Pictures hung on the walls, and mirrors—neither part of an officer's field kit on active service; and between the close-curtained window and the row of mattresses was a range of good massive mahogany tables, that certainly were not made by the German pioneers. The chairs may be described as mixed. All styles were represented impartially—the fauteuil, the ottoman, the American rocker, the high straight-backed Elizabethan, the Louis Quatorze lounge, the humble wicker-bottom. With the wood fire crackling in the stove, and the brass lamp brightly burning, the queer little nest looked so cheery and home-like, one had no temptation to remember that the French were not a thousand yards distant, and that a shell might any minute knock into small pieces it and its inmates. The kitchen was outside, well behind a clump of hollies, so that the fire should not show through the darkness. The major's cook was an imposing military person in white cap and apron, who acted as head waiter as well, and who, before he announced that dinner was served, entered in state and lit the candles on the Christmas tree, from every twig of which dangled cakes and comfits. Then we drew around the social board, and fell to with a will. *À la guerre comme la guerre.* Yes, the table-cloth was too short, clean plates were not supplied with every course, and there had been an understanding that every man should bring his own feeding utensils and drinking-horn. But the cooking was excellent, and the *menu* was certainly not destitute of variety. Here it is:

Hors-d'œuvre.
Caviare.

Soup.
Liebig's Extract.

Fish.
Sardines in oil.

Entrées.
Goose Sausage, Ham Sausage, other miscellaneous Sausages.

Pièces de Résistance.
Boiled Beef and Macaroni.
Roast Mutton and Potato Salad.

Entremets.
Schinken, Compote of Pears, Compote of Apples, Preserved Sauerkraut.
Cheese and Fresh Butter.

Dessert.
Fruits, Nuts, Biscuits, Tarts, etc.

Nor were fluids lacking. A barrel of Frau Majorin's beer was on tap in the corner, in prime condition; plenty of fair claret, and a few bottles of champagne iced—perhaps, indeed, rather too much iced. The bottles had been placed outside in the snow, and when the corks were drawn the wine would not flow; it seemed frozen solid. Among the expedients suggested was one that the bottles should be smashed, the contents broken up with a chopper, and a lump of frozen champagne served out to each guest to negotiate as he pleased; but presently an ingenious person fell to pricking the ice inside a bottle with the ramrod of his pistol, and found that there was liquid underneath. So we pricked all the bottles, and prospered.

Oratory was not to our taste, and there were but two toasts. Major Von Schönberg, in a few words, gave "the King of Saxony"; perhaps it was pardonable that I was a little more diffuse in proposing the health of the Frau Majorin, which we drank enthusiastically in her own beer. Song followed on song, only the choruses

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had to be taken low, if not sweet, because of the proximity of the enemy. One young ensign—the Baron von Zeymann—had a mellow and sympathetic voice, and sang to perfection the beautiful and plaintive *Lied*,

> "Ich hatte einen Kamerad,
> Einen besseren findest du nicht,"

and its sentiment, among men who had left dead comrades on every field from Gravelotte to Villiers-Champigny, caused many a heart to swell.

About midnight Captain Von Zanthier rose, got into his cloak, and buckled on his sword. He was going out with the "sly patrol"; did I care to accompany him? Naturally. We started—the officer, a corporal, three privates, and myself—and pushed to the front till we were out among the underwood in front of the furthest of the German posts. There were the French pickets barely 600 yards away, and the chain of French sentries—if there was one—was between us and the pickets. We could discern the fellows huddling around the fires. The brush-wood crackled close to us, we heard the tramp of men, and there was a challenge in French, in an under-tone. Von Zanthier replied in the same language. It was a French patrol, and the officer in charge, assuming ours to be another, called cheerily, "Come on, friends!" Von Zanthier and his men obeyed the mandate; I got behind a bush to be out of harm's way in case of bullets. But there were no bullets. Von Zanthier returned in a few minutes with three prisoners, whom he had quietly bagged—a *mobile* officer and his two men. The *mobile* officer was quite affable and garrulous; he accepted the fortune of war with a light heart, and became still cheerier when, on our return to the hut, it was found that the skillful man in the white cap was waiting for us with a steaming jorum of egg-flip. The *mobile* officer pledged us with effusion, and genially accepted the offer of supper. After that there was some more egg-flip, and then the *mobile* officer and I betook ourselves to the spring mattresses. Von Zanthier was on duty, and for him, until after day-dawn, there was to be no rest.



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SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER;

OR, THE MISTAKES OF A NIGHT.—A COMEDY.

ACT THIRD.

Enter HARDCASTLE, *alone.*

HARD. What could my old friend Sir Charles mean by recommending his son as the modestest young man in the town? To me he appears the most impudent piece of brass that ever spoke with a tongue. He has taken possession of the easy-chair by the fireside already. He took off his boots in the parlor, and desired me to see them taken care of. I'm desirous to know how his impudence affects my daughter. She will certainly be shocked at it.

Enter MISS HARDCASTLE, *plainly dressed.*

HARD. Well, my Kate, I see you have changed your dress, as I bid you; and yet, I believe, there was no great occasion.

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Miss Hard. I find such a pleasure, sir, in obeying your commands, that I take care to observe them without ever debating their propriety.

Hard. And yet, Kate, I sometimes give you some cause, particularly when I recommended my modest gentleman to you as a lover to-day.

Miss Hard. You taught me to expect something extraordinary, and I find the original exceeds the description.

Hard. I was never so surprised in my life! He has quite confounded all my faculties!

Miss Hard. I never saw anything like it; and a man of the world too!

Hard. Ay, he learned it all abroad: what a fool was I, to think a young man could learn modesty by travelling. He might as soon learn wit at a masquerade.

Miss Hard. It seems all natural to him.

Hard. A good deal assisted by bad company and a French dancing-master.

Miss Hard. Sure you mistake, papa! A French dancing-master could never have taught him that timid look—that awkward address—that bashful manner—

Hard. Whose look? whose manner, child?

Miss Hard. Mr. Marlow's; his *mauvaise honte*, his timidity, struck me at first sight.

Hard. Then your first sight deceived you; for I think him one of the most brazen first sights that ever astonished my senses.

Miss Hard. Sure, sir, you rally! I never saw any one so modest.

Hard. And can you be serious? I never saw such a bouncing, swaggering puppy since I was born. Bully Dawson was but a fool to him.

Miss Hard. Surprising! He met me with a respectful bow, stammering voice, and a look fixed on the ground.

Hard. He met me with a loud voice, a lordly air, and a familiarity that made my blood freeze again.

Miss Hard. He treated me with diffidence and respect; censured the manners of the age; admired the prudence of girls that never laughed; tired me with apologies for being tiresome; then left the room with a bow, and "Madam, I would not for the world detain you."

Hard. He spoke to me as if he knew me all his life before; asked twenty questions, and never waited for an answer; interrupted my best remarks with some silly pun; and when I was in my best story of the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, he asked me if I had not a good hand at making punch. Yes, Kate, he asked your father if he was a maker of punch!

Miss Hard. One of us must certainly be mistaken.

Hard. If he be what he has shown himself, I'm determined he shall never have my consent.

Miss Hard. And if he be the sullen thing I take him, he shall never have mine.

Hard. In one thing, then, we are agreed—to reject him.

Miss Hard. Yes: but upon conditions. For if you should find him less impudent, and I more presuming—if you find him more respectful, and I more importunate—I don't know—the fellow is well enough for a man. Certainly we don't meet many such at a horse-race in the country.

Hard. If we should find him so— But that's impossible. The first appearance has done my business. I'm seldom deceived in that.

Miss Hard. And yet there may be many good qualities under that first appearance.

Hard. Ay, when a girl finds a fellow's outside to her taste, she then sets about guessing the rest of his furniture. With her, a smooth face stands for good sense, and a genteel figure for every virtue.

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Miss Hard. I hope, sir, a conversation begun with a compliment to my good sense, won't end with a sneer at my understanding?

Hard. Pardon me, Kate. But if young Mr. Brazen can find the art of reconciling contradictions, he may please us both, perhaps.

Miss Hard. And as one of us must be mistaken, what if we go to make farther discoveries?

Hard. Agreed. But depend on't, I'm in the right.

Miss Hard. And depend on't, I'm not much in the wrong. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Tony, *running in with a casket.*



Tony. Ecod! I have got them. Here they are. My cousin Con's necklaces, bobs and all. My mother sha'n't cheat the poor souls out of their fortin neither. O! my genus, is that you?

Enter Hastings.

Hast. My dear friend, how have you managed with your mother? I hope you have amused her with pretending love for your cousin, and that you are willing to be reconciled at last? Our horses will be refreshed in a short time, and we shall soon be ready to set off.

Tony. And here's something to bear your charges by the way (*giving the casket*); your sweetheart's jewels. Keep them, and hang those, I say, that would rob you of one of them.

Hast. But how have you procured them from your mother?

Tony. Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs. I procured them by the rule of thumb. If I had not a key to every drawer in mother's bureau, how could I go to the ale-house so often as I do? An honest man may rob himself of his own at any time.

Hast. Thousands do it every day. But to be plain with you, Miss Neville is endeavoring to procure them from her aunt this very instant. If she succeeds, it will be the most delicate way at least of obtaining them.

Tony. Well, keep them, till you know how it will be. But I know how it will be well enough; she'd as soon part with the only sound tooth in her head.

Hast. But I dread the effects of her resentment, when she finds she has lost them.

Tony. Never you mind her resentment, leave me to manage that. I don't value her resentment the bounce of a cracker. Zounds! here they are. Morice! prance! [*Exit* Hastings.

Tony, Mrs. Hardcastle, *and* Miss Neville.

Mrs. Hard. Indeed, Constance, you amaze me. Such a girl as you want jewels! It will be time enough for jewels, my dear, twenty years hence, when your beauty begins to want repairs.

Miss Nev. But what will repair beauty at forty, will certainly improve it at twenty, madam.

Mrs. Hard. Yours, my dear, can admit of none. That natural blush is

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beyond a thousand ornaments. Besides, child, jewels are quite out at present. Don't you see half the ladies of our acquaintance, my lady Kill-day-light, and Mrs. Crump, and the rest of them, carry their jewels to town, and bring nothing but paste and marcasites back?

Miss Nev. But who knows, madam, but somebody that shall be nameless would like me best with all my little finery about me?

Mrs. Hard. Consult your glass, my dear, and then see if with such a pair of eyes you want any better sparklers. What do you think, Tony, my dear? does your cousin Con want any jewels in your eyes to set off her beauty?

Tony. That's as thereafter may be.

Miss Nev. My dear aunt, if you knew how it would oblige me.

Mrs. Hard. A parcel of old-fashioned rose and table cut things. They would make you look like the court of King Solomon at a puppet-show. Besides, I believe I can't readily come at them. They may be missing, for aught I know to the contrary.

Tony. (*Apart to Mrs. Hardcastle.*) Then why don't you tell her so at once, as she's so longing for them? Tell her they're lost. It's the only way to quiet her. Say they're lost, and call me to bear witness.

Mrs. Hard. (*Apart to Tony.*) You know, my dear, I'm only keeping them for you. So, if I say they're gone, you'll bear me witness, will you? He! he! he!

Tony. Never fear me. Ecod! I'll say I saw them taken out with my own eyes.

Miss Nev. I desire them but for a day, madam. Just to be permitted to show them as relics, and then they may be locked up again.

Mrs. Hard. To be plain with you, my dear Constance, if I could find them you should have them. They're missing, I assure you. Lost, for aught I know; but we must have patience, wherever they are.

Miss Nev. I'll not believe it! this is but a shallow pretence to deny me. I know they are too valuable to be so slightly kept, and as you are to answer for the loss—

Mrs. Hard. Don't be alarmed, Constance. If they be lost, I must restore an equivalent. But my son knows they are missing, and not to be found.

Tony. That I can bear witness to. They are missing, and not to be found; I'll take my oath on't.

Mrs. Hard. You must learn resignation, my dear; for though we lose our fortune, yet we should not lose our patience. See me, how calm I am.

Miss Nev. Ay, people are generally calm at the misfortunes of others.

Mrs. Hard. I wonder a girl of your good sense should waste a thought upon such trumpery. We shall soon find them; and in the mean time you shall make use of my garnets till your jewels be found.

Miss Nev. I detest garnets.

Mrs. Hard. The most becoming things in the world to set off a clear complexion. You have often seen how well they look upon me. You shall have them. [*Exit.*

Miss Nev. I dislike them of all things. You sha'n't stir. Was ever anything so provoking, to mislay my own jewels, and force me to wear her trumpery?

Tony. Don't be a fool. If she gives you the garnets, take what you can get. The jewels are your own already. I have stolen them out of her bureau, and she does not know it. Fly to your spark, he'll tell you more of the matter. Leave me to manage her.

Miss Nev. My dear cousin!

Tony. Vanish. She's here, and has missed them already. [*Exit* Miss Neville.] Zounds! how she fidgets and spits about like a catherine-wheel!

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TONY (APART TO MRS HARDCASTLE). "THEN WHY DON'T YOU TELL HER SO AT ONCE?"

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Enter MRS. HARDCASTLE.

MRS. HARD. Confusion! thieves! robbers! we are cheated, plundered, broke open, undone!

TONY. What's the matter, what's the matter, mamma? I hope nothing has happened to any of the good family?

MRS. HARD. We are robbed. My bureau has been broken open, the jewels taken out, and I'm undone.

TONY. Oh! is that all? Ha! ha! ha! By the laws, I never saw it acted better in all my life. Ecod, I thought you was ruined in earnest, ha! ha! ha!

MRS. HARD. Why, boy, I am ruined in earnest. My bureau has been broken open, and all taken away.

TONY. Stick to that: ha! ha! ha! stick to that. I'll bear witness, you know; call me to bear witness.

MRS. HARD. I tell you, Tony, by all that's precious, the jewels are gone, and I shall be ruined for ever.

TONY. Sure I know they are gone, and I'm to say so.

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MRS. HARD. My dearest Tony, but hear me. They're gone, I say.

TONY. By the laws, mamma, you make me for to laugh, ha! ha! I know who took them well enough, ha! ha! ha!

MRS. HARD. Was there ever such a blockhead, that can't tell the difference between jest and earnest? I tell you I'm not in jest, booby.

TONY. That's right, that's right; you must be in a bitter passion, and then nobody will suspect either of us. I'll bear witness that they are gone.

MRS. HARD. Was there ever such a cross-grained brute, that won't hear me? Can you bear witness that you're no better than a fool? Was ever poor woman so beset with fools on one hand, and thieves on the other?

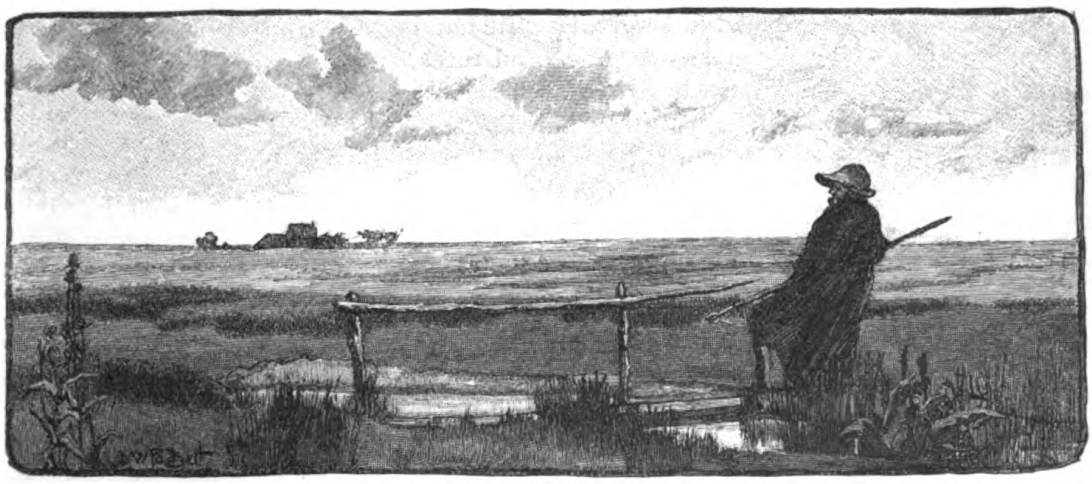
TONY. I can bear witness to that.

MRS. HARD. Bear witness again, you blockhead you, and I'll turn you out of the room directly. My poor niece, what will become of her? Do you laugh, you unfeeling brute, as if you enjoyed my distress?

TONY. I can bear witness to that.

MRS. HARD. Do you insult me, monster? I'll teach you to vex your mother, I will!

TONY. I can bear witness to that. (*He runs off, she follows him.*)



IN THE MARSHES.

WHERE the soft-spreading down
Sinks away to the sea
That has crept from the lea—
Crept so quiet and slow
That the marsh scarce can know
Be it water or land,
So thick the reeds stand
In the dikes 'neath the slopes of the town—

And the great crimson sun
Drops slow down the sky
Where vast meadows lie,
Washed warm in the flush,
There, through the world's hush,

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Earth's sweet, solemn speech
Our faint sense may reach
With its tale of one more day's fate done.

O'er calm plains the stream
Unrolls its clear line
To the last kiss divine
Of the sweet dying day.
But vainly we pray
For as pure a content;
Our passions' fierce bent
May not rest in so peaceful a dream.

And now, lavish of gold
Upon islets of green,
Where clouds float serene
Upon lakes of fair light
'Mid a sky as of night,
The sun dies at last,
And the good day is past—
Night is near with her sad kiss and cold;

And the twilight's still hand
On brown grass and moss
Lays brown shades across,
While in the dim light
Brown cattle and white
Blend into the gray
Of the waning of day—
Kindred shapes of the lonely marsh land.

The land lies at peace;
Mute pines 'neath the moon
Breathe the fragrance of noon,
And stars stud the skies
With thousands of eyes.
Earth waits for the day,
But the night bids us stay—
Night, the end, when day's conflict shall cease.



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INDIAN SUMMER.

(Copyright, 1885, by W. D. Howells.)

XX.

THE next time Colville came he found himself alone with Imogene, who asked him what he had been doing all day.

"Oh, living along till evening. What have you?"

She did not answer at once, nor praise his speech for the devotion implied in it. After a while she said: "Do you believe in courses of reading? Mr. Morton has taken up a course of reading in Italian poetry. He intends to master it."

"Does he?"

"Yes. Do you think something of the kind would be good for me?"

"Oh, if you thirst for conquest. But I should prefer to rest on my laurels if I were you."

Imogene did not smile. "Mr. Morton thinks I should enjoy a course of Kingsley. He says he's very earnest."

"Oh, immensely. But aren't you earnest enough already, my dear?"

"Do you think I'm too earnest?"

"No; I should say you were just right."

"You know better than that. I wish you would criticise me sometimes."

"Oh, I'd rather not."

"Why? Don't you see anything to criticise in me? Are you satisfied with me in every way? You ought to think. You ought to think now. Do you think that I am doing right in all respects? Am I all that I could be to you, and to you alone? If I am wrong in the least thing, criticise me, and I will try to be better."

"Oh, you might criticise back, and I shouldn't like that."

"Then you don't approve of a course of Kingsley?" asked the girl.

"Does that follow? But if you're going in for earnestness, why don't you take up a course of Carlyle?"

"Do you think that would be better than Kingsley?"

"Not a bit. But Carlyle's so earnest that he can't talk straight."

"I can't make out what you mean. Wouldn't you like me to improve?"

"Not much," laughed Colville. "If you did, I don't know what I should do. I should have to begin to improve too, and I'm very comfortable as I am."

"I should wish to do it to—to be more worthy of you," grieved the girl, as if deeply disappointed at his frivolous behavior.

He could not help laughing, but he was sorry, and would have taken her hand; she kept it from him, and removed to the farthest corner of the sofa. Apparently, however, her ideal did not admit of open pique, and she went on trying to talk seriously with him.

"You think, don't you, that we oughtn't to let a day pass without storing away some thought—suggestion—"

"Oh, there's no hurry," he said, lazily. "Life is rather a long affair—if you live. There appears to be plenty of time, though people say not, and I think it would be rather odious to make every day of use. Let a few of them go by without doing anything for you! And as for reading, why not read when you're hungry, just as you eat? Shouldn't you hate to take up a course of roast beef, or a course of turkey?"

"Very well, then," said Imogene. "I shall not begin Kingsley."

"Yes, do it. I dare say Mr. Morton's quite right. He will look at these things more from your own point of view. All the Kingsley novels are in the Tauchnitz. By all means do what he says."

"I will do what *you* say."

"Oh, but I say nothing."

"Then I will do nothing."

Colville laughed at this too, and soon after the clergyman appeared. Imogene met him so coldly that Colville felt obliged to make him some amends by a greater show of cordiality than he felt. But he was glad of the effort, for he began to like him as he talked to him; it was easy for him to like people; the young man showed sense and judgment, and if he was a little academic in his mind and manners, Colville tolerantly reflected that some people seemed to be born so, and that he was probably not artificial, as he had once imagined from the ecclesiastical scrupulosity of his dress.

Imogene ebbed away to the piano in the corner of the room, and struck some chords on it. At each stroke the young clergyman, whose eyes had wandered a little toward her from the first, seemed to vibrate in response. The conversation became incoherent before Mrs. Bowen joined them. Then, by a series of illogical processes, the clergyman was standing beside Imogene at the piano, and Mrs.

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Bowen was sitting beside Colville on the sofa.

"Isn't there to be any Effie to-night?" he asked.

"No. She has been up too much of late. And I wished to speak with you—about Imogene."

"Yes," said Colville, not very eagerly. At that moment he could have chosen another topic.

"It is time that her mother should have got my letter. In less than a fortnight we ought to have an answer."

"Well?" said Colville, with a strange constriction of the heart.

"Her mother is a person of very strong character; her husband is absorbed in business, and defers to her in everything."

"It isn't an uncommon American situation," said Colville, relieving his tension by this excursion.

Mrs. Bowen ignored it. "I don't know how she may look at the affair. She may give her assent at once, or she may decide that nothing has taken place till—she sees you."

"I could hardly blame her for that," he answered, submissively.

"It isn't a question of that," said Mrs. Bowen. "It's a question of—others. Mr. Morton was here before you came, and I know he was interested in Imogene—I am certain of it. He has come back, and he sees no reason why he should not renew his attentions."

"No—o—o," faltered Colville.

"I wish you to realize the fact."

"But what would you—"

"I told you," said Mrs. Bowen, with a full return of that severity whose recent absence Colville had found so comfortable, "that I can't advise or suggest anything at all."

He was long and miserably silent. At last, "Did you ever think," he asked, "did you ever suppose—that is to say, did you ever suspect that—she—that Imogene was—at all interested in him?"

"I think she was—at one time," said Mrs. Bowen, promptly.

Colville sighed, with a wandering disposition to whistle.

"But that is nothing," she went on. "People have many passing fancies. The question is, what are you going to do now? I want to know, as Mr. Morton's friend."

"Ah, I wish you wanted to know as *my* friend, Mrs. Bowen!" A sudden thought flashed upon him. "Why shouldn't I go away from Florence till Imogene hears from her mother? That seemed to me right in the first place. There is no tie that binds her to me. I hold her to nothing. If she finds in my absence that she likes this young man better—" An expression of Mrs. Bowen's face stopped him. He perceived that he had said something very shocking to her; he perceived that the thing was shocking in itself; but it was not that which he cared for. "I don't mean that I won't hold myself true to her as long as she will. I recognize my responsibility fully. I know that I am answerable for all this, and that no one else is; and I am ready to bear any penalty. But what I can't bear is that you should misunderstand me, that you should— I have been so wretched ever since you first began to blame me for my part in this, and so happy this past fortnight, that I can't—I *won't*—go back to that state of things. No; you have no right to relent toward me, and then fling me off as you have tried to do to-night! I have some feeling too—some rights. You shall receive me as a friend, or not at all! How can I live if you—"

She had been making little efforts as if to rise; now she forced herself to her feet, and ran from the room.

The young people looked up from their music; some wave of the sensation had spread to them, but seeing Colville remain seated, they went on with their playing till he rose. Then Imogene called out, "Isn't Mrs. Bowen coming back?"

"I don't know; I think not," answered Colville, stupidly, standing where he had risen.

She hastened questioningly toward him. "What is the matter? Isn't she well?"

Mr. Morton's face expressed a polite share in her anxiety.

"Oh yes; quite, I believe," Colville replied.

"She heard Effie call, I suppose," suggested the girl.

"Yes, yes; I think so; that is—yes. I must be going. Good-night."

He took her hand and went away, leaving the clergyman still there; but he lingered only for a report from Mrs. Bowen, which Imogene hurried to get. She sent word that she would join them presently. But Mr. Morton said that it was late already, and he would beg Miss Graham to say good-night for him. When Mrs. Bowen returned, Imogene was alone.

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She did not seem surprised or concerned at that. "Imogene, I have been talking to Mr. Colville about you and Mr. Morton."

The girl started and turned pale.

"It is almost time to hear from your mother, and she may consent to your engagement. Then you must be prepared to act."

"Act?"

"To make it known. Matters can't go on as they have been going. I told Mr. Colville that Mr. Morton ought to know at once."

"Why ought he to know?" asked Imogene, doubtless with that impulse to temporize which is natural to the human soul in questions of right and interest. She sank into the chair beside which she had been standing.

"If your mother consents, you will feel bound to Mr. Colville?"

"Yes," said the girl.

"And if she refuses?"

"He has my word. I will keep my word to him," replied Imogene, huskily. "Nothing shall make me break it."

"Very well, then!" exclaimed Mrs. Bowen. "We need not wait for your mother's answer. Mr. Morton ought to know, and he ought to know at once. Don't try to blind yourself, Imogene, to what you see as plainly as I do. He is in love with you."

"Oh," moaned the girl.

"Yes; you can't deny it. And it's cruel, it's treacherous, to let him go on thinking that you are free."

"I will never see him again."

"Ah! that isn't enough. He has a claim to know why. I will not let him be treated so."

They were both silent. Then, "What did Mr. Colville say?" asked Imogene.

"He? I don't know that he said anything. He—" Mrs. Bowen stopped.

Imogene rose from her chair.

"I will not let him tell Mr. Morton. It would be too indelicate."

"And shall you let it go on so?"

"No. I will tell him myself."

"How will you tell him?"

"I will tell him if he speaks to me."

"You will let it come to that?"

"There is no other way. I shall suffer more than he."

"But you will deserve to suffer, and your suffering will not help him."

Imogene trembled into her chair again.

"I see," said Mrs. Bowen, bitterly, "how it will be at last. It will be as it has been from the first." She began to walk up and down the room, mechanically putting the chairs in place, and removing the disorder in which the occupancy of several people leaves a room at the end of an evening. She closed the piano, which Imogene had forgot to shut, with a clash that jarred the strings from their silence. "But I will do it, and I wonder—"

"You will speak to him?" faltered the girl.

"Yes!" returned Mrs. Bowen, vehemently, and arresting herself in her rapid movements. "It won't do for you to tell him, and you won't let Mr. Colville."

"No, I can't," said Imogene, slowly shaking her head. "But I will discourage him; I will not see him any more." Mrs. Bowen silently confronted her. "I will not see any one now till I have heard from home."

"And how will that help? He must have some explanation, and I will have to make it. What shall it be?"

Imogene did not answer. She said: "I will not have any one know what is between me and Mr. Colville till I have heard from home. If they try to refuse, then it will be for him to take me against their will. But if he doesn't choose to do that, then he shall be free, and I won't have him humiliated a second time before the world. *This* time *he* shall be the one to reject. And I don't care who suffers. The more I prize the person, the gladder I shall be; and if I could suffer before everybody, I would. If people ever find it out, I will tell them that it was he who broke it off." She rose again from her chair, and stood flushed and thrilling with the notion of her self-sacrifice. Out of the tortuous complexity of the situation she had evolved this brief triumph, in which she rejoiced as if it were enduring success. But she suddenly fell from it in the dust. "Oh, what can I do for him? How can I make him feel more and more that I would give up anything, everything, for him! It's because he asks nothing and wants nothing that it's so hard! If I could see that he was unhappy, as I did once! If I could see that he was at all different since—since— Oh, what I dread is this smooth tranquillity! If our lives could only be stormy and full of cares and anxieties and troubles that I could take on myself, then, then I shouldn't

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be afraid of the future! But I'm afraid they won't be so—no, I'm afraid that they will be easy and quiet, and then what shall I do? Oh, Mrs. Bowen, do you think he cares for me?"

Mrs. Bowen turned white; she did not speak.

The girl wrung her hands. "Sometimes it seems as if he didn't—as if I had forced myself on him through a mistake, and he had taken me to save me from the shame of knowing that I had made a mistake. Do you think that is true? If you can only tell me that it isn't— Or, no! If it is true, tell me that! *That* would be real mercy."

The other trembled as if physically beaten upon by this appeal. But she gathered herself together rigidly. "How can I answer you such a thing as that? I mustn't listen to you; you mustn't ask me." She turned and left the girl standing still in her attitude of imploring. But in her own room, where she locked herself in, sobs mingled with the laughter which broke crazily from her lips as she removed this ribbon and that jewel, and pulled the bracelets from her wrists. A man would have plunged from the house and walked the night away; a woman must wear it out in her bed.

XXI.

In the morning Mrs. Bowen received a note from her banker covering a dispatch by cable from America. It was from Imogene's mother; it acknowledged the letters they had written, and announced that she sailed that day for Liverpool. It was dated at New York, and it was to be inferred that after perhaps writing in answer to their letters, she had suddenly made up her mind to come out.

"Yes, that is it," said Imogene, to whom Mrs. Bowen hastened with the dispatch. "Why should she have telegraphed to *you*?" she asked, coldly, but with a latent fire of resentment in her tone.

"You must ask her when she comes," returned Mrs. Bowen, with all her gentleness. "It won't be long now."

They looked as if they had neither of them slept; but the girl's vigil seemed to have made her wild and fierce, like some bird that has beat itself all night against its cage, and still from time to time feebly strikes the bars with its wings. Mrs. Bowen was simply worn to apathy.

"What shall you do about this?" she asked.

"Do about it? Oh, I will think. I will try not to trouble you."

"Imogene!"

"I shall have to tell Mr. Colville. But I don't know that I shall tell him at once. Give me the dispatch, please." She possessed herself of it greedily, offensively. "I shall ask you not to speak of it."

"I will do whatever you wish."

"Thank you."

Mrs. Bowen left the room, but she turned immediately to re-open the door she had closed behind her.

"We were to have gone to Fiesole to-morrow," she said, inquiringly.

"We can still go if the day is fine," returned the girl. "Nothing is changed. I wish very much to go. Couldn't we go to-day?" she added, with eager defiance.

"It's too late to-day," said Mrs. Bowen, quietly. "I will write to remind the gentlemen."

"Thank you. I wish we could have gone to-day."

"You can have the carriage if you wish to drive anywhere," said Mrs. Bowen.

"I will take Effie to see Mrs. Amsden." But Imogene changed her mind, and went to call upon two Misses Guicciardi, the result of an international marriage, whom Mrs. Bowen did not like very well. Imogene drove with them to the Cascine, where they bowed to a numerous military acquaintance, and they asked her if Mrs. Bowen would let her join them in a theatre party that evening: they were New-Yorkers by birth, and it was to be a theatre party in the New York style; they were to be chaperoned by a young married lady; two young men cousins of theirs, just out from America, had taken the box.

When Imogene returned home she told Mrs. Bowen that she had accepted this invitation. Mrs. Bowen said nothing, but when one of the young men came up to hand Imogene down to the carriage, which was waiting with the others at the gate, she could not have shown a greater toleration of his second-rate New-Yorkiness if she had been a Boston dowager offering him the scrupulous hospitalities of her city.

Imogene came in at midnight; she hummed an air of the opera as she took off her wraps and ornaments in her room, and this in the quiet of the hour had a terrible, almost profane effect: it was as if some other kind of girl had whistled. She showed the same nonchalance at

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breakfast, where she was prompt, and answered Mrs. Bowen's inquiries about her pleasure the night before with a liveliness that ignored the polite resolution that prompted them.

Mr. Morton was the first to arrive, and if his discouragement began at once, the first steps masked themselves in a reckless welcome, which seemed to fill him with joy, and Mrs. Bowen with silent perplexity. The girl ran on about her evening at the opera, and about the weather, and the excursion they were going to make; and after an apparently needless ado over the bouquet which he brought her, together with one for Mrs. Bowen, she put it in her belt, and made Colville notice it when he came: he had not thought to bring flowers.

He turned from her hilarity with anxious question to Mrs. Bowen, who did not meet his eye, and who snubbed Effie when the child found occasion to whisper: "*I* think Imogene is acting very strangely, for *her;* don't you, mamma? It seems as if going with those Guicciardi girls just once had spoiled her."

"Don't make remarks about people, Effie," said her mother, sharply. "It isn't nice in little girls, and I don't want you to do it. You talk too much lately."

Effie turned grieving away from this rejection, and her face did not light up even at the whimsical sympathy in Colville's face, who saw that she had met a check of some sort; he had to take her on his knee and coax and kiss her before her wounded feelings were visibly healed. He put her down with a sighing wish that some one could take him up and soothe his troubled sensibilities too, and kept her hand in his while he sat waiting for the last of those last moments in which the hurrying delays of ladies preparing for an excursion seem never to end.

When they were ready to get into the carriage, the usual contest of self-sacrifice arose, which Imogene terminated by mounting to the front seat; Mr. Morton hastened to take the seat beside her, and Colville was left to sit with Effie and her mother. "You old people will be safer back there," said Imogene. It was a little joke which she addressed to the child, but a gleam from her eye as she turned to speak to the young man at her side visited Colville in desperate defiance. He wondered what she was about in that allusion to an idea which she had shrunk from so sensitively hitherto. But he found himself in a situation which he could not penetrate at any point. When he spoke with Mrs. Bowen it was with a dark under-current of conjecture as to how and when she expected him to tell Mr. Morton of his relation to Imogene, or whether she still expected him to do it; when his eyes fell upon the face of the young man, he despaired as to the terms in which he should put the fact: any form in which he tacitly dramatized it remained very embarrassing, for he felt bound to say that while he held himself promised in the matter, he did not allow her to feel herself so.

A sky of American blueness and vastness, a mellow sun, and a delicate breeze did all that these things could for them, as they began the long, devious climb of the hills crowned by the ancient Etruscan city. At first they were all in the constraint of their own and one another's moods, known or imagined, and no talk began till the young clergyman turned to Imogene and asked, after a long look at the smiling landscape, "What sort of weather do you suppose they are having at Buffalo to-day?"

"At Buffalo?" she repeated, as if the place had only a dim existence in her remotest consciousness. "Oh! the ice isn't near out of the lake yet. You can't count on it before the first of May."

"And the first of May comes sooner or later, according to the season," said Colville. "I remember coming on once in the middle of the month, and the river was so full of ice between Niagara Falls and Buffalo that I had to shut the car window that I'd kept open all the way through southern Canada. But we have very little of that local weather at home; our weather is as democratic and continental as our political constitution. Here it's March or May any time from September till June, according as there's snow on the mountains or not."

The young man smiled. "But don't you like," he asked, with deference, "this slow, orderly advance of the Italian spring, where the flowers seem to come out one by one, and every blossom has its appointed time?"

"Oh yes; it's very well in its way; but I prefer the rush of the American spring: no thought of mild weather this morning; a warm, gusty rain to-morrow night; day after to-morrow a burst of blossoms

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and flowers and young leaves and birds. I don't know whether we were made for our climate or our climate was made for us, but its impatience and lavishness seem to answer some inner demand of our go-ahead souls. This happens to be the week of the peach blossoms here, and you see their pink everywhere to-day, and you don't see anything else in the blossom line. But imagine the American spring abandoning a whole week of her precious time to the exclusive use of peach blossoms! She wouldn't do it; she's got too many other things on hand."

Effie had stretched out over Colville's lap, and with her elbow sunk deep in his knee, was resting her chin in her hand and taking the facts of the landscape thoroughly in. "Do they have just a week?" she asked.

"Not an hour more or less," said Colville. "If they found an almond blossom hanging round anywhere after their time came, they would make an awful row; and if any lazy little peach-blow hadn't got out by the time their week was up, it would have to stay in till next year; the pear blossoms wouldn't let it come out."

"Wouldn't they?" murmured the child, in dreamy sympathy with this belated peach-blow.

"Well, that's what people say. In America it would be allowed to come out any time. It's a free country."

Mrs. Bowen offered to draw Effie back to a posture of more decorum, but Colville put his arm round the little girl. "Oh, let her stay! It doesn't incommode me, and she must be getting such a novel effect of the landscape."

The mother fell back into her former attitude of jaded passivity. He wondered whether she had changed her mind about having him speak to Mr. Morton; her quiescence might well have been indifference; one could have said, knowing the whole situation, that she had made up her mind to let things take their course, and struggle with them no longer.

He could not believe that she felt content with him; she must feel far otherwise; and he took refuge, as he had the power of doing, from the discomfort of his own thoughts in jesting with the child, and mocking her with this extravagance and that; the discomfort then became merely a dull ache that insisted upon itself at intervals, like a grumbling tooth.

The prospect was full of that mingled wildness and subordination that gives its supreme charm to the Italian landscape; and without elements of great variety, it combined them in infinite picturesqueness. There were olive orchards and vineyards, and again vineyards and olive orchards. Closer to the farm-houses and cottages there were peaches and other fruit trees and kitchen-gardens; broad ribbons of grain waved between the ranks of trees; around the white villas the spires of the cypresses pierced the blue air. Now and then they came to a villa with weather-beaten statues strutting about its parterres. A mild, pleasant heat brooded upon the fields and roofs, and the city, dropping lower and lower as they mounted, softened and blended its towers and monuments in a sombre mass shot with gleams of white.

Colville spoke to Imogene, who withdrew her eyes from it with a sigh, after long brooding upon the scene. "You can do nothing with it, I see."

"With what?"

"The landscape. It's too full of every possible interest. What a history is written all over it, public and private! If you don't take it simply, like any other landscape, it becomes an oppression. It's well that tourists come to Italy so ignorant, and keep so. Otherwise they couldn't live to get home again: the past would crush them."

Imogene scrutinized him as if to extract some personal meaning from his words, and then turned her head away. The clergyman addressed him with what was like a respectful toleration of the drolleries of a gifted but eccentric man, the flavor of whose talk he was beginning to taste.

"You don't really mean that one shouldn't come to Italy as well informed as possible?"

"Well, I did," said Colville; "but I don't."

The young man pondered this, and Imogene started up with an air of rescuing them from each other—as if she would not let Mr. Morton think Colville trivial, or Colville consider the clergyman stupid, but would do what she could to take their minds off the whole question. Perhaps she was not very clear as to how this was to be done; at any rate she did not speak, and Mrs. Bowen came to her support, from whatever motive of her own. It might have been from a sense of the injustice of

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letting Mr. Morton suffer from the complications that involved herself and the others. The affair had been going very hitchily ever since they started, with the burden of the conversation left to the two men and that helpless girl; if it were not to be altogether a failure, she must interfere.

"Did you ever hear of Gratiano when you were in Venice?" she asked Mr. Morton.

"Is he one of their new water-colorists?" returned the young man. "I heard they had quite a school there now."

"No," said Mrs. Bowen, ignoring her failure as well as she could; "he was a famous talker; he loved to speak an infinite deal of nothing more than any man in Venice."

"An ancestor of mine, Mr. Morton," said Colville; "a poor, honest man, who did his best to make people forget that the ladies were silent. Thank you, Mrs. Bowen, for mentioning him. I wish he were with us to-day."

The young man laughed. "Oh, in the *Merchant of Venice!*"

"No other," said Colville.

"I confess," said Mrs. Bowen, "that I *am* rather stupid this morning. I suppose it's the softness of the air; it's been harsh and irritating so long. It makes me drowsy."

"Don't mind *us*," returned Colville. "We will call you at important points." They were driving into a village at which people stop sometimes to admire the works of art in its church. "Here, for example, is— What place is this?" he asked of the coachman.

"San Domenico."

"I should know it again by its beggars." Of all ages and sexes they swarmed round the carriage, which the driver had instinctively slowed to oblige them, and thrust forward their hands and hats. Colville gave Effie his small change to distribute among them, at sight of which they streamed down the street from every direction. Those who had received brought forward the halt and blind, and did not scruple to propose being rewarded for this service. At the same time they did not mind his laughing in their faces; they laughed too, and went off content, or as nearly so as beggars ever are. He buttoned up his pocket as they drove on more rapidly. "I am the only person of no principle—except Effie—in the carriage, and yet I am at this moment carrying more blessings out of this village than I shall ever know what to do with. Mrs. Bowen, I know, is regarding me with severe disapproval. She thinks that I ought to have sent the beggars of San Domenico to Florence, where they would all be shut up in the Pia Casa di Ricovero, and taught some useful occupation. It's terrible in Florence. You can walk through Florence now and have no appeal made to your better nature that is not made at the appellant's risk of imprisonment. When I was there before, you had opportunities of giving at every turn."

"You can send a check to the Pia Casa," said Mrs. Bowen.

"Ah, but what good would that do me? When I give I want the pleasure of it; I want to see my beneficiary cringe under my bounty. But I've tried in vain to convince you that the world has gone wrong in other ways. Do you remember the one-armed man whom we used to give to on the Lung' Arno? That persevering sufferer has been repeatedly arrested for mendicancy, and obliged to pay a fine out of his hard earnings to escape being sent to your Pia Casa."

Mrs. Bowen smiled, and said, Was he living yet? in a pensive tone of reminiscence. She was even more than patient of Colville's nonsense. It seemed to him that the light under her eyelids was sometimes a grateful light. Confronting Imogene and the young man whose hopes of her he was to destroy at the first opportunity, the lurid moral atmosphere which he breathed seemed threatening to become a thing apparent to sense, and to be about to blot the landscape. He fought it back as best he could, and kept the hovering cloud from touching the earth by incessant effort. At times he looked over the side of the carriage, and drew secretly a long breath of fatigue. It began to be borne in upon him that these ladies were using him ill in leaving him the burden of their entertainment. He became angry, but his heart softened, and he forgave them again, for he conjectured that he was the cause of the cares that kept them silent. He felt certain that the affair had taken some new turn. He wondered if Mrs. Bowen had told Imogene what she had demanded of him. But he could only conjecture and wonder in the dreary under-current of thought that flowed evenly and darkly on with the talk he kept going. He made

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the most he could of the varying views of Florence which the turns and mounting levels of the road gave him. He became affectionately grateful to the young clergyman when he replied promptly and fully, and took an interest in the objects or subjects he brought up.

Neither Mrs. Bowen nor Imogene was altogether silent. The one helped on at times wearily, and the other broke at times from her abstraction. Doubtless the girl had undertaken too much in insisting upon a party of pleasure with her mind full of so many things, and doubtless Mrs. Bowen was sore with a rankling resentment at her insistence, and vexed at herself for having yielded to it. If at her time of life and with all her experience of it she could not rise under this inner load, Imogene must have been crushed by it.

Her starts from the dreamy oppression, if that were what kept her silent, took the form of aggression, when she disagreed with Colville about things he was saying, or attacked him for this or that thing which he had said in times past. It was an unhappy and unamiable self-assertion, which he was not able to compassionate so much when she resisted or defied Mrs. Bowen, as she seemed seeking to do at every point. Perhaps another would not have felt it so; it must have been largely in his consciousness; the young clergyman seemed not to see anything in these bursts but the indulgence of a gay caprice, though his laughing at them did not alleviate the effect to Colville, who, when he turned to Mrs. Bowen for her alliance, was astonished with a prompt snub, unmistakable to himself, however imperceptible to others.

He found what diversion and comfort he could in the party of children who beset them at a point near the town, and followed the carriage, trying to sell them various light and useless trifles made of straw—fans, baskets, parasols, and the like. He bought recklessly of them and gave them to Effie, whom he assured, without the applause of the ladies, and with the grave question of the young clergyman, that the venders were little Etruscan girls, all at least twenty-five hundred years old. "It's very hard to find any Etruscans under that age; most of the grown-up people are three thousand."

The child humored his extravagance with the faith in fable which children are able to command, and said, "Oh, tell me about them!" while she pushed up closer to him, and began to admire her presents, holding them up before her, and dwelling fondly upon them one by one.

"Oh, there's very little to tell," answered Colville. "They're mighty close people, and always keep themselves very much *to* themselves. But wouldn't you like to see a party of Etruscans of all ages, even down to little babies only eleven or twelve hundred years old, come driving into an American town? It would make a great excitement, wouldn't it?"

"It would be splendid."

"Yes; we would give them a collation in the basement of the City Hall, and drive them out to the cemetery. The Americans and Etruscans are very much alike in that—they always show you their tombs."

"Will they in Fiesole?"

"How you always like to burrow into the past!" interrupted Imogene.

"Well, it's rather difficult burrowing into the future," returned Colville, defensively. Accepting the challenge, he added: "Yes, I should really like to meet a few Etruscans in Fiesole this morning. I should feel as if I'd got amongst my contemporaries at last; they would understand me."

The girl's face flushed. "Then no one else can understand you?"

"Apparently not. I am the great American *incompris*."

"I'm sorry for you," she returned, feebly; and, in fact, sarcasm was not her strong point.

When they entered the town they found the Etruscans preoccupied with other visitors, whom at various points in the quaint little piazza they surrounded in dense groups, to their own disadvantage as guides and beggars and dealers in straw goods. One of the groups reluctantly dispersed to devote itself to the new arrivals, and these then perceived that it was a party of artists, scattered about and sketching, which had absorbed the attention of the population. Colville went to the restaurant to order lunch, leaving the ladies to the care of Mr. Morton. When he came back he found the carriage surrounded by the artists, who had turned out to be the Inglehart boys. They had walked up to Fiesole the afternoon before, and they had been sketching there all the morning. With the artist's indifference

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to the conventional objects of interest, they were still ignorant of what ought to be seen in Fiesole by tourists, and they accepted Colville's proposition to be of his party in going the rounds of the Cathedral, the Museum, and the view from that point of the wall called the Belvedere. They found that they had been at the Belvedere before without knowing that it merited particular recognition, and some of them had made sketches from it—of bits of architecture and landscape, and of figure amongst the women with straw fans and baskets to sell, who thronged round the whole party again, and interrupted the prospect. In the church they differed amongst themselves as to the best bits for study, and Colville listened in whimsical despair to the enthusiasm of their likings and dislikings. All that was so far from him now; but in the Museum, which had only a thin interest based upon a small collection of art and archæology, he suffered a real affliction in the presence of a young Italian couple, who were probably plighted lovers. They went before a gray-haired pair, who might have been the girl's father and mother, and they looked at none of the objects, though they regularly stopped before them and waited till their guide had said his say about them. The girl, clinging tight to the young man's arm, knew nothing but him; her mouth and eyes were set in a passionate concentration of her being upon him, and he seemed to walk in a dream of her. From time to time they peered upon each others' faces, and then they paused, rapt, and indifferent to all besides.

The young painters had their jokes about it; even Mr. Morton smiled, and Mrs. Bowen recognized it. But Imogene did not smile; she regarded the lovers with an interest in them scarcely less intense than their interest in each other; and a cold perspiration of question broke out on Colville's forehead. Was that her ideal of what her own engagement should be? Had she expected him to behave in that way to her, and to accept from her a devotion like that girl's? How bitterly he must have disappointed her! It was so impossible to him that the thought of it made him feel that he must break all ties which bound him to anything like it. And yet he reflected that the time was when he could have been equal to that, and even more.

After lunch the painters joined them again, and they all went together to visit the ruins of the Roman theatre and the stretch of Etruscan wall beyond it. The former seems older than the latter, whose huge blocks of stone lie as firmly and evenly in their courses as if placed there a year ago; the turf creeps to the edge at top, and some small trees nod along the crest of the wall, whose ancient face, clean and bare, looks sternly out over a vast prospect, now young and smiling in the first delight of spring. The piety or interest of the community, which guards the entrance to the theatre by a fee of certain centesimi, may be concerned in keeping the wall free from the grass and vines which are stealing the half-excavated arena back to forgetfulness and decay; but whatever agency it was, it weakened the appeal that the wall made to the sympathy of the spectators. They could do nothing with it; the artists did not take their sketch-blocks from their pockets. But in the theatre, where a few broken columns marked the place of the stage, and the stone benches of the auditorium were here and there reached by a flight of uncovered steps, the human interest returned.

"I suspect that there is such a thing as a ruin's being too old," said Colville. "Our Etruscan friends made the mistake of building their wall several thousand years too soon for our purpose."

"Yes," consented the young clergyman. "It seems as if our own race became alienated from us through the mere effect of time—don't you think, sir? I mean, of course, terrestrially."

The artists looked uneasy, as if they had not counted upon anything of this kind, and they began to scatter about for points of view. Effie got her mother's leave to run up and down one of the stairways, if she would not fall. Mrs. Bowen sat down on one of the lower steps, and Mr. Morton took his place respectfully near her.

"I wonder how it looks from the top?" Imogene asked this of Colville, with more meaning than seemed to belong to the question properly.

"There is nothing like going to see," he suggested. He helped her up, giving her his hand from one course of seats to another. When they reached the point which commanded the best view of the whole, she sat down, and he sank at

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her feet, but they did not speak of the view.

"Theodore, I want to tell you something," she said, abruptly. "I have heard from home."

"Yes?" he replied, in a tone in which he did his best to express a readiness for any fate.

"Mother has telegraphed. She is coming out. She is on her way now. She will be here very soon."

Colville did not know exactly what to say to these passionately consecutive statements. "Well?" he said at last.

"Well"—she repeated his word—"what do you intend to do?"

"Intend to do in what event?" he asked, lifting his eyes for the first time to the eyes which he felt burning down upon him.

"If she should refuse?"

Again he could not command an instant answer, but when it came it was a fair one. "It isn't for me to say what I shall do," he replied, gravely. "Or, if it is, I can only say that I will do whatever you wish."

"Do *you* wish nothing?"

"Nothing but your happiness."

"Nothing but my happiness!" she retorted. "What is my happiness to me? Have I ever sought it?"

"I can't say," he answered; "but if I did not think you would find it—"

"I shall find it, if ever I find it, in yours," she interrupted. "And what shall you do if my mother will not consent to our engagement?"

The experienced and sophisticated man—for that in no ill way was what Colville was—felt himself on trial for his honor and his manhood by this simple girl, this child. He could not endure to fall short of her ideal of him at that moment, no matter what error or calamity the fulfillment involved. "If you feel sure that you love me, Imogene, it will make no difference to me what your mother says. I would be glad of her consent; I should hate to go counter to her will; but I know that I am good enough man to be true and keep you all my life the first in all my thoughts, and that's enough for me. But if you have any fear, any doubt of yourself, now is the time—"

Imogene rose to her feet as in some turmoil of thought or emotion that would not suffer her to remain quiet.

"Oh, keep still!" "Don't get up yet!" "Hold on a minute, please!" came from the artists in different parts of the theatre, and half a dozen imploring pencils were waved in the air.

"They are sketching you," said Colville, and she sank compliantly into her seat again.

"I have no doubt for myself—no," she said, as if there had been no interruption.

"Then we need have no anxiety in meeting your mother," said Colville, with a light sigh, after a moment's pause. "What makes you think she will be unfavorable?"

"I don't think that; but I thought—I didn't know but—"

"What?"

"Nothing, now." Her lips were quivering; he could see her struggle for self-control, but he could not see it unmoved.

"Poor child!" he said, putting out his hand toward her.

"Don't take my hand; they're all looking," she begged.

He forbore, and they remained silent and motionless a little while, before she had recovered herself sufficiently to speak again.

"Then we are promised to each other, whatever happens," she said.

"Yes."

"And we will never speak of this again. But there is one thing. Did Mrs. Bowen ask you to tell Mr. Morton of our engagement?"

"She said that I ought to do so."

"And did you say you would?"

"I don't know. But I suppose I ought to tell him."

"I don't wish you to!" cried the girl.

"You don't wish me to tell him?"

"No; I will not have it!"

"Oh, very well; it's much easier not. But it seems to me that it's only fair to him."

"Did you think of that yourself?" she demanded, fiercely.

"No," returned Colville, with sad self-recognition. "I'm afraid I'm not apt to think of the comforts and rights of other people. It was Mrs. Bowen who thought of it."

"I knew it!"

"But I must confess that I agreed with her, though I would have preferred to postpone it till we heard from your family." He was thoughtfully silent a mo-

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ment; then he said, "But if their decision is to have no weight with us, I think he ought to be told at once."

"Do you think that I am flirting with him?"

"Imogene!" exclaimed Colville, reproachfully.

"That's what you imply; that's what she implies."

"You're very unjust to Mrs. Bowen, Imogene."

"Oh, you always defend her! It isn't the first time you've told me I was unjust to her."

"I don't mean that you are willingly unjust, or could be so, to any living creature, least of all to her. But I—we—owe her so much; she has been so patient."

"What do we owe her? How has she been patient?"

"She has overcome her dislike to me."

"Oh, indeed!"

"And—and I feel under obligation to her for—in a thousand little ways; and I should be glad to feel that we were acting with her approval; I should like to please her."

"You wish to tell Mr. Morton?"

"I think I ought."

"To please Mrs. Bowen! Tell him, then! You always cared more to please her than me. Perhaps you staid in Florence to please her!"

She rose and ran down the broken seats and ruined steps so recklessly and yet so sure-footedly that it seemed more like a flight than a pace. to the place where Mrs. Bowen and Mr. Morton were talking together.

Colville followed as he could, slowly and with a heavy heart. A good thing develops itself in infinite and unexpected shapes of good; a bad thing into manifold and astounding evils. This mistake was whirling away beyond his recall in hopeless mazes of error. He saw this generous young spirit betrayed by it to ignoble and unworthy excess, and he knew that he and not she was to blame.

He was helpless to approach her, to speak with her, to set her right, great as the need of that was, and he could see that she avoided him. But their relations remained outwardly undisturbed. The artists brought their sketches for inspection and comment, and, without speaking to each other, he and Imogene discussed them with the rest.

When they started homeward the painters said they were coming a little way with them for a send-off, and then going back to spend the night in Fiesole. They walked beside the carriage, talking with Mrs. Bowen and Imogene, who had taken their places, with Effie between them, on the back seat; and when they took their leave, Colville and the young clergyman, who had politely walked with them, continued on foot a little farther, till they came to the place where the highway to Florence divided into the new road and the old. At this point it steeply overtops the fields on one side, which is shored up by a wall some ten or twelve feet deep; and here round a sharp turn of the hill on the other side came a peasant driving a herd of the black pigs of the country.

Mrs. Bowen's horses were, perhaps, pampered beyond the habitual resignation of Florentine horses to all manner of natural phenomena; they reared at sight of the sable crew, and backing violently up-hill, set the carriage across the road, with its hind wheels a few feet from the brink of the wall. The coachman sprang from his seat; the ladies and the child remained in theirs as if paralyzed.

Colville ran forward to the side of the carriage. "Jump, Mrs. Bowen! jump, Effie! Imogene—"

The mother and the little one obeyed. He caught them in his arms and set them down. The girl sat still, staring at him with reproachful, with disdainful eyes.

He leaped forward to drag her out; she shrank away, and then he flew to help the coachman, who had the maddened horses by the bit.

"Let go!" he heard the young clergyman calling to him; "she's safe!" He caught a glimpse of Imogene, whom Mr. Morton had pulled from the other side of the carriage. He struggled to free his wrist from the curb-bit chain of the horse, through which he had plunged it in his attempt to seize the bridle. The wheels of the carriage went over the wall; he felt himself whirled into the air, and then swung ruining down into the writhing and crashing heap at the bottom of the wall.

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THE MILITIA AND THE ARMY.

BY MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE B. McCLELLAN.

IT is a universal rule that before the nature and construction of any instrument can be properly determined, the purpose it is to fulfill and the conditions under which it is to be used must be fully known. This rule applies to laws, institutions of all kinds, machines, tools—in fact, to everything used by man, and is peculiarly applicable to all matters pertaining to military affairs, where emergencies are sure to arise suddenly, and success depends upon the proper adaptation of means to the end.

When the moment arrives for the employment of any military instrument, whatever its nature may be, there is no time for alterations or experiments, and it is absolutely necessary that it should be so complete, strong, and simple, so well adjusted to the purpose it is intended to effect, that it will be sure to work promptly, smoothly, and successfully.

This can be accomplished only by careful preparation during the time of peace.

Before entering, then, upon our subject, it is essential to set forth plainly and clearly the object for which the militia can and ought to be employed.

The armed land forces of this country have several purposes for their application: waging offensive war in foreign countries; defending our own soil against attack from without; quelling rebellion at home; putting down riots in our cities, or any other disturbances not sufficiently extensive or formidable to place them in the category of rebellions, but too serious to be disposed of by the ordinary police force of the localities where they occur.

Experience has proved that a well-organized regular army, kept within proper bounds as to numbers, is the cheapest and most effective means for accomplishing these various purposes.

But our experience also proves that it is highly improbable, perhaps impossible, that our permanent establishment will ever be large enough to answer all these needs without prompt and very considerable re-enforcements from other sources, either by filling up existing organizations to the maximum or by adding new organizations thereto.

It is very important that men somewhat trained in discipline and to the use of arms should be available to fill up the regular regiments, and that reasonably effective organizations should exist to supplement and act with them whenever it is desirable, under our form of government, that the regular army should not be used for the suppression of purely local difficulties.

The old theory of the militia system was that all, or practically all, of the able-bodied men of the nation, within certain limits of age, were to be organized in regiments, brigades, and divisions, ready to be called out when an exigency should arise.

Practically the system proved to be an entire failure. Our numbers are so great, our people so completely absorbed in the pursuits of private life, as to render it impossible to introduce anything approaching order and efficiency in so large an organization. But within the militia there have arisen voluntary organizations, generally known as National Guards, which practically form the real and immediately available militia of the nation.

It is the part of wisdom, it is an urgent necessity, to bend our efforts toward increasing the numbers and efficiency of the National Guards until they form a sufficiently numerous and reliable corps to constitute a sufficient reserve for and addition to the regular army, and are competent to replace it entirely for certain purposes within our own borders.

That we may be able to keep pace with the rapid and unceasing improvements of modern military science, and adapt them to our peculiar needs, it is absolutely necessary that we should have a permanent establishment where officers devote themselves entirely to the military profession, while the non-commissioned officers and men remain long enough in the service to acquire thorough discipline and instruction.

In measuring the value of such a permanent establishment it is to be borne in mind that not only can it perform certain duties, such as the control of the Indians, very much more efficiently and economically than any temporary force, but that, if maintained at a sufficiently high numerical standard, it stands ready to bear the first brunt of hostilities until new troops can be organized and instructed, that it affords the means of infusing discipline and instruction among these new troops, and that it furnishes the robust

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frames of the various staff corps, whose business it is to direct the movements and supply the needs of both old and new troops. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of these staff corps of the regular army, and it is one of the unavoidable necessities of our position to maintain them on a larger scale than is demanded by the current needs of the army on a peace footing.

Our ability to increase the strength of the army with rapidity, and to improvise new armies, depends chiefly—it might perhaps justly be said entirely—upon our maintaining in time of peace large and thoroughly trained staff corps. Far from having too many, our organization is still deficient in the lack of something corresponding to the magnificent "General Staff Corps" of the German army—a corps composed of the ablest and most highly trained officers of the most perfectly organized army the world has ever seen, and forming the most admirable and efficient military instrument of which history bears record.

It must not for a moment be forgotten that the mere drill in the tactics and the use of arms forms a very small—although a very essential—part of the instruction required to prepare troops for war.

The proper feeding and clothing of the men, the care of their health, the collection of the various supplies required, together with the formation and management of the requisite depots and trains to insure their being on hand at the right time and place, the determination of the most efficient arms and ammunition, the establishment of hospitals and field-hospital trains, the provision of the means for crossing rivers, the use of heavy and light artillery, the conduct of sieges, the attack and defense of posts, the collection of information as to the theatre of war and the supplies it affords, of the movements and intentions of the enemy, guard and outpost duty, reconnaissances, marches, handling troops on the field of battle—in other words, the means required to put troops to the best possible use, or, in fact, to any use whatever—all this requires for its proper execution a combination of theory and practice, of education and experience, that can be acquired only through a regular establishment. Moreover, it must be remembered that never before has technical science played so great a part in war, and never before was thorough scientific knowledge of the art of war, in all its branches, so necessary to insure success.

The question for us to solve is, what portion of the duties of our armed forces can the militia, or National Guard, be fitted to perform, under all the circumstances of the case, and how can they best be so fitted?

There are some of these duties which the National Guard, as such, can not be qualified to perform alone, for want of the requisite time and opportunities.

By attempting too much, nothing will be achieved; while if our efforts are confined to the entirely practicable, much good will be attained.

Before proceeding with our subject it is proper to consider the probabilities and possibilities of the future, so far as they relate to the necessity for armed forces of any kind.

First let us glance hastily at some of the possible and probable sources of difficulty from abroad. This is a nation of more than 50,000,000 of people, proud, self-reliant, enterprising, and courageous. Well within the memories of a large part of our population we possessed a vast mercantile marine, whose flag was seen in every port of the known world. One of our greatest needs is an outlet in foreign markets for the immense products of our soil and of our manufactories. It is certain as fate that under the pressure of necessity, and with wise legislation, our commercial marine will soon revive, and erelong resume its old position before the world.

One effect of this change will be to throw us into still closer relations with the other nations—relations in the main very beneficial to all, but at the same time rendering us more liable to be affected by their difficulties, and necessarily giving rise to causes of friction from which we are now free.

For example, when the western Atlantic is once more crowded with our ships engaged in commerce with all parts of the world, we will begin to ask ourselves by what right a foreign nation holds a cordon of fortified naval stations commanding so many avenues of approach to our shores, and enabling it to cut off our vessels in the event of war. Halifax, the Bermudas, Nassau, and Jamaica are important to England not so much for purpose of self-protection, not so much for her own commerce, as they are for bases of operation against us.

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In the late war, if Bermuda and Nassau had been in our possession, the contest would have been shortened some two years, for blockade-running would have been well-nigh impossible.

This is one cause of friction which must inevitably arise with our growth, and one reason why we should be prepared to defend our sea-coast.

Other similar probabilities could be mentioned, as in the event of the question arising of the cession of Cuba by Spain to any other European power.

I do not think that we should desire the acquisition of Cuba—certainly not for a long time to come—but we should and would go to war rather than allow that key of the Gulf to pass into the hands of any other European nation.

There is no reason, apparently, why our relations with the Dominion of Canada should be other than most friendly, but so long as her connection with Great Britain remains unchanged, she would necessarily become involved in any difficulty arising between her mother country and ourselves.

There is no absolute necessity for hostilities with Mexico; but when we consider the wide differences of religion, race, laws, and habits between us, it is possible that trouble may grow out of questions arising from the business relations so rapidly developing, the large investments of American capital in railways and other industrial enterprises, the great number of our people consequently residing in Mexico, and the oft-recurring border difficulties, and the conclusion is inevitable that it would be unwise to assume that no difficulty can occur requiring the employment of troops.

The subject of the construction of canals across the Isthmus is of vast interest to us. Should the Panama Canal ever be completed, and even during its construction, serious questions are likely to arise, requiring us to be prepared to enforce our rights and protect the privileges of our commerce.

When in the near future the inevitable construction of the Nicaragua Canal is undertaken and completed by American capital, under the protection of our government, we must still more be prepared to defend its neutrality and insure its undisturbed use as the best possible water route between our Atlantic and Pacific coasts.

It is unnecessary to multiply examples. My purpose has been accomplished if it has been shown that there is such a probability of strained relations with other countries as to render it incumbent upon us to maintain a certain state of preparation for war. If we remain entirely unprepared, it is quite certain that the emergencies will arise all too promptly, while if we are ready for them, hostilities may well be averted. So much for external, a word now in regard to our internal, sources of trouble.

With respect to the ever-burning Indian question—so often "finally settled," only to break out again almost with the regularity of machinery—it might suffice to bid my readers consult the daily papers, which, as I write, are filled with the sickening details of the horrors committed by Geronimo and his Apaches, and of the terror and apprehension felt upon the borders in consequence of the threatening and uneasy attitude of the Cheyennes, the Arrapahoes, and other tribes.

Until the entire control of Indian affairs is vested in the army, with sufficient means to enforce its decisions; until the younger Indians are imbued with new habits, desires, and ambitions, and the elder disarmed, and, where necessary, overawed by the display of overwhelming force; until the tribal organizations are broken up, and the Indians brought under the operation of the same laws as the white man, alike for his punishment and protection; until the frontiersman can regard the Indian as a fellow-citizen, or at least as a human being, instead of a murderous savage more akin to a wild beast than to a man—it is idle to expect a cessation of these outbreaks so constantly recurring throughout the vast territory dotted by their reservations.

Whether the cow-boy, the trader, the miner, or the Indian be at fault, so long as the present conditions endure there must be a repetition of outbreaks or of the apprehension of them.

Those who are protected from all possible danger by an insuperable barrier can not realize the horrors resulting from the raid of a few Indians, the immense difficulty of apprehending them, and the moral sufferings and material losses resulting from the mere apprehension of an Indian outbreak even on a small scale.

Among the widely scattered and defenseless settlements a party of less than

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a score of Indians can with impunity create immense devastation, and the mere possibility of such a thing vastly impedes the material development of the country.

So long as this possibility exists it is the duty of the general government to provide fully against it at any cost. The great difficulty under which our army has always labored is that it has been required to perform onerous and most dangerous work with an entirely insufficient force. It has always done its best to compensate for its paucity of numbers by audacity and celerity; but there is a limit to the possible, which our army has too often been called upon to exceed.

It is safe to say that our losses in Indian wars have been far more than quadrupled by the necessity of attempting the impossible, and too much praise can never be given to the brave men who have unflinchingly made the endeavor, with no other incitement than their innate heroism and pride in their profession.

Apart from the fact that it is cruel and unjust to put brave men to such a test unnecessarily, even the paltry consideration of economy demands a different system, for it is unquestionable that the comparatively slight increase of expenditure caused by increasing the force of the present establishment by the addition of 10,000 privates to the existing regiments of cavalry and infantry would be far more than met by the diminished cost of transportation and the increased prosperity of the country resulting from the secure and rapid development of the resources of the immense region affected by the Indian question. When, with such an increased force, the excellent policy of concentrating the army at a small number of large posts—so justly approved by the Lieutenant-General commanding—can be fully carried out, discipline and efficiency will be very much improved, and all outbreaks will be nipped in the bud, or, to speak more accurately, the Indians will recognize the folly of attempting them.

I do not think it possible to insist too strongly upon the necessity of placing the management of Indian affairs under the War Department, and in the immediate hands of army officers, who should act as Indian agents.

With such suspicious creatures as the Indians it is absolutely necessary that there should be unity of management and control, and no shadow of doubt in their minds as to the prompt and entire fulfillment alike of promises and threats.

The establishment of schools for Indian children is a very important step in the right direction, and their effect is excellent, so far as they go; but from the imperfect knowledge in my possession it seems to me that they should be established on a larger scale, and that thus far a mistake has been made in attempting to spread their advantages over too many tribes at the same time. If a small number of educated young Indians—half a dozen or so—are sent back to their tribe, they are too few to stand alone and keep each other in countenance, and are apt to be lost in the mass of the tribe without producing much, if any, influence upon them; while if, instead of taking half a dozen from each of several tribes, as many as a hundred are taken from one tribe, they would upon their return strengthen each other, and accomplish good results with the others.

During a large part of our existence as a nation many of our people were disposed to doubt the possibility of any internal danger in the form of riots or insurrections, forgetting that such troubles arose from the very beginning of our history.

The Shays rebellion and the whiskey insurrection were episodes of our early youth; the "Native American", the anti-negro, and the draft riots, the war itself, and the regrettable and wide-spread disturbances of 1877 suffice to show that at no time have we been entirely free from elements of disorder requiring the active interposition of armed force.

It is idle to close our eyes to the fact that there now exists in certain localities an element, mostly imported from abroad, fraught with danger to order and well-being unless firmly and wisely controlled.

This is not the place to discuss the question of socialism, atheism, or anarchy: let it suffice to say that even the most extreme of extremists are rarely altogether wrong, or without some shadow of right, or what they believe to be right. They are often right as to many of their facts, but wrong as to their conclusions, and entirely mistaken as to the practicable methods of gaining their ends. It is but just and fair to listen honestly to what they have to say, and if any wrong thing be found, then to right it so far as practicable.

There is no possible objection to free and fair discussion; on the contrary, it is sure to do good.

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There is no sound objection to labor unions, for labor has as much right as capital to unite for its own protection and to improve its own condition, and all candid men must acknowledge that the condition of the masses of laboring-men among the Christian nations is not what a sincere Christian would like to have it.

Frankly and fully acknowledging that the much needed amelioration of the condition of the laboring classes is an inevitable and the most important problem of the immediate future, it must at the same time be insisted upon—as much in their own interest as in that of the society of which they form so important a part—that in the prosecution of their ends the labor organizations shall restrict themselves to fair, open, honorable, and legal methods; that they must never resort to violence toward either the persons or property of their employers, or toward those of their comrades who may hold different views; and that they must, still in their own interest, always recognize the fundamental truth that each man's liberty of action is bounded by the equal rights of his fellow-men. To pass beyond this limit is license, not liberty; a crime, not a virtue or a privilege. The individual who perpetrates this crime becomes at once a fit subject for the repressive action of the law. When a mass of men too numerous to be dealt with by the ordinary machinery of the law place themselves in the same category, the safety of the state and the security of their fellow-citizens require that they should be dealt with by the armed force.

The good of the community, the safety of innocent members of society, require that the moment the necessity for this action arises, it should be prompt and efficient. But in all such cases prevention is better than cure, and all concerned should learn that when peaceable discussion is exhausted, there stands ready for instant use a well-disciplined force prepared to act upon the instant to support the majesty of the law.

I do not think that in this country danger is to be apprehended from the organization of legitimate labor, because our working-men are as a rule intelligent and industrious, good citizens and good fathers of families. Knowing and prepared to maintain their own rights, they respect the legitimate rights of others, and realize the fact that the well-being and happiness of their families depend upon the preservation of order and security: not that kind of order which prevents the many from ascending in the scale of happiness and prosperity as the reward of honest industry, nor that kind of security which enables a privileged few to keep the many in a state of subjection and abject poverty, but order and security as we understand them in this free land of ours—an order and security which afford free scope to the legitimate aspirations of all, which give equal political rights and equal personal freedom to all within our limits; under which those favored in this world's goods may retain them if provident, but with the certainty that they or their descendants will find their deserved lower level if wasteful squanderers, while the poorest son of toil, if honest, capable, and industrious, sees open for himself and his children the pathway to honor and well-being.

Our nation is a nation of working-men, whether their labor be intellectual or the no less useful and honorable labor with the hand.

Our danger, if danger there be, will come, not from the true working-men, but from those who do not labor and do not intend to do so, but prefer to gain an easy living by misguiding and deceiving the true working-men, and, emulating the wreckers of by-gone times, seek with their false lights to lure the ship of society upon the rocks of anarchy and atheism, that they may prey upon the remnants of the rich cargo washed to the shore.

The theories of the anarchists, internationalists, and nihilists have only recently found their way among us; they are strictly foreign productions, which our protective tariff has not sufficed to exclude, and it is not probable that they can make any considerable or lasting headway among our own people.

The people of America realize that the institutions under which we live are of our own making; that the majority rule and make the laws; that, under the God whom we worship, our happiness depends upon the security of these institutions; that the ultimate purpose of our government is the happiness and inviolability of our families; and that our dearest aim in life is to secure the well-being of our children.

It is to the highest extent improbable, nay, it is impossible, that free and enlight-

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ened Americans can abandon all they cherish far more than life itself in order to court misery and ruin at the call of a few misguided or wicked men, who have brought hither theories which have wrought destruction and no particle of good wherever they have attempted to carry them into practice in the Old World. When the moment for action arrives, there is no question as to the manner in which the masses of Americans will deal with these men and their wild theories.

The ultimate result is not for a moment doubtful. But as these men openly avow their intention of organizing and arming for the purpose of carrying their views into practical effect, it is wise to prepare the means of crushing their efforts at the outset, that no harm may come to the innocent, and that the ruin invoked may fall solely upon the heads of the guilty conspirators.

A few hours' control in our large cities by these madmen might cause almost irreparable damage; the opportunity should not be afforded them; and they will never strike the blow if convinced that proper preparations exist to meet them.

As I write these pages two of our largest and most prosperous Western cities are the scenes of dangerous disorders, arising from the efforts of strikers to gain their ends by violence. Here let it be repeated that our legislators should calmly examine the demands even of extremists, when made without threats of violence, and much more those of the moderate men who honestly desire to attain what they regard as legitimate changes.

If any proper and practical thing is asked, it should be granted promptly and graciously; but if an attempt is made to gain their ends by violence, it is absolutely necessary to meet force promptly with overwhelming force, and crush the outbreak at once and effectually.

As our liability to danger from foreign wars and domestic disturbances is much less than in European countries, our preparations may be on a much smaller scale, but should be effective as far as they go. What is lacking in numbers should be made up in efficiency.

To maintain order among the Indians the regular army should be made strong enough to dispense with aid from the militia, except upon extraordinary occasions, when an outbreak is unusually dangerous, and extends over a wide area; but the organization of reliable militia in the regions nearest the Indian country would afford the means of furnishing very valuable re-enforcements to the never too numerous regulars. The militia could at least hold the posts, leaving the regular force for active operations.

With the exception of some cavalry companies on the frontier, capable of rendering efficient service against Indians, it is not practicable to maintain in time of peace a militia force of cavalry, the expense and the difficulties of instruction being too great. The same objection applies, as a rule, to field artillery. It may, then, be laid down as a principle that the regular army must be relied upon to furnish all the cavalry and artillery needed in the beginning of hostilities, and that its peace organization should be arranged to meet that contingency; that is, it should contain a far greater proportion of these arms than is the case with other armies. We have ten regiments of cavalry, which, with the companies brought up to 75 privates in each, could furnish about 11,000 in all. If sufficient time were allowed to bring the companies up to 100 privates, the total force of cavalry would be some 14,000—a very respectable body if united on any probable field of war.

It should be stated that recent European wars have not caused military authorities to regard the cavalry as of less importance than formerly; on the contrary, the tendency is to increase that arm of the service, and to maintain it nearly on the war footing during peace, so great do they regard the difficulty of forming efficient cavalry in a short time.

A force of 75 privates per company would seem to be the least strength advisable for our cavalry in ordinary times. We have 5 regiments of regular artillery, of 12 batteries each, or 60 batteries in all, 10 of which are maintained as imperfect field batteries.

Our 25 regiments of regular infantry should in peace have a strength of at least 20,000 men, and in war be brought up to an effective of some 35,000.

To provide the proper proportions of field-guns for this maximum force of our present regular regiments of infantry and cavalry would require 25 batteries of 6 guns each. If a force of only 50,000 militia infantry were called out for war, some 25 more regular batteries would be needed for them, making 50 in all, leaving only

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10 regular batteries available as heavy artillery. If the militia infantry were to be partially provided with militia batteries, which could only be done if very ample time were allowed for preparation, quite one-third, or about 10 batteries, of the requisite number should be furnished by the regulars, leaving 25 batteries to garrison our great line of harbor defenses, and to act as siege artillery with the field armies.

The regular artillery is not in a satisfactory condition. It is entirely too weak in numbers, is too much scattered, is not afforded the means of proper instruction in the duties of the arm, and should be provided with a Chief of Artillery.

The two light batteries allowed each regiment should be maintained at the full war strength, ready to take the field at a day's notice, with the complement of 6 guns each, and under our peculiar circumstances it is probable that a strength of at least 8 guns per battery would be advisable on the war footing.

So far as practicable, all the field batteries should be kept together at one station, where all proper facilities exist, and where they could receive uniform instruction.

The minimum number of privates in each battery of garrison, or heavy, artillery should be 75, or, still better, 100. They should be concentrated at points affording suitable means of instruction, in bodies of not less than 12 batteries; say one station of 12 batteries on the Pacific coast, one of the same strength on or near the Gulf coast, one of 24 batteries at Fort Monroe, and one of 12 batteries on New York Harbor. These four stations should be selected almost entirely with reference to the facility of instruction during the entire year, for the means of communication are now so ample that the garrisons could be broken up and assigned to their war stations with all desirable rapidity upon the first threatening of danger. The additional strength suggested would bring up the total number of non-commissioned officers and men of the regular artillery to about 5200, with a strength of 75 privates to each battery; and with 100 privates to each battery the total strength would be some 6450.

Remembering that in these days artillerists can not be improvised on the spur of the moment, and that an active army of operations would need artillerists for siege guns, etc., thus making a further draft upon the regulars, it can not be said that the numbers given above are at all beyond the limits prescribed by ordinary prudence, and even with this full strength it would still be necessary to draw largely upon the militia.

But when it is considered that the present strength of the five artillery regiments in enlisted men is only some 2600, so entirely insufficient for the necessities of the case, it needs no argument to prove that some means must be resorted to for the instruction of organizations of the militia as heavy artillery, that they may supplement the totally inadequate force of the regulars.

The little Engineer Battalion should be constantly maintained at the full war strength of 600 men, and ought to be larger.

The total additions proposed for the privates of the regular army would then amount to from 13,000 to 15,000, making the strength from 37,000 to 39,000, which on the breaking out of war could be further increased to some 60,000 without adding to the number of organizations.

In time of peace, if the National Guard is assisted by a small number of thoroughly competent regular artillerists, it is easier to instruct them in the management of heavy guns than to perfect them in field artillery. It is very necessary, then, to provide the means for the instruction of a sufficient number of them to make up for the inevitable numerical deficiency of the regulars in manning the guns covering the approaches to our harbors and cities.

One other duty of the artillerist can be advantageously intrusted to the National Guard, and that is the use of Gatling and other machine guns, as well as ordinary field-guns, for use in cities in the event of riots.

It is perfectly practicable, under a proper system, to form in time of peace National Guard regiments of infantry capable of becoming thoroughly efficient after a short term of field service, and competent to render effectual co-operation with the regulars in war.

There is no reason why the organized militia should not readily be placed in condition to quell all riots and local disturbances, even where they have reached the stage of incipient organized rebellion, and they should be fully able to do this work without any aid whatever from the regular army, which need then be called

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upon only to protect the property of the general government.

It is a fact that in this country the mere presence of a handful of regulars has always sufficed to prevent or quell riots without the necessity of firing upon the mob. This has arisen from the fact that it is well known that the regulars are under thorough discipline, and will unhesitatingly obey any order to fire, and that when they fire it will be upon the mob, and not over their heads.

The National Guards will accomplish precisely the same results wherever it is known that their discipline and *esprit de corps* are such as to insure their prompt and effective obedience of any orders received, and to outweigh any personal sympathy of any of their members with individuals in the mob. This is doubtless the case now with many of the regiments throughout the country, and there is no reason why it should not be the case with all, and that all should preserve, at the moment of action, that steady bearing, profound silence, and complete indifference to danger which are so impressive and conclusive when dealing with an angry and excited mob. In brief, I would propose that the mass of the active militia, or National Guard, should be organized and instructed as infantry; that they should be furnished with an adequate supply of machine and field guns, drawn by hand, for use in cities, to be manned by detachments specially detailed; that in the districts near sea-coast defenses a sufficient number of regiments should be designated and instructed as heavy artillerists; and that at suitable points in the remote interior a moderate number of companies of mounted men should be organized to co-operate with the regulars against the Indians in the event of a sudden emergency.

As the existence of a trustworthy force of the National Guard is important to the country at large, as well as to the individual States, it is only just that the general government should assume its fair share of the expense.

This can best be done in the form of arms, ammunition, clothing, camp and garrison equipage, etc.—in order to insure uniformity of equipment and armament—and also probably in the issue of rations, and even of pay under certain circumstances. And this assistance should be apportioned among the States, not in the ratio of population, but according to the numbers of effective militia actually on foot in each State; moreover, the actual number thus to be aided should be apportioned according to the necessities of the case.

For example, the organization of heavy artillery should be confined to the States on and adjacent to the sea-board and lake frontier, within whose limits permanent fortifications exist, or where temporary batteries armed with heavy guns must certainly be erected in the event of foreign war; moreover, the strength of these organizations should be greatest in the States nearest our most extensive and important sea-coast defenses, for instance, the harbor of New York.

On the same principle, the infantry organizations should be relatively the strongest in the States most liable to foreign attack, or where large manufacturing and mining establishments most abound, as these, and not the agricultural regions, are the probable centres of domestic disturbance.

While it is very desirable to organize a certain portion of the National Guard in the agricultural districts, it has never been found easy to do so, on account of the difficulty of bringing the men together, and the lack of proper facilities, but it is probably practicable to lessen these difficulties by granting additional pecuniary aid, at least in the smaller towns where the troublesome elements are not present, or at least in a very small proportion.

But the essential condition at the foundation of the whole matter is the establishment of good discipline and *esprit de corps;* for with the existence of these elements the National Guard can be relied upon to do its duty in the maintenance of law and order, without regard to personal sympathies, and that this can be brought about I do not doubt.

In preparing legislation, whether by the general government or States, to carry out these purposes, it should never be forgotten that those who enter the National Guard necessarily give to the public a great deal of their time, and that with those who form the vast majority of the National Guard time is a matter of the greatest value, and that, having made this most important contribution to the public service, they should be relieved from any direct pecuniary demands. Their arms, equipments, uniforms, armo-

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ries, etc., should be furnished free of cost, and when they are called out during working hours, whether for duty or instruction, other than mere parades for their own gratification, they should receive fair compensation, and all necessary expenses for their subsistence and transportation should be paid. An efficient National Guard is not a luxury, but a necessity, and the public can well afford to meet the cost, provided it is kept within just limits, and expended wisely and honestly.

Now as to the strength of the organization.

1. *Heavy Artillery.*—Not possessing accurate data as to the armament of our various coast defenses, I must rely upon general considerations, and can give only approximate results. I assume that the regiments will consist of twelve batteries, of a strength of from 100 to 150 men for each battery. The Pacific coast would probably require at least two, and perhaps three, regiments, the Gulf coast some five regiments, the Atlantic coast some twenty regiments, the lake frontier one regiment —some twenty-eight to thirty regiments in all. There should be a Chief of Artillery of the United States army, who, among his other duties, should be charged with the general direction and supervision of the instruction of these regiments, to be conducted by officers and men of the regular artillery detailed for the purpose. The instruction should include the use of heavy guns, the method of construction of earthen batteries, laying platforms, construction of temporary magazines, cutting embrasures, etc., etc., so that these militia artillerists could direct ordinary workmen to advantage. As these regiments would necessarily be drilled also as infantry, they would be available for all purposes of repressing interior commotions.

2. *Infantry.*—In determining the strength of the infantry of the National Guard it would probably be advisable to arrange the States in groups, which suggest themselves quite naturally when the possible employment of the troops is considered. In the first place, it is as convenient an arrangement as any to allow as many battalions as there are Congressional districts, varying the strength of battalions in the different groups, and sometimes in States of the same group, and not necessarily organizing a battalion in each Congressional district, but for sufficient reasons to omit some districts, and form two or more in others. It would generally be advisable to constitute regiments of two or more battalions. The New England and Middle States, including Maryland and Delaware, naturally group themselves together, all being liable to attack in a war with first-class European powers, and many of them having large manufacturing centres and extensive mining establishments. These States have one hundred and two Congressional districts, giving as many battalions, which, with an average of 800 men per battalion, would give 81,600 infantry for the entire group—an ample force for all probable needs. Thus New York would have thirty-four battalions, which might be formed into seventeen regiments, and with a strength of 800 men per battalion, would give 27,200 infantry for the State—none too many. New Jersey would have seven battalions of 800 each, giving 5600 for the State. A second group would be composed of Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Georgia, which would have thirty-six battalions of a total strength of 700 each, giving 25,200 for the group. A third group would consist of Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas, having thirty-four battalions of 700 men each—a total of 23,800. The fourth group would be made up of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin, having seventy-four battalions of 600 each—a total of 44,400. Another group would consist of West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, and Minnesota, having sixty battalions of 500 each—a total of 30,000. A sixth group of Colorado, Kansas, Nebraska, Utah, New Mexico, Arizona, Dakota, Idaho, and Montana, having seventeen battalions of 500 each, or a total of 8500. The last group would be made up of California, having six battalions of 1000 each, Oregon, one battalion of 1000, Nevada, one battalion of 800, and Washington Territory, one battalion of 1000—a total for the group of 8800, giving a total infantry force of 222,300.

3. *Cavalry.*—It would probably be practicable, and certainly advantageous, to organize companies of cavalry or mounted infantry somewhat as follows: Texas, five companies of 100 each; New Mexico, three companies; Arizona, three companies; Utah, three companies; Washington Territory, one company; Idaho, one compa-

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ny; Montana, two companies; Dakota, two companies; California, two companies—some twenty-two companies in all.

Thus the total authorized force would be: Heavy artillery, thirty regiments of some 36,000 men; cavalry, twenty-two companies of 2200 men; infantry, three hundred and thirty-two battalions of 222,300 men—a total of 260,500 men.

Such a force as this would suffice for all probable contingencies for many years to come, except that, as the population increases on the Mexican frontier and the Pacific coast, the number of battalions there should be increased as rapidly as needed.

It is not probable that the whole of this force could be organized immediately, but the appropriation for the purpose should be ample to furnish the necessary supplies and assistance as rapidly as required.

During the first few years the amount of money expended would be considerable, but the organization once effected and supplied, the annual expense would be light in comparison with the results.

It seems to me that the general government should supply, free of cost, all the arms, ammunition, and equipments, service uniforms for officers and men, all necessary camp and garrison equipage, medical stores and ambulances, instruments for bands and field music, the requisite transportation and rations for officers and men when the troops are called out for such instruction in camp and garrison as the general government specifies.

But the individual States should provide the pay of officers and men when called out for instruction, and should also provide armories with the necessary furniture, and the grounds for the camps of instruction.

The officers and men should not be required to pay from their own pockets any of the necessary expenses of the organization; their time should be their only contribution, and even that should be paid for under the circumstances which have already been specified.

After determining the amount of serviceable breech-loading rifles, and of camp and garrison equipage and service uniforms, etc., now in possession of the State, the annual appropriation by Congress should be sufficient to complete the supplies within a period of three or four years.

It should be obligatory—a condition of the aid rendered by the United States—that the infantry and cavalry should pass at least ten days each year in a suitable camp of instruction, and that the artillery should pass at least the same time in permanent works, or at other points where they can receive instruction in handling heavy guns and their other duties. The course of instruction for all arms should be determined by the general government and strictly adhered to. It should not be confined to the ordinary drills, reviews, dress parades, and guard mounting, but should include target practice, guard and outpost duty as practiced in front of the enemy, patrols, reconnaissances, attack and defense of positions, route marches, field manœuvres under fire, etc.

It would be advantageous, wherever practicable, to assign regular troops of the different arms to these camps, not only for the benefit of their example, but to establish good relations between them, and to accustom the National Guard to act with the other arms of service.

When practicable, it would be advantageous to have the camps large enough for a brigade or division. The supply of arms and other accessories of the general government should be in proportion to the number of troops actually enlisted, organized, and efficient.

Whatever objection may be offered to the expenditure required to perfect such an organization of the National Guard can be met by the simple statement of the fact, proved so often in our own history, that our habitual economy in time of peace has always been far more than counterbalanced by the consequent unduly heavy cost of preparing suddenly for war. When we have a National Guard of sufficient strength, well armed and equipped for service, passably disciplined, accustomed to use their weapons and to act together, instructed in the rudiments, at least, of field service—in such a condition, in brief, that a few weeks' service in the camp and field will convert them into respectable soldiers, we shall have a force not only quite capable of crushing out in its beginning any attempt at riot or intestine disturbance, but also of so promptly and efficiently supporting our little regular army that none of our neighbors will be likely to seek a quarrel with us, nor will any more remote power dream for a moment of endeavoring to effect a landing upon our shores.

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"UNC' EDINBURG'S DROWNDIN."

A PLANTATION ECHO.

"WELL, suh, dat's a fac—dat's what Marse George al'ays said. 'Tis hard to spile Christmas anyways."

The speaker was "Unc' Edinburg," the driver from Werrowcoke, where I was going to spend Christmas; the time was Christmas Eve, and the place the muddiest road in eastern Virginia—a measure which, I feel sure, will to those who have any experience establish its claim to distinction.

A half-hour before, he had met me at the station, the queerest-looking, raggedest old darky conceivable, brandishing a cedar-staffed whip of enormous proportions in one hand, and clutching a calico letter-bag with a twisted string in the other; and with the exception of a brief interval of temporary suspicion on his part, due to the unfortunate fact that my luggage consisted of only a hand-satchel instead of a trunk, we had been steadily progressing in mutual esteem.

"Dee's a boy standin' by my mules; I got de ker'idge heah for you," had been his first remark on my making myself known to him. "Mistis say as how you might bring a trunk."

I at once saw my danger, and muttered something about "a short visit," but this only made matters worse.

"Dee don' nobody nuver pay short visits dyah," he said, decisively, and I fell to other tactics.

"You couldn' spile Christmas den noways," he repeated, reflectingly, while his little mules trudged knee-deep through the mud. "Twuz Christmas den, sho' 'nough," he added, the fires of memory smouldering, and then, as they blazed into sudden flame, he asserted, positively: "Dese heah free-issue niggers don' know what Christmas is. Hog meat an' pop crackers don' meck Christmas. Hit tecks ole times to meck a sho-'nough, tyahin'-down Christmas. Gord! I's seen 'em! But de wuss Christmas I ever seen tunned out de best in de een," he added, with sudden warmth, "an' dat wuz de Christmas me an' Marse George an' Reveller all got drownded down at Braxton's Creek. You's hearn 'bout dat?"

As he was sitting beside me in solid flesh and blood, and looked as little ethereal in his old hat and patched clothes as an old oak stump would have done, and as Colonel Staunton had made a world-wide reputation when he led his regiment through the Chickahominy thickets against McClellan's intrenchments, I was forced to confess that I had never been so favored, but would like to hear about it now; and with a hitch of the lap blanket under his outside knee, and a supererogatory jerk of the reins, he began:

"Well, you know, Marse George was jes eighteen when he went to college. I went wid him, 'cause me an' him wuz de same age; I was born like on a Sat'day in de Christmas, an' he wuz born in de new year on a Chuesday, an' my mammy nussed us bofe at one breast. Dat's de reason maybe huccome we took so to one nurr. He sutney set a heap o' sto' by me; an' I 'ain' nuver see nobody yit wuz good to me as Marse George."

The old fellow, after a short reverie, went on:

"Well, we growed up togerr, jes as to say two stalks in one hill. We cotch ole hyahs togerr, an' we hunted 'possums togerr, an' 'coons. Lord! he wuz a climber! I 'member a fight he had one night up in de ve'y top of a big poplar-tree wid a 'coon, whar he done gone up after, an' he flung he hat over he head; an' do' de varmint leetle mo' tyah him all to pieces, he fotch him down dat tree 'live; an' me an' him had him at Christmas. 'Coon meat mighty good when dee fat, you know?"

As this was a direct request for my judgment, I did not have the moral courage to raise an issue, although my views on the subject of 'coon meat are well known to my family, so I grunted something which I doubt not he took for assent, and he proceeded:

"Dee warn' nuttin he didn' lead de row in; he wuz de bes' swimmer I ever see, an' he handled a skiff same as a fish handle heself. An' I wuz wid him constant; wharever you see Marse George, dyah Edinburg sho, jes like he shadow. So twuz, when he went to de university; 'twarn' nuttin would do but I got to go too. Marster he didn' teck much to de notion, but Marse George wouldn' have it no urr way, an' co'se mistis she teck he side. So I went 'long as he body-servant to teck keer on him an' help meck him a gent'man. An'

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he wuz, too. From time he got dyah tell he come 'way he wuz de head man.

"Dee warn' but one man dyah didn' compliment him, an' dat wuz Mr. Darker. But he warn' nuttin! not dat he didn' come o' right good fambly—'cep' dee politics; but he wuz sutney pitted, jes like sometimes you see a weevly runty pig in a right good litter. Well, Mr. Darker he al'ays 'ginst Marse George; he hate me an' him bofe, an' he sutney act mischeevous todes us; 'cause he know he warn' as we all. De Stauntons dee wuz de popularitiest folks in Virginia; an' dee wuz highlarnt besides. So when Marse George run for de medal, an' wuz to meck he gret speech, Mr. Darker he speak 'ginst him. Dat's what Marse George whip him 'bout. 'Ain' nobody nuver told you 'bout dat?"

I again avowed my misfortune; and although it manifestly aroused new doubts, he worked it off on the mules, and once more took up his story:

"Well, you know, dee had been speakin' 'ginst one nurr ev'y Sat'dy night; an' ev'ybody knowed Marse George wuz de bes' speaker, but dee give him one mo' sho', an' dee was bofe gwine spread deeselves, an' dee wuz two urr gent'mens also gwine speak. An' dat night when Mr. Darker got up he meck sich a fine speech ev'ybody wuz s'prised; an' some on 'em say Mr. Darker done beat Marse George. But shuh! I know better'n dat; an' Marse George face look so curious; but, suh, when he riz I knowed der wuz somen gwine happen—I wuz leanin' in de winder. He jes step out in front an' throwed up he head like a horse wid a rank kyurb on him, an' den he begin; an' twuz jes like de river when hit gits out he bank. He swep' ev'ything. When he fust open he mouf I knowed twuz comin'; he face wuz pale, an' he wuds tremble like a fiddle-string, but he eyes wuz blazin', an' in a minute he wuz jes reshin'. He voice soun' like a bell; an' he jes wallered dat turr man, an' wared him out; an' when he set down dee all yelled an' hollered so you couldn' heah you' ears. Gent'mans, twuz royal!

"Den dee tuck de vote, an' Marse George got it munanimous, an' dee all hollered agin, all 'cep' a few o' Mr. Darker friends. An' Mr. Darker he wuz de second. An' den dee broke up. An' jes den Marse George walked thoo de crowd straight up to him, an' lookin' him right in de eyes, says to him, 'You stole dat speech you made to-night.' Well, suh, you ought to 'a hearn 'em; hit soun' like a mill-dam. You couldn' heah nuttin 'cep' roarin', an' you couldn' see nuttin 'cep' shovin'; but, big as he wuz, Marse George beat him; an' when dee pull him off, do' he face wuz mighty pale, he stan' out befo' 'em all, dem whar wuz 'ginst him, an' all, an' as straight as an arrow, an' say: 'Dat speech wuz written an' printed years ago by somebody or nurr in Congress, an' this man stole it; had he beat me only, I should not have said one word; but as he has beaten others, I shall show him up!' Gord, suh, he voice wuz clear as a game rooster. I sutney wuz proud on him.

"He did show him up, too, but Mr. Darker ain' wait to see it; he lef' dat night. An' Marse George he wuz de popularest gent'man at dat university. He could handle dem students dyah same as a man handle a hoe.

"Well, twuz de next Christmas we meet Miss Charlotte an' Nancy. Mr. Braxton invite we all to go down to spen' Christmas wid him at he home. An' sich a time as we had!

"We got dyah Christmas Eve night—dis very night—jes befo' supper, an' jes natchelly froze to death," he pursued, dealing in his wonted hyperbole, "an' we jes had time to git a apple toddy or two when supper was ready, an' wud come dat dee wuz waitin' in de hall. I had done fix Marse George up gorgeousome, I tell you; an' when he walked down dem stairs in dat swaller-tail coat, an' dem paten'-leather pumps on, dee warn nay one dyah could tetch him; he looked like he own 'em all. I jes rest my mind. I seen him when he shake hands wid 'em all roun', an' I say, 'Um-m-m! he got 'em.'

"But he ain' teck noticement o' none much tell Miss Charlotte come. She didn' live dyah, had jes come over de river dat evenin' from her home, 'bout ten miles off, to spen' Christmas like we all, an' she come down de stairs jes as Marse George finish shakin' hands. I seen he eye light on her as she come down de steps smilin', wid her dim blue dress trainin' behind her, an' her little blue foots peepin' out so pretty, an' holdin' a little hankcher, lookin' like a spider-web, in one hand, an' a gret blue fan in turr, spread out like a peacock tail, an' jes her roun' arms an' th'oat white, an' her gret dark eyes lightin' up her face. I say, 'Dyah 'tis!' an' when de ole Cun'l stan' aside an' interduce 'em, an' Marse George

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step for'ard an' meek he grand bow, an' she sort o' swing back an' gin her curtchy, wid her dress sort o' dammed up 'ginst her, an' her arms so white, an' her face sort o' sunsetty, I say, 'Yes, Lord! Edinburg, dyah you mistis.' Marse George look like he think she done come down right from de top o' de blue sky an' bring piece on it wid her. He ain' nuver took he eyes from her dat night. Dee glued to her, mun! an' she—well, do' she mighty rosy, an' look mighty unconsarned, she sutney ain' hender him. Hit look like kyarn nobody else tote dat fan an' pick up dat hankcher skuzin o' him; an' after supper, when dee all playin' blindman's-buff in de hall—I don' know how twuz—but do' she jes as nimble as a filly, an' her ankle jes as clean, an' she kin git up her dress an' dodge out de way o' ev'ybody else, somehow or nurr she kyarn help him ketchin' her to save her life; he always got her corndered; an' when dee'd git fur apart, dat ain' nuttin, dee jes as sure to come togerr agin as water is whar you done run you hand thoo. An' do' he kiss ev'ybody else under de mestletow, 'cause dee be sort o' cousins, he ain' nuver kiss her, nor nobody else nurr, 'cep' de ole Cun'l. I wuz standin' down at de een de hall wid de black folks, an' I notice it 'tic'lar, 'cause I done meek de 'quaintance o' Nancy; she wuz Miss Charlotte's maid; a mighty likely young gal she wuz den, an' jes as impident as a fly. She see it too, do' she ain' 'low it. Fust thing I know I seen a mighty likely light-skinned gal standin' dyah by me, wid her hyah mos' straight as white folks, an' a mighty good frock on, an' a clean apron, an' her hand mos' like a lady, only it brown, an' she keep on 'vidin' her eyes twix me an' Miss Charlotte; when I watchin' Miss Charlotte she watchin' me, an' when I steal my eye roun' on her she noticin' Miss Charlotte; an' presney I sort o' sidle 'longside her, an' I say, 'Lady, you mighty sprightly tonight.' An' she say, she 'bleeged to be sprightly, her mistis look so good; an' I ax her which one twuz, an' she tell me, 'Dat queen one over dyah,' an' I tell her dee's a king dyah too, she got her eye set for; an' when I say her mistis tryin' to set her cap for Marse George, she fly up, an' say she an' her mistis don' have to set dee cap for nobody; *dee* got to set dee cap an' all dee clo'es for dem, an' den dee ain' gwine cotch 'em, 'cause dee ain' studyin' 'bout no up-country folks whar dee ain' nobody know nuttin 'bout.

"Well, dat oudaciousness so aggrivate me, I lite into dat nigger right dyah. I tell her she ain' been nowhar 'tall ef she don' know we all; dat we wuz de bes' of quality, de ve'y top de pot; an' den I tell her 'bout how gret we wuz; how de ker'idges wuz al'ays hitched up night an' day, an' niggers jes thick as weeds; an' how Unc' Torm he wared he swaller-tail ev'y day when he wait on de table; an' Marse George he won' wyah a coat mo'n once or twice anyways, to save you life. Oh! I sutnéy 'stonish dat nigger, 'cause I wuz teckin up for de fambly, an' I meck out like dee use gold up home like urr folks use wood, an' sow silver like urr folks sow wheat; an' when I got thoo dee wuz all on 'em listenin', an' she 'lowed dat Marse George he were ve'y good, sho 'nough, ef twarn for he nigger; but I ain' tarrifyin' myself none 'bout dat, 'cause I know she jes projickin, an' she couldn' help bein' impident ef you wuz to whup de frock off her back.

"Jes den dee struck up de dance. Dee had wheel de pianer out in de hall, an' somebody say Jack Forester had come 'cross de river, an' all on 'em say dee mus' git Jack; an' presney he come in wid he fiddle, grinnin' an' scrapin', 'cause he wuz a notable fiddler, do' I don' think he wuz equal to we all's Tubal, an' I know he couldn' tetch Marse George, 'cause Marse George wuz a natchel fiddler, jes like 'coons is natchel pacers, an' mules is natchel kickers. Howsomever, he sutney jucked a jig sweet, an' when he shake dat bow you couldn' help you foot switchin' a leetle—not ef you wuz a member of de chutch. He wuz a mighty sinful man, Jack wuz, an' dat fiddle had done drawed many souls to torment.

"Well, in a minute dee wuz all flyin', an' Jack he wuz rockin' like boat rockin' on de water, an' he face right shiny, an' he teef look like ear o' corn he got in he mouf, an' he big foot set 'way out keepin' time, an' Marse George he wuz in de lead row dyah too; ev'y chance he git he tunned Miss Charlotte—'petchel motion, right hand across, an' cauliflower, an' coquette—dee coquette plenty o' urrs, but I notice dee ain' nuver fail to tun one nurr, an' ev'y tun he gin she wrappin' de chain roun' him; once when dee wuz 'prominadin-all' down we all's een o' de hall, as he tunned her somebody step on her dress an' to' it. I heah de screech o' de silk, an' Nancy say, 'O Lord!' den she say, 'Nem mine! now I'll git it!' an' dee stop for a minute for

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Marse George to pin it up, while turrers went on, an' Marse George wuz down on he knee, an' she look down on him mighty sweet out her eyes, an' say, 'Hit don' meck no difference,' an' he glance up an' cotch her eye, an', jes dout a wud, he tyah a gret piece right out de silk an' slipt it in he bosom, an' when he got up, he say, right low, lookin' in her eyes right deep, 'I gwine wyah dis at my weddin',' an' she jes look sweet as candy; an' ef Nancy ever wyah dat frock I ain' see it.

"Den presney dee wuz talkin' 'bout stoppin'. De ole Cun'l say hit time to have prars, an' dee wuz beggin' him to wait a leetle while; an' Jack Forester lay he fiddle down nigh Marse George, an' he picked 't up an' drawed de bow 'cross it jes to try it, an' den jes projickin' he struck dat chune 'bout 'You'll ermember me.' He hadn' mo'n tetch de string when you could heah a pin drop. Marse George he warn noticin', an' he jes lay he face on de fiddle, wid he eyes sort o' half shet, an' drawed her out like he'd do some nights at home in de moonlight on de gret porch, tell on a sudden he looked up an' cotch Miss Charlotte eye leanin' for'ards so earnest, an' all on 'em list'nin', an' he stopt, an' dee all clapt dee hands, an' he sudney drapt into a jig. Jack Forester ain' had to play no mo' dat night; even de ole Cun'l ketched de fever, an' he stept out in de flo', in he long-tail coat an' high collar, an' knocked 'em off de 'Snow-bud on de Ash-bank,' an' 'Chicken in de Bread-tray,' right natchel. Oh, he could jes plank 'em down!

"Oh, dat wuz a Christmas like you been read 'bout! An' twuz hard to tell which gittin cotch most, Marse George or me, 'cause dat nigger she jes as confusin' as Miss Charlotte. An' she sutney wuz sp'ilt dem days; ev'y nigger on dat place got he eye on her, an' she jes as oudacious an' aggrivatin as jes womens kin be. Dees monsus 'ceivin' critters, womens is, jes as onreliable as de hind-leg of a mule; a man got to watch 'em all de time; you kyarn break 'em like you kin horses. Now dat off mule dyah" (indicating, by a lazy but not light lash of his whip the one selected for his illustration), "dee ain' no countin' on her at all; she go 'long all day, or maybe a week, jes dat easy an' sociable, an' fust thing you know you ain' know nuttin, she done knock you brains out; dee ain' no 'pondence to be placed in 'em 'tall, suh; she jes as sweet as a kiss one minute, an' next time she come out de house she got her head up in de air, an' her ears backed, an' goin' 'long switchin' herself like I ain' good 'nough for her to walk on.

"'Fox-huntin's?' oh, yes, suh, ev'y day mos'; an' when Marse George didn' git de tail, twuz 'cause twuz a bob-tail fox—you heah me! He play de fiddle for he pastime, but he fotched up in de saddle—dat he cradle.

"De fust day dee went out I heah Nancy quoilin 'bout de tail layin' on Miss Charlotte dressin'-table gittin' hyahs over ev'ything.

"One day de ladies went out too, Miss Charlotte 'mongst 'em, on Miss Lucy gray myah Switchity, an' Marse George he rid Mr. Braxton's chestnut Willful. Well, suh, he stick so close to dat gray myah, he leetle mo' los' dat fox; but, Lord! he know what he 'bout—he monsus 'ceivin' 'bout dat!—he know de way de fox gwine jes as well as he know heself; an' all de time he leadin' Miss Charlotte whar she kin heah de music, but he watchin' him too, jes as narrow as a ole hound. So, when de fox tun de head o' de creek, Marse George had Miss Charlotte on de aidge o' de flat, an' he de fust man see de fox tun down on turr side wid de hounds right rank after him. Dat sort o' set him back, 'cause by rights de fox ought to 'a double an' come back dis side; he kyarn git out dat way, an' two or three gent'mens dee had see it too, an' wuz jes layin' de horses to de groun' to git roun' fust, 'cause de creek wuz heap too wide to jump, an' wuz 'way over you head, an' hit cold as Christmas, sho 'nough; well, suh, when dee tunned, Mr. Clarke he wuz in de lead (he wuz ridin' for Miss Charlotte too), an' hit fyah set Marse George on fire; he ain' said but one wud, 'Wait,' an' jes set de chestnut's head straight for de creek, whar de fox comin' wid he tail up on he back, an' de dogs ravlin mos' on him. De ladies screamed, an' some de gent'mens hollered for him to come back, but he ain' mind; he went 'cross dat flat like a wild-duck; an' when he retch de water he horse try to flinch, but dat hand on de bridle, an' dem rowels in he side, an' he 'bleeged to teck it. Lord, suh, sich a screech as dee set up! But he wuz swimmin' for life, an' he wuz up de bank an' in de middle o' de dogs time dee tetched ole Gray Jacket; an' when Mr. Clarke got dyah Marse George wuz stan'in' holdin' up de tail for Miss Charlotte to see, turrer side de creek, an' de hounds wuz wallerin' all over

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de body, an' I don' think Mr. Clarke done got up wid 'em yit.

"He cotch de fox, an' he cotch some'n' else besides, in my 'pinion, 'cause when de ladies went upstairs dat night Miss Charlotte had to wait on de steps for a glass o' water, an' couldn' nobody git it but Marse George; an' den when she tell him good-night over de banisters, he couldn' say it good enough; he got to kiss her hand; an' she ain' do nuttin but jes peep upstairs ef anybody dyah lookin'; an' when I come thoo de do' she juck her hand 'way an' ran upstairs jes as farst as she could. Marse George look at me sort o' laughin', an' say: 'Confound you! Nancy couldn' been very good to you.' An' I say, 'She le' me squench my thirst kissin' her hand'; an' he sort o' laugh an' tell me to keep my mouf shet.

"But dat ain' de on'y time I come on 'em. Dee al'ays gittin' corndered; an' de evenin' befo' we come 'way I wuz gwine in thoo de conservity, an' dyah dee wuz sort o' hide 'way. Miss Charlotte she wuz settin' down, an' Marse George he wuz leanin' over her, got her hand to he face, talkin' right low an' lookin' right sweet, an' she ain' say nuttin; an' presney he dropt on one knee by her, an' slip he arm roun' her, an' try to look in her eyes, an' she so 'shamed to look at him she got to hide her face on he shoulder, an' I slipt out.

"We come 'way next mornin'. When marster heah 'bout it he didn' teck to de notion at all, 'cause her pa—dat is, he warn' her own pa, 'cause he had married her ma when she wuz a widder after Miss Charlotte pa died, an' he politics warn' same as ourn. 'Why, you kin never stand him, suh,' he said to Marse George. 'We won't mix any mo'n fire and water; you ought to have found that out at college; dat fellow Darker is his son.'

"Marse George he say he know dat; but he on'y de step-brurr of de young lady, an' ain' got a drap o' her blood in he veins, an' he didn' know it when he meet her, an' anyhow hit wouldn' meck any diffence; an' when de mistis see how sot Marse George is on it she teck he side, an' dat fix it; 'cause when ole mistis warn marster to do a thing, hit jes good as done. I don' keer how much he rar roun' an' say he ain' gwine do it, you jes well go 'long an' put on you hat; you gwine see him presney doin' it jes peaceable as a lamb. She tun him jes like she got bridle on him, an' he ain' nuver know it.

"So she got him jes straight as a string. An' when de time come for Marse George to go, marster he mo' consarned 'bout it 'n Marse George; he ain' say nuttin 'bout it befo', but now he walkin' roun' an' roun' axin mistis mo' questions 'bout he cloes an' he horse an' all; an' dat mornin' he gi' him he two Sunday razors, an' gi' me a pyah o' boots an' a beaver hat, 'cause I wuz gwine wid him to kyar he portmanteau, an' git he shavin' water, sence marster say ef he wuz gwine marry a Locofoco, he at least must go like a gent'man; an' me an' Marse George had done settle it 'twixt us, 'cause we al'ays set bofe we traps on de same hyah parf.

"Well, we got 'em, an' when I ax dat gal out on de wood-pile dat night, she say bein' as her mistis gwine own me, an' we bofe got to be in de same estate, she reckon she ain' nuver gwine to be able to git shet o' me; an' den I clamp her. Oh, she wuz a beauty!"

A gesture and guffaw completed the recital of his conquest.

"Yes, suh, we got 'em sho!" he said, presently. "Dee couldn' persist us; we crowd 'em into de fence an' run 'em off dee foots.

"Den come de 'gagement; an' ev'ything wuz smooth as silk. Marse George an' me wuz ridin' over dyah constant, on'y we nuver did git over bein' skeered when we wuz ridin' up dat turpentine road facin' all dem winders. Hit 'pear like ev'ybody in de wull 'mos' wuz lookin' at us.

"One evenin' Marse George say, 'Edinburg, d'you ever see as many winders p'intin' one way in you' life? When I git a house,' he say, 'I gwine have all de winders lookin' turr way.' But dat evenin', when I see Miss Charlotte come walkin' out de gret parlor wid her hyah sort o' rumpled over her face, an' some yaller roses on her bres, an' her gret eyes so soft an' sweet, an' Marse George walkin' 'long hinst her, so peaceable, like she got chain roun' him, I say, 'Winders ain' nuttin.' Oh, twuz jes like holiday all de time! An' den Miss Charlotte come over to see mistis, an' of co'se she bring her maid wid her, 'cause she 'bleeged to have her maid, you know, an' dat wuz de bes' of all. Dat evenin', 'bout sunset, dee come drivin' up in de big ker'idge, wid dee gret hyah trunk stropped on de seat behind, an' Nancy she settin' by Billy, an' Marse George settin' inside by he rose-bud, 'cause he had done gone down to bring her up; an' marster he done been drest in he blue coat an' yallow west-

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ket ever sence dinner, an' walkin' roun', watchin' up de road all de time, an' tellin' de mistis he reckon dee ain' comin', an' ole mistis she try to pacify him, an' she come out presney drest, an' rustlin' in her stiff black silk an' all, an' when de ker'idge come in sight, ev'ybody wuz runnin'; an' when dee draw up to de do', Marse George he help her out an' 'duce her to marster an' ole mistis; an' marster he start to meck her a gret bow, an' she jes put up her mouf like a little gal to be kissed, an' dat got him. An' mistis teck her right in her arms an' kiss her twice, an' de servants dee wuz all peepin' an' grinnin'. Ev'ywhar you tun you see a nigger teef, 'cause dee all warn see de young mistis whar good 'nough for Marse George. Dee ain' gwine be married tell de next fall, 'count o' Miss Charlotte bein' so young; but she jes good as b'longst to we all now; an' ole marster an' mistis dee jes as much in love wid her as Marse George. Hi! dee warn pull de house down an' buil' it over for her! An' ev'y han' on de place he peepin' to try to git a look at he young mistis whar he gwine b'longst to. One evenin' dee all on 'em come roun' de porch an' send for Marse George, an' when he come out, Charley Brown (he al'ays de speaker, 'cause he got so much mouf, kin talk pretty as white folks), he say dee warn interduce to de young mistis, an' pay dee bespects to her; an' presney Marse George lead her out on de porch laughin' at her, wid her face jes rosy as a wine-sap apple, an' she meck 'em a beautiful bow, an' speak to 'em ev'y one, Marse George namin' de names; an' Charley Brown he meck her a pretty speech, an' tell her we mighty proud to own her; an' one o' dem impident gals ax her to gin her dat white frock when she git married; an' when she say, 'Well, what am I goin' weah?' Sally say, 'Lord, honey, Marse George gwine dress you in pure gol'!' an' she look up at him wid sparks flashin' out her eyes, while he look like dat ain' good 'nough for her. An' so twuz, when she went 'way, Sally Marshall got dat frock, an' proud on it I tell you.

"Oh yes; he sutney mindin' her tender. Hi! when she go to ride in evenin' wid him, de ain' no horse-block good 'nough for her! Marse George got to have her step in he hand; an' when dee out walkin' he got de umbreller holdin' 't over her all de time, he so feared de sun 'll kiss her; an' dee walk so slow down dem walks in de shade you got to sight 'em by a tree to tell ef dee movin' 'tall. She use' to look like she used to it too, I tell you, 'cause she wuz quality, one de white-skinned ones; an' she'd set in dem big cheers, wid her little foots on de cricket whar Marse George al'ays set for her, he so feared dee'd tetch de groun', jes like she on her throne; an' ole marster he'd watch her 'mos' edmirin as Marse George; an' when she went 'way hit sutney was lonesome. Hit look like daylight gone wid her. I don' know which I miss mos', Miss Charlotte or Nancy.

"Den Marse George was 'lected to de Legislature, an' ole Jedge Darker run for de Senator, an' Marse George vote gin him an' beat him. An' dat commence de fuss; an' den dat man gi' me de whuppin, an' dat breck 'tup an' breck he heart.

"You see, after Marse George wuz 'lected ('lections wuz 'lections dem days; dee warn' no bait-gode 'lections, wid ev'y sort o' worms squirmin' up 'ginst one nurr, wid piece o' paper d' ain' know what on, drappin' in a chink; didn' nuttin but gent'mens vote den, an' dee took dee dram, an' vote out loud, like gent'mens)—well, arter Marse George wuz 'lected, de parties wuz jes as even balanced as stilyuds, an' wen dee ax Marse George who wuz to be de Senator, he vote for de Whig, 'ginst de ole jedge, an' dat beat him, of co'se. An' dee ain' got sense to know he 'bleeged to vote wid he politics. Dat he sprinciple; he kyarn vote for Locofoco, I don' keer ef he is Miss Charlotte pa, much less her steppa. Of co'se de ole jedge ain' speak to him arter dat, nur is Marse George ax him to. But who dat gwine s'pose women-folks got to put dee mouf in too? Miss Charlotte she write Marse George a letter dat pester him mightily; he set up all night answerin' dat letter, an' he mighty solemn, I tell you. An' I wuz gittin' right grewsome myself,' cause I studyin' 'bout dat gal down dyah whar I done gi' my wud to, an' when dee ain' no letters come torectly hit hard to tell which one de anxiouser, me or Marse George. Den presney I so 'straughted 'long o' it I ax Aunt Haly 'bouten it: she know all sich things, 'cause she 'mos' a hunderd years ole, an' seed evil sperits, an' got skoripins up her chimney, an' knowed cunjure; an' she ax me what wuz de signication, an' I tell her I ain' able nuther to eat nor to sleep, an' dat gal come foolin' 'long me when I sleep jes like as natchel as ef I see her sho 'nough. An' she say I done con-

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jured; dat de gal done tricked me. Oh, Gord! dat skeered me. You white folks, marster, don' b'lieve nuttin like dat; y' all got too much sense, 'cause y' all kin read; but niggers dee ain' know no better, an' I sutney wuz skeered, 'cause Aunt Haly say my coffin done seasoned, de planks up de chimney. Well, I got so bad Marse George ax me 'bout it, an' he sort o' laugh an' sort o' cuss, an' he tell Aunt Haly ef she don' stop dat foolishness skeerin' me he'll sell her an' teah her ole skoripin house down. Well, co'se he jes talkin', an' he ax me next day how'd I like to go an' see my sweetheart. Gord! suh, I got well torectly. So I set off next evenin', feelin' jes big as ole marster, wid my pass in my pocket, which I warn' to show nobody 'douten I 'bleeged to, 'cause Marse George didn' warn nobody to know he le' me go. An' den dat rascallion teck de shut off my back. But ef Marse George didn' pay him de wuth o' it!

"I done git 'long so good, too. When Nancy see me she sutney was 'stonished. She come roun' de cornder in de back yard whar I settin' in Nat's do' (he wuz de gardener) wid her hyah all done untwist, an' breshed out mighty fine, an' a clean ap'on wid fringe on it, meckin' out she so s'prised to see me (whar wuz all a lie, 'cause some on 'em done notify her I dyah), an' she say, 'Hi! what dis black nigger doin' heah?'

"An' I say, 'Who you callin' nigger, you impident kercumber-faced thing you?' Den we shake hands, an' I tell her Marse George done set me free—dat I done buy myself; dat's de lie I done lay off to tell her.

"An' when I tole her dat, she bust out laughin', an' say, well, I better go 'long 'way, den, dat she don' warn no free nigger to be comp'ny for her. Dat sort o' set me back, an' I tell her she kickin' 'fo' she spurred, dat I ain' got her in my mine; I got a nurr gal at home whar grievin' 'bout me dat ve'y minute. An' after I tell her all sich lies as dat, presney she ax me ain' I hongry; an' ef dat nigger didn' git her mammy to gi' me de bes' supter! Umm-m! I kin 'mos' tas'e it now. Wheat bread off de table, an' zerves, an' fat bacon, tell I couldn' 'a put a nurr moufful nowhar sep'n' I'd teck my hat. Dat night I tote Nancy water for her, an' I tell her all 'bout ev'ything, an' she jes sweet as honey. Next mornin', do', she done sort o' tunned some, an' ain' so sweet. You know how milk gits sort o' bonnyclabberish? An' when she see me she 'gin to 'buse me—say I jes tryin' to fool her, an' all de time got nurr wife at home, or gittin' ready to git one, for all she know, an' she ain' know wherr Marse George ain' jes 'ceivin' as I is; an' nem mine, she got plenty warn marry her; an' as to Miss Charlotte, she got de whole wull; Mr. Darker he ain' got nobody in he way now, dat he deah all de time, an' ain' gwine West no mo'. Well, dat aggrivate me so I tell her ef she say dat 'bout Marse George I gwine knock her; an' wid dat she got so oudacious I meck out I gwine 'way, an' lef' her, an' went up todes de barn; an' up dyah, fust thing I know, I come across dat ar man Mr. Darker. Soon as he see me he begin to cuss me, an' he ax me what I doin' on dat land, an' I tell him nuttin. An' he say, well, he gwine to gi' me some'n; he gwine teach me to come prowlin' round gent'men's houses. An' he meck me go in de barn an' teck off my shut, an' he beat me wid he whup tell de blood run out my back. He sutney did beat me scandalous, 'cause he done hate me an' Marse George ever since we wuz at college togurr. An' den he say: 'Now you git right off dis land. Ef either you or you marster ever put you foot on it, you'll git de same thing agin.' An' I tell you, Edinburg he come 'way, 'cause he sutney had worry me. I ain' stop to see Nancy or nobody; I jes come 'long, shakin' de dust, I tell you. An' as I come 'long de road I pass Miss Charlotte walkin' on de lawn by herself, an' she call me: 'Why, hi! ain' dat Edinburg?'

"She look so sweet, an' her voice soun' so cool, I say, 'Yes'm; how you do, missis?' An' she say, she ve'y well, an' how I been, an' whar I gwine? I tell her I ain' feelin' so well, dat I gwine home. 'Hi!' she say, 'is anybody treat you bad?' An' I tell her, 'Yes'm.' An' she say, 'Oh! Nancy don' mean nuttin by dat; dat you mus'n mine what womens say an' do, 'cause dee feel sorry for it next minute; an' sometimes dee kyarn help it, or maybe hit you fault; an', anyhow, you ought to be willin' to overlook it; an' I better go back an' wait till to-morrow—ef—ef I ain' 'bleeged to git home to-day.'

"She got mighty mixed up in de een part o' dat, an' she looked mighty anxious 'bout me an' Nancy; an' I tell her, 'Nor'm, I 'bleeged to git home.'

"Well, when I got home Marse George he warn know all dat gwine on; but I

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mighty sick—dat man done beat me so; an' he ax me what de marter, an' I upped an' tell him.

"Gord! I nuver see a man in sich a rage. He call me in de office an' meck me teck off my shut, an' he fyah bust out cryin'. He walked up an' down dat office like a caged lion. Ef he had got he hand on Mr. Darker den, he'd 'a kilt him, sho!

"He wuz most 'stracted. I don' know what he'd been ef I'd tell him what Nancy tell me. He call for Peter to git he horse torectly, an' he tell me to go an' git some'n' from mammy to put on my back, an' to go to bed torectly, an' not to say nuttin to nobody, but to tell he pa he'd be away for two days, maybe; an' den he got on Reveller an' galloped 'way hard as he could wid he jaw set farst, an' he heaviest whip clamped in he hand. Gord! I wuz most hopin' he wouldn' meet dat man, 'cause I feared ef he did he'd kill him; an' he would, sho, ef he had meet him right den; dee say he leetle mo' did when he fine him next day, an' he had done been ridin' den all night; he cotch him at a sto' on de road, an' dee say he leetle mo' cut him all to pieces; he drawed a weepin on him, but Marse George wrench it out he hand an' flung it over de fence; an' when dee got him 'way he had weared he whup out on him; an' he got dem whelps on him now, ef he ain' dead. Yes, suh, he ain' let nobody else do dat he ain' do heself, sho!

"Dat done de business! He sont Marse George a challenge, but Marse George sont him wud he'll cowhide him agin ef he ever heah any mo' from him, an' he 'ain't. Dat perrify him, so he shet he mouf. Den come he ring an' all he pictures an' things back—a gret box on 'em, and not a wud wid 'em. Marse George, I think he know'd dee wuz comin', but dat ain' keep it from huttin him, 'cause he done been 'gaged to Miss Charlotte, an' got he mine riveted to her; an' do' befo' dat dee had stop writin', an' a riff done git 'twixt 'em, he ain' satisfied in he mine dat she ain't gwine 'pologizee—I know by Nancy; but now he got de confirmation dat he done for good, an' dat de gret gulf fixed 'twix him an' Abraham bosom. An', Gord, suh, twuz torment, sho 'nough! He ain' say nuttin 'bout it, but I see de light done pass from him, an' de darkness done wrap him up in it. In a leetle while you wouldn' 'a knowed him. Deir ole mistis died. B'lieve me, ole marster he 'most much hut by Miss Charlotte as Marse George. He meck a 'tempt to buy Nancy for me, so I find out arterward, an' write Jedge Darker he'll pay him anything he'll ax for her, but he letter wuz sont back 'dout any answer. He sutney was mad 'bout it—he say he'd horsewhip him as Marse George did dat urr young puppy, but ole mistis wouldn' le' him do nuttin, and den he grieve heself to death. You see he mighty ole, anyways. He nuver got over ole mistis death. She had been failin' a long time, an' he ain' tarry long 'hinst her; hit sort o' like breckin up a holler—de ole 'coon goes 'way soon arter dat; an' marster nuver could pin he own collar or buckle he own stock—mistis she al'ays do dat; an' do' Marse George do de bes' he kin, an' mighty willin', he kyarn handle pin like a woman; he hand tremble like a p'inter dog; an' anyways he ain' ole mistis. So ole marster foller her dat next fall, when dee wuz gittin in de corn, an' Marse George he ain' got nobody in de wull left; he all alone in dat gret house, an' I wonder sometimes he ain' die too, 'cause he sutney wuz fond o' ole marster. When ole mistis wuz dyin' she tell him to be good to ole marster, an' patient wid him, 'cause he ain' got nobody but him now (ole marster he had jes step out de room to cry); an' Marse George he lean over her an' kiss her an' promise her faithful he would. An' he sutney wuz tender wid him as a woman; an' when ole marster die he set by him an' hol' he hand an' kiss him sorf, like he wuz ole mistis. But, Gord! twuz lonesome arter dat, an' Marse George eyes look wistful, like he al'ays lookin' far 'way; an' Aunt Haly say he see harnts whar walk 'bout in de gret house. She say dee walk dyah constant of nights sence ole marster done alterate de rooms from what dee wuz when he gran'pa buil' 'em, an' dat dee huntin' for dee ole chambers an' kyarn git no rest 'cause dee kyarn fine 'em. I don't know how dat wuz. I know Marse George *he* used to walk about heself mightily of nights. All night long, all night long, I'd heah him tell de chickens crowin' dee second crow, an' some mornin's I'd go dyah an' he ain' even rumple de bed. I thought sho he wuz gwine die, but I suppose he done 'arn he days to be long in de land, an' dat save him. But hit sutney wuz lonesome, an' he nuver went off de plantation, an' he got older an' older, tell we all thought he wuz gwine die. An' one day come jes befo' Christmas, 'bout nigh two year after marster

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head he had; an' Jack say de whole fiddle warn' wuff de five dollars.

"Me an' Nancy followed 'em tell dee went in de house, an' den we come back to de shop whar de supper wuz gwine on, an' got we all supper an' a leetle sop o' dat yaller gravy out dat big bowl, an' den we all rejourned to de laundry agin, an' got onder de big bush o' misseltow whar hangin' from de jice, an' ef you ever see scufflin' dat's de time.

"Well, me an' she had jes done lay off de whole Christmas, when wud come dat Marse George want he horses.

"I went, but it sutney breck me up; an' I wonder whar de name o' Gord Marse George gwine sen' me dat cold night, an' jes as I got to de do' Marse George an' Mr. Braxton come out, an' I know torectly Marse George wuz gwine home. I seen he face by de light o' de lantern, an' twuz set jes rigid as a rock. Mr. Braxton he wuz beggin' him to stay; he tell him he ruinin' he life, dat he sho dee's some mistake, an' 'twill be all right. An' all de answer Marse George meck wuz to swing heself up in de saddle, an' Reveller he look like he gwine fyah 'stracted. He al'ays mighty fool anyways when he git cold, dat horse wuz.

"Well, we come 'long 'way, an' Mr. Braxton an' two mens come down to de river wid lanterns to see us cross, 'cause twuz dark as pitch, sho 'nough. An' jes 'fo' I started I got one o' de mens to hol' my horses, an' I went in de kitchen to git warm, an' dyah Nancy wuz. An' she say Miss Charlotte upsteairs cryin' right now, 'cause she think Marse George gwine cross de river 'count o' her, an' she whimper a little herself when I tell her good-by. But twuz too late den. Well, de river wuz jes natchelly b'ilin', an' hit soun' like a mill-dam roarin' by; an' when we got dyah Marse George tunned to me an' tell me he reckon I better go back. I ax him whar he gwine, an' he say, 'Home.' 'Den I gwine wid you,' I says. I wuz mighty skeered, but me an' Marse George wuz boys togerr; an' he plunged right in, an' I after him.

"Gord! twuz cold as ice; an' we hadn' got in befo' bofe horses wuz swimmin' for life. He holler to me to byah de myah head up de stream; an' I did try, but what's a nigger to dat water! Hit jes pick me up an' dash me down like I ain' no mo'n a chip, an' de fust thing I know I gwine down de stream like a piece of bark, an' water washin' all over me. I knowed den I gone, an' I hollered for Marse George for help. I heah him answer me not to git skeered, but to hold on; but de myah wuz lungin' an' de water wuz all over me like ice, an' den I washed off de myah back, an' got drownded. I 'member comin' up an' hollerin' agin for help, but I know den 'tain' no use, dee ain' no help den, an' I got to pray to Gord, an' den some'n hit me an' I went down agin, an'—de next thing I know, I wuz in de bed, an' I heah 'em talkin' 'bout wherr I dead or not, an' I ain' know myself tell I taste de whiskey dee po'rin' down my jugular. An' den dee tell me 'bout how when I hollered Marse George tun back an' struck out for me for life, an' how jes as I went down de last time he cotch me an' helt on to me tell we wash down to whar de bank curve, an' dyah de current wuz so rapid hit yuck him off Reveller back, but he helt on to de reins tell de horse lunge so he hit him wid he fo'-foot an' breck he collar-bone, an' den he had to let him go, an' jes helt on to me; an' jes den we wash up agin de bank an' cotch in a tree, an' de mens got dyah quick as dee could, an' when dee retched us Marse George wuz holdin' on to me, an' had he arm wropped roun' a limb, an' we wuz lodged in de crotch, an' bofe jes as dead as a nail; an' de myah she got out, but Reveller he wuz drownded, wid his foot cotch in de rein an' de saddle tunned onder he side; an' dee ain' know wherr Marse George ain' dead too, 'cause he not only drownded, but he lef' arm broke up nigh de shoulder. An' dee say Miss Charlotte she 'mos' 'stracted; dat de fust thing anybody know 'bout it wuz when some de servants bust in de hall an' holler, and say Marse George an' me done bofe washed 'way an' drownded, an' dat she drapt down dead on de flo', an' when dee bring her to she 'low to Miss Lucy dat she de 'casion on he death; an' dee say dat when de mens wuz totin' him in de house, an' wuz shufflin' de feets not to meck no noige, an' a little piece o' blue silk drapt out he breast whar somebody picked up an' gin Miss Lucy, Miss Charlotte breck right down agin; an' some on 'em say she sutney did keer for him; an' now when he layin' upsteairs dyah dead, hit too late for him ever to know it.

"Well, suh, I couldn' teck it in dat Marse George and Reveller wuz dead, an' jes den somebody say Marse George done comin' to, an' dee gi' me so much whiskey I went

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to sleep. An' next mornin' I got up an' went to Marse George room, an' see him layin' dyah in de bed, wid he face so white an' he eyes so tired-lookin', an' he ain' know me no mo' 'n ef he nuver see me, an' I couldn' stan' it; I jes drap down on de flo' an' bust out cryin'. Gord! suh, I couldn' help it, 'cause Reveller wuz drownded, an' Marse George he wuz mos' gone. An' he came nigher goin' yit, 'cause he had sich a strain, an' been so long in de water, he heart done got numbed, an' he got 'lirium, an' all de time he thought he tryin' to git 'cross de river to see Miss Charlotte, an' hit so high he kyarn git dyah. Hit sutney wuz pitiful to see him layin' dyah tossin' an' pitchin', not knowin' whar he wuz, tell it took all Mr. Braxton an' me could do to keep him in de bed, an' de doctors say he kyarn hol' out much longer.

"An' all dis time Miss Charlotte she wuz gwine 'bout de house wid her face right white, an' Nancy say she don' do nuttin all day long in her room but cry an' say her pra'rs, prayin' for Marse George, whar dyin' upsteairs by 'count o' not knowin' she love him, an' I tell Nancy how he honin' all de time to see her, an' how he constant callin' her name. Well, so twuz, tell he mos' done weah he-self out; an' jes lay dyah wid his face white as de pillow, an' he gret pitiful eyes rollin' 'bout so restless, like he still lookin' for her whar he all de time callin' her name, an' kyarn git 'cross dat river to see; an' one evenin' 'bout sunset he 'pear-ed to be gwine; he weaker'n he been at all, he ain' able to scuffle no mo', an' jes layin' dyah so quiet, an' presney he say, lookin' mighty wistful,

"'Edinburg, I'm goin' to-night; ef I don' git 'cross dis time, I'll gin't up.'

"Mr. Braxton wuz standin' nigh de head o' de bed, an' he say, 'Well, by Gord! he *shall* see her!'—jes so. An' he went out de room, an' to Miss Charlotte do', an' call her, an' tell her she got to come, ef she don't, he'll die dat night; an' fust thing I know, Miss Lucy bring Miss Charlotte in, wid her face right white, but jes as tender as a angel's, an' she come an' stan' by de side de bed, an' lean down over him, an' call he name, 'George!'—jes so.

"An' Marse George he ain' answer; he jes look at her studdy for a minute, an' den he forehead got smooth, an' he tun he eyes to me, an' say, 'Edinburg, I'm 'cross.'"

Editor's Easy Chair.

WHEN the sympathetic listener to the story of the accident by which a poor man's leg was broken exclaimed, "I am very sorry," his companion asked, "How much are you sorry?" "I am sorry five dollars' worth," he answered. The construction of his sentence was faulty, but his meaning was very plain. So if the gentle reader of this Magazine should be disposed to reply to the Easy Chair's wish for a happy new year, "How much do you wish it?" the Easy Chair is quite ready with its answer. The proof of the sincerity of the wish is shown by the provision made by the Magazine to make the reader's new year happy. The greeting is not a mere phrase of compliment, nor an invitation to a Barmecide feast, as perhaps the experience of the gentle reader may assure him. Nor yet is his mind to be vexed with the thought of a monotonous entertainment like the French dinner to which the guest of fine houses sits down evening after evening in the season, where the usual truffle follows the customary *pâté* or familiar *filet*, and only the table service is different, while the feast itself is "another, yet the same." How often may not that guest, as he toys with his apple charlotte or his *Charlotte de Russe*, recall that other Charlotte, of England, of whom her husband is fabled to have said, when he found her in the place of the pretty lady-in-waiting, "Dear! dear! nothing but old Charlotte!"

If the gentle reader will turn the page, he will find that he has opened a door which admits him to the Editor's Study. It is a room which he has not seen before; an apartment designed for his delight, as the Easy Chair is intended for his repose; a retreat in which his wakefulness will be as refreshing as his slumbers in the Chair. It is therefore not such an addition to the structure of the Magazine as the mysterious chamber with which the worthy man who late in life joined the ancient Church enlarged his house, and which his friend, misled by the sound of words, declared to be a dormitory for the Virgin Mary. To introduce the reader into the Study is to prove the sincerity of our wishes for a happy new year. The *genius loci* who welcomes him is not one whom the guest has ignorantly worshipped, but whose fine and penetrating power has at once charmed his fancy and touched his char-

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acter and refined his life. The Study, with its interior decoration and its exterior prospects from the enchanted windows, is best described by its gracious occupant. The guest will see that it is of the true modern taste and style, which, as he will correctly gather from his host in the Study, is a happy blending of the best of the old with the best of the new, the Indian and Egyptian, the Greek and Romanesque and mediæval Gothic, felicitously harmonizing with the latest Queen Anne and the decorated simplicity of the Main Street bridge at Des Vaches, Indiana.

In these days, when books issue from the press like the ancient hordes from the steppes of Central Asia, in whose mighty march across the globe renowned nations and famous places are but the names of camps and tents of a night, what individual account of them can be kept? The hero who should undertake to read of that vast issue only the novels, leaving all science, history, poetry, philosophy, and newspapers untouched, would still propose to drink the ocean. All that the conditions of literature now allow to the literary corner of a monthly magazine is some hint of the general character and course of literary production. If, then, a Study had been furnished in which Faraday could have told us every month in pleasant chat something about science, or Edmund Burke, let us say, had talked of politics, or Coleridge of philosophy, would there have been any club or drawing-room in famous London more agreeable?

Now a magazine is something of a club. Its entertainment, perhaps, is almost as good as that of most clubs, except, of course, that one of which the gentle reader is, fortunately for his fellow-members, so bright an ornament. Here the poets sing, and the travellers tell their wonderful tales, and the novelist lays upon us his magic spell, and the naturalist reveals his beautiful secrets, and the mysteries of mechanics are made plain by the inventor, and the world's general progress is noted by the "intelligent gentleman" who hides his name but not his wisdom. They all meet in the spacious common hall, and the murmur of their voices is very musical.

But if you choose to slip quietly away up into the cozy little Study, you will find as warm a welcome and another monologue. For possibly one special advantage of this magazine club over all others is that the speaker can not be interrupted. You may, indeed, cut short his eloquence by running away, but it is your only method of escape—What is that? You are taking the hint and your hat, and are making for the door of the Study? Farewell, then—and so, indeed, you are sure to fare in that retreat. As you listen you will wonder, as we always wonder when a good thing is done for the first time, why it was not done long ago. The new room in the old house always seems to be the best room. Farewell, and the Easy Chair says it with a clear conscience, because it knows that you are about to prove the sincerity of its wish to every reader of the old Magazine for a happy new year.

The second destruction of the monument to André at Tappan is a curious illustration of the lingering hostility to England which was familiar to school-boys forty or fifty years ago, and which was expressed in their hearty dislike of "the redcoats." The "scarlet regimentals" of the British troops made a profound impression upon the colonial mind, and the bitter feeling was fostered and transmitted for many a year, although recently it has generally disappeared. Indeed, of late years the eminent Englishmen who have come among us have been received with the utmost cordiality, and the "redcoat" sentiment has found no expression except in the perfunctory and Pickwickian denunciation of England with the purpose of political effect upon less intelligent citizens.

Such an incident as the repeated demolition of the André monument, however, is a revelation of the feeling to which the political appeal is made. It is not, indeed, clear whether the particular incident is a sign of the old American dislike of England or of the Irish enmity, but whether the one or the other, it is equally hostility to England. The friendly regard for our English kindred, however, is even more significant. No man could be received in a foreign country with more hearty welcome and general good-will than Dean Stanley in the United States, and it was to some expression of his that the André monument owed its erection. No recent visitor has been more warmly greeted than Canon Farrar, yet it was just after his visit to the monument that it was again destroyed. The welcome of both Englishmen was open, general, and generous. The demolition of the monument was clandestine, like a crime, and may have been the work of a half-dozen persons, unsustained by the sentiment of the community, which, indeed, has protested in a public meeting against the destruction of the memorial.

It must be confessed, however, that the choice of an Englishman to be honored by a memorial was singularly made. André was a spy, and however devoted and heroic a spy in war may be, he is always peculiarly detested by the other side. Nathan Hale was also a spy. But his name is honored, because he undertook by a ruse which is always pardonable in war to serve his country by penetrating the camp of the enemy. André was an agent to deal secretly with a soldier to betray his trust. When the plot was discovered he behaved like a man, and met his death bravely. But Washington did not doubt the nature of his act; and while no sinister motive of any kind can be attributed to him, it was not a deed or a man to select for especial commemoration and honor.

Moreover, the memorial, as is understood, was, at least, suggested, not by an American, but by a countryman of André's. Had it been

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a spontaneous American impulse, the result might have been respected. But while the story of André is very pathetic, and his fate was tragical, the selection of him especially among Englishmen for this kind of distinction seems to be unnatural. England undoubtedly now honors the memory of Washington; but she will hardly build his monument in Westminster Abbey.

If among Englishmen of the time of the Revolution we are signally to distinguish any one, it should be William Pitt, who rejoiced that Boston had resisted, or—pardoning the bull—the Irishman Edmund Burke, who made the great plea for conciliation, and portrayed with immortal eloquence American energy and character. They were never in America, indeed. That is true, and they are therefore not associated with the Hudson and with the blackest event of the war, like André. No one surely would flout the young man's memory. No soldier who was not a brave man would have undertaken the service which brought him to his death. He undertook it with no sense of dishonor or wrong, and he paid the utmost penalty with a simple heroism which has naturally made his story a romance. So it will be always told, nor will any generous American object.

It is not surprising that the tragedy should have touched the heart of the kindly Dean, and that he should feel that a monument upon the spot would be a memorial not only of personal heroism, but of peace between kindred people, and of a high and unusual sentiment of forgiveness and fraternity. But that is an instinct which makes the suggestion jar upon the sense of fitness. We have forgiven the old King, our most implacable foe, and we acknowledge his purblind sincerity, and his honest and queer superstition about his coronation oath, which seemed to constrain him to every kind of injustice and wrong. None could have felt more deeply than Americans the sublime pathos of Thackeray's concluding words in his lecture upon the third George: History does not show a more tragical, a more mournful figure. We own it willingly, we forgive him freely and fully, but we will not raise a statue to commemorate our forgiveness and our pity.

The André monument is overthrown, not openly and by the will of the community, but stealthily, and in a way which showed a consciousness of crime. It was an outrage and a wrong to the good name of the neighborhood. But it would be better not to rebuild it.

John Bull often laughs at some eccentric use of the language, some uncouth phrase or apparent slang, from his cousin Jonathan, when, after all, it turns out to be a Yorkshire or a Shropshire form of speech, which either has been long latent in the transatlantic branch, and comes out at last like invisible writing before a fire, or is a usage as old as the English settlement, but which has been only recently traced back again to the mother country. American women are thought to be very "queer" in many ways, when tried by the conventional standards of other countries. Nothing could be queerer than Daisy Miller to Mrs. General precisely pouring prunes and prisms from her proper mouth. Nothing, also, would seem to be queerer to the typical respectable British matron than many of the excellent American champions of the rights of their own sex.

But while that matron would look aghast upon one of her own sex making a stump-speech, and would doubtless murmur, "How painfully American!" the Easy Chair recently pointed out that nothing could seem to an American lady more extraordinary than the spectacle of the wife of a candidate for Congress driving with election flags and ribbons from house to house soliciting votes for her husband. Yet this was the "queer" spectacle offered by the wife of Lord Randolph Churchill in the early summer, and the fact that she was an American made no difference. She would certainly not have done the same thing here, and doubtless she shares the feeling of repulsion with which so many American ladies regard the assertion of the right of doing what she did. Lady Churchill was stumping for her husband. It was not "queer" in England, and it shows that the brow of the respectable British matron should not be lifted at the "female champion of her sex" in America, because she is plainly a British survival, like the local phrase or word.

The same interesting fact is illustrated in other ways. John Bull at his London club, like young Bull Calf at his club in New York, is shocked by the vulgarity and "blackguardism" of American politics. It strikes him as very undignified, and he sighs to think "it is so transatlantic." Is it? Is it peculiarly American? Not at all; it is only a survival of the dear mother country. To one who recalls Hogarth, and remembers Grant's *Random Recollections of the House of Commons*, and Disraeli's and Bulwer's and Dickens's stories, and who has dipped a little into English political and party history, nothing is more queer than that John Bull should think vulgarity and blackguardism and worse, in an electoral campaign, to be so American and queer.

The other evening, in an ordinary election campaign, such as that which is just ended in England, poor Lord Lorne, the Queen's son-in-law, was assailed with such uproar, and even with eggs, so furiously, that he escaped from the platform, and ran, dripping, through a heavy rain to the railroad station, and shook the mud of the town from off his feet. Now as the conduct of the wife of Lord Churchill, upon which this Chair passes no judgment, however familiar and acceptable in England, would have been thought superlatively queer in the United States, so the vituperative vigor of English political speaking is unparalleled here, and as proceeding from a realm in which

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election vulgarity is thought to be so American, it is undeniably queer.

The appearance of a high dignitary of the Episcopal Church upon the party stump on this side of the water would be an extraordinary and almost an unprecedented event. But that, if he appeared, such an ecclesiastic should speak of an opponent as the Venerable Archdeacon George Anthony Denison, of Taunton, in England, recently spoke of Mr. Gladstone, is incredible. The reverend gentleman said: "I have known Mr. Gladstone forty-five years, but I would not trust him with a 'brass farthing.' The Whigs nightly before sleeping express the hope that something will happen to Mr. Gladstone before morning." Can we figure Bishop Littlejohn, or Bishop or Assistant Bishop Potter, or Bishop Doane, or Bishop Huntington, or Bishop Coxe, all of them New York ecclesiastics, either speaking upon the stump at all, or under any conceivable circumstances talking in that strain of any opponent? It is certainly very queer, and we sigh deeply to think how English it is.

Professor Tyndall also took part in the late Parliamentary campaign, so far as to write a letter declining to stand for a seat. In the letter, referring to events in the Soudan, he too said of Mr. Gladstone: "If there be a day of retribution for the misdeeds of men, I would not willingly accompany to the judgment-seat the unpurged spirits of those who were responsible for the bloodshed in the Soudan. It was a damning and damnable business from beginning to end. Yet the man who is answerable beyond all others for this waste of blood, who sent Gordon to the wilds and there abandoned him to death and mutilation, now dares to talk to the people of Midlothian as if no fleck rested upon his workmanship." That is as bitter as anything that has been said upon the American stump for many a year. Our personality and invective and extravagance at elections are only a survival of queerness. Our fathers brought them in the blood when they left England. They are a common heritage of the race, and not distinctively "so American," after all.

So in the very points upon which we naturally criticise each other is our kinship beyond the sea established. The Eatanswill *Gazette* and the Eatanswill *Independent* are perfectly familiar journals to American experience, just as the reckless personalities of the stump are indigenous to English elections. Instead of sneering and reviling each other, suppose that we both reform ourselves. It is true that if we try it we shall be smitten with another sneer. We shall be sentenced at once as purists and Pharisees. For this also is among the traditions of the English-speaking race—a survival of queerness—that in a company of Munchausens the man who proposes to tell the truth insults all the rest, and is called to account as a sanctimonious impostor.

The average opinion and conduct, in a country where the majority is supreme, naturally hold that they are right, for the very reason that they are the average, while the "other fellow" is wrong, because he is not the majority. The consequent tendency is illustrated by the exhortation of the citizen who, overcome with liquor, was sitting in the middle of the street, and as the crowd of respectable passengers looked at him in the dirt with disgust, he beamed at them blandly and said, persuasively, "Fellow-citizens, let us all sit down!"

A correspondent asks the Easy Chair a very delicate question, namely, whether it is of opinion that a young poet who sends his verses to an older and famous author to read and criticise may implicitly trust the reply that he receives. The Easy Chair has no authority to speak for old and famous authors; but it will venture to reply that if the young poet—for such it naturally supposes its correspondent to be—will scan the reply carefully, he will see that it generally expresses sympathy and good feeling and appreciation of a worthy endeavor, rather than a critical opinion.

The older and more renowned authors in this country are and have generally been a singularly courteous and friendly body, especially to their younger brethren in the craft. Irving and Longfellow were the soul of sweetness to all comers. Their urbanity to bores was marvellous. When one day an admirer of the gentler sex arrived at the Cragie house attended by a piano, upon which she proposed to accompany her singing of some of the poet's songs, his bland benignity did not fail, and she received the welcome that made light and music in her memory forever after.

Those who marked this untiring courtesy of the poet to curious intruders of every kind, which was a beautiful form of charity, often recalled Longfellow's story of his first residence in the house while Mrs. Cragie still occupied it. She was a stately lady of the old school, who lived withdrawn from the world, and cherished her own whims and fancies. One day the young lodger came into her parlor and found her sitting by the open window reading the Bible, while canker-worms from the trees outside were crawling upon her dress and hanging from her white turban. The young man proposed to remove them; but the grave old lady raised her eyes calmly and said to him, "Why, sir, they are our fellow-worms, and have as good a right to live as we." We have heard, and nothing is more probable, that the last guests whom the poet received in his study were two lads from Boston who came to pay their affectionate homage to the man whom they revered. He wrote his name for them, and sent them away with his benediction. If the story is not true, it is entirely characteristic, because he was always doing such acts of grace and tender consideration.

Meanwhile our correspondent is patiently waiting. But perhaps he forecasts the answer to his question. The young poet who asks

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the elder's opinion of his verses is one of those lads. His inquiry is a form of expressing respect and gratitude; and the old poet writes his name and lays his hand kindly upon the younger head. Perhaps he does it by saying that the verses show poetic feeling and facility, and that he finds happy lines and a pleasant music, and that his young friend has undoubtedly discovered that writing poetry is its own exceeding great reward. They are words of cordial sympathy and encouragement, and they honestly mean what they say. They do not salute the writer as a great poet, nor in any way do they deceive or mislead him. They express a sincere good-will, and undoubtedly he will find that they do no more.

Now the young poet ought not to make such a letter mean more than it does mean. Because he is not told that he is a mere mocking-bird, that rhyming is poor business, and he had better dig ditches than cultivate the noxious habit, or because he is not stung with sneers or riddled with sarcasms, he ought not to suppose that he is advised to regard himself as a poet, and enter at once upon a literary career. Under this illusion he might inclose a poem to the editor, with the elder poet's letter as his credential. But such letters are, in the language of "the street," "paper" with which the editor is accustomed to deal. He understands it fully. Indeed—who knows?—he may have written such letters himself, and he comprehends their exact value, namely, that they are kind words of sympathy and nothing more.

Besides, an editor knows what he wants and the poet does not. Were the poet an editor, he would decline respectfully the very verses which, as he has truly written to the author, show a very sweet poetic feeling. Again, an editor—such is the mystery of the craft—declines a poem to-day because he accepted a poorer one yesterday. The wine that is poured when the beaker is full may be the very warm south itself, but it necessarily flows away and is lost. When the young poet has dipped his cup in Castaly, and brings the precious liquid to the editor, let him not forget that the vessel which is filled to the brim can not be fuller.

The young poet, indeed, did not ask about the editor, but as he often requests the elder poet's opinion that he may bespeak favor from the terrible Rhadamanthus of a magazine, the answer is not altogether irrelevant to the question. Perhaps, also, it is because he has found that the letter is not an open sesame to the magic grotto that he inquires a little skeptically whether it is sincere. He need not be troubled. There is no sincerer feeling than that with which the veteran greets the young recruit. But the youth must remember that the friendly salute does not commission him major-general even by brevet.

Forty years ago the American traveller in Europe often read upon the hotel register the names of fellow-countrymen who were recorded as coming, not from the United States, but from South Carolina or Alabama or Mississippi. It was somewhat as if the English tourist should enter his name at the Windsor or the Albemarle or the Fifth Avenue as from Kent or Cornwall or Durham. At home, indeed, such a manner of describing his residence would have been natural enough for any American, but in Europe it was resented by the American who instinctively felt that in a foreign country every citizen of the Union should use the generic name by which we are all known.

There was another disagreeable impression arising from this habit. When an American in distant lands described himself as of Georgia or Arkansas there was an apparent willingness to drop the collective and national name, as if he preferred the local and provincial distinction. In the political situation at that time, also, when the sectional lines were deeply drawn, there was an air of defiance in calling yourself a Carolinian or a Floridian instead of an American; and as the local name was, of course, generally unknown in those foreign parts, the record was presumptively made with the purpose of asserting the dogma of State sovereignty against any other fellow-countryman who took another view of the question, and who upon his travels might chance to peruse the page. There was probably a keen pleasure in a bravado which was unintelligible to everybody except those for whom it was especially designed.

These are recollections of a time long past, and of a situation happily vanished forever. But however defiant and belligerent the purpose of the record may have been, it is none the less true that its form expressed one of the most interesting and significant facts in our political system—that each State in the Union is in very truth an *imperium in imperio*. The arbitrary and invisible lines that divide the States, although they are overrun in every direction by railways, and are totally unmarked by custom-houses or by changes of language or costume, and are, in fact, all dissolved in one general and supreme authority, yet all inclose a certain local life, with notable characteristics, and each State community has its peculiar traditions and habits and phrases, and its distinguished men and women. But its traditions and reputations are strictly local. They do not pass the lines, but are permanent within them.

This fact of an actual local distinction, and the sense of it, and the careful and even aggressive cultivation of it for specific political and sectional purposes, made the Mississippian's wish to record the State from which he came something more than an affectation. To be a Mississippian was, indeed, to be an American, but a very different American from the Vermonter. A very pleasant illustration of this separate and individual life of the States is furnished by Mr. Abraham Payne, an

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eminent leader of his profession in Rhode Island, who "in the fallow leisure of his life" writes in a colloquial and simple way about the noted Rhode Island lawyers of his time. To read his book is like sitting in his office and listening to the friendly talk of a veteran about his contemporaries, for however keen his tongue may have been thought to be by his opponents at the bar, and however satirical his humor, it is plain when he begins to speak of his comrades and elders at the bar that his memory throws upon them a pensive light of tenderness, and that only the honey of the bee lingers upon his lips.

Mr. Payne tells some excellent stories, for the recollections of every lawyer of experience and a shrewd sense of humor must necessarily teem with them. An epigram of a Rhode Island magistrate, Judge Shearman, goes far to justify the saying of a Massachusetts lawyer, that genius is less gift than industry. A lazy lawyer was ridiculing the restless activity of a younger brother, when the judge dryly remarked, "Well, well, an engine of one-cat-power running all the time will do more work than an engine of forty horse-power standing still." Many names are mentioned which are entirely meaningless outside of the limits of little Rhode Island, but which are full of significance there, and intimately associated with the history and life of the State.

The book, indeed, is a striking illustration of our present text. Despite the feeling with which the fellow-citizen from Virginia or Louisiana recorded that fact upon the innocent hotel register at Interlachen or drowsy Pisa, as if it were a resounding challenge to all caitiff Americans of another mind, it is true that this local vigor makes the collective strength, and that State pride begets national power. But the gentleman from the banks of the Red River, or at the confluence of the Ashley and the Cooper, stood so erect that he leaned backward, and naturally lost his balance.

Yet it is the spirit and the tradition which appeared in that defiant register, and which gives a racy local charm to Mr. Payne's *Reminiscences*, which make an unwise centralization impossible, and explain the profound political truth of our national legend, *E pluribus unum*.

Mr. Parnell is undoubtedly one of the personages of the time. There are not many at any time, and they do not always pass into the Pantheon when they die. Lord Beaconsfield was unquestionably one toward the close of his career, but he will hardly remain, like Chatham and Burke. Mr. Parnell, however, although an active figure in contemporary politics, and therefore, like all such figures, somewhat belittled by imperfect knowledge, has apparently an extraordinary opportunity. The man who brings the long and trying Irish and English question to a satisfactory conclusion will be associated with a great historic event and become a historical figure.

At this moment Mr. Parnell holds an actual power in Ireland which is perhaps essentially greater than that held by Mr. Gladstone in England or by Bismarck in Germany, because it rests upon the virtually undivided confidence of his countrymen. Both Gladstone and Bismarck hold their own against large and organized parties. But while the Ulster Irishmen do not all follow Parnell, the overwhelming drift of Irish sympathy is with him. He has virtually dictated the selection of almost all of the Irish members of Parliament, and they are all pledged to obey him. One correspondent calls him the most powerful Irish leader since the Conquest. It is certain that with little of the eloquence or the personal popular charm which have distinguished the Irish leaders since Flood, he is stronger than any, and the hope which has inspired them all, and which has survived centuries of apparent hopelessness, seems about to be fulfilled by the cool, dry, impassive Parnell.

His skill has been shown by his use of his opportunities. Clearly to perceive the situation, and thoroughly to comprehend your resources and the effective way of applying them, is the secret of leadership in state-craft as elsewhere. Parnell believes that every advantage, or, as he holds, every right, of Ireland has been extorted from England by annoying her. He knew the bitter conflict of parties in England, and he saw that the Irish vote holds the balance of power in Parliament. To make that vote absolutely his own; to cast it solidly for any man or party or policy which should favor his policy in Ireland; to use it with both parties as a threat or a bribe; to master parliamentary law so as to obstruct legislation legally; in a word, to make the success of either party dependent upon him — this has been his aim, and he has apparently accomplished his purpose.

Organized insurrection he has repressed. Boycotting and individual crimes he has not condemned, thinking, probably, that while savagely denounced by the English press they would be interpreted by English intelligence as incidents inseparable from individual wrong and national oppression. Mr. Parnell's has been a deliberate, well-considered course. Persistence in it has carried him steadily forward. There is no rival near the throne. His actual ascendency was strikingly shown at Mayo, where he persuaded a community resolved to support a certain candidate to set him aside, and unanimously and enthusiastically to support Mr. Parnell's choice.

He is indeed an uncrowned king, and should he die, there is no one to take up his sceptre. No fabulous monarch of Tara's Hall, no lord of the round towers, no wild Celtic chieftain, was so powerful a ruler. A short time will show whether his power also, like the harp of Tara, will be unstrung, and his deeds remain buried, resultless, under the stream of time, like those stern round towers of other days.

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Editor's Study.

I.

THERE are few words so sympathetically compliant with a varied need as the word used to conceal the real character of this new department of the *New Monthly*. In almost every dwelling of any pretensions to taste there is nowadays a study, charmingly imagined by the architect and prettily equipped by the domestic powers, where the master of the house lounges away his leisure, scanty or abundant, and nobody apparently studies. From a very early time, or at least from the opening of the present genteel period when the whole race began to put on airs of intellectual refinement, the "study" has been known; and even in the *Book of Snobs* we read of Major Ponto's study, where "the library consisted mostly of boots," gardening tools, fishing-rods, whips, spurs, and pots of blacking; and such branches of literary inquiry were discussed as the fate of the calf or the sentence of the pig. This, to be sure, was the study of a country gentleman, and the study of an editor of such a magazine as ours is necessarily somewhat different, though its appointments are equally expressive, we hope, of cultivated pursuits. It is, in any case, not at all the kind of place which the reader, with his mind full of the Grub Street traditions of literature, would fancy—a narrow den at the top of the house, where the occupant, piled about with books and proofs and manuscripts, darkles in a cloud blown from his own cigar. The real editor, before whom contributors tremble, may be something like this in his habitat and environment; but the unreal editor, the airy, elusive abstraction who edits the Study, is quite another character, and is fittingly circumstanced. Heavy rugs silence the foot upon his floor; nothing but the costliest masterpieces gleam from his walls; the best of the old literatures, in a subtly chorded harmony of bindings, make music to the eye from his shelves, and the freshest of the new load his richly carved mahogany table. His vast windows of flawless plate look out upon the confluent waters of the Hudson and the Charles, with expanses, in the middle distance, of the Mississippi, the Great Lakes, and the Golden Gate, and in the background the misty line of the Thames, with reaches of the remoter Seine, and glints of the Tiber's yellow tide. The peaks of the Apennines, dreamily blending with those of the Sierras, form the vanishing-point of the delicious perspective; and we need not say that the edifice in which this study luxuriously lurks commands the very best view of the Washington Monument and the two-pair-front of the national Capitol. As a last secret we will own that the edifice is an American architect's adaptation of a design by the poet Ariosto, who for reasons of economy built himself a very small house in a back street of Ferrara, while he lavished his palaces on the readers of his poetry at no expense to himself; it was originally in the Spanish taste, but the architect has added some touches of the new Renaissance, and has done what he could to impart a colonial flavor to the whole.

In such keeping, the editor of the Study proposes to sit at fine ease, and talk over with the reader—who will always be welcome here—such matters of literary interest as may come up from time to time, whether suggested by the new books of the day or other accidents of the literary life. The reader will, of course, not be allowed to interrupt the editor while he is talking; in return the editor will try to keep his temper, and to be as inconclusive as possible. If the reader disagrees with him upon any point, he will be allowed to write to him for publication, when, if the editor can not expose the reader's folly, he will be apt to suppress his letter. It is meant, in other terms, to make the Study a sort of free parliament, but for the presiding officer only; or, a symposium of one.

The editor comes to his place after a silence of some years in this sort, and has a very pretty store of prejudices to indulge and grudges to satisfy, which he will do with as great decency as possible. Their victims will at once know them for prejudices and grudges, and so no great harm will be done; it is impartiality that is to be feared in these matters, and a man who likes or dislikes can never be impartial—though perhaps a woman might. The editor will not deny that in addition to his prejudices and grudges he has some opinions, honest as opinions go, but cherished possibly because he has had no opportunity to exchange them with others. With a reader reduced to silence, the affair of their expression will be very simple; the reader will accept them or not as he likes, and having no chance to reply, will not be argued into them. While the editor's guest, he is invited to look at the same books and consider the same facts with him, and—tacitly, of course—may disable his judgment as much as he will. If he is not content with this, there will always be a vast body of literature not under discussion, and he may turn for relief to that.

II.

If any one, for example, prefers the *History of England*, which Major Ponto had been reading all the morning when he asked Mr. Snob into his study, there is certainly no reason why he must join the editor in turning over the novels which happen for the most part to cumber his table. If himself a novelist, he will probably not care so much for them as for some solider sorts of literature; he will choose almost any history, or biography, or travels, or volume of *mémoires pour servir*, which will feed

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his imagination and afford him material, like so much life; if he is an unsuccessful novelist, he will in this way spare himself the sting of envy, which certain of the books before us might inflict. Yet, if he is not this, if he is a reader who reads novels, and not a reader who writes them, we think he will do himself a pleasure by looking at a few of them with us.

For our own part, these novels strike us in their range and tendency as admirable. We will not say they are all good, or that any of them is wholly good; but we find in nearly every one of them a disposition to regard our life without the literary glasses so long thought desirable, and to see character, not as it is in other fiction, but as it abounds outside of all fiction. This disposition sometimes goes with poor enough performance, but in some of the books it goes with performance that is excellent; and at any rate it is for the present more valuable than evenness of performance. It is what relates American fiction to the only living movement in imaginative literature, and distinguishes by a superior freshness and authenticity this group of American novels from a similarly accidental group of English novels, giving them the same good right to be as the like number of recent Russian novels, French novels, Spanish novels, Italian novels, Norwegian novels. If we take one of the best of these new fictions of ours, like Miss Murfree's *Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain*, we shall hardly find it inferior in method or manner to the best of the new fictions anywhere; it is, in fact, a charming effect of literary skill working simply and naturally, and marred only here and there by the traditions of the bad school we were all brought up in. It is well to call things by their names, even if they are spades, and when Miss Murfree, having arrived at a thrilling, triumphant moment with her lovers, breaks bounds and tells us that the "wild winds whirled around the great Smoky Mountain, and the world was given over to the clouds and night, and the rain and the drops splashed with a dreary sound down from the eaves of the house," we know whom she learned that poor business of—who the great master was, that, having done a fine thing, abandoned himself to hysterical emotionality over it, or what people call "sympathy with his characters," and presently wandered off into a waste of hollow and sounding verbiage. We have some fear, also, that Dickens, with his Victor Hugoish martyr of a Sidney Carton, was not wholly absent when the last end of Miss Murfree's *Prophet* was imagined, though probably enough he was not present to the author's consciousness. It is not in such romantic wise that men really die for men; the real sacrifices, indeed, have been offered for races, not for persons; it is not after this manner that even a saint gives his life to save his enemy's. If Kelsey's substitution of himself for Micajah Green, whom the Cayces meant to kill, was insanely voluntary, it was not interesting, for no act of lunacy is so, except pathologically; if it was voluntary, it was romantic, which is worse than uninteresting; if it was accidental, it was insignificant. But it is really the least important matter of a freshly delightful and artistic book, dealing so strenuously with a strange world that even in our strangeness to it we have the courage to call it faithful. The author has painted us those Tennessee mountaineers of hers before, but never a group so bold and cognizable as the tranquil-conscienced, not unamiably homicidal Cayces, with their brush-whiskey still; the implacably jealous Rick Tyler; the brutally avaricious blacksmith Fletcher; and the whole neighborhood of lank-bodied, religious, unmoral, primitive-passioned people; and that dreamy yet clear-headed, simply generous, and thoroughly sensible beauty, Dorinda. The girl is, in fact, the best figure of the story: when it touches her, it rises and brightens; a note limpid and serene strikes above the mingling of harsh sounds; a light, cool yet tender and lovely, throws its effluence across the rude picture. It does not matter, after one has valued her aright, that the Prophet himself remains misty rather than mystical, and seems to have been scarcely worth the pains taken with him. The art of the book is, for the most part, very good; there is little comment; the people speak for themselves. If we are perhaps called too often to look at the landscape, the landscape is certainly always worth looking at, and the book, wherever it escapes from tradition, both satisfies and piques. After one has finished it, one wants to know what Miss Murfree's next book will be like.

Through such work as hers and Mr. Cable's the South is making itself heard in literature after a fashion likely to keep attention as well as to provoke it. These writers, while they study so carefully the actual speech and manners of the people they write of, still permit themselves a certain romance of motive; but the other day there came to us—or was it the other week or month? the succession of these things is so rapid—another Southern book, very well written too, which concerned itself with some phases of our varied national life, and with characters moved by the natural impulses that we see at play in the people about us. The authoress of *Across the Chasm* overdoes her Northern hero somewhat, and makes him a bit of a prig—a good deal of a prig; but the Southern personages she contrasts him with are obviously true and well done both as to their good and their bad qualities. She has also finely guessed and happily suggested the Northern people, whom she was not so much concerned to make impressive as her hero, and she has used them as a foil to her Southerners, who think themselves ladies and gentlemen because their families and neighborhoods think them so, and who have none of the social anxiety, the wish to be of vogue, which attends the citizens of our wider and richer and more knowing world. They are all brought on the scene at Washington—very good ground for fiction still, if one will

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honestly subsoil it — where the Southerners come up with a humorously recognized air of coming back to their own, and are shown poor, provincial, a little bewildered, and rather braggart, but touched with a patriotic tenderness which also shows them wholly free from the snobbishness that mars the good-breeding of the Northerners. Snobbishness is rather a hard word for it, perhaps; it is not really so bad as that. A distinguished and polished Bostonian like General Gaston is flattered at a certain piece of social attention which leaves the imagination of an Alabama brigadier quite unmoved—possibly because the Alabamian has not the perspective for viewing it aright. The hand that can give us actualities like Charley Somers, the local adorer of the heroine in the Southern village where she has lived, and Major King, the shabby, arrogant rebel soldier who comes to call upon her in the evening, at Washington, and stays till eleven o'clock, is destined to better work hereafter, and should not trouble itself with such conventional figures as Louis Gaston, the hero-prig from Boston, and Alan Decourcey, the too fascinatingly wicked and fine-worldly unreality from Baltimore.

Not that we would be exacting with a very clever little book that had given us pleasure. Perhaps two or three thoroughly well represented people are all that one has a right to ask of a novel; though in that case they ought to be the principal people. We should not have asked more from Dr. Weir Mitchell, if he had no more to give us in his novel *In War Time*, than the perfectly divined character of Ezra Wendell, for example. It was a new thing to attempt to paint a cowardly nature like that; and it was no less the affair of a good art than of a humane spirit to do justice to the gentleness that goes with the timidity, the sensibility that accompanies the falseness, the good-will that qualifies the selfishness. It is a very deep and awful tragedy, that poor soul's, and if it does not bring conviction of sin to the reader, in an age too enlightened for that, it can hardly fail to stir him with the wish to be a little truer; and this, young ladies and gentlemen who intend writing novels for the consideration of our successors, is a finer thing for the novel to do than "to be entertaining," which is well enough too. One feels in the portrayal of Wendell a touch, steady and strong, which has equal force in the characterization of his sister Ann. These represent in two extremes the decay of Puritanism; in one the moral nature almost paralyzed, in the other, hysterically active—a conscience divided from reason, working automatically, with a sort of stupefied helplessness. It is not strange if two personages depicted with so much power as these southward-drifted New-Englanders should remain the chief effect of the book in the reader's mind; though it is true that the whole atmosphere of the story is, as some one has acutely said, Philadelphian as distinguished from the Bostonian or Southern or Western atmosphere. This decided localization is most valuable; more valuable still is the artistic quiet of the book, which takes at once a high level, and keeps it without the emotional foolishness of manner or the contorted pseudo-dramaticism of method which cause the compassionate to grieve over so much of our fiction, especially our lady-fiction.

The grip—we might almost say the clutch—of a hand not new in fiction, but here making itself felt with novel power, is laid upon the reader of *A Wheel of Fire*. It is the most intense, the most absorbing, by far, of the stories we have lately read; and we think no one can read it without recognizing in it a distinct and individual quality, which, whatever it is, ought to be hereafter known as Mr. Bates's. He has taken a lurid theme, the dark problem of hereditary insanity, and he studies it with relentless vigor in the story of a young girl who goes mad at last, on her wedding day, through fear of the family taint. He wisely refuses to ask us to be interested in her a moment after her madness comes upon her, but we know all her anguish and despair up to that moment. He has imagined a lovely figure, noble and full of pathos, but as natural and probable as the coquettish cousin who supplies what relief the tragedy has in her flirtations and quarrels with the doctor in charge of Damaris Wainwright's insane brother. These characters are both very well managed—the girl with her heartless teasing and mischievous experiments upon the doctor's temper, and he with his thorough science counterbalanced by a certain native brutality and social inferiority: the reader who is not charmed with them is made very skillfully to feel the charm they have for each other. The motive of the book is almost romantic, but the treatment is not at all romantic; it is scientific, naturalistic; it has its lapses of art, but the lurid theme is kept in the full light of day, and in this sort there is something apparently still to be done with the romantic motive, so apt otherwise to turn allegoric and mechanical on its victim's hands. The scene of the story is largely in Boston, and for the rest at an old country house not far away, and the social *entourage* is perceptibly Bostonian.

III.

In these books and in Mr. Picard's unequally managed novelette of *A Mission Flower* (he managed *A Matter of Taste*, his first book, better upon the whole); in a painfully faithful but not finally unhopeful little study of Yankee village life called *A New England Conscience*, by Miss Belle C. Greene; in Mr. Edgar Fawcett's *Social Silhouettes*, which, in spite of their high coloring and the overdramatization of the patrician quality of Mr. Manhattan, the supposed author, do strongly suggest certain probable phases of New York society—in all these books we find not only that disposition to look at life which we have noted, but a disposition to look at it keenly and closely in the right American

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manner, and to question the results with the last fineness for their meaning and their value. There is conscience and purpose in it all, and it is all far from the make-believe "Greek" theory of art for art's sake—as if the Greekest of the Greek art were not for religion's sake, as the Greeks understood it. Moreover, in this American fiction, American life is not only getting looked at, but getting fairly well represented, not in some typical embodiment long dreamed of as the business of a great American novel, but in details of motive and character slowly and honestly assembled by many hands from its vast spaces and varieties. We shall probably never have a great American novel as fancied by the fondness of critics, and for our own part we care no more to have it than to have "a literary centre," which from time to time the injudicious set about fixing in this place or that, but mainly establishing in New York, to the lasting shame and loss of Boston. It is not a question that need be seriously discussed, but we invite the friends of a literary centre to observe that literary centres and artistic centres and scientific centres and religious centres and political centres have hitherto been the creations of monarchies, not to say despotisms, and that they are quite alien to the spirit of the federal nationalities. These nationalities, in Italy and Germany, got on extremely well without such centres, and it is probable that if we once had a literary centre irremovably fixed in New York, we should next have a sceptred Boss sitting in the City Hall, with a poet employed to cover it with verses in his praise. But with a literary centre scattered all over the country, as our political centre now is, there is no danger of this; and instead of having one poor Westminster Abbey on One-thousandth Street, or that neighborhood, we shall be able, when a sufficient number of us die, to fill the whole land with well-stocked Westminster Abbeys. We imagine, in fact, that one reason why so many distinguished gentlemen, when asked the other day to pronounce for or against an American Westminster Abbey, failed to favor it, was not so much because they objected to one another being interred there, or elsewhere, as because they foresaw that if the desire for a literary centre fulfilled itself, the Abbey would have to be built in New York, where the celebrities would be convenient for sepulture in it, and where there are already several extinct celebrities keeping about the streets for want of fitting tombs to lie down in. It is a spirit of jealousy, we admit, and it operates fatally in the case of a National New York Grant Monument. The same spirit, however, kept Italy glorious through all her mediæval life, when not Rome or Naples or Florence or Milan was the intellectual centre, but every rock-built or sea-girt provincial city exulted to be the home of the letters and the arts. That civilization, which ours resembles more than any other in its intense localism, gave certain memorable names to the world, and without prophesying that our resemblance to it will be of as much effect, we are very willing to go without a literary centre for a while yet.

IV.

We have the more patience because we hope that our inherited English may be constantly freshened and revived from the native sources which literary decentralization will help to keep open, and we will own that as we turned over those novels coming from Philadelphia, from New Mexico, from Boston, from Tennessee, from rural New England, from New York, every local flavor of diction gave us courage and pleasure. M. Alphonse Daudet, in a conversation which Mr. Boyesen has set down in a recently recorded interview with him, said, in speaking of Tourguéneff: "What a luxury it must be to have a great big untrodden barbaric language to wade into! We poor fellows who work in the language of an old civilization, we may sit and chisel our little verbal felicities, only to find in the end that it is a borrowed jewel we are polishing. The crown jewels of our French tongue have passed through the hands of so many generations of monarchs that it seems like presumption on the part of any late-born pretender to attempt to wear them."

This grief is, of course, a little whimsical. M. Daudet was expecting Mr. Boyesen to say, as he immediately said, that M. Daudet was himself a living refutation, and so forth, and so forth; yet it has a certain measure of reason in it, and the same regret has been more seriously expressed by the Italian poet Aleardi:

"Muse of an aged people, in the eve
Of fading civilization, I was born.
. . . . . Oh, fortunate,
My sisters, who in the heroic dawn
Of races sung! To them did destiny give
The virgin fire and chaste ingenuousness
Of their land's speech; and, reverenced, their hands
Ran over potent strings."

It will never do to allow that we are at such a desperate pass in English, but something of this divine despair we may feel too in thinking of "the spacious times of great Elizabeth," when the poets were trying the stops of the young language, and thrilling with the surprises of their own music. We may comfort ourselves, however, unless we prefer a luxury of grief, by remembering that no language is ever old on the lips of those who speak it, no matter how decrepit it drops from the pen. We have only to leave our studies, editorial and other, and go into the shops and fields to find the "spacious times" again; and from the beginning Realism, before she had got a name or put on her capital letter, had divined this near-at-hand truth along with the rest. Mr. Lowell, the greatest and finest realist who ever wrought in verse, showed us that Elizabeth was still Queen where he heard Yankee farmers talk; and without asking

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that our novelists of the widely scattered centres shall each seek to write in his local dialect, we are glad, as we say, of every tint any of them gets from the parlance he hears; it is much better than the tint he will get from the parlance he reads. One need not invite slang into the company of its betters, though perhaps slang has been dropping its *s* and becoming language ever since the world began, and is certainly sometimes delightful and forcible beyond the reach of the dictionary. We would not have any one go about for new words, but if one of them came aptly, not to reject its help. For our novelists to try to write Americanly, from any motive, would be a dismal error, but being born Americans, we would have them use "Americanisms" whenever these serve their turn; and when their characters speak, we should like to hear them speak true American, with all the varying Tennesseean, Philadelphian, Bostonian, and New York accents. If we bother ourselves to write what the critics imagine to be "English," we shall be priggish and artificial, and still more so if we make our Americans talk "English." There is also this serious disadvantage about "English," that if we wrote the best "English" in the world, probably the English themselves would not know it, or, if they did, certainly would not own it. It has always been supposed by grammarians and purists that a language can be kept as they find it; but languages, while they live, are perpetually changing. God apparently meant them for the common people—whom Lincoln believed God liked because He had made so many of them; and the common people will use them freely as they use other gifts of God. On their lips our continental English will differ more and more from the insular English, and we believe that this is not deplorable, but desirable. Our tongue will always be intelligible enough to our cousins across seas to enable them to enjoy this department of the *New Monthly*, and we should not fear a diminished circulation of the Magazine among them if we became quite faithful in our written English to the spoken English of this continent.

V.

We wish we could find something as national as the novels give us in either the performance or the promise of the illustrated books with which the season loads the editor's table and the bookseller's counter; but except in the American excellence of engraving we shall hardly discover it. The books are so like the books of former holidays that we might imagine ourselves very much younger than we are in turning them over. In what wise do these sumptuous volumes of 1885 differ from the sumptuous volumes of 1875 or 1865? With a single exception, not certainly in novelty of conception or design, though generally the mechanical beauty of their execution has distinctly increased. We think, upon the whole, that Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, and Co. have made the handsomest book of the sort in the illustration of Dr. Holmes's poem of *The Last Leaf* which has yet issued from our press; but, on the other hand, in their volume of Mr. Whittier's *Poems of Nature* they have made almost the ugliest. The interior of that volume, with the text covering the page from top to bottom in large print, is like a child's book; and the pleasure one might get from the faithful landscapes of Mr. Kingsley is quite spoiled by this setting. We should say it was the very ugliest book we had seen, if we had not suffered from the cover of *Favorite Poems* from Miss Ingelow, which Messrs. Roberts Brothers have illustrated: a *chef-d'œuvre* of tastelessness, where a deeply relieved metalized effigy of St. Botolph's Church in old Boston looks like a silver-plated geyser. The pictures within are some good and some bad, after the manner of pictures made to poems; but one remains resenting the cover while looking at them. Mr. Boughton's *Sketching Rambles in Holland*, from the press of Messrs. Harper and Brothers, with his own pictures and Mr. Abbey's in abundance, is in its sort perhaps the most attractive; they draw the meaning as well as the form of things; and in Mr. Howells's *Tuscan Cities* Mr. Pennell has done some of his best work, which is always gay, bright, honest, and expressive of the joy of doing. Of the text it will not do for us to speak, but we may praise that of Mr. Hamerton's *Paris in Old and Present Times*, which Messrs. Roberts Brothers give us with many interesting reproductions of old prints, engravings, and etchings. Messrs. Putnam's Sons publish a luxurious edition of D'Amicis's *Spain and the Spaniards*, exquisite in printing, paper, and binding, and unique in the little Japan-proof wood-engravings with which each chapter is prefaced; but not so good in its other illustrations. Messrs. Ticknor and Co., who publish *Tuscan Cities*, have issued *Childe Harold* in an illustrated volume, which is not of a new fashion; it is, in fact, of the old tradition of illustration, which many people will always like; and so are nearly all the other holiday books that we have seen, except Mr. Howard Pyle's quaint children's book, *Pepper and Salt*. He has gone to the useful Japanese for some hints in his amusing pictures, and in the text with which he has blended them he has employed his own invention and that of legend with equal charm. But we must return to *The Last Leaf*, which has been touched with graphic felicity in every reticulation by Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith and Mr. George Wharton Edwards, for the chief impression of originality we are to get from the holiday books. In this an elder and statelier Boston is charmingly reflected in certain visages and vistas, and the light of a colonial time is thrown fancifully over all.

So far as it is colonial it is ours; it is imagined in delightful sympathy with the poem, and delightfully realized; but another year we would gladly see something still more au-

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thentic in the association of art with literature —something distinctive in our holiday books, as our illustrated magazines are distinctive and pertinent to our date and life. The multitude and popularity of our holiday books are characteristically American; can they not begin to be American in something else? Of course it is first of all desirable that a thing of that sort should be beautiful, even before it is national; but with us it is so often neither!

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 16th of November.

State elections resulted as follows: October 13, Ohio, Republican; November 3, New York, Virginia, Mississippi, and Maryland, Democratic; Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Iowa, and Nebraska, Republican.

The following appointments were made by President Cleveland: Governor of Idaho, Edward A. Stevenson; Charles D. Jacobs, Minister to the United States of Colombia; Rev. J. L. M. Curry, Minister to Spain; F. H. Winston, Minister to Persia; William E. Smith, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury; Alfred P. Edgerton, of Iowa, W. L. Trenholm, of South Carolina, and D. B. Eaton, of New York, Civil Service Commissioners (the last-named a temporary re-appointment); Leverett Saltonstall, Collector, Boston.

Flood Rock, near Hallet's Point, New York, was successfully blown up by General Newton October 10.

The United States debt was decreased $13,276,774 18 during the month of October.

The marriage of Prince Waldemar, third son of King Christian of Denmark, and Princess Marie, daughter of the Duc and Duchesse de Chartres, was celebrated, October 22, at the Château d'Eu, France.

Servia on November 14 declared war against Bulgaria. Servian outposts had repeatedly attacked Bulgarian frontier posts.

The French elections, October 4, resulted in an unexpected Conservative triumph. The new Chamber will comprise 205 Conservatives and 391 Republicans or Radicals.

The Brazilian Congress has passed a bill for the gradual abolition of slavery in that country.

The Prussian elections for members of the Diet, October 29, fixed the strength of the parties in the Lower House as follows: Conservatives, 140; Free Conservatives, 60; Clericals, 99; National Liberals, 70; New German Liberals, 44; Poles, 14; Danes, 2; Guelphs, 3.

The Pope issued an encyclical letter quoting the syllabus of Pius IX. against modern civilization, and approving it. It denounced popular government, and insisted upon the obedience of subjects to their sovereigns, and upon sovereigns' obedience to the Pope. Religion, the Pope said, ought to enter into daily life. He urged Catholics to take part in all municipal political elections.

The last spike in the Canadian Pacific Railway was driven near Eagle Pass, British Columbia, November 7.

The reply of King Theebaw of Burmah to the British ultimatum was deemed hostile and inadequate. In response to the British demand for the control of the Burmese foreign relations, the King said he must first consult France, Germany, and Italy. Following this he declared war. Thereupon Lord Dufferin, Viceroy of India, ordered General Prendergast, commander of the Burmah expeditionary force, to invade Burmah forthwith, and proceed with all haste to capture Mandalay.

DISASTERS.

September 23.—Seventeen persons crushed to death in Stockholm during an ovation to Madame Nilsson.

October 8.—Charterhouse Buildings, London, burned. Loss, $15,000,000.

October 11.—Terrific storm off the coast of Labrador. Seventy fishing vessels wrecked, and more than fifty lives lost.

November 6.—Iron steamer *Algoma*, of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, wrecked, and forty-eight lives lost.

November 13.—Great fire in Galveston, Texas. Over 300 houses burned. Loss, $2,500,000.

OBITUARY.

September 22.—In Hamilton, Virginia, Commodore A. A. Semmes, U.S.N.

September 23.—In New York, George Wilkes, journalist, aged sixty-eight years.

September 24.—In London, Anthony Ashley-Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, aged eighty-four years.

October 1.—In Tottenville, New York, William Page, artist, aged seventy-four years.—In London, Sir John Hawley Glover, formerly Governor of Newfoundland, aged fifty-six years.

October 10.—In New York, John McCloskey, the first American cardinal, aged seventy-five years.

October 14.—In Monterey, California, Henry W. Shaw, better known as "Josh Billings," humorist, aged sixty-seven years.

October 16.—In London, Field-Marshal the Right Hon. Hugh Henry Rose, Baron Strathnairn, aged eighty-two years.

October 17.—In London, Thomas Davidson, scientist, aged sixty-eight years.

October 29.—At St. Cloud, Orange Mountain,

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New Jersey, General George B. McClellan, in his fifty-ninth year.

October 31.—In Dublin, the Duke of Abercorn, formerly Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, aged seventy-five years.

November 4.—In London, Robert Thorburn, miniature painter, aged sixty-seven years.

November 8.—In New York, ex-Judge Albert Cardozo, aged fifty-seven years.—In Philadelphia, John McCullough, tragedian, aged fifty-three years.

November 10.—In London, Dr. William Benjamin Carpenter, aged seventy-two years.

November 13.—In San Francisco, California, ex-United States Senator William Sharon, in his sixty-fifth year.

Editor's Drawer.

THE Drawer desires to put in a plea for the so-called—but not so called by it—Fluctuating Female. Modern fiction seems to like to dwell more and more upon the uncertain, unpredictable, illogical action of the female mind, as if it were a fault or a reproach. There is usually a touch of satire in the kindly writer when he appears to dwell admiringly upon the changing moods, whims, impulses, of a lovely woman. By pointing these out and dwelling upon them he gets a reputation of understanding woman, of having surprised her secret. He sometimes has the air of expecting to improve her, or at least to change her, by holding up to view her inconsequent, fluctuating conduct. He seems to be searching, furthermore, for some law of her being that will apply to all women, so that when he has studied one he will know all. And always, in one way or another, it is impressed upon the public mind that this non-uniformity of action according to some plain law is somehow a reproach to the sex. All literature, in fact, is full of this notion that what with insufferable insolence is called the inconstancy of woman is a most unfortunate element in human life, that because you can not predict from what a woman did yesterday what she will do to-morrow, or because no two women can be expected to act alike under similar circumstances, therefore our social life is all a muddle. Now it were easy to prove that a chief charm of woman is in her infinite variety and unexpectedness, but the Fluctuating Female needs to rest her defense upon no such superficial argument. This, her fluctuating quality, is the necessary basis of society and of polite letters. Probably it is the only thing that will save us from the cast-iron uniformity of the results of social science.

Take the novel. The interest of the novel—the real story, not the social science tract—is in love-making. And the interest in the love-making in the novel lies in the uncertainty and individuality of the female mind; that is to say, every case is positively a new one. Not only is it impossible to lay down a rule of action for this mind, a rule evolved from the study of innumerable cases in fiction and in real life, but it is next to impossible to predict what will be its action from a study of its own tendency. Hence the inexhaustible interest of the comedy or tragedy, as it may be, and the infinite resources of the student of love-making and the adjustment of the relation of man to woman, which is the great business of life. The interest in the novel, if it is a story of love, is inexhaustible not only because every woman is different from every other, but because every real woman has infinite variety of impulse and action in herself. If the lover in the novel were sure to find his beloved every day just the same, the public would not care to read about more than one interview. Fiction would perish of monotony. If the female mind had a law of uniformity, and the novelist were to discover it, he would simply kill the goose that lays the golden eggs of literature. He would dissipate all the mystery and charm of his art. But there is no danger. The novel in this is a reflection of real life. The great interest of the world lies in the uncertainty attending love-making, and in the variety, the incalculable mood and action, of woman in all circumstances. Take an appeal to experience. It is true that there are women who are comparatively stolid, reduced to rule and uniformity. But they are uninteresting. Who is it that forever excites, charms, attracts, and makes life lively and varied and worth living? It is the Fluctuating Female, the woman who does and says the unexpected, who—to make the case extreme—has tears one minute and smiles the next, who can pass easily from gay to grave, and keep expectation on tiptoe for her delightful variations. Life would be intolerably stupid if she were otherwise.

Doubtless she somehow obeys a law of her being, a higher law that can not be measured and reduced to rule. And it is this quality of fluctuation that is the hope and safety of society. We have a conceit in these days that if we can get together a sufficient number of facts on any subject, we can evolve a certain general rule. We hope by-and-by to make a science of political economy out of our observations. We do, in fact, set up a machinery of this sort based upon facts, and are surprised that it does not work, forgetting that we have left out of the calculation such imponderables as imagination, need of sympathy, and other elusive mental and moral conditions. Now woman, with her divinely ordered variableness

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and obedience to the higher law of being which we conceitedly call illogical, stands fortunately in the way of a cast-iron sociology, or science of it, by which we are all expected to become parts of a piece of machinery moving with clock-like precision. Man does not know what is good for him. He thinks he likes regularity and uniformity, and he works away at his formula to produce them. If he could realize his idea he would die of monotony. If he were able to predict from his experience what any given woman would do next—that is, any real woman whose individuality is not crushed out of her—he would find that the world had lost all its salt and relish. Changeable? Let us hope so. If the wind did not blow and shift, and give us now a zephyr and now a hurricane, the atmosphere would stagnate, and life on the globe become insupportable. It is perfectly well known that man, left to himself, is likely to fall into ruts and habits, and grow uninteresting. We sometimes say that he is uncertain. And so he is in a most disagreeable way; but he is a plodding, uniform subject compared with the other sex, whose incalculable mood or humor is in human life what the weather is in nature—sunshine, clouds, rain, animation. To know the future would be a very doubtful boon. But to know woman, to know one woman, or for a woman to know herself, would take the zest out of life. What we are pleased in our conceit to call in her sex the Fluctuating Female is the delightful, saving, indispensable element in the higher economy of life.

Confusion necessarily obscures expression. A gentleman recently crossing the St. George's Channel from Holyhead to Dublin, being somewhat fatigued, fell asleep, leaving his ticket with a friend. He had slept but a short time, however, when he was rudely awakened by a clerk collecting tickets. He indignantly reproved him, adding that his friend had his ticket, whereupon the clerk replied: "Ah, sure enough, I have it. But I am very sorry, and if you had only told me that, I wouldn't have waked you up."

The late Josh Billings was once on a passenger train bound for his old home at Lanesborough, Massachusetts. On the train were several commercial travellers, who, to while away the time, proposed a game of whist. A fourth man was wanted, and a gentleman sitting near was requested to take a hand.

"No; I do not play. But there is an old fellow who is a capital player; try him"—pointing to the "old fellow," who sat demurely on the seat in front.

"Good player, is he?" said the commercial man. "Then we'll have some fun with old Hayseed;" and accosting the quiet, farmer-like passenger, the young man, whose cheek was his fortune, blandly said: "My venerable friend, we would like to have you take a hand in a game of cards with us, just to while away the time. Will you oblige us?"

Looking the young man in the face a moment, "old Hayseed" answered, "Ya-as, we'll be there in abaout three hours."

"You don't understand, my friend; we want you to take a hand—"

"Ya-as, the stand o' corn is very good—oncommon handsome."

The commercial man was annoyed. "Speak a little louder," suggested the gentleman in the seat behind; "he is somewhat hard of hearing."

"My friend!" shouted the young fellow, "will—you—take—a—hand—in—a—game?"

"Ya-as, game is oncommon plenty; all you want is—"

"Oh, go to the devil! You're as deaf as a post!" and the man of cheek subsided, amid the laughter of his companions.

When Lanesborough was reached, "old Hayseed" arose to depart, when he quietly handed his card to the commercial man, who sat glum in his seat, and in a particularly comical way remarked: "Young man, when you travel on your cheek, don't get hay-seed in your eye. *See?*"

The young fellow glanced at the card. The superscription was—"Josh Billings."

Josh got off the train, and the man of cheek had to find a seat in another car to escape the "run" on him by his companions.

The trader in Greenport, Long Island, had a feeling for the unities when, some time ago, he hung a shingle sign in front of his grocery which read, "*Groceries, Sweet Cider, and Undertaker.*"

HUMORS OF THE BAR.

There is a lawyer in Boston who is in the habit at times of addressing individual jurymen when inattentive or restless, and sometimes his *argumentum ad hominem* is effective. Some time ago he was trying a case against a street railway company, and there was an old sailor on the jury who seemed to give no heed to what either counsel said. The lawyer made his most eloquent appeals, but all in vain. Finally he stopped in front of the sailor and said: "Mr. Juryman, I will tell you just how this happened. The plaintiff was in command of the outward-bound open car, and stood in her starboard channels. Along came the inward-bound close car, and just as their bows met she jumped the track, sheered to port, and knocked the plaintiff off and ran over him." The sailor was all attention after this version of the affair, and joined in a $5000 verdict for the injured man.

Another time he was trying a case against the city of Lawrence for a stout woman of rather unprepossessing appearance. Right behind the foreman sat a colored juryman who would weigh nearly three hundred

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pounds. The defect in the street was very slight, and the colored man evidently took no stock in the claim. Argument, persuasion, and pathos were alike lost on him. Then the lawyer, who is rather a small-sized man, said: "Mr. Foreman, the defect was very slight, but the streets of a city should be safe for all classes of people, the rich and the poor, the old and the young, the slight and the stout. You are slender, and if you had been there you would not have fallen, but you see that the gentleman behind you and I *are just about of a build.* Now we and this poor woman have just as good a right in the street as you have." The negro's face brightened up, and when the jury retired he persistently voted for a million dollars damages, until at last he was induced to agree with the others on a moderate verdict.

Many years ago there was a judge in Boston who was more noted for his sound judgment and great knowledge of law than for his courtesy to counsel or suitor. One day at the opening of a term of his court a large number of gentlemen drawn as jurors begged to be excused from serving. As one after another gave his reasons, a frown began to grow on the judge's face. Another man asked to be let off.

"What for?"

"I can not hear readily, and am afraid I may not get all the evidence."

"How long have you been deaf?" asked the judge, in a low tone.

"About ten years."

"Can you hear ordinary conversation?—can you hear me now?" said the judge, dropping his voice almost to a whisper.

"Oh yes, sir, I can hear you."

The judge looked sternly at him a full minute. Then he said: "Mr. Clerk, excuse this man. If he is deaf we don't want him, and if he is a liar we don't want him."

No more excuses were made that day.

At another time an eminent lawyer was arguing a case before the judge, who grew impatient, and said,

"Your point is perfectly understood by the Court; please make your argument as short as possible."

"I am making it as short as possible," said the lawyer as he proceeded.

After a few minutes the judge interrupted him again, saying, "You are taking too much time; we have many cases to hear; and I want you to understand that I am sitting here for the dispatch of business."

"I beg your pardon," said the old lawyer, bowing low. "*I thought your honor was sitting here to administer justice.*"

He was suffered to proceed.

It is said, writes a Han-Kow correspondent, that when a certain reverend gentleman was acting as chaplain to the leader of the last Chinese rebellion, who was at the time holding his court at Nanking, he was at times the recipient of articles of dress or adornment which to other than the native eye were more striking than elegant. On one occasion he received a crown or tiara of gilt pasteboard, which the usurping emperor desired him to wear when he officiated before the army. This gaudy but worse than worthless present was accompanied by a very heavy and valuable ring, made, in the manner of the Chinese, from pure (or unalloyed) gold. The reverend gentleman sat down and wrote to the emperor that on consulting his Bible he found the apostle Paul expressly forbade the acceptance of a corruptible crown, and in consequence he begged to return it, but that as the apostle was silent about rings, he would be able to retain the one sent him without doing violence to his conscience.

BEYOND THE GATE.

Two dimpled hands the bars of iron grasped;
Two blue and wondering eyes the space looked through.
This massive gate a boundary had been set,
Nor was she ever known to be but true.

Strange were the sights she saw across the way—
A little child had died some days before—
And as she watched, amid the silence hushed,
Some carried flowers, some a casket bore.

The little watcher at the garden gate
Grew tearful, hers such thoughts and wonderings were,
Till said the nurse: "Come here, dear child. Weep not.
We all must go. 'Tis God has sent for her."

"If He should send for me"—thus spoke the child—
"I'll have to tell the angel: 'Do not wait.
Though God has sent for me, I can not come;
I never go beyond the garden gate.'"

KATHARINE MCDOWELL RICE.

ANECDOTES OF TAYLER LEWIS.

There are thousands of graduates of Union College who remember with pleasure Dr. Tayler Lewis, Professor of Greek in that institution for nearly if not quite half a century. He was a great admirer of "the good old Anglo-Saxon," as he was pleased to term it, and frequently criticised the introduction of foreign words into our language. The student who could get the most Anglo-Saxon words into his translations was a favorite with him. A waggish student in the class of the writer (1859) was translating in class from one of the Greek authors, and came to a passage which probably any other member of the class would have rendered, "They were creating a commotion among the divinities," but which the student having the floor read, "They were kicking up a muss among the gods."

"How is that?" asked the Doctor, excitedly; "give us that again." And on its being repeated, smacked his lips, as he frequently did when pleased, and exclaimed: "Good! good!

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Remember that. It is the best translation I ever heard of that passage. *Good old Anglo-Saxon.*"

On another occasion the same class were translating from Medea, and came to the passage where she cries out in agony, "Thrice would I rather bear the spear in battle than to bring forth one child." The Doctor's eyes snapped as he exclaimed: "True! true! You cost more than you are worth, every mother's son of you." N. C. G.

A MODERN BAS BLEU.

Miss Alma McVittie's as graceful and witty
A poetess *à la mode*
As e'er turned a sonnet into a bonnet
Or sandaled her feet with an ode.

Her very first poem's a high-backed comb,
Which she wears with a fanciful twist;
Her next as a bangle doth tunefully jangle
With each turn of her round white wrist.

She has *velours* and *satin* and *costumes de matin*
All woven of jingles and chimes,
And her jewels bright are just crystallized light
That once flashed in her sparkling rhymes.

In these days of scrutation about transmutation
Of heat into force much is writ,
And now here's a girl who from shoe-tie to curl
Is vestured in transmuted wit.

ADA STURGES.

He had been courting his Sarah Ann for many a year. The blushing maid had become a mature woman, with a hint of crow's-feet and faded hair. Azariah, as he was about to leave her one evening, sympathetically remarked, "Sarah Ann, I bought a lot in the grave-yard to-day, that we may lay our bones alongside of each other at last."

Sarah Ann insinuatingly rejoined, "Azariah, can't we lay our bones alongside of each other while we live?"

THAT SAUSAGE.

A clergyman in a Southern State was on his way to preach a funeral sermon. As he was passing the house of a widow lady, a member of his congregation, she ran out and stopped him, saying, as they had just slaughtered their hogs, she had put up a few pounds of sausage as a present, adding that, as she had put it in double paper pockets, she thought it would not soil his clothes. He thanked her earnestly for her kindness, and rode on, having put the parcel in his pocket.

All the time he was officiating at the grave a large, half-starved hound kept snuffing around him, sometimes approaching alarmingly near, attracted by the scent of the fresh meat. As the deceased was a man of some prominence, there was a considerable crowd collected, and great mourning and lamentation came from the family group; so no one paid any attention to the movements of the animal, but all noticed with concern—for he was beloved by his congregation—the great pallor of the clergyman, and the beads of perspiration standing upon his brow, and they began to whisper to each other that Mr. H—— must be ill.

After the interment they all proceeded to the church, where the funeral sermon was to be preached. Just before entering, Mr. H—— turned around to ascertain the whereabouts of his tormentor, when lo! there he was, not far from him, but the crowd prevented him from approaching too closely. Just at this moment some one gave the poor creature a cruel kick, which sent him off howling. When the minister reached his pulpit—one of those old-fashioned affairs ascended by a short, steep flight of steps—he breathed more freely. He was just about to commence his duties when the sexton, a good old man, came noiselessly up the steps with a slip of paper in his hand, which he wished to give to the minister, but who was unnoticed by that gentleman, though seen by all the congregation. He gently twitched his coat to attract his attention. A thrill of horror passed over the unhappy preacher at the dreadful thought that the dog had entered unseen in the crowd, and was now about to take forcible possession of the sausage before the whole assembly; so, hoping to drive him away, he kicked back cautiously but vigorously, and struck the old man in the breast, who rolled down the steps.

Seeing the look of surprise and alarm on the faces of the audience, he stammered out, with crimson face: "I must explain to you, my brethren, what must seem my intemperate conduct. A friend came out to me, as I was passing her house, with a small package of sausage for me to carry home in my pocket; but ever since I dismounted from my horse this old dog"—pointing behind to the prostrate sexton, but without looking round—"has been following me, and at length came into the pulpit, and has been tugging at my coat, determined to get the sausage from my pocket."

At this moment the sexton, a little stunned and a little hurt, arose from the floor, and the minister at a glance took it all in, stared wildly at him, took a drink of water, turned very pale, and sat down, overwhelmed with consternation.

When the ——th United States Infantry was ordered to New Mexico the change caused some uneasiness amongst those who had spent so many years of comfort in civilization. The general sentiment was one of disgust for frontier service. A little son of Lieutenant D—— seemed very much impressed, and evidently dreaded the change of station, for on the last Sunday to be spent at Fort —— he was heard to say, "Now, mother, let us go to church for the last time, and say good-by to God."

The mathematical solution of the "Sirdar's chess-board" puzzle which we published in our November Drawer should have been credited to Mr. S. Decatur Smith.

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THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR, OCTOBER 21, 1805.—From a drawing by J. O. Davidson.

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXII. FEBRUARY, 1886. No. CCCCXXIX.

THE BRITISH NAVY.

BY SIR EDWARD REED.

WHEN timber gave place to iron and steel in the construction of war ships, the naval possibilities of Great Britain became practically illimitable. Prior to that great change, the British Admiralty, after exhausting its home supplies of oak, had to seek in the forests of Italy and of remote countries those hard, curved, twisted, and stalwart trees which alone sufficed for the massive frame-work of its line-of-battle ships. How recently it has escaped from this necessity may be inferred from the fact that the present writer, on taking office at the Admiralty in 1863, found her Majesty's dock-yards largely stored with recent deliveries of Italian and other oak timber of this description.

And here it may not be inappropriate for one whose earliest professional studies were devoted to the construction of wooden ships, but whose personal labors have been most largely devoted to the iron era, to pay a passing tribute of respect to the constructive genius of those great builders in wood who designed the stanch and towering battle ships of the good old times. Skillful indeed was the art, sound indeed was the science, which enabled them to shape, assemble, and combine thousands of timbers and planks into the *Grace de Dieu* of Great Harry's day (1514), the *Sovraigne of the Seas* of Charles's reign (1637), the *Royal William* of half a century later (1682–92), the *Victory*, immortalized by Nelson, and in our own early day such superb ships as the *Queen*, the *Howe*, and scores of others. Only those who have made a study of the history of sea architecture can realize the difficulties which the designers of such structures had to overcome.

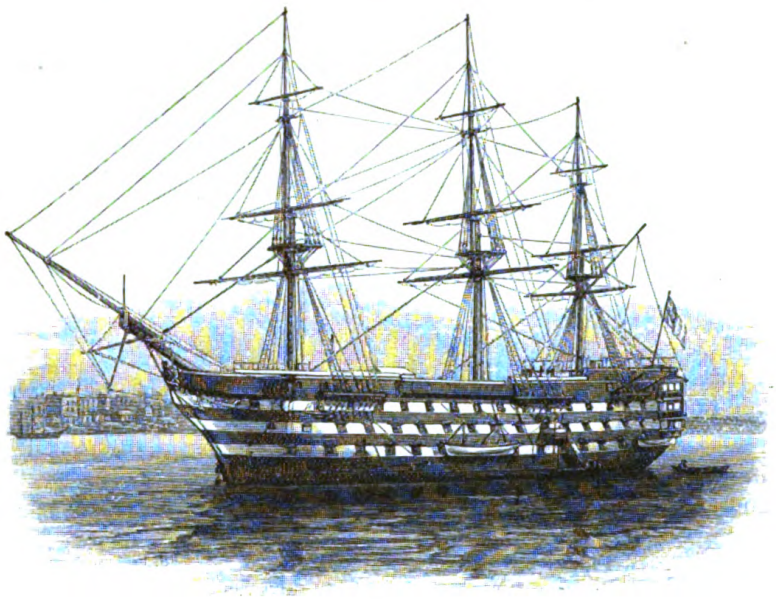
With the introduction of iron and steel for ship-building purposes the necessity for ransacking the forests of the world for timber suitable for the frames and beam-knees of ships passed away, and Great Britain, which early became, and thus far remains, first and greatest in the production of iron and steel, was thus invited to such a development of naval power as the world has never seen. The mercantile marine of England at the present time furnishes a splendid demonstration of the readiness with which the commercial classes have appreciated this great opportunity; but the Royal Navy, by almost universal assent, supplies a melancholy counter-demonstration, and shows that neither the capabilities of a race nor the leadings of Providence suffice to keep a nation in its true position when it falls into the hands of feeble and visionary administrators. Any one who will contrast the British navy of to-day with the British navy as it might and would have been under the administration, say, of such a First Lord of the Admiralty as the present Duke of Somerset proved himself in every department of the naval service five-and-twenty years ago, will understand the recent outcry in England for a safer and more powerful fleet.

It is impossible, as will presently appear, to describe the existing British navy without making reference to those administrative causes which have so largely and so unhappily influenced it; but the primary object of this article is, nevertheless, to describe and explain it, and only such references will be made to other circumstances as are indispensable to the fulfillment of that object.

It is fitting, and to the present writer it is agreeable, in these columns of *Harper*, which circulates so widely on both sides of the Atlantic, to take early note of a matter which has perhaps never before been fully acknowledged, viz., the indebtedness of Great Britain and of Europe to the United

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THE "VICTORY."
From a photograph by Symonds and Co., Portsmouth.

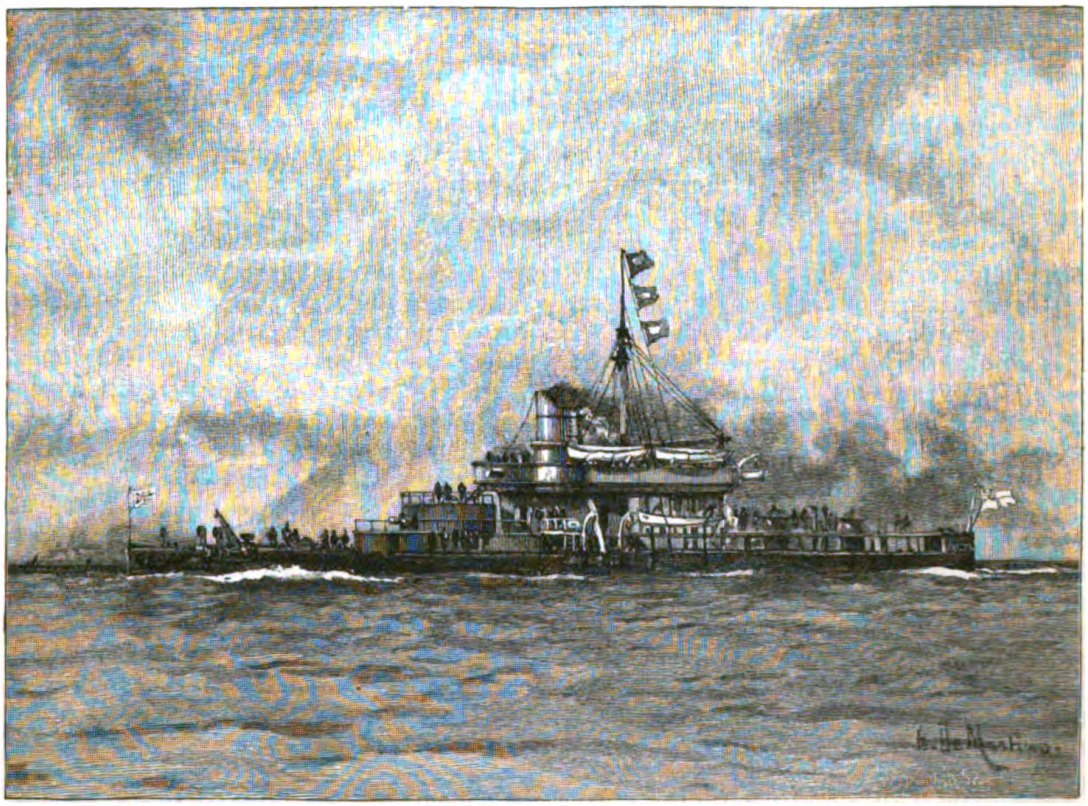
States for some invaluable lessons in naval construction and naval warfare which were derived from the heroic efforts of their great civil war. The writer is in a position to speak with full knowledge on this point, as his service at the Admiralty, in charge of its naval construction, commenced during the American conflict, and continued for some years after its fortunate conclusion. There can be no doubt whatever that from the *Monitor* and her successors European constructors and naval officers derived some extremely valuable suggestions. The Monitor system itself, pure and simple, was never viewed with favor, and could never be adopted by England, except under the severest restrictions, because the work of England has mainly to be done upon the high seas and in distant parts of the world, and the extremely small freeboard of the *Monitor*, or, in other words, the normal submersion of so very much of the entire ship, is highly inconvenient and not a little dangerous on sea service, as the fate of the *Monitor* itself demonstrated. But for the work the *Monitor* was designed to do in inland waters she was admirably conceived, and her appearance in the field of naval warfare startled seamen and naval constructors everywhere, and gave their thoughts a wholly novel direction. In saying this I am not unmindful that seven years previously England had constructed steam-propelled "floating batteries," as they were called, sheathed with iron, and sent them to operate against the defenses of Russia. But useful as these vessels were in many respects, their construction presented no striking novelty of design, and their employment was unattended by any dramatic incidents to powerfully impress the naval mind. The *Monitor* was both more novel and more fortunate, and opened her career (after a severe struggle for life at sea) with so notable a display of her offensive and defensive qualities that all eyes turned to the scene of her exploits, and scanned her with a degree of interest unknown to the then existing generation of sailors and ship-builders. Her form and character were in most respects singular, her low deck and erect revolving tower being altogether unexampled in steam-ship construction. He must have been a dull and conservative naval architect indeed whose thoughts Ericsson's wonderful little fighting ship did not stimulate into unwonted activity. But the service rendered to Europe was not confined to the construction and exploits of the *Monitor* itself. The coasting passages, and, later on, the sea-voyages, of other vessels of the Monitor type, but of larger size, were watched with intense interest, and gave to the naval world instructive experiences which could in no other way have been acquired. Some

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of these experiences were purchased at the cost of the lives of gallant men, and that fact enhanced their value.

It is not possible to dwell at length upon the means by which the Monitor influence took effect in the navies of Europe, but it may be doubted whether ships like the *Thunderer*, *Devastation*, and *Dreadnought*, which naval officers declare to be turret and the hatchways over the machinery and boilers were protected by an armored breastwork standing high above this low deck, whereas in the American Monitors the turret rests upon the deck, which is near to the smooth sea's surface.

We have here, in the features just contrasted, the expression of a fundamental difference of view between the American



THE "GLATTON."

to-day the most formidable of all British war ships, would have found their way so readily into existence if the Monitors of America had not encouraged such large departures from old world ideas. In this sense the *Times* correctly stated some years ago that the "American Monitors were certainly the progenitors of our *Devastation* type." The one ship in the British navy which comes nearest to the American Monitor, in respect of the nearness of her deck to the water, is the *Glatton*, a very exceptional vessel, and designed under a very peculiar stress of circumstances. But even in her case, as in that of every other armored turret ship of the present writer's design, the base of the system, as applied to sea-going turret ships, and the European system of sea-going ships introduced by the writer. It has never been possible, in our judgment on the British side of the Atlantic, to regard even such Monitors as the *Puritan* and *Dictator* were designed to be, as sufficiently proof to sea perils. At the time when these lines are being penned, the following paragraph is appearing in English newspapers: "The Cunard steamer *Servia* arrived at New York yesterday, being three days overdue. During a heavy sea the boats, the bridge, and the funnel were carried away, and the saloon was flooded." Any one who has seen the *Servia*, and observed the great height above

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the smooth sea's surface at which her boats, bridge, and funnel are carried, will be at no loss to infer why it is that we object to ships with upper decks within two or three feet only of that surface. In short, it can be demonstrated that ships of the latter type are liable, in certain possible seas, to be completely engulfed even to the very tops of their funnels. In the case of the *Glatton*, which had to be produced in conformity to ideas some of which were not those of the designer, one or two devices were resorted to expressly in order to secure, in an indirect manner, some increase of the assigned buoyancy, and thus to raise the upper deck above its prescribed height. The officers who served in her, however, judiciously regarded her, on account of her low deck, as fit only for harbor service or restricted coast defense.

A very dangerous combination, as the writer regards it, was once proposed for his adoption by the representative of a colonial government, but was successfully resisted. This was the association of a "Coles" or English turret (which penetrates and passes bodily through the weather deck) with a low American Monitor deck. This was opposed on the ground that with such an arrangement there must of necessity be great danger at sea of serious leakage around the base of the turret as the waves swept over the lower deck. It would be extremely difficult to give to the long circular aperture around the turret any protection which would be certain, while allowing the turret to revolve freely, both to withstand the fire of the guns and to resist the attack of the sea.

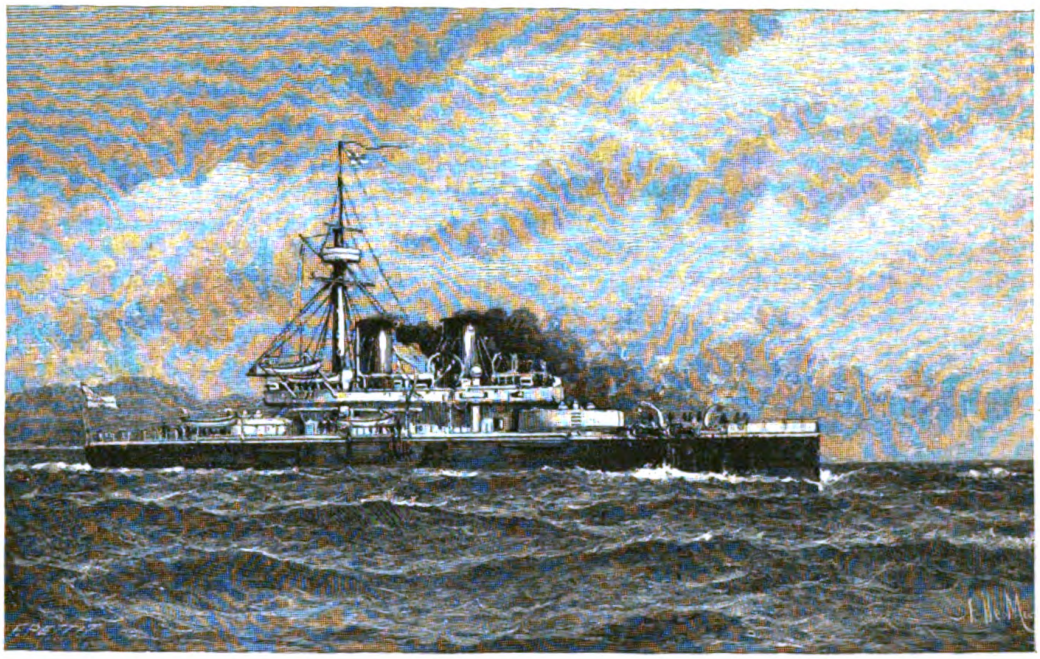
It will now be understood that while the Monitor system was from the first highly appreciated in Europe, and more especially in England, it never was adopted in its American form in the British navy. Russia, Holland, and some other powers did adopt it, and the Dutch government had to pay the penalty in the total disappearance of a ship and crew during a short passage in the North Sea from one home port to another. In a largely altered form, and with many modifications and additions due to English ideas of sea service, it was, however, substantially adopted in the three powerful ships already named, of which one, the *Dreadnought*, now bears the flag of the British admiral who commands the Mediterranean fleet.* If the opinion of officers who have served in these ships may be accepted as sufficiently conclusive, it was a great misfortune for the British navy when the ruling features of this type of ship were largely departed from in its first-class ships, and made to give place to a whole series of so-called first-class ironclads, of which only about one-third of the length has been protected by armor, and which are consequently quite unfit to take a place in any European line of battle.

The characteristic differences between the American type and the English type of sea-going Monitors (if we may apply that designation to the *Devastation* type) have already been stated, but may be restated here in a single sentence, viz., the elevation in the English ship of the turret breastwork deck to a height of eleven or twelve feet above the sea's surface, and the raising of the upper deck generally, or of a considerable part of it, to at least that height, by means of lightly built superstructures. Over these again, and many feet above them, are built bridges and hurricane decks, from which the ships may be commanded in all weathers. Lofty as these ships are by comparison with American Monitors, it is only gradually that they have acquired the confidence of the naval service, so freely do the waves sweep over their weather decks when driven, even in moderate weather, against head seas.

The British navy, having very diversified services to perform during both peace and war, requires ships of various kinds and sizes. Its first and greatest requirement of all is that of line-of-battle ships in sufficient numbers to enable England to stand up successfully against any European naval force or forces that may threaten her or her empire. If any one should be disposed to ask why this requirement—which is obviously an extreme one, and an impossible one for more than a single power—is more necessary for England than for any other country, the answer must be, *Circumspice!* To look round over England's empire is to see why her failure on the sea would be her failure altogether. France, Germany, Italy, and even Holland, might each get along fairly well, losing nothing that is absolutely

* The engraving of the *Dreadnought* is from a drawing presented to the writer by the Chevalier De Martino, a marine artist of distinction.

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THE "DREADNOUGHT."

essential to their existence, even if every port belonging to them were sealed by an enemy's squadron. But were Great Britain to be cut off from her colonies and dependencies, were her ships to be swept from the seas and her ports closed by hostile squadrons, she would either be deprived of the very elements of life itself, or would have to seek from the compassion of her foes the bare means of existence. It is this consideration, and the strong parental care which she feels for her colonies, that make her sons indignant at any hazardous reduction of her naval strength. There are even in England itself men who can not or will not see this danger, and who impute to those who strive to avert it ambitious, selfish, and even sordid motives. But it is to no unworthy cause that England's naval anxieties are due. We have no desire for war; we do not hunger for further naval fame; we cherish no mean rivalry of other powers who seek to colonize or to otherwise improve their trade; we do not want the mastery of the seas for any commercial objects that are exclusively our own. What we desire to do is to keep the seas open thoroughfares to our vast possessions and dependencies, and free to that commercial communication which has become indispensable to our existence as an empire. To accomplish that object we must, at any cost, be strong, supremely strong, in European waters; and it is for this reason that England's line-of-battle ships ought to be always above suspicion both in number and in quality.

It is not a pleasant assertion for an Englishman to make when he has to say that this is very far from being the case at present. A few months ago this statement, from whomsoever it emanated, would have been received with distrust by the general public, for the truth was only known to the navy itself and to comparatively few outsiders. But the official communications made to both Houses of Parliament early in December last have prepared the world for the truth, the First Lord of the Admiralty in the Chamber of Peers and Sir Thomas Brassey in the House of Commons having then proposed to Parliament a programme of additional ship-building which provided for a considerable increase in the number of its first-class ships and cruisers, and which also provided, on the demand of the present writer, that the cruisers should be protected with belts of armor—an element of safety previously denied to them. It need hardly be repeated, after this wholesale admission of weakness by the Admiralty, that Great Britain is at present in far from a satisfactory condition as regards both the number and the character of its ships. Were that not so, no public

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agitation could have moved the government to reverse in several respects a policy by which it had for so long abided.

It will be interesting to broadly but briefly review the causes of the present deplorable condition of the British navy. In the first place, in so far as it is a financial question, it has resulted mainly from the sustained attempt of successive governments to keep the naval expenditure within or near to a fixed annual amount, notwithstanding the palpable fact that every branch of the naval service, like most other services, is unavoidably increasing in cost, while the necessities of the empire are likewise unavoidably increasing. The consequence is that, as officers and men of every description must be paid, and all the charges connected therewith must in any event be fully met, the ship-building votes of various kinds are those upon which the main stress of financial pressure must fall. From this follows a strong desire, to which all Boards of Admiralty too readily yield, to keep down the size and cost of their first-class ships, to the sacrifice of their necessary qualities. This may be strikingly illustrated by the fact that, although the iron *Dreadnought*, a first-class ship, designed fifteen or sixteen years ago, had a displacement of 10,820 tons, and was powerful in proportion, the Admiralty have launched but a single ship (the *Inflexible*) since that period of which the displacement has reached 10,000 tons. In fact, every large iron-clad ship for the British navy since launched has fallen from 1200 to 2400 tons short of the *Dreadnought's* displacement, and has been proportionally feeble.

If this cutting down in the size of the principal ships of Great Britain had been attended by a corresponding reduction in the sizes of the ships of other powers, or even by some advantages of design which largely tended to make up for the defect of size, there might be something to say for it. But the French ships have shown no such falling off in size, and have benefited as fully as the English ships by the use of steel and by the improved power and economy of the marine steam-engine.

Simultaneously with the reduction in the size of the English ships there has been brought about—voluntarily, and not as a consequence of reduced size, for it was first applied in the largest of all British men-of-war, the *Inflexible*—a system of stripping the so-called armored ships of the English navy of a large part of their armor, and reducing its extent to so deplorable a degree that, as has already been said, they are quite unfit to take part, with any reasonable hope of success, in any general engagement. Here, again, there might have been something to say for a large reduction in the armored surface of ships if it had been attended by some great compensation, such as that which an immense increase in the thickness of the armor applied might have provided, although no such increase could ever have compensated for such a reduction of the armored part of the ship as would have exposed the whole ship to destruction by the mere bursting in of the unarmored ends, which is what has been done. But although in the case of the large *Inflexible* the citadel armor was of excessive thickness, that is not true of the more recent ships of England, the armor of which sometimes falls short of that of the French ships, in two or three instances by as much as four inches, the French ships having 22-inch armor, and the English 18-inch. But by the combined effect of injudicious economy and of erroneous design, therefore—both furthered by a sort of frenzied desire on the part of the British Admiralty to strip the ships of armor, keep down their speed, delay their completion, and otherwise paralyze the naval service, apparently without understanding what they were about—the British navy has been brought into a condition which none but the possible enemies of the country can regard without more or less dismay.

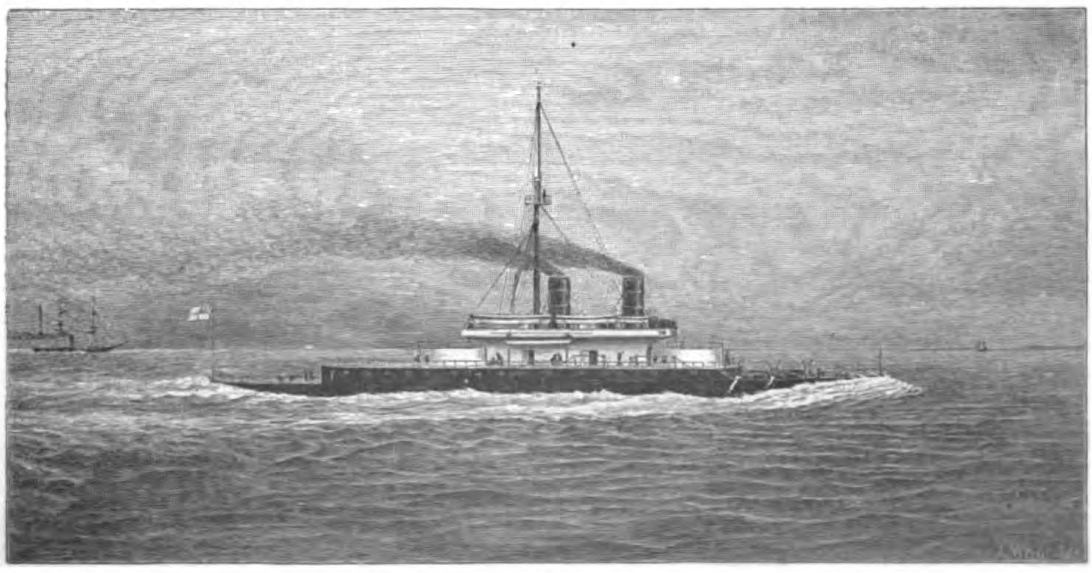
In order to illustrate the extent to which side armor has been denied to the British ships, as compared with the French, we refer the reader to the diagrams (see page 340) of the *Amiral Duperré* (French) and of the *Inflexible* and *Collingwood* (both English). The black portions represent the side armor in each case. It is scarcely possible for any one friendly to Great Britain to look at these diagrams, and realize what they signify, without profoundly regretting that a sufficient force of public opinion has not yet been exerted to compel the Admiralty to a much more liberal use of armor in the new first-class ships the intended construction of which was announced to Parliament in December last. In these new ships, while the length of the partial belt

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has been slightly increased, no addition to its height above water has been made (as compared with the *Collingwood* or "Admiral" class), so that the slightest "list" toward either side puts all the armor below water. To describe such ships as "armored ships" is to convey a totally false impression of their true character. A side view of one of these new ships (see page 356) shows that the two principal guns are carried high up forward in an armored turret, which sweeps from right ahead, round the bow on each side, and well toward the stern, while several smaller guns are carried abaft with very thin armor protection to complete the offensive powers of the ship. The arrangement of the two principal guns in a turret forward resembles that of the *Conqueror*, but in her the armor rises high above the water, and a belt extends to the bow and nearly to the stern. It is a matter of inexpressible regret that the armored surface of these new ships is so excessively contracted as to be wholly insufficient to preserve the ship from that terrible danger to which so many of their predecessors have been exposed, viz., that of capsizing from loss of stability when the unarmored parts alone have been injured.

There is a sense in which all the British ships to which reference has thus far been made may be roughly regarded as developments of, or at least as starting from, the *Devastation*, or British Monitor type of ship, for in all of them masts and sails have been done away with, and steam propulsion relied upon, a single military mast alone remaining.* We have now to notice another and more numerous class of ships, which may be regarded as the lingering representatives of those sailing ships which have come down to us through the long centuries, but which are now rapidly disappearing, yielding to the all-prevalent power of steam. Some of these ships were built for the line of battle, in their respective periods, but as they range in size from about 1000 tons of displacement up to nearly 11,000 tons, it is obvious that many of them were built for various other employments. In dealing with the full-rigged ships, we are taking account of types of war ships which, for all but secondary purposes, are passing away. It fell to the lot of the present writer (under the rule of Mr. Childers, then First Lord of the Admiralty, and of Admiral Sir Robert Spencer Robinson, then Controller of the Navy) to introduce the mastless war ship, and thus to virtually terminate what had certainly been for England a glorious period, viz., that of the taunt-masted, full-rigged, and ever-beautiful wooden line-of-battle ship. It is now, alas! but too apparent (from what has gone before) that in virtually terminating that period, and opening the era of

* This is not strictly true of quite all the ships named, but it probably will be true erelong, as none of them have more than a light auxiliary rig, and that will probably be abandoned.



THE "DEVASTATION."

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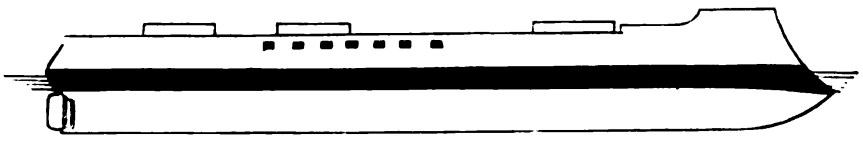
the steam and steel fighting engine, we were also introducing an era in which fantastic and feeble people might but too easily convert what ought to have been the latest and greatest glory of England into her direct peril, and possibly even her early overthrow.

The first British iron-clad (neglecting the "floating batteries" of 1854) was the *Warrior*, a handsome ship 380 feet long, furnished with steam-power, and provided with masts, spars, and a large spread of canvas. Her ends were unprotected by armor, and her steering gear consequently much exposed. She was succeeded by a long series of full-rigged iron-clads, all of them supplied with steam-power likewise, the series continuing down to the present time. The little dependence which is now placed in the British navy upon the use of sail-power in armored ships will be seen, however, when it is stated that of all the ships protected by side armor which are now under construction in the royal dock-yards, but two are to be given any sail-power at all, and these are to be rigged on two masts only, although the ships are of large size, and intended for cruising in distant seas.

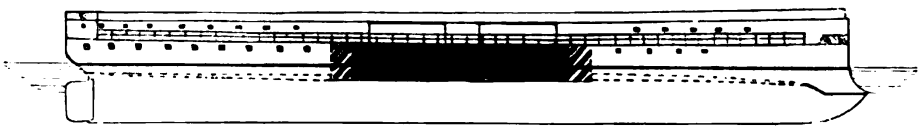
It is unnecessary in a popular article of this description to dwell upon, or even to state, the minor differences which exist between the different types of rigged iron-clads. There are, however, some points of interest in connection with their armor and armament to be mentioned. In the design of the first group (speaking chronologically) were commenced those changes in the disposition of the armor which continue down to the present time, the British Admiralty being so mixed and so virtually irresponsible a body that it is not obliged to have a mind of its own for any great length of time, even when many of the same men continue in office.

The *Warrior*, as we saw, and the sister ship *Black Prince*, had a central armored battery only; the same is true of those reduced *Warriors*, the *Defence* and the *Resistance*. But the next succeeding ships of the *Warrior's* size, the *Minotaur* and *Agincourt*, were fully armored from end to end; and the somewhat smaller ship the *Achilles* was furnished with a complete belt at the water-line. The *Hector* and *Valiant* (improved *Defences*) had complete armor above the water, but oddly enough had part of the water-line at each end left unarmored. A third ship of the *Minotaur* class, the *Northumberland*, was modified by the present writer at the bow and stern on his entering the Admiralty, the armor above water being there reduced, and an armored bow breastwork constructed. Within this armored breastwork were placed two heavy guns firing right ahead. With this exception, all these early ships, nine in number, were without any other protected guns than those of the broadside.

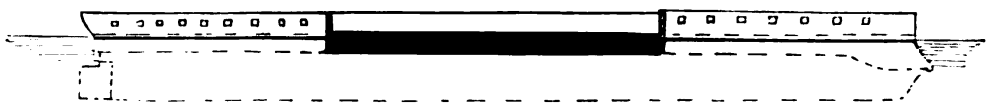
These ships were followed by a series of rigged ships of the writer's design, viz., the *Bellerophon*, *Hercules*, *Sultan*, *Penelope*, *Invincible*, *Iron Duke*, *Vanguard*, *Swiftsure*, and *Triumph*, all with hulls of iron, or of iron and steel combined, together with a series of rigged ships constructed of wood, converted from unarmored hulls or frames,



SECTION OF THE "AMIRAL DUPERRÉ."



SECTION OF THE "INFLEXIBLE."

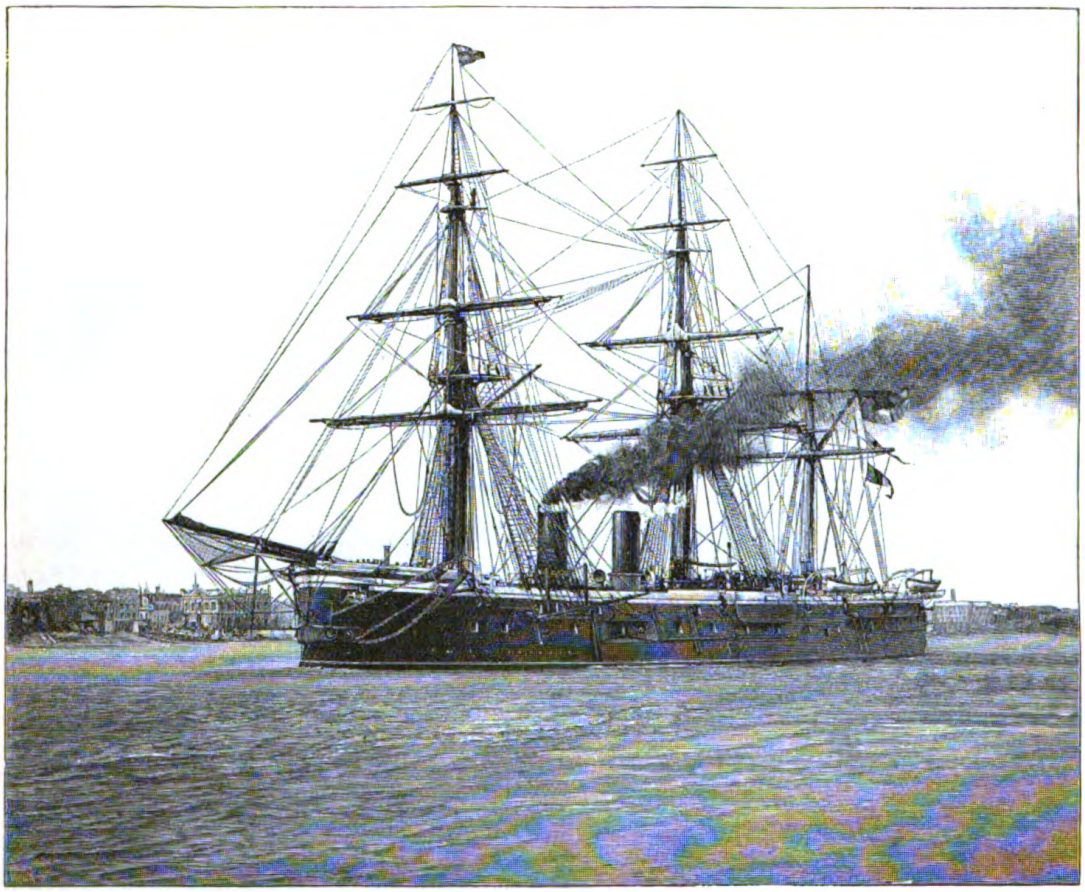


SECTION OF THE "COLLINGWOOD."

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THE "INFLEXIBLE."

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THE "SULTAN."

viz., *Enterprise*, *Research*, *Favorite*, *Pallas*, *Lord Warden*, *Lord Clyde*, and *Repulse*. Every one of these ships was protected by armor throughout the entire length of the vessel in the region of the water-line, and in some cases the armor rose up to the upper deck. Most of them, however, had the armor above the belt limited to a central battery. The chief interest in these vessels now lies in the illustrations they furnish of the evolution, so to speak, of bow and stern fire. In several of them a fire approximately ahead and astern (reaching to those directions within about twenty degrees) was obtained by means of ports cut near to the ship's side, through the transverse armored bulk-heads. In others these bulk-heads were turned inward toward the battery near the sides of the ship in order to facilitate the working of the guns when firing as nearly ahead and astern as was practicable. In the *Sultan* an upper-deck armored battery was adopted for the double purpose of forming a redoubt from which the ship could be manœuvred and fought in action, and of providing a direct stern fire from protected guns. In the five ships of the *Invincible* class a direct head and stern fire was obtained from a somewhat similar upper-deck battery, which projected a few feet beyond the side of the ship.

The rigged ships of later design than the writer's present a still greater variety in the disposition of their armor and armaments. This variety may be in part illustrated by four examples, which for convenience are principally taken from Sir Thomas Brassey's book.* The scales of these small drawings, as given by Sir Thomas, are not all the same. These examples are the *Alexandra*, the *Téméraire*, the *Nelson*, and the *Shannon*. The *Alexandra* (of which a separate view, in sea-going condition, is given), which is probably the best of the rigged iron-clads of the British navy, may be regarded as a natural, but not the less meritorious, development of the combined broadside and bow and stern fire of

* *The British Navy.*

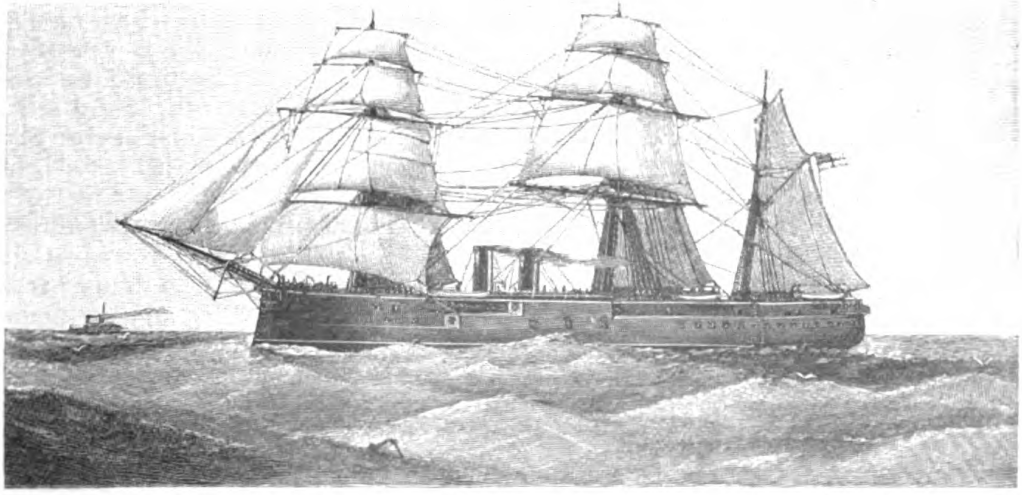
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the central battery ships which preceded her. In her were provided a broadside battery on the main-deck, a direct bow fire, also on that deck, and both a direct bow and a direct stern fire on the upper deck from within armor, as in the *Invincible* class. The guns employed for bow and stern fire were all available for broadside fire. The upper-deck battery did not project beyond the main-deck as in the *Invincible* class, the forward and after parts of the ship above the main-deck being greatly contracted in breadth in order to allow the guns to fire clear both forward and aft. The *Téméraire* is a smaller ship than the *Alexandra*, and has a battery similar to hers on the main-deck, but with one gun less on each side, the danger of a raking fire entering through the foremost battery port being met by a transverse armored bulk-head, as shown in the plan of the ship. She is provided with an additional bow gun and a stern-chaser, carried high up in barbette towers, but worked on Colonel Moncrieff's disappearing principle.

The *Téméraire* fires three 25-ton guns right ahead, against two 25-ton and two 18-ton guns in the *Alexandra;* on either bow, two 25-ton against one 25-ton and one 18-ton; right aft, one 25-ton against two 18-ton; on either quarter, one 25-ton against one 18-ton; on either beam, if engaged on one side at a time, two 25-ton and two 18-ton, with a third 25-ton available through only half the usual arc, against three 18-ton guns, with two of the same weight and one of 25-tons, each available with the limitation just described.*

* From *Engineering*.

The *Alexandra* is a ship of 9500 tons displacement, the *Téméraire* is of 8500 tons; after them came the *Nelson* (to which the *Northampton* is a sister ship), of 7320 tons displacement. This vessel can not be regarded as an armored ship at all, in the usual sense of the word, having but a partial belt of armor, and none of her guns being inclosed within armor protection, although two guns for firing ahead and two for firing astern are partially sheltered by armor. Even less protection than this is afforded to the guns of the *Shannon*, which also has but a partial belt of armor, and protection for two bow guns only. The comparatively small size of the *Shannon* (5400 tons displacement) relieves her in some degree from the reproach of being so little protected; but it is difficult (to the present writer) to find a justification for building ships of 7320 tons, like the *Nelson* and *Northampton*, and placing them in the category of armor-plated ships, seeing that their entire batteries are open to the free entrance of shell fire from all guns, small as well as large. Where a ship has a battery of guns protected against fire in one or more directions, but freely exposed to fire coming in other directions, to assume that the enemy will be most likely to attack the armor, and avoid firing into the open battery, appears to be a reversal of the safe and well-accepted principle of warfare, viz., that your enemy will at least endeavor to attack your vulnerable part. No doubt, when the size or cost of a particular ship is limited, the de-



THE "ALEXANDRA."

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signer has to make a choice of evils, but where people are as free as is the British Board of Admiralty to build safe and efficient ships, the devotion of so much armor as the *Nelson* and *Northampton* carry to so limited a measure of protection is a very singular proceeding, and illustrates once more with how little wisdom the world is governed.

Before passing from the armored ships of the navy—or rather, as we must now say in view of some of the ships just described and illustrated, before passing from the ships which have some armor—it is desirable to take note of a few exceptional vessels which can not be classed either with the pretentious and so-called line-of-battle ships or with the rigged iron-clads generally. Among these will be found two comparatively small ships, designed by the writer many years ago, to serve primarily as rams, but to carry also some guns. These were the *Hotspur* and *Rupert*. The water-line of the *Hotspur* was protected with very thick armor for her day (11-inch), extending from stem to stern, dipping down forward to greatly strengthen the projecting ram. She carried (besides a few smaller guns) the largest gun of the period, one of twenty-five tons, mounted on a turn-table, but protected by a fixed tower pierced with four ports.* This fixed tower was years afterward replaced by a revolving turret, similar to that which the writer gave in the first instance to the *Rupert*, designed soon after the *Hotspur*. Both the armor and the armament of the second vessel were heavier than those of the first, but the ram, as before, was the chief feature of the ship.

It is needless here to describe some of the very early turret ships, such as the *Prince Albert*, *Scorpion*, *Wyvern*, and *Royal Sovereign*, all of which embodied the early (though not by any means the earliest) views of that able, energetic, and lamented officer the late Captain Cowper Coles, R.N., who was lost at sea by the capsizing of his own ship, the *Captain*, her low sides failing to furnish the necessary stability for enabling her to resist when under her canvas the force of a moderate gale of wind. Had he been able to foresee the coming abandonment of sail-power in rigged ships, and had he been placed, as the writer advised, in charge of the revolving turrets of the navy, leaving ship-designing to those who understood it, he might have been alive to this day, to witness the very general adoption in the British navy of that turret system to which he for some years devoted and eventually sacrificed his life.

The first real sea-going and successful ship designed and built to carry the revolving turret of Coles was, by universal consent, the *Monarch*, whose sea-going qualities secured for her the distinction of transporting to the shores of America—as a mark of England's good-will to the people of the United States, and of her admiration of a great and good citizen—the body of the late Mr. George Peabody. "The performances of the *Monarch* at sea," says Brassey's *British Navy*, "were in the highest degree satisfactory;" and nothing could exceed the frank and liberal praises bestowed upon her for her performances during the voyage to New York by the officers of the United States man-of-war which accompanied her as a complimentary escort.

A great deal has been written and said at different times about four other turret ships of the British navy, viz., the *Cyclops*, *Gorgon*, *Hecate*, and *Hydra*—far less terrible vessels than these formidable names would seem to import. Whether these four comparatively small turret ships possess the necessary sea-going qualities for coast defense (as distinguished from harbor service) is a question which has been much discussed, and is not yet settled. The truth is that the defense of the coasts of England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland is a service in which the sea-going qualities of vessels may be called into requisition as largely as in any service in the world. There are some (this writer among them) who much prefer the mid-Atlantic in a heavy gale of wind to many parts of these coasts, more especially if there be any doubt about the perfect obedience of the ship to her steam-power and her helm. The worst weather the writer has ever experienced at sea was met with in the English Channel, and the only merchant ship which he ever even in part possessed was mastered by a Channel storm, had to

* Some persons regarded the existence of these four small port-holes as converting the tower into a nest for projectiles, although a single enemy could not possibly have attacked more than two of these ports at once, situated as they were. What would such persons think of the batteries of the *Nelson*, *Northampton*, and *Shannon*, each open for more than one hundred feet in length, on each side of the ship, in so far as armor is concerned?

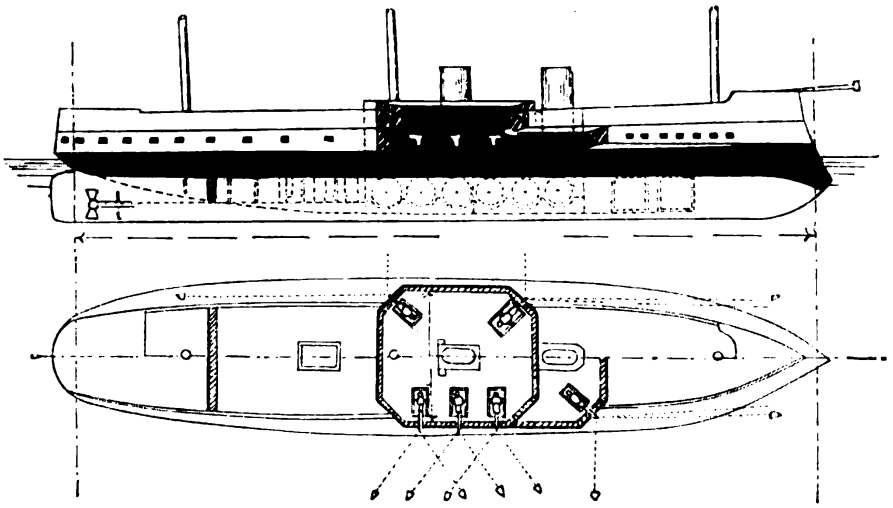
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THE "TÉMÉRAIRE."

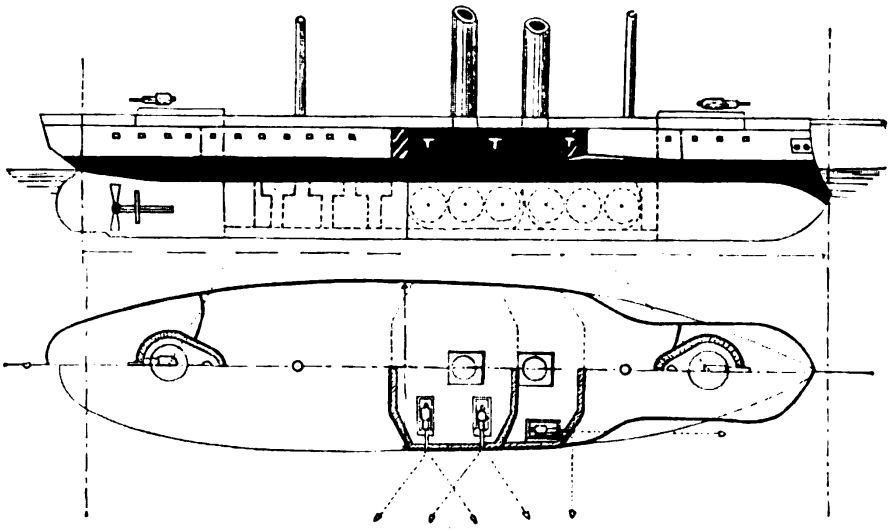
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SECTION AND PLAN OF THE "ALEXANDRA."

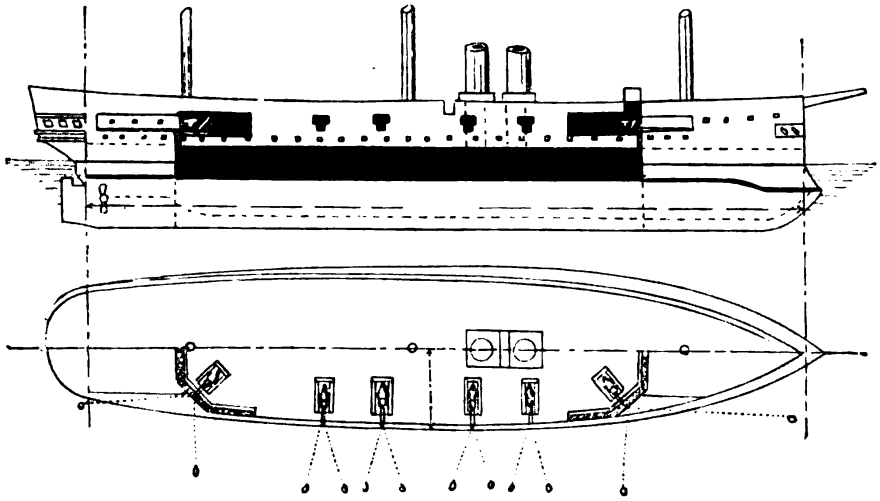


SECTION AND PLAN OF THE "TÉMÉRAIRE."

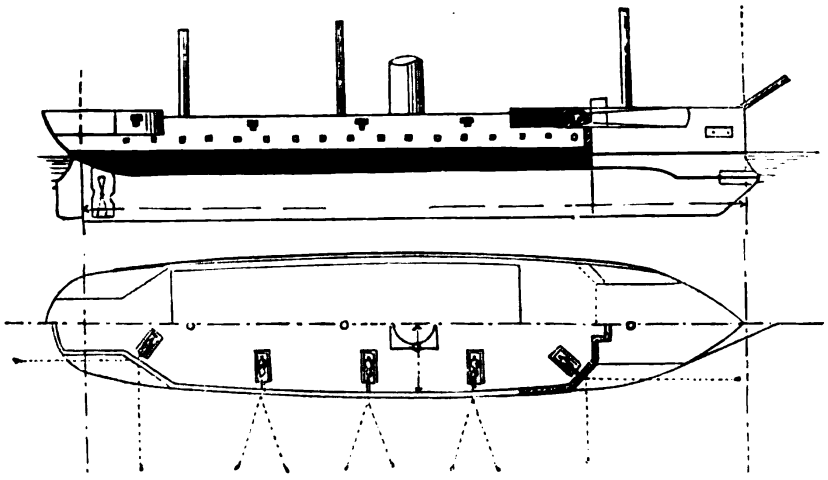
cast anchor outside of Plymouth Breakwater, was blown clean over it, and sank inside of it, with her cables stretched across that fine engineering work. It is therefore difficult, and has always been difficult, not to say impossible, for him to regard a "coast-defense ship," which certainly ought to be able to defend the coast, and to proceed from one part of it to another, as a vessel which may be made less seaworthy than other vessels. Only in one respect, viz., that of coal supply, may such a ship be safely made inferior to sea-going ships.

But whether the four vessels under notice be fit for coast defense or not, it ought to be known that they were not designed for it. They were hastily ordered in 1870, when the Franco-German war was breaking out, under the impression that Great Britain might get involved in that war. The British Admiralty knew then (as it knows now, and as it has known for years past) that the navy had not been maintained in sufficient strength, and they consequently seized the first design for a small and cheap ship that they could lay hands on, and ordered the construction, with all dispatch, of four such vessels. The design which they happened to take, or which seemed to them most suitable, was that of the *Cerberus*—a breastwork Monitor designed by the writer for special service in inland colonial waters, and made as powerful as was then possible on 3300 tons of displacement, both offen-

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SECTION AND PLAN OF THE "NELSON."



SECTION AND PLAN OF THE "SHANNON."

sively and defensively, but with no necessity for, and no pretensions whatever to, sea-going qualities. It is scarcely to be supposed that four vessels having such an origin could be expected to take their place as sea-going ships of the British navy; nor could they, either, for reasons already suggested, be expected to possess any high qualities as vessels for the defense of

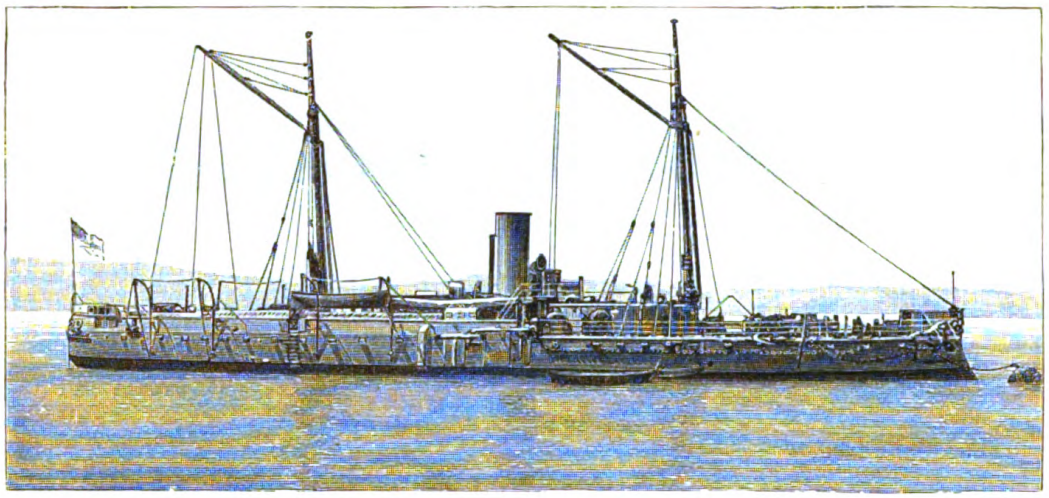
> "That land round whose resounding coasts
> The rough sea circles."

The Admiralty which ordered their construction may possibly be able to state why they built them, but even that is not at all certain. One of the evil results of mean economies in national enterprises in ordinary times is extravagant and aimless expenditure in times of necessity.

A later example of this kind of expenditure under very similar circumstances was furnished during Lord Beaconsfield's administration, when war with Russia seemed likely to occur. Again the insufficiency of the navy was strongly felt, and again public money, to the extent of two millions sterling or more, was expended upon the acquisition of such ships as could be most readily acquired, regardless of cost. At this time the *Neptune* (of 9170 tons displacement), the *Superb* (of 9100 tons), and the *Belleisle* and *Orion* (each of 4830 tons) were purchased into the service, and having been built for other navies, and under very peculiar circumstances in some cases, required large dockyard expenditure to convert them to their new uses in the British navy.

It only remains, in so far as existing

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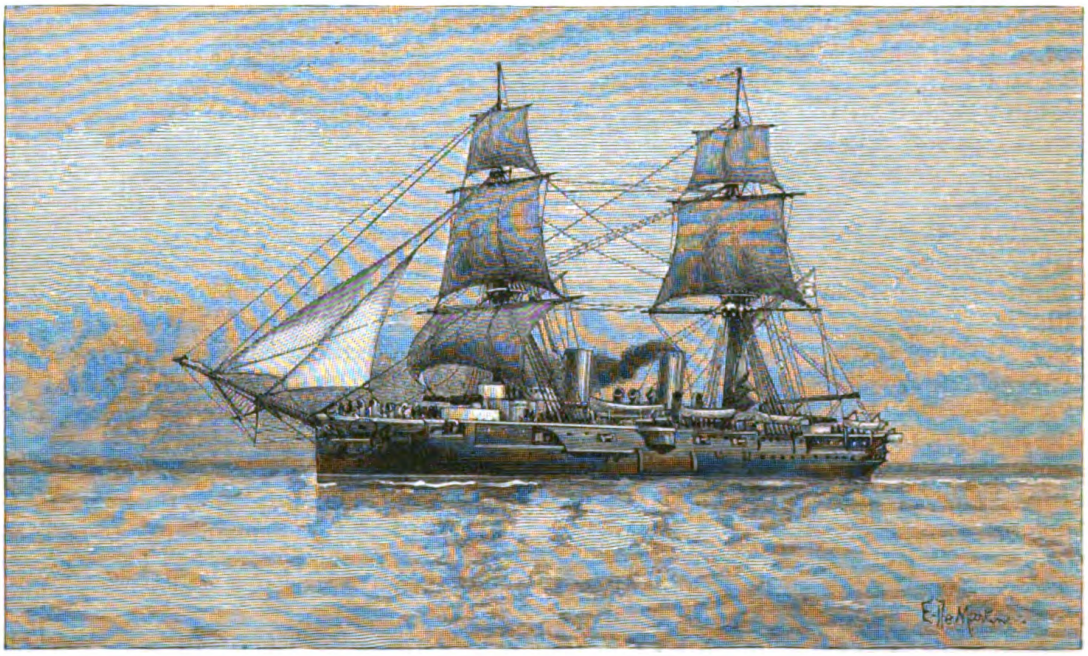
THE "HOTSPUR."
From a photograph by Symonds and Co., Portsmouth.

armored, or rather "partly armored," ships are concerned, to advert to the *Impérieuse* and *Warspite*, two cruisers building for distant service. These ships are 315 feet long, and to them has been allowed, by the extraordinary generosity of the Admiralty, as much as 140 feet of length of armored belt. If this had been extended by only 20 feet, these British cruisers, which Sir Thomas Brassey—whether grandiloquently or satirically it is hard to say—calls "armored cruisers," would have actually had one-half of their length protected by armor-plating at the water-line. In what spirit and with what object is not known, but Sir Thomas, in his outline sketch of these ships, writes the word "coals" in conspicuous letters before and abaft the belt. Can it be possible that he, undoubtedly a sensible man of business, and one who laboriously endeavors to bring up the knowledge and sense of his fellow-countrymen to a level with his own, and who is now Secretary to the British Admiralty—can it be possible that he considers coal a trustworthy substitute for armor, either before or after it has been consumed as fuel?

It is very distressing to have to write in these terms and put these questions about Admiralty representatives and Admiralty ships. But what is to be done? Here are two ships which are together to cost nearly half a million of money, which are expressly built to chase and capture our enemies in distant seas, which are vauntingly described as "armored cruisers," which can not be expected always by their mere appearance to frighten the enemy into submission, like painted Chinese forts, which must be presumed sometimes to encounter a fighting foe, or at least to be fired at a few times by the stern guns of a vessel that is running away, and yet some eighty or ninety feet of the bows of these ships and as much of their sterns are deliberately deprived of the protection of armor, so that any shell from any gun may pierce them, let in the sea, and reduce their speed indefinitely; and in apparent justification of this perfectly ridiculous arrangement—perfectly ridiculous in a ship which is primarily bound to sustain her speed when chasing—the Secretary to the Admiralty tells us that she is to carry in the unprotected bow some coals! May the pages of so responsible a magazine as *Harper's* be made available for giving to the British Admiralty a piece of information of which only they can be possibly ignorant, viz., that even while coal is unconsumed it differs largely from steel armor plates in the measure of resistance which it offers to shot and shell; and further, that coal is put on board war ships that it may be consumed in the generation of steam? It is very desirable that this information should somehow be conveyed to Whitehall in an impressive manner, and possibly, if the combined intelligence of the two great nations to whom *Harper's* chiefly appeals be invoked in its favor, it may at length come to be understood and attended to even by the Admiralty, and one may hear no more of the protection of her Majesty's ships by means of their "coal."

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Passing now from the so-called ironclads of the British navy, we come to a class of vessels which have their boilers, etc., protected from above by iron decks sweeping over them from side to side. The section of the *Mersey* (see page 350)—one of the most important British ships of this type—will illustrate the system of construction. Various attempts have been made to impose numerous ships of this kind upon a sometimes too credulous pub-



THE "WARSPITE."

lic as armored vessels, and Sir Thomas Brassey, while publishing descriptions and drawings which demonstrated beyond all question that the buoyancy and stability of these ships are not at all protected by armor, nevertheless deliberately includes some of them in his list of "armored ships."* Now the thick iron deck certainly protects (in some degree, according to its thickness) all that is below it against the fire of guns, and armor itself is sometimes employed to protect the gun machinery; but the existence of a thickish deck under the water, or mainly under the water, occasionally associated with patches of armor above water here and there to protect individual parts, does not constitute the ship itself an armored ship in any such sense of the term as is ordinarily accepted and understood. How can that be properly called an "armored ship" which can be utterly destroyed by guns without any shot or shell ever touching such armor as it possesses? The British Admiralty, in the "Navy Estimates" for 1883–4, under some unknown influence, put forward two ships of this description as armored vessels, and were afterward forced to remove them from that category, but only removed them to place them in another not less false, not less misleading, not less deceptive and dangerous, viz., that of "protected ships." And this most improper description is still applied to various ships of which the special characteristic is that they themselves are *not* protected. If the ship's own coal and stores may be regarded as her protection, or if the existence of a certain number of exposed and extremely thin internal plates can be so regarded, then may these vessels be deemed partly, but only partly, "protected"; but if "protected ship" means, as every honest-minded person must take it to mean, that the ship herself is protected by armor against shot and shell, then the designation "protected ship," as employed by the British Admiralty, is nothing less than an imposition. These ships are not protected. Neither their power to float, nor their power to keep upright, nor their power to exist at

* The *Italia* and *Lepanto*, for example.

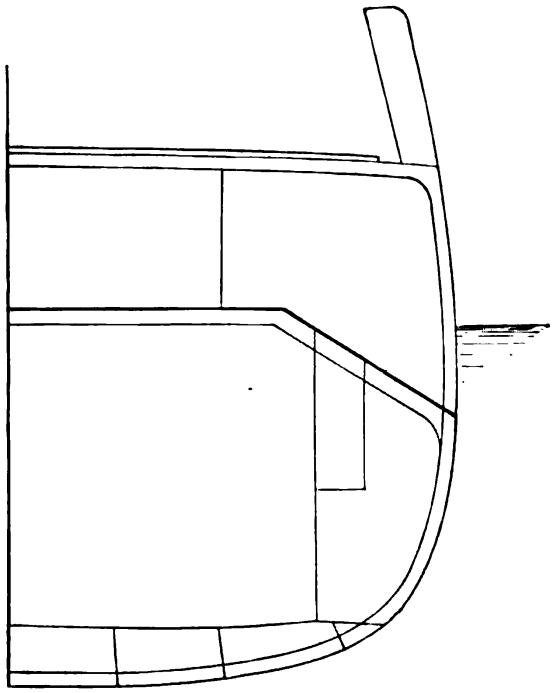
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all, after a few such injuries as even the smallest guns afloat can inflict, is "protected," as any war whatever is likely to demonstrate.

Those who employ such language ignore the essential characteristic of a ship of war, and some of the gravest dangers which menace her. It is conceivable that in the old days, when men wore armor, the protection of the head with an "armet," and of the breast by a breastplate, might have justified the description of the man so defended as an "armored man," although it is difficult to see why, since he might have been put *hors de combat* by a single stroke. But protect the boilers and magazines of a ship how you will, if you do not protect the ship itself sufficiently in the region of the water-line to prevent such an invasion of the sea as will sink or capsize her, she remains herself essentially unprotected, liable to speedy and complete destruction, and can not truly be called a "protected ship."

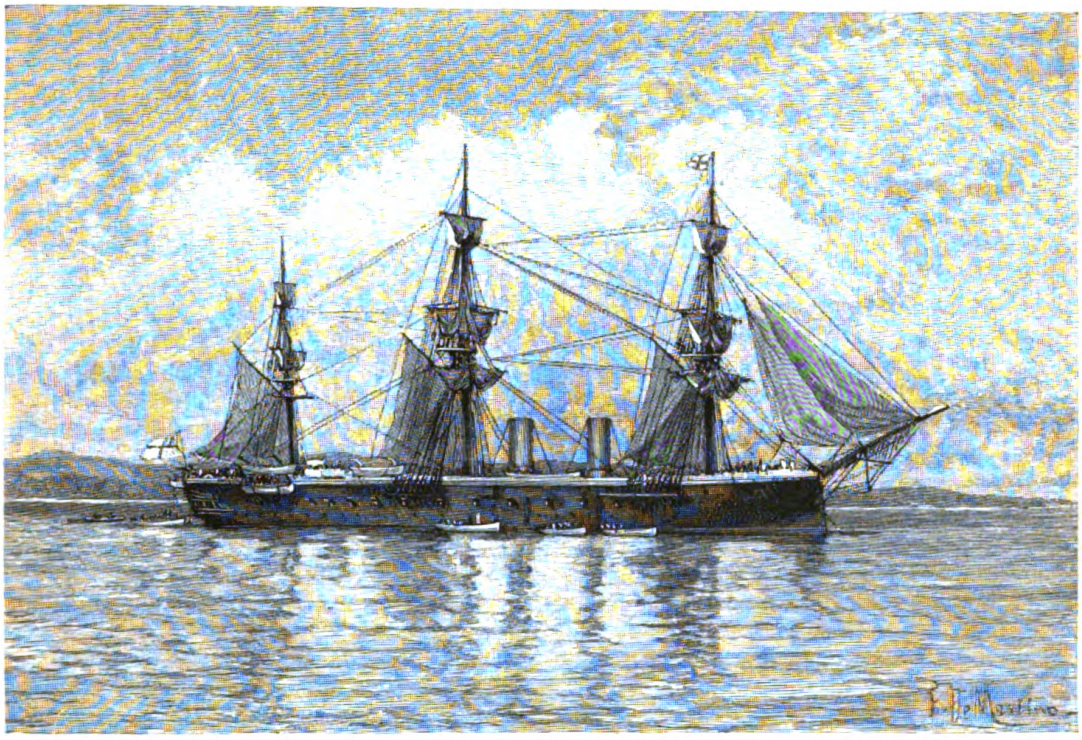
It must not for a moment be supposed that this is a mere question of words or designations. On the contrary, it is one of the most vital importance to all navies, and most of all to the navy of Great Britain. What the Admiralty say, the rest of the government, and beyond them the country, are likely to believe and to rely upon, and when the stress of naval warfare comes, the nation which has confidingly understood the Admiralty to mean "armored ships" and "protected ships" when they have employed these phrases, and suddenly finds out, by defeat following defeat and catastrophe catastrophe, that they meant nothing of the kind, may have to pay for its credulity, allowable and pardonable as it may be, the penalty of betrayal, and of something worse even than national humility.

On the other hand, it is not to be inferred from the objections thus offered to the employment of deceptive designations that objection is also offered to the construction of some ships with limited or partial protection, falling short of the protection of the buoyancy and the stability, and therefore of the life, of the ship itself. It is quite impossible that all the ships of a navy like that of Great Britain, or of the navies of many other powers, can be made invulnerable, even in the region of the water-line, to all shot or shell. Indeed, there are services upon which it is necessary to employ armed ships but which do not demand the use of armored or protected vessels. Unarmored vessels, with some of their more vital contents protected, suffice for such services. Moreover, even where it would be very desirable indeed to have the hull protected by armor to a sufficient extent to preserve the ship's buoyancy and stability from ready destruction by gun fire, it is often impracticable to give the ship that protection. This is true, for example, of all small corvettes, sloops, and gun vessels, which are too small to float the necessary armor plates, in addition to all the indispensable weights of hull, steam machinery, fuel, armament, ammunition, crew, and stores. It would be both idle and unreasonable, therefore, to complain of the construction of some ships with the protecting armor limited, or even, in certain cases, with no protecting armor at all. Such ships must be built, and in considerable number, for the British navy. But this necessity should neither blind us to the exposure and destructibility of all such vessels, nor induce us to endeavor to keep that exposure and destructibility out of our own sight. Still less should it encourage us to sanction, even for a moment, such an abuse of terms as to hold up as "armored" and "protected" ships those which, whether unavoidably or avoida-



TRANSVERSE SECTION OF THE "MERSEY."

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THE "INCONSTANT."

bly, have been deprived of the necessary amount of armor to keep them afloat under the fire of small or even of moderately powerful guns.

We are now in a position to review the British navy, and to see of what ships it really consists. In this review it will not be necessary to pass before the eyes of the reader that large number of vessels of which even the boilers and magazines are without any armor or thick-plate protection whatever. It will help, nevertheless, to make the nature and extent of the navy understood, if these are grouped and summarized in a few sentences. Neglecting altogether all large vessels with timber frames (which may be regarded as out of date, seeing that all the war vessels of considerable size now built for the navy have iron or steel frames), it may be first said that there are but three ships of the large or frigate class in the British navy which carry no thick protecting plate at all, viz., the *Inconstant*, the *Shah*, and the *Raleigh*. Of much less size than these, and equally devoid of protection, are the two very fast vessels, the *Iris* and *Mercury*, built as special dispatch vessels, steaming at their best at about eighteen knots. Among the unarmored corvettes are the *Active*, *Bacchante*, *Boadicea*, *Euryalus*, *Rover*, and *Volage*, all exceeding fourteen knots in speed, and all more than 3000 tons displacement. Then follow thirty-six smaller and less swift corvettes, nearly one-half the number being built wholly of wood, most of which exceed, however, thirteen knots in speed; and below these about an equal number of sloops of less speed and tonnage. The smaller gun vessels and gun-boats need not be summarized.

Passing on to vessels which, although themselves unarmored, have thick-plate decks to give some protection to the machinery, we observe first that there are eight ships of 3500 to 3700 tons, built and under construction, viz., the *Amphion*, *Arethusa*, *Leander*, *Phaeton*, *Mersey*, *Severn*, *Forth*, and *Thames*. Sir Thomas Brassey very properly classes such of these vessels as he mentions in his lists as "unarmored ships," although, as before mentioned, when two of them—the *Mersey* and *Severn*—were designed, with a deck two inches thick, the Admiralty at first ventured to put them forward as "armored ships."

Ascending in the scale of protection, and dealing for the present with sea-going

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vessels only, we come to a long series of ships which are undeserving of the designation of armored ships, because they are liable to destruction by guns without the limited amount of armor which they carry being attacked at all. These ships are the *Impérieuse* and *Warspite*, previously discussed, and also the *Ajax*, *Agamemnon*, *Colossus*, *Edinburgh*, and the six large ships of the "Admiral" class. Any one who has intelligently perused the report of the committee on the *Inflexible* would justify the inclusion of that ship in this category; but she is omitted here out of deference to the strenuous exertions which were made to invent or devise some little stability for her, even when her bow and stern are supposed to be badly injured, and out of compassion upon those officers of the Admiralty who have long ago repented those trying compromises with conscience by aid of which they expressed some slight confidence in her ability to float upright with her unarmored ends badly damaged. She is omitted also out of gratitude to Sir Thomas Brassey for a sentence in which, while saving her from being placed in so dreadful a category, he honestly places some of the other ships in it without qualification or circumlocution. He says: "In one important particular the *Ajax* and *Agamemnon* are inferior to the *Inflexible*. The central armored citadel is not, as it is in the case of the *Inflexible*, of sufficient displacement to secure the stability of the ship should the unarmored ends be destroyed."* In another place the present Secretary to the Admiralty, referring to the report of the *Inflexible* committee (which was nominated by the Admiralty, and under heavy obligations to support them), says: "It is doubtless very desirable that our armored ships should possess a more ample margin of stability than is provided in the armored citadel of the *Inflexible*. The ideas of the committee and of Sir Edward Reed on this point were in entire accord."†

It has recently been acknowledged that, as Sir Thomas Brassey states, the *Ajax* and *Agamemnon* are so constructed that they are dependent for their ability to float, the right side uppermost, upon their unarmored ends. To call such ships "armored ships" is, as we have seen, to mislead the public. But some pains have been taken of late to show that the "Admiral" class is better off in this respect, and certainly the known opinions of the present writer have been so far respected in these ships that their armored citadels, so called, have been made somewhat longer and of greater proportionate area. The following figures have been given:

	Percentage of water-line area covered by armor.
Inflexible	42.
Agamemnon	45.4
Collingwood	54.15
Camperdown	56.35

But any one who understands this question knows perfectly well that "percentage of water-line area covered by armor" in no way represents the relative stabilities of these ships. Indeed, that is obvious upon the face of the matter, because we have seen the *Ajax* and *Agamemnon* pronounced devoid of the necessary stability when injured, while the *Inflexible* is said to possess it, although the former vessel has 45½ per cent. of the water-line area covered, while the latter has but 42 per cent. But this is not the consideration which has led to the condemnation of the whole "Admiral" class of so-called iron-clads as not possessing the essential characteristic of an armored ship, viz., the power to float, and to float with needful buoyancy and stability, all the time the armor is unpierced. The ground of that condemnation is to be found in the introduction into the "Admirals" of a dangerous combination from which the *Inflexible* and *Agamemnon* and other like ships are exempt—the combination of long unarmored ends comprising about 45 per cent. of the water-line area with so shallow a belt of armor that, when the unarmored ends are injured and filled by the sea (as they would be in action), there would remain so little armor left above water that a very slight inclination of the ship would put it all below water. In the *Agamemnon* class, small as the initial stability may be (and with the unarmored ends torn open it would be nothing), the armor is carried up to a reasonable height above water. But in the "Admiral" class all the advantage arising from a slightly lengthened citadel is more than destroyed by this lowering of the armor. So great is the consequent danger of these ships' cap-

* *The British Navy*, Vol. I., p. 438.

† *Ibid.*, p. 427. The writer trusts he may be excused from again quoting these very important sentences from the work of the Secretary to the Admiralty, notwithstanding that he recently had occasion to quote them elsewhere.

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THE "COLOSSUS."

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sizing, if ever called upon to engage in a serious battle at close quarters, that the writer can not conscientiously regard them as "armored ships," but must in common fairness to the officers and men who are to serve in them, and to the nation which might otherwise put its trust in them, relegate them to the category of ships with only parts protected.

It will be observed that nothing has yet been said about thickness of armor, although that is, of course, a very important element of a ship's safety or danger. But important as it is, it has to be kept scrupulously separated from the question just discussed—the limitation of the armor's extent—because no misrepresentation and no misconception can well arise concerning the relative power or trustworthiness of ships armored variously as to thickness, while much misrepresentation has actually taken place and much consequent misconception has actually arisen on the other matter, more than one European government having deliberately placed in the category of "armored ships" ships which in no true sense of the word can be so classed.

The following classifications will conform to the foregoing views, describing as "armored ships" only those which have sufficient side armor to protect them from being sunk or capsized by the fire of guns all the time the armor remains unpierced.

BRITISH SHIPS OF WAR, BUILT AND BUILDING.

Armored Ships with Thick Armor.

	Tons Displacement.	Indicated Horse-power.	Speed, in Knots.	Maximum Thickness of Armor, in Inches.	Largest Guns, in Tons.
Alexandra	9,490	8610	15	12	25
Belleisle	4,880	3200	12¾	12	25
Conqueror	5,200	4500	15	12	43
Devastation	9,330	6050	13¾	12	35
Dreadnought	10,820	8200	14½	14	38
Hero	6,200	4500	15	12	43
Inflexible*	11,400	8000	14	24	80
Neptune	9,170	9000	14½	12	38
Orion	4,880	3900	13	12	25
Rupert	5,440	4630	13½	12	18
Superb	9,100	7430	14	12	18
Thunderer	9,330	6270	13¼	12	38
Glatton†	4,910	2870	12	12	25

Armored Ships with Medium Armor.

	Tons Displacement.	Indicated Horse-power.	Speed, in Knots.	Maximum Thickness of Armor, in Inches.	Largest Guns, in Tons.
Hercules	8680	8530	14¾	9	18
Hotspur	4010	3500	12¾	11	25
Sultan	9290	8630	14	9	18
Téméraire	8540	7700	14½	11	25

* The reasons for placing this ship in the list of armored ships, against the writer's own judgment, have been stated previously.

† Harbor-defense vessel.

Armored Ships with Thin Armor.*

	Tons Displacement.	Indicated Horse-power.	Speed, in Knots.	Maximum Thickness of Armor, in Inches.	Largest Guns, in Tons.
Achilles	9,820	5720	14½	4½	12
Agincourt	10,690	6870	15	5½	12
Audacious	6,910	4020	13	8	12
Bellerophon	7,550	6520	14¾	6	12
Black Prince	9,210	5770	13¾	4½	9
Gorgon†	3,480	1650	11	9	18
Hecate†	3,480	1750	11	9	18
Hector†	6,710	3260	12½	4½	9
Hydra†	3,480	1470	11¼	8	18
Invincible	6,010	4880	14	8	12
Iron Duke	6,010	4270	13¾	8	12
Minotaur	10,690	6700	14½	5½	12
Monarch	8,320	7840	15	7	25
Northumberland	10,580	6560	14	5½	12
Penelope	4,470	4700	12¾	6	9
Prince Albert	3,880	2130	11¾	4½	12
Swiftsure	6,640	4910	15¾	8	12
Triumph	6,640	4890	14	8	12
Valiant	6,710	3560	12¾	4½	9
Warrior	9,210	5470	9¼	4½	9

Ships Armored in Places.

The ships in this list, although having some armor upon their sides, being liable to capsize at sea from injuries inflicted upon their unarmored parts, can not be classed with the armored ships.

	Tons Displacement.	Indicated Horse-power.	Speed, in Knots.	Maximum Thickness of Armor, in Inches.	Largest Guns, in Tons.
Ajax	8,490	6000	13	18	38
Agamemnon	8,490	6000	13	18	38
Anson	10,000	7500	14	18	63
Benbow	10,000	7500	14	18	110
Camperdown	10,000	7500	14	18	63
Collingwood	9,150	7000	14	18	43
Colossus	9,150	6000	14	18	43
Edinburgh	9,150	6000	14	18	43
Howe	9,600	7500	16	18	63
Rodney	9,600	7500	14	18	63
Impérieuse‡	7,390	8000	16	10	18
Warspite‡	7,390	8000	16	10	18

To this list may now be added two ships of 10,400 tons displacement, with 18-inch armor, and five cruisers of 5000 tons displacement, with 10-inch armor, recently ordered by the Admiralty to be built by contract.

Unarmored Ships with Under-water Steel Decks.§

	Tons Displacement.	Indicated Horse-power.	Speed, in Knots.	Thickness of Deck, in Inches.	Largest Guns, in Inches.
Amphion	3750	5000	16¾	1½	6
Arethusa	3750	5000	16¾	1½	6
Leander	3750	5000	16¾	1½	6
Phaeton	3750	5000	16¾	1½	6
Mersey	3550	6000	17	2	6
Severn	3550	6000	17	2	6
Thames	3550	6000	17	2	6
Forth	3550	6000	17	2	6

* Three turret vessels, nearly resembling the *Gorgon*, which belong to the Indian and colonial governments, are not included in this list, nor are several unimportant small vessels, viz., *Scorpion*, *Wyvern*, *Viper*, *Waterwitch*, and *Vixen*. The very few remaining thinly armored wood-built ships are also excluded.

† Ships for local defense of ports.

‡ Cruisers for distant service.

§ The thicknesses of decks given are those of the horizontal, or nearly horizontal, parts of the deck. Where the decks slope down at the sides the thickness is sometimes increased a little, as will have been seen in the section of the *Mersey*.

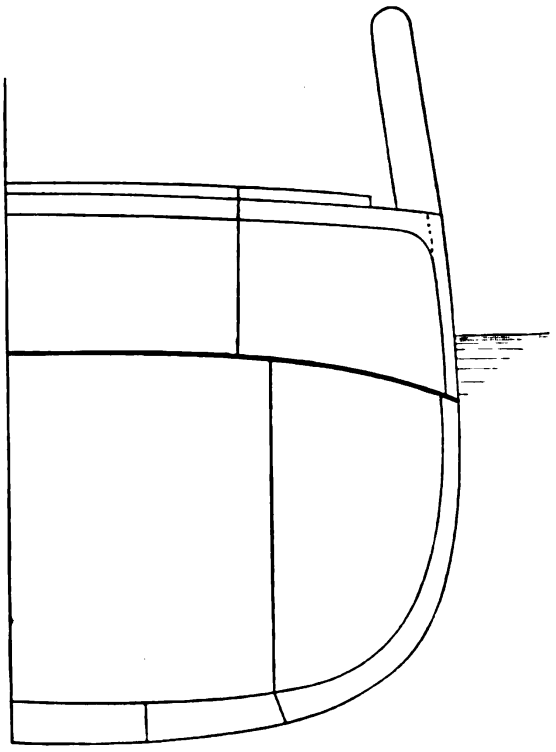
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Armored ships with 12-inch armor and upward are called ships with thick armor; those with armor less than twelve inches but more than eight inches thick are designated as ships with medium armor; and those with 8-inch armor or less as ships with thin armor.

A few vessels known as the "Scout" class are now under construction for the Admiralty upon the Clyde. There is a disposition in certain quarters to include these among the ships of the class recorded in the last table. We give a transverse section of the newest "Scout," from which it will be seen that the so-called protective deck is but three-eighths of an inch in thickness, and can therefore be pierced by any gun afloat, from the largest down to the very smallest. It would be quite absurd to speak of this class of vessels as being in any way "protected" against gun fire.

The first-class ships so called and the armored cruisers referred to in the former part of this article as having been promised to Parliament by the Admiralty representatives have now been ordered, and work upon them has been commenced in the yards of those firms to whom their building has been intrusted. The former are two in number, and their principal dimensions and particulars are as follows: length, 340 feet; breadth, 70 feet; draught of water, 26 feet; displacement, 10,400 tons; indicated horse-power, 10,000; estimated speed, 16 knots; thickness of armor, 18 inches; largest guns, 110 tons. The armor belt in these ships is a little more than 160 feet long, or about half their length, but rises to a height of only two feet six inches above the water. Before and abaft the belt under-water armored decks extend to the stem and stern respectively, as in the "Admiral" class. Besides the two 110-ton guns, which, as has been said, are placed in a turret forward and fire over the upper deck, there are twelve 6-inch guns ranged round the after-part of the ship on the upper deck. A certain amount of protection has been given to these guns by means of armor plating, but as this is only three inches thick, it can be said to do little more than protect the gun crews from the fire of rifles and of the smallest machine-guns.

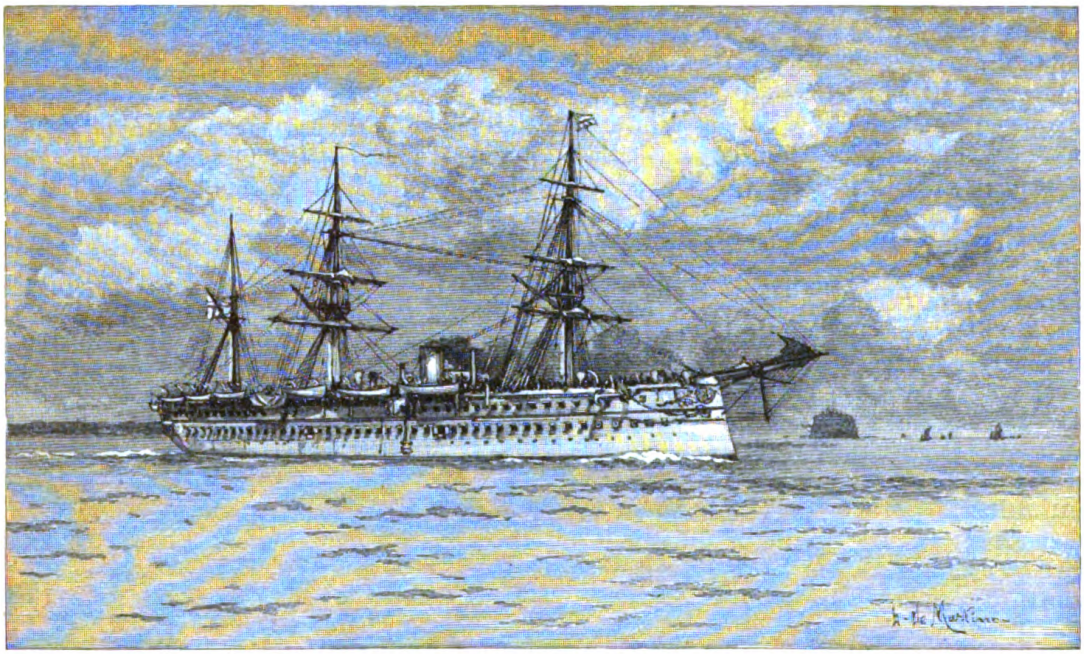
Of the armored cruisers, five have been contracted for. Their principal dimensions and particulars are: length, 300 feet; breadth, 56 feet; draught of water, 21 feet; displacement, 5000 tons; indicated horse-power, 8500; estimated speed, 18 knots; thickness of armor, 10 inches; largest guns, 18 tons. These vessels are protected by an armor belt nearly 200 feet long, which extends to a height of one foot six inches above the water and to a depth of four feet below it, and they also have under-water decks before and abaft the belt. They carry two 18-ton guns, one well forward, ranging right round the bow, and the other well aft, ranging right round the stern, as well as five 6-inch guns on each broadside, the foremost and aftermost of which are placed on projecting sponsons, by which they are enabled to fire right ahead and right astern respectively. None of these guns are protected except by the thin shields usually fitted to keep off rifle fire from those actually working the guns.



TRANSVERSE SECTION OF ONE OF THE NEW "SCOUTS."

No mention has yet been made of the troop or transport ships of the British navy. There are in all about a dozen of these, but by far the most conspicuous and important of them are the five Indian transports which were built about twenty years ago, conjointly by the Admiralty and the government of India, and ever since worked by those departments of the state with gen-

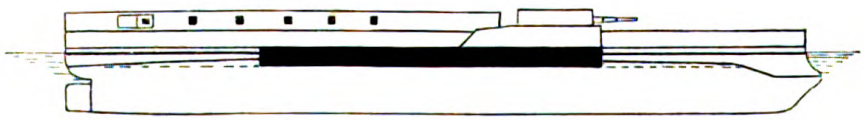
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THE "JUMNA."

eral satisfaction. One of these, the *Jumna*, is illustrated in the annexed figure. So satisfied was the late Director of Transports, Sir William R. Mends, K.C.B., with the services of these ships that, before retiring from his office, he informed the writer that if he had to assist in the construction of a new fleet of such transports he would desire but a single improvement in them, as working ships, and that was the raising of the lower deck one foot, in order to increase to that extent the stowage of the holds.

In the early part of this article the writer made reference to the influence exerted upon European ship-building by the incidents of the American civil war. He will conclude by a reference to an influence exerted upon his own mind and judgment by the most distinguished naval hero of that war, the late Admiral Farragut. On the occasion of that gallant officer's visit to England the Board of Admiralty invited him, as a wholly exceptional compliment, to accompany them on their annual official visit of inspection to her Majesty's dockyards. On the way from Chatham to Sheerness in the Admiralty yacht, the writer had a most instructive conversation with the Admiral as to the results of his practical experience of naval warfare at the brilliant capture of New Orleans, and elsewhere, and one of those results was this: "Never allow your men to be deceived as to the ships in which you expect them to fight. They will fight in anything, and fight to the death, if they know beforehand what they are going about, and what is expected of them. But if you deceive them, and expose them to dangers of which they know nothing, and they find this out in battle, they are very apt to become bewildered, to lose heart all at once, and to fail you just when you most require their utmost exertions." The writer has not forgotten this, and will not forget it. The British Admiralty is, unhappily, altogether unmindful of it.



NEW ADMIRALTY SHIP.

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YOUR COMING.

BY DORA READ GOODALE.

I KNOW not, love, how first you found me,
What instinct led you here;
I know the world has changed around me
Since once you came so near.
I yield a thousand claims to nourish this,
At last the dearest hope, the nearest tie;
And looking but to you for happiness,
Happy am I.

How lightly passed the maiden leisure
That youth and freedom chose,
The careless days of peace and pleasure,
The nights of pure repose!
So swift a touch could set the tune amiss!
So brief a shadow blot the morning sky!
Yet if the heart be made for happiness,
Happy am I.

O love, your coming taught me trouble;
Your parting taught me pain.
My breath grew quick; my blood ran double—
It leaped in every vein.
Yet, ah! has Time outdone the lover's kiss,
The look—the burning look—the low reply?
If these be all he holds of happiness,
Happy am I.

You lend to earth a vague emotion;
My self a stranger seems;
Your glance is mixed with sky and ocean;
Your voice is heard in dreams.
The good I choose is weighed with that I miss,
My idlest laughter mated with a sigh,
And moving only in your happiness,
Happy am I.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER;

OR, THE MISTAKES OF A NIGHT.—A COMEDY.

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

ACT THIRD.—(*Continued.*)

Enter MISS HARDCASTLE *and* MAID.

MISS HARD. What an unaccountable creature is that brother of mine, to send them to the house as an inn, ha! ha! I don't wonder at his impudence.

MAID. But what is more, madam, the young gentleman, as you passed by in your present dress, asked me if you were the bar-maid. He mistook you for the bar-maid, madam.

MISS HARD. Did he? Then as I live I am resolv'd to keep up the delusion. Tell me, Pimple, how do you like my present dress? Don't you think I look something like Cherry in the *Beaux' Stratagem?*

MAID. It's the dress, madam, that every lady wears in the country, but when she visits or receives company.

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MISS HARD. And are you sure he does not remember my face or person?

MAID. Certain of it.

MISS HARD. I vow I thought so; for though we spoke for some time together, yet his fears were such that he never once looked up during the interview. Indeed, if he had, my bonnet would have kept him from seeing me.

MAID. But what do you hope from keeping him in his mistake?



MISS HARD. In the first place, I shall be seen, and that is no small advantage to a girl who brings her face to market. Then I shall perhaps make an acquaintance, and that's no small victory gained over one who never addresses any but the wildest of her sex. But my chief aim is to take my gentleman off his guard, and, like an invisible champion of romance, examine the giant's force before I offer to combat.

MAID. But you are sure you can act your part, and disguise your voice so that he may mistake that, as he has already mistaken your person?

MISS HARD. Never fear me. I think I have got the true bar cant—Did your honor call?—Attend the Lion there.—Pipes and tobacco for the Angel. The Lamb has been outrageous this half-hour.

MAID. It will do, madam. But he's here. [*Exit* MAID.

Enter MARLOW.

MARL. What a bawling in every part of the house! I have scarce a moment's repose. If I go to the best room, there I find my host and his story; if I fly to the gallery, there we have my hostess with her courtesy down to the ground. I have at last got a moment to myself, and now for recollection. (*Walks and muses.*)

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Miss Hard. Did you call, sir? Did your honor call?

Marl. (*Musing.*) As for Miss Hardcastle, she's too grave and sentimental for me.

Miss Hard. Did your honor call? (*She still places herself before him, he turning away.*)

Marl. No, child (*musing*). Besides, from the glimpse I had of her, I think she squints.

Miss Hard. I'm sure, sir, I heard the bell ring.

Marl. No, no (*musing*). I have pleased my father, however, by coming down, and I'll to-morrow please myself by returning. (*Taking out his tablets and perusing.*)

Miss Hard. Perhaps the other gentleman called, sir?

Marl. I tell you, no.

Miss Hard. I should be glad to know, sir. We have such a parcel of servants!

Marl. No, no, I tell you (*looks full in her face*). Yes, child, I think I did call. I wanted—I wanted— I vow, child, you are vastly handsome.

Miss Hard. Oh la, sir, you'll make one ashamed.

Marl. Never saw a more sprightly, malicious eye. Yes, yes, my dear, I did call. Have you got any of your—a—what d'ye call it in the house?

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MISS HARD. No, sir; we have been out of that these ten days.

MARL. One may call in this house, I find, to very little purpose. Suppose I should call for a taste, just by way of trial, of the nectar of your lips; perhaps I might be disappointed in that too.

MISS HARD. Nectar! nectar! That's a liquor there's no call for in these parts. French, I suppose. We keep no French wines here, sir.

MARL. Of true English growth, I assure you.

MISS HARD. Then it's odd I should not know it. We brew all sorts of wines in this house, and I have lived here these eighteen years.

MARL. Eighteen years! Why, one would think, child, you kept the bar before you were born. How old are you?

MISS HARD. Oh! sir, I must not tell my age. They say women and music should never be dated.

MARL. To guess at this distance, you can't be much above forty (*approaching*). Yet nearer I don't think so much (*approaching*). By coming close to some women, they look younger still; but when we come very close indeed— (*attempting to kiss her.*)

MISS HARD. Pray, sir, keep your distance. One would think you wanted to know one's age as they do horses', by mark of mouth.

MARL. I protest, child, you use me extremely ill. If you keep me at this distance, how is it possible you and I can be ever acquainted?

MISS HARD. And who wants to be acquainted with you? I want no such acquaintance, not I. I'm sure you did not treat Miss Hardcastle, that was here awhile ago, in this obstropalous manner. I'll warrant me, before her you looked dashed, and kept bowing to the ground, and talked, for all the world, as if you was before a justice of peace.

MARL. (*Aside.*) Egad, she has hit it, sure enough! (*To her.*) In awe of her, child? Ha! ha! ha! A mere awkward squinting thing; no, no. I find you don't know me. I laughed and rallied her a little; but I was unwilling to be too severe. No, I could not be too severe, curse me!

MISS HARD. Oh, then, sir, you are a favorite, I find, among the ladies?

MARL. Yes, my dear, a great favorite. And yet, hang me, I don't see what they find in me to follow. At the Ladies' Club in town I'm called their agreeable Rattle. Rattle, child, is not my real name, but one I'm known by. My name is Solomons; Mr. Solomons, my dear, at your service. (*Offering to salute her.*)

MISS HARD. Hold, sir, you are introducing me to your club, not to yourself. And you're so great a favorite there, you say?

MARL. Yes, my dear. There's Mrs. Mantrap, Lady Betty Blackleg, the Countess of Sligo, Mrs. Langhorns, old Miss Biddy Buckskin, and your humble servant, keep up the spirit of the place.

MISS HARD. Then it is a very merry place, I suppose?

MARL. Yes, as merry as cards, supper, wine, and old women can make us.

MISS HARD. And their agreeable Rattle, ha! ha! ha!

MARL. (*Aside.*) Egad! I don't quite like this chit. She looks knowing, methinks. (*To her.*) You laugh, child?

MISS HARD. I can't but laugh, to think what time they all have for minding their work or their family.

MARL. (*Aside.*) All's well; she don't laugh at me. (*To her.*) Do you ever work, child?

MISS HARD. Ay, sure. There's not a screen or a quilt in the whole house but what can bear witness to that.

MARL. Odso! then you must show me your embroidery. I embroider and draw patterns myself a little. If you want a judge of your work, you must apply to me. (*Seizing her hand.*)

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"AND WHY NOT NOW, MY ANGEL?"

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MISS HARD. Ay, but the colors do not look well by candle-light. You shall see all in the morning. (*Struggling.*)

MARL. And why not now, my angel? Such beauty fires beyond the power of resistance.—Pshaw! the father here! My old luck: I never nicked seven that I did not throw ames-ace three times following. [*Exit* MARLOW.

Enter HARDCASTLE, *who stands in surprise.*

HARD. So, madam. So I find this is your modest lover. This is your humble admirer, that kept his eyes fixed on the ground, and only adored at humble distance. Kate, Kate, art thou not ashamed to deceive your father so?

MISS HARD. Never trust me, dear papa, but he's still the modest man I first took him for; you'll be convinced of it as well as I.

HARD. By the hand of my body, I believe his impudence is infectious! Didn't I see him seize your hand? Didn't I see him haul you about like a milkmaid? And now you talk of his respect and his modesty, forsooth!

MISS HARD. But if I shortly convince you of his modesty, that he has only the faults that will pass off with time, and the virtues that will improve with age, I hope you'll forgive him.

HARD. The girl would actually make one run mad! I tell you I'll not be convinced. I am convinced. He has scarcely been three hours in the house, and he has already encroached on all my prerogatives. You may like his impudence, and call it modesty; but my son-in-law, madam, must have very different qualifications.

MISS HARD. Sir, I ask but this night to convince you.

HARD. You shall not have half the time, for I have thoughts of turning him out this very hour.

MISS HARD. Give me that hour, then, and I hope to satisfy you.

HARD. Well, an hour let it be, then. But I'll have no trifling with your father. All fair and open. Do you mind me?

MISS HARD. I hope, sir, you have ever found that I considered your commands as my pride; for your kindness is such that my duty as yet has been inclination. [*Exeunt.*

SONG.*

AH me! when shall I marry me?
Lovers are plenty, but fail to relieve me.
He, fond youth, that could carry me,
Offers to love, but means to deceive me.
But I will rally, and combat the ruiner:
Not a look nor a smile shall my passion discover.
She that gives all to the false one pursuing her
Makes but a penitent, and loses a lover.

* "To the Editor of the *London Magazine:*

"Sir,—I send you a small production of the late Dr. Goldsmith which has never been published, and which might, perhaps, have been totally lost had I not secured it. He intended it as a song in the character of Miss Hardcastle in his admirable comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer;* but it was left out, as Mrs. Bulkley, who played the part, did not sing. He sang it himself in private companies, very agreeably. The tune is a pretty Irish air called 'The Humors of Ballamagairy,' to which, he told me, he found it very difficult to adapt words; but he has succeeded very happily in these few lines. As I could sing the tune, and was fond of them, he was so good as to give me them, about a year ago, just as I was leaving London, and bidding him adieu for that season, little apprehending that it was a last farewell. I preserve this little relic, in his own handwriting, with an affectionate care.

"I am, sir, your humble servant, JAMES BOSWELL."

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"AH ME! WHEN SHALL I MARRY ME?"

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THE BLUE-GRASS REGION OF KENTUCKY.

BY JAMES LANE ALLEN.

I.—BLUE-GRASS.

ONE might well name it Saxon grass, so much is it at home in favorable localities of Saxon England, so like the loveliest landscapes of green Saxon England has it made other landscapes on which dwell a kindred race in America, and so near is itself to the type of nature that is peculiarly Saxon: being a hardy, kindly, beautiful, nourishing stock; loving rich lands, and apt to find out where they lie; uprooting inferior aborigines, but stoutly defending its new domain against all fresh invaders; paying taxes promptly and well, with some profits to boot; thriving best in temperate latitudes and checkered sunshine; benevolent to flocks and herds; and allying itself closely to the history of any people whose content lies in simple plenty and habitual peace—the perfect squire-and-yeoman type of all grasses.

In the earliest spring nothing is sooner afield to contest possession of the land than the blue-grass. Its little green spear points are first to pierce through the soft rich earth, and array themselves in countless companies over the rolling landscapes, while its creeping roots reach out in every direction for securer foot-hold. So early

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does this take place, that a late hoar-frost will now and then mow all these bristling spear points down. Sometimes a slow-falling sleet will incase each emerald blade in glittering silver; but the sun by-and-by dissolves it away, leaving the temper of the blade unhurt. Or a light snow-fall will cover tufts of it over, making pavilions and colonnades with white roofs resting on green pillars. The roofs vanish anon, and the columns go on silently rising. But usually the final rigors of the season prove harmless to the blue-grass. One sees it most beautiful in the spring, just before the seed stalks have shot upward from the flowing tufts, and while the thin, smooth, polished blades, having risen to their greatest height, are beginning to bend over, or break and fall over, on themselves and their nether fellows, from sheer luxuriance. The least observant eye is now constrained to note that blue-grass is the great characteristic element of the Kentucky turf—the first element of beauty in the Kentucky landscape. Over all the stretches of woodland pastures, over the meadows and the lawns, by the road-side edges of turnpike and lane, in the fence corners—wherever its seed has been allowed to flourish — it spreads a verdure so soft in fold and fine in texture, so entrancing by its freshness and fertility, that it looks like a deep-lying, thick-matted emerald moss. One thinks of it, not as some heavy green velvet-like carpet spread over the earth, but as some great, light, seamless veil that has fallen delicately around it, and that might be rolled off and blown away by a passing breeze.

After this you will not see the blue-grass so beautiful. The seed ripens in June. Already the slender seed stalks have sprung up above the uniform green level, bearing on their summits the fuzzy, plumy, purplish seed-vessels, and save the soft, feathery undulations of these as the wind sweeps over and sways them, the beauty of the blue-grass is gone. Moreover, certain robust and persistent weeds and grasses have been growing apace, roughening and diversifying the sward, so that the vista is less charming. During July and August the blue-grass lies comparatively inactive, resting from the effort of fructification, and missing, as well, frequent showers to temper the summer sunshine. In seasons of severe drought it even dies quite away, leaving the surface of the earth as bare and brown as a winter landscape or an arid plain. Where it has been closely grazed, one may, in walking over it at such times, stir such a dust as one would raise on a highway; and the upturned, half-exposed rootlets seem entirely dead. But the moderated heats and the gentle rains that usually come with the passing of summer bring on a second vigorous growth, and in the course of several weeks the landscape is covered with a verdure rivalling the luxuriance of spring.

There is something seemingly incongruous in this marvellous autumnal rejuvenescence of the blue-grass. All nature appears content and resting. The grapes on the sunward vineyard slopes have received their final colorings of purple and gold; the heavy mast is beginning to drop in the forest, followed by the silent lapse of the russet and crimson leaves; the knee-deep aftermath has paled its green in the waiting autumn fields; the plump children are stretching out their nut-stained hands toward the first happy fire-glow on chill dark evenings; and the cricket has left the sere dead garden for a winter home at the cheery hearth. Then, lo! as if by some freakish return of the vanished spring to the very edge of winter, the pastures are suddenly as fresh and green as those of May. The effect on one who has the true landscape passion is transporting and bewildering. Such contrasts of color it is given one to study nowhere but in blue-grass lands. It is as if the seasons were met to do some great piece of brocading. One sees a new meaning in Poe's melancholy thought — the leaves of the many-colored grass.

All winter the blue-grass continues green—it is always *green*, of course, never *blue*—and it even grows a little then, except when the ground is frozen. Thus, year after year, drawing all needful nourishment from the constantly disintegrating limestone below, flourishes here as nowhere else in the world this wonderful grass.

But what of all this, in view of its economic value? Even while shivering in the bleak winds of March, the young lambs frolicked away from the distent teats of the ewes, with growing relish for its hardy succulence, and by-and-by they were taken into market the sooner and the fatter for its superior developing qualities. During the long summer, foaming

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SWEET-POTATO FIELD.

pails of milk and bowls of golden butter —retaining its pure flavor—have testified to the Kentucky housewife with what delight the cows have ruminated on the capacious stores gathered each plentiful day. The Kentucky farmer knows, too, that the distant metropolitan beef-eater will in time have good reason to thank him for yonder winding herd of sleek young steers that are softly brushing their rounded sides with their long white silky tails, while they plunge their puffing noses into its depths and tear away huge mouthfuls of its inexhaustible richness. Thorough-bred sire and dam and foal, also, in paddocks or deeper pastures, have drawn from it their unequalled form and quality and organization: hardness and solidity of bone, strength of tendon, firmness and elasticity of muscle, power of nerve, and capacity of lung. Even the Falstaff porkers, their little eyes gleaming with gluttonous enjoyment, have looked to it for the shaping of their posthumous hams and the padding of their long backbones in depths of snowy lard. In winter, mules and sheep and horses paw away the snow to get at the green shoots that lie covered over beneath the full, rank growth of autumn, or they find it attractive provender in their ricks as hay. Still, for all that live upon it, here it is perennial and abundant, beautiful and beneficent—one of the direct causes of the superiority of Kentucky live stock, the first great natural factor in the prosperity of the Kentucky people. What wonder if the Kentuckian, like the Greek of old, should wish to have even his paradise well set in grass, or that, with a knowing humor peculiarly his own, he should smile at David's expense for saying, "He maketh his grass to grow upon the mountains," inasmuch as the only grass really worth speaking of grows on a certain well-known plain!

II.—THE BLUE-GRASS LANDSCAPE.

But if grass is the first element in the lovely Kentucky landscape, as it must be in every other one, by no means should it be thought sole or chief. In Dante, as Ruskin points out, whenever the country is to be beautiful, we come into open air and open meadows. Homer, too, places the sirens in a meadow when they are to sing. Over the blue-grass, therefore, one walks into the open air and open meadows of the blue-grass land.

This has long had some reputation for being one of the very beautiful spots on the face of the earth, and it is worth while, therefore, to consider for a moment those elements of natural scenery wherein alone the beauty could consist. Or perhaps it would be wise to ask whether

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this reputation be not a mere local prejudice—one of those local illusions of landscape which involve the transference of the beholder's own tender feelings to the objects of the natural world. The answer will best be given by beginning to describe this country without reference to human presence or interference.

One might well say, first of all, that the landscape possesses what is so very rare even in beautiful landscapes—the quality of gracefulness. Nowhere does one encounter vertical lines or violent slopes, nor, on the other hand, are there perfectly level stretches like those that make the green fields monotonous in the Dutch lowlands. The dark, finely sifted soil lies deep over all the limestone hills, filling out their chasms to evenness, and rounding their jagged or precipitous edges, very much as a heavy snow at night will leave the morning landscape with mitigated ruggedness and softer curves. The long slow action of water has further moulded everything into symmetry, so that the low ancient hills descend to the valleys in exquisite folds and uninterrupted slopes. The whole great plain undulates away league after league toward the distant horizon in an endless succession of gentle convex surfaces—like the easy swing of the sea—presenting a panorama of subdued swells and retiring surges. Everything in the blue-grass country is billowy and afloat. The spirit of it is intermediate between that of violent energy and complete repose; and the effect of this mild activity is kept from becoming monotonous by the accidental perspective of position, creating fresh vistas with an infinite variety of charming details.

One traces this quality of gracefulness elsewhere—in the labyrinthine courses of the restful streams, in the disposition of forest mosses, in the free, unstudied succession of meadow, field, and lawn. Surely it is just this order of low hill scenery, just these buoyant undulations, that should be covered with the blue-grass. Had Hawthorne ever looked on this landscape when most beautiful, he could never have said of England that "no other country will ever have this charm of lovely verdure."

The most characteristically beautiful spots on the blue-grass landscape are the woodland pastures. A Kentucky wheat field, a Kentucky meadow, a Kentucky lawn, may be found elsewhere; but a Kentucky sylvan slope has a loveliness unique and local. Rightly do all poets make pre-eminently beautiful countries abound in trees. John Burroughs, writing with enthusiasm of English woods, has said that "in midsummer the hair of our trees seems to stand on end; the woods have a frightened look, or as if they were just recovering from a debauch." This is not true of the Kentucky woods, unless it be in some season of protracted drought. The foliage of the Kentucky trees is not thin nor dishevelled, the leaves crowd thick to the very ends of the boughs, and spread themselves full to the sky, making, where they are close together, under-spaces of green-lighted gloom scarcely shot through by some shafted sunbeam. Indeed, one often finds here the perfection of tree forms. I mean that exceedingly rare development which enables the extremities of the boughs to be carried out to the very limit of the curve that nature intends the tree to define as the peculiar shape of its species. Any but the most favorable conditions, of course, leaves the outline jagged, faulty, and untrue. Here and there over the blue-grass landscape one's eye rests on a cone-shaped, or dome-shaped, or inverted pear-shaped, or fan-shaped tree. Nor are fullness of leafage and perfection of form alone to be noted; pendency of boughs is another distinguishing feature. One who loves and closely studies trees will note here the comparative absence of woody stiffness. It is expected that the willow and the elm should droop their branches. Here the same characteristic strikes you in the wild cherry, the maple, and the sycamore—even in great walnuts and ashes and oaks; and I have occasionally discovered exceeding grace of form in hackberries (which usually look paralytic and as if waiting to hobble away on crutches), in locusts, and in the harsh hickories—loved by Thoreau.

But to return from these details to the woodland pastures as wholes. They are the last vestiges of that unbroken primeval forest that, together with cane-brakes and pea vines, covered the face of the country when it was first beheld by the pioneers. No blue-grass then. In these woods the timber has been so largely cut out that the remaining trees often stand out clearly revealed in their entire form on the landscape, their far-reaching boughs perhaps not even touching those of their

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A BLUE-GRASS PASTURE.

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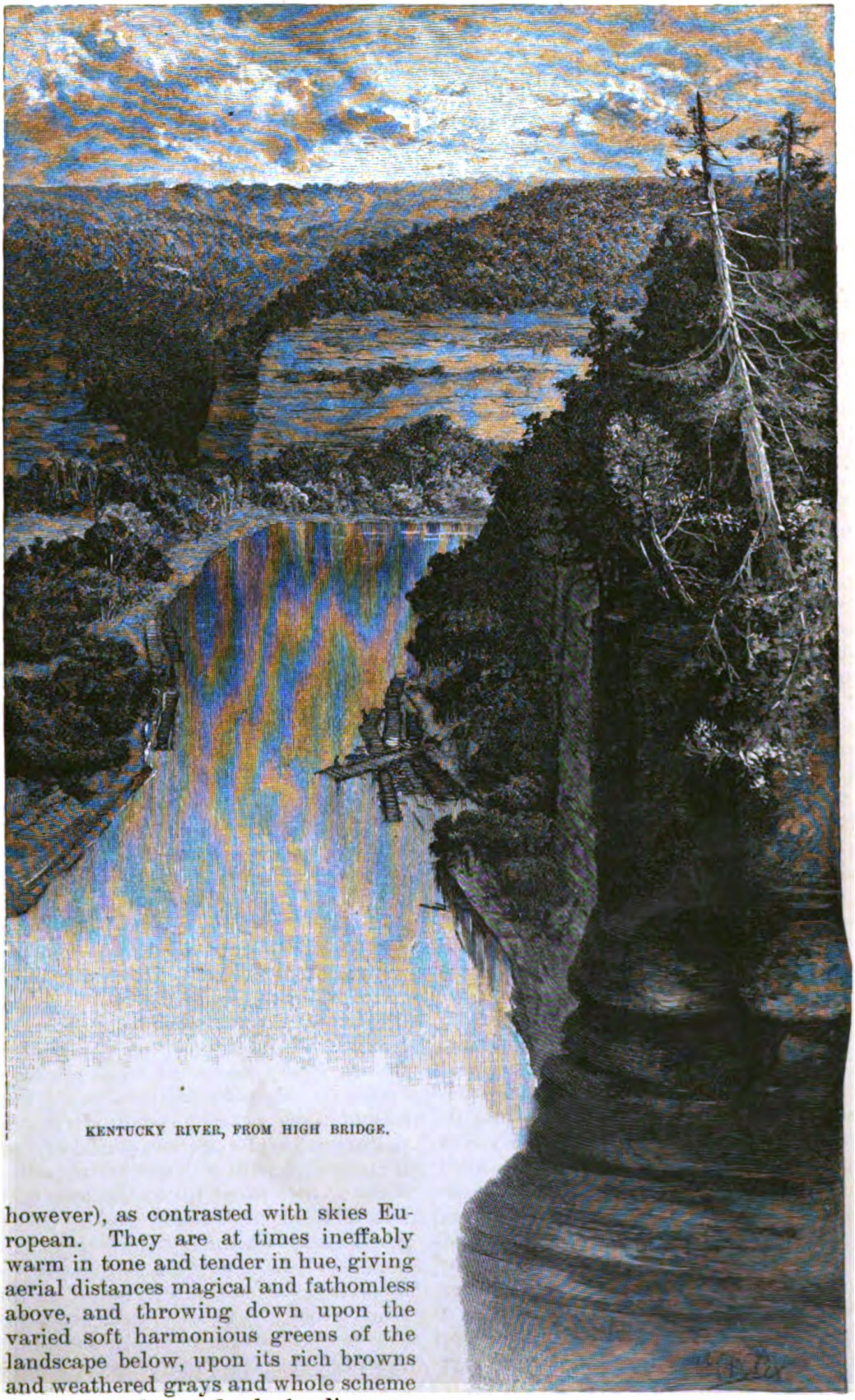


A SPRING-HOUSE.

nearest neighbor, or else interlacing them with ineffectual fondness. There is something pathetic in the sight, and in the thought of those innumerable stricken ones that in years agone were dismembered for cord-wood and kitchen stoves and the vast fire-places of old-time negro cabins. In the truly blue-grass pasture all undergrowth and weeds are annually cut down, so that the massive trunks are revealed from a distance; all the better because the branches seldom are lower than from ten to twenty feet above the earth. Thus in its daily course the sun strikes every point beneath the broad branches, and nourishes the blue-grass up to the very roots. All savagery, all wildness, is taken out of them; they are full of tenderness and repose—of the utmost delicacy and elegance. Beneath, over all the graceful earth, spreads the flowing green, uniform and universal. Above this stand the full, swelling trunks—warm browns and pale grays—often lichen-flecked or moss-enamelled. Over these expand the vast domes and canopies of impenetrable leafage. And falling down upon these comes the placid sunshine through a sky of cerulean blueness, and past the snowy zones of gleaming cloud. The very individuality of the tree comes out as it never can in denser places. Always the most truly human object in still, voiceless nature, it here throws out its arms to you with gestures of imploring tenderness, with what Wordsworth called "the soft eye-music of slow-waving boughs." One can not travel far, no matter where he be in the blue-grass country, without coming upon one of these woodland strips.

Of the artistic service rendered the landscape of this region by other elements of scenery—atmosphere and cloud and sky—much might, but little may be said. The atmosphere is sometimes crystalline, sometimes full of that intense repose of dazzling light which one, without ever having seen them, knows to be on canvases of Turner. Then, again, it is amber-hued, or tinged with soft blue, graduated to purple shadows on the horizon. During the greater part of the year the cloud sky is one of strongly outlined forms; the great white cumuli drift over, with every majesty of design and grace of grouping; but there come, in milder seasons, many days when one may see three cloud belts in the heavens at the same time, the lowest far, far away, and the highest brushing softly, as it were, past the very dome of the inviolable blue. You turn your eye then downward to see the light wandering wistfully among the low distant hills, and the sweet tremulous shadows crossing the summer meadows with timid cadences. It *is* a beautiful country; the Kentucky skies are not the cold, hard, brilliant, hideous things that so many writers on nature among us broadly style American skies (usually meaning New England skies,

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KENTUCKY RIVER, FROM HIGH BRIDGE.

however), as contrasted with skies European. They are at times ineffably warm in tone and tender in hue, giving aerial distances magical and fathomless above, and throwing down upon the varied soft harmonious greens of the landscape below, upon its rich browns and weathered grays and whole scheme of terrene colors, a flood of radiance as

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bountiful and transfiguring as it is chastened and benign.

But why make a description of the blue-grass region of Kentucky? What one sees may be only what he feels—may be only intricate affinities between nature and self that were developed long ago, and have become too deep to be viewed as relations or illusions. What two human beings find the same things in the face of a third, or in nature's? Descriptions of scenery are notoriously disappointing to those whose taste in landscape is different, or who have little or no sentiment for pure landscape beauty at all. So one coming hither might be sorely disappointed. No mountains; no strips of distant blue gleaming water nor lawny cascades; no grandeur; no majesty; no wild picturesqueness. The chords of landscape harmony are very simple; nothing but softness and amenity, grace and repose, delicacy and elegance. One might fail at seasons to find even these. This is a beautiful country, but no paradise; there come days when the climate shows as ugly a temper as is possible in even a perfectly civilized human being. No little of the finest timber has been lost to it by storms. The sky is sometimes for days one great blank face of grewsome gray. In winter you laugh with chattering teeth at those who call this "the South," the thermometer in your hand perhaps registering from twelve to fifteen degrees below zero. In summer it occurs to you that the name was no mistake, but only a half-truth. It is only by visiting this region during some lovely season, or by dwelling here from year to year, and seeing it in all the humors of storm and sunshine, that one can fall in love with it.

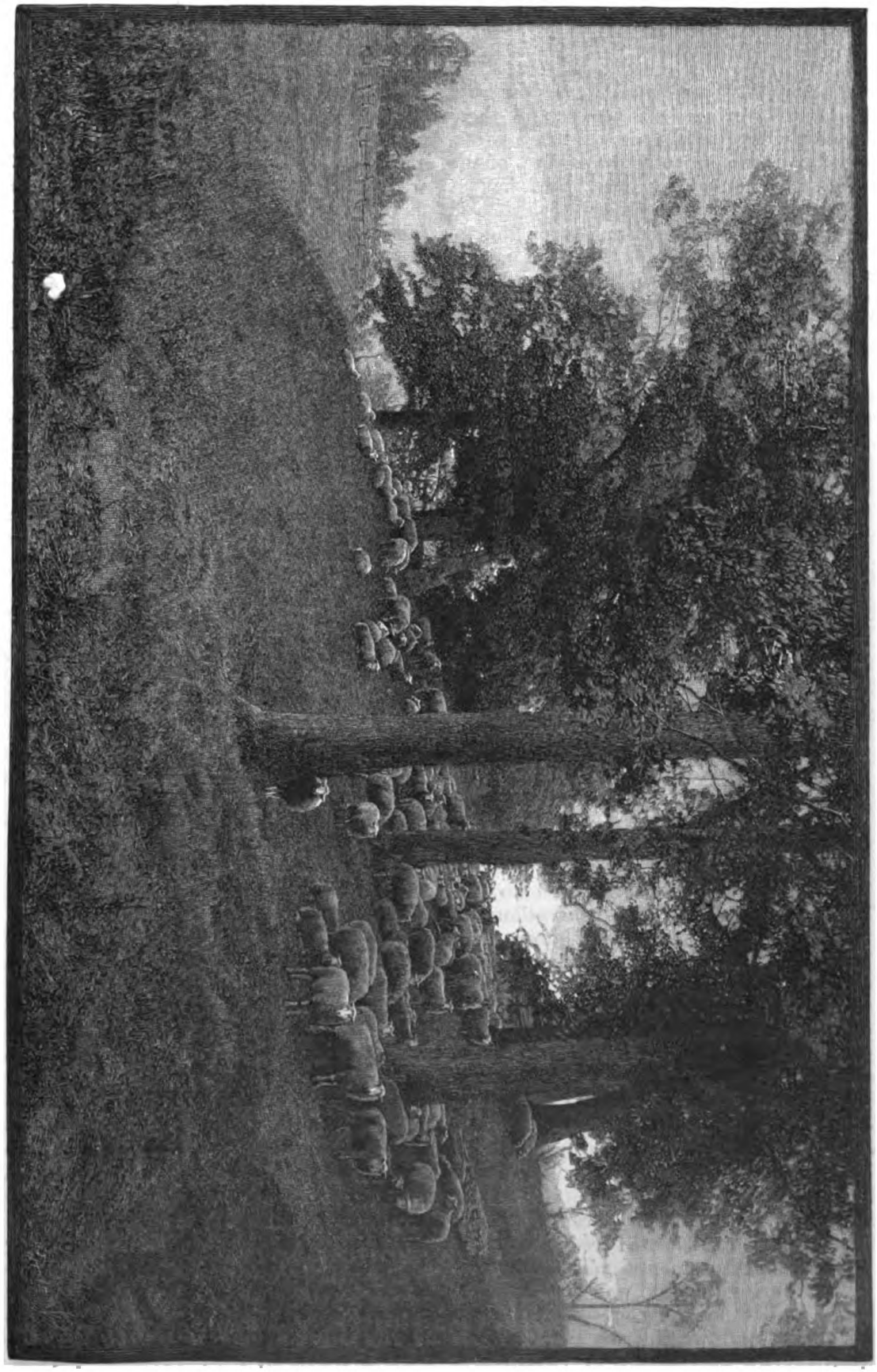
III.—BLUE-GRASS FERTILITY.

But the ideal landscape of daily life must not be merely beautiful, it should be also useful. With what may not the fertility of this region be truthfully compared? With the valleys of the Schuylkill, the Shenandoah, and the Genesee; with the richest lands of Lombardy and Belgium; with the most fertile districts of England. The evidences of this fertility are everywhere apparent. Nature, even in those places where she has been forced for nearly a hundred years to bear so much at the hands of a not always judicious agriculture, unceasingly struggles to cover herself with bushes of all sorts and nameless annual weeds and grasses. Even the blue-grass contends in vain for complete possession of its freehold. One is forced, living here year after year, to note, even though without the least sentiment, the rich pageant of transitory wild bloom that *will* force a passage for itself over the landscape: firmaments of golden dandelions in the lawns; vast beds of violets, gray and blue, in dimmer bosky glades; patches of flaunting sunflowers along the road-sides; purple thistles, and, of deeper purple still, and far denser growth, beautiful iron-weed in the woods; with many clumps of alder bloom, and fast-extending patches of perennial blackberry, and groups of delicate May-apples, and whole fields of dog-fennel and golden-rod. And why mention coarser things—indomitable dock and gigantic poke, burrs and plenteous nightshade, and mullein and plantain, with dusty gray-green ragweed and thrifty fox-tail?—an innumerable throng!

Maize and pumpkins and beans grow together in a field—a triple crop. Nature perfects them all, yet must do more. Scarcely have the ploughs left the long furrows before there springs up a varied wild growth, and a fourth crop, morning-glories, festoon the tall tassels of the Indian corn ere the knife can be laid against the stalk. Harvest fields usually have their stubble well hidden by a rich, deep aftermath. Garden patches, for all that persistent hoe and rake can do, commonly look at last like spots given over to weeds and grasses. Sidewalks quickly lose their borders. Pavements would soon disappear from sight; the winding of a distant stream through the fields can be readily followed by the line of communistic vegetation that rushes there to fight for life, from the minutest creeping vines to forest trees. Every neglected fence corner becomes an area for a fresh colony. Leave one of these sweet, humanized woodland pastures alone for a short period of years, it runs wild with a dense young natural forest; vines shoot up to the tops of the tallest trees, and then tumble over in green sprays on the heads of others.

A kind, true, patient, self-helpful soil if ever there was one! Some of these lands after being cultivated, not always scientifically, but always without artificial fertilizers, for more than three-quarters of a century, are now, if properly treated, equal in productiveness to the best farm-

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SHEEP PASTURE.

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ing lands of England. The farmer from one of these old fields will take two different crops in a season. He gets two cuttings of clover from a meadow, and has rich grazing left. A few of these counties have at a time produced three-fourths of the entire hemp product of the United States. The State itself has at different times stood first in wheat and hemp and Indian corn and wool and tobacco and flax, and this although half its territory is covered with virgin forests. When lands under improper treatment have become impoverished, their productiveness has been restored, not by artificial fertilizers, but by simple rotation of crops, with nature's own help. The soil rests on decomposable limestone, which annually gives up to it in solution all the essential mineral plant food that a judicious system of agriculture should ever remove.

The transition from material conditions to the forms of life that they insure is here natural. Soil and air and climate, the entire aggregate of influences happily co-operative, make this region beyond question the finest grazing district in the world. The Kentucky horse has carried the reputation of the country into regions where even the people could, perhaps, have never made it so well known. Your expert in the breeding of thorough-breds will tell you that the muscular fibre of the blue-grass animal is to that of the Pennsylvania-bred horses as silk to cotton, and the texture of his bone, when compared with the latter's, much as ivory beside pumice-stone. If taken to the Eastern States, in twelve generations he is no longer the same breed of horse. His blood fertilizes American stock the continent over. Jersey cattle brought here increase in size. Sires come to Kentucky to make themselves and their offspring famous. The people themselves are a fecund race. Out of this State have gone more to enrich the citizenship of the nation than all the other States together have been able to send into it. So at least your loyal-hearted Kentuckian looks at the rather delicate subject of inter-State migration. Let all the forces of nature receive their due share of credit, likewise. By actual measurement the Kentucky volunteers during the civil war were found to surpass all others (except Tennesseeans) in height and weight, whether coming from the United States or various countries of Europe. But for the great-headed Scandinavians, they would have been first, also, in circumference around the forehead and occiput. Still it is conceded that Kentucky has little or no literature.

One element that should be conspicuous in all very fertile countries does not strike the observer here—much beautiful water; no other State has a frontage on navigable rivers equal to that of Kentucky. But in the blue-grass region there are few limpid, lovely, smaller streams. Wonderful springs there are in places, and vast stores of water there must be in the cavernous earth below; but the landscape lacks the charm of this element—clear, rushing, musical, abundant. The water-courses, ever winding and graceful, are apt to be either swollen and turbid or insignificant; of late years the beds seem less full also—a change consequent, perhaps, upon the denudation of forest lands. In a dry season the historic Elkhorn seems little more than a ganglion of precarious pools.

IV.—AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC ASPECTS OF RURAL LIFE.

The best artists who have painted cultivated ground have always been very careful to limit the area of the crops. Undoubtedly the substitution of a more scientific agriculture for the loose and easy ways of primitive husbandry has changed the key-note of rural existence from a tender Virgilian sentiment to a coarser strain, and as life becomes more unsophisticated it grows less picturesque. When the old work of the reaper is done by a fat man with a flaming face, sitting on a cast-iron machine, and smoking a cob pipe, your artist will leave the fields as soon as possible. Figures have a terrible power to destroy sentiment in pure landscape; so have houses. When one leaves nature, pure and simple, in the blue-grass country, he must accordingly pick his way circumspectly or go amiss in his search for the beautiful. If his taste lead him to desire in landscapes the finest evidences of human labor, the high artificial finish of a minutely careful civilization, he will here find great disappointment awaiting him. On the other hand, if he delight in those exquisite rural spots of the Old World with picturesque bits of homestead architecture and the perfection of horticultural and unobtrusive botanical details, he will be no less aggrieved. What he sees here is

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NEGRO CABINS.

neither the most scientific farming, simply economic and utilitarian—raw and rude—nor that cultivated desire for the elements in nature to be so moulded by the hand of man that they will fuse harmoniously and inextricably with his habitations and his work.

The whole face of the country is taken up by a succession of farms. Each of these, except, of course, the very small ones, presents to the eye the variation of meadow, field, and woodland pasture, together with the homestead and the surrounding grounds of orchard, garden, and lawn. The entire landscape is thus caught in a vast net-work of fences. The Kentuckian retains his English ancestors' love of inclosures; but the uncertain tenure of estates beyond a single generation does not encourage him to make them the most durable. One does, indeed, notice here and there throughout the country stone walls of blue limestone, that give an aspect of substantial repose and comfortable firmness to the scenery by their solid masonry. But the farmer dreads their costliness, even though his own hillsides furnish him an abundant quarry. He knows that unless the foundations are laid like those of a house, the thawing earth will unsettle them, that water, freezing as it trickles through the crevices, will force the stones out of their places, and that breaches will be made in them by boys on a hunt whenever and wherever it shall be necessary in order to get at a lurking or a sorely pressed rabbit that has crept within. It is ludicrously true that the most terrible destroyer of stone walls in this country is the small boy hunting a hare, with an appetite for game that knows no geological impediment. Therefore one hears of fewer limestone fences being built of late years, even of some being torn down and superseded by plank fences or post-and-rail fences, or by the newer barbed-wire fence — an economic device that will probably become as popular in regions where stone and timber were never to be had as in others, like this, where timber has been ignorantly, wantonly sacrificed. It is a genuine pleasure to know that one of the most expensive, and certainly the most hideous, fences ever in vogue here is falling into disuse. I mean the worm-fence—called worm because it

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wriggled over the landscape like a long brown caterpillar, the stakes being the bristles along its back, and because it now and then ate up a noble walnut-tree close by, or a kingly oak, or frightened, trembling ash—a worm that decided the destiny of forests. A pleasure it is, too, to come occasionally upon an Osage orange hedge-row, which is a green eternal fence. But you will not find many of these. It is generally too much to ask of an American, even though he be a Kentuckian, to wait for a hedge to grow and make him a fence. When he takes a notion to have a fence, he wants it put up before Saturday night.

If the Kentuckian, like the Englishman, is fond of walling himself around, though with but a worm-fence, like the Frenchman, he loves long, straight roads. You will not find elsewhere in America such highways as the Kentuckian has constructed all over his country—broad, smooth, level, white, glistening turnpikes of the macadamized limestone. It is a luxury to drive upon them, and also an expense, as one will discover before he has passed through many toll-gates. He could travel more cheaply on the finest railway on the continent, though of course it will not be himself, but his horses and vehicle, that are paid for. What Richard Grant White thought it worth while to record as a rare and interesting sight—a man on an English highway breaking stones—is no uncommon occurrence here. All limestone for all these hundreds of miles of roads, having been quarried here and there, almost anywhere, near each of them, and then having been carted and strewn along the road-side, is broken by a hammer in the hand of a man. By the highway he sits—usually an Irishman—pecking away at a long rugged pile as though he were good to live for a thousand years. Somehow, in patience, he always gets to the other end of his hard row. But if, some bright Easter morn, you sit for a moment beside him, and speak to him sympathetically of labor and of life, his tears will sprinkle his dusty hands, showing his heart is elsewhere.

One can not sojourn long here without coming to conceive an interest in this limestone, and loving to meet its rich warm hues on the landscape. It has made a deal of history: limestone blue-grass, limestone water, limestone roads, limestone fences, limestone bridges and arches, limestone engineering architecture, limestone water-mills, limestone spring-houses and homesteads—limestone Kentuckians! Outside of Scripture no people was ever so like to be founded on a rock. It might be well to note, likewise, that the soil of this region is what scientists call sedentary—called so because it sits quietly on the rocks, not because the people sit quietly on it.

Undoubtedly the most picturesque bits in the blue-grass country, architecturally, are those old stone water-mills and old stone homesteads—landmarks each for separate trains of ideas that run to poetry and to history. The latter, built some of them by descendants of pioneers nearly a hundred years ago, stand gray with years, but good for nameless years to come: great low chimneys, deep little windows, thick walls, mighty fire-places; situated usually with keen discretion on an elevation near a spring, just as a Saxon forefather would have placed them centuries ago. Happily one will see the water of this spring issuing still from a recess in a hill-side, with an overhanging ledge of rock—the entrance to this cavern being walled across and closed with a gate, thus making, according to ancient fashion, a simple natural spring-house and dairy.

Something like a feeling of exasperation is apt to come over one when he turns from these to the typical modern houses. Nowhere, certainly, in rural America, are there, within the same area, more substantial, comfortable homesteads than here. They are nothing if not spacious and healthful, frame or brick, two stories, shingle roofs. But they lack characteristic physiognomy; they have no harmony with the landscape, nor with each other, nor often with themselves. They are not beautiful when new, and can never be beautiful when old, for the beauty of newness and the beauty of oldness alike depend on beauty of form and color, which here is lacking. One longs for the sight of a rural Gothic cottage, which would harmonize so well with the order of the scenery, or for a light, elegant villa that should overlook these light and elegant undulations of a beautiful and varied landscape. It must be understood that there are notable exceptions to these statements even in the outlying districts of the blue-grass country, and that they do not at all apply to the environs of the towns, nor to the towns themselves.

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Nowhere does one see masses of merely beautiful things in the country. The slumbering art of interior decoration is usually spent upon the parlor, which constitutes



OLD FARM-HOUSE.

the usual ceremonial dessert of American entertainment. The grounds around the houses are not kept in the best order. The typical rural Kentucky housewife does not seem to have any compelling, controlling sense of the beautiful. She invariably concedes something to beauty, but not enough. You will find a show of flowers at the poorest houses, though but geranium slips in miscellaneous tins and pottery. But, on the other hand, you do not generally see around more prosper-

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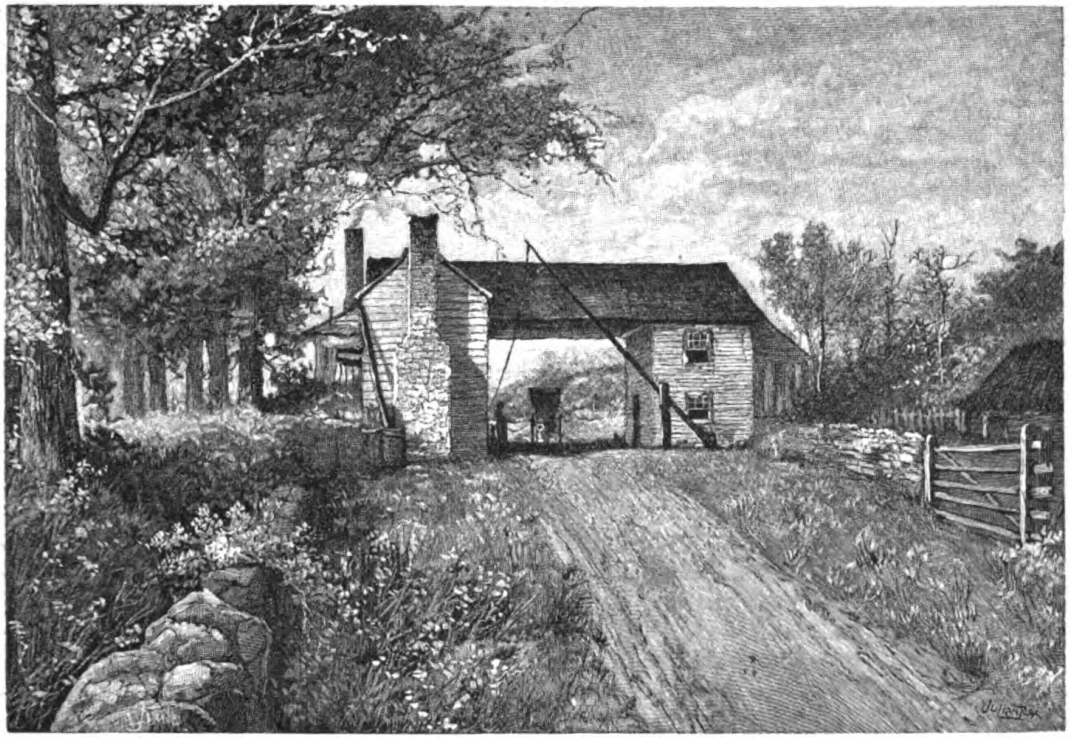
ous homes any such parterres or beds as there is money enough to spend on, and time enough to tend, and grounds to justify.

A like spirit is shown by the ordinary blue-grass farmer. His management strikes you as not the pink of tidiness, not the model of systematic thrift. Exceptions exist—many exceptions—but they care for themselves; the rule holds good. One can not travel here in summer or autumn without observing that weeds flourish where they can possibly do nothing but harm and create ugliness; fences often go long unrepaired; gates may be found swinging on one hinge. He misuses his long-cultivated fields; he cuts down his scant, precious trees. His energy is not tireless, his watchfulness not sleepless. Why should they be? Human life here is not massed and swarming. The occupation of the soil is not close and niggard. The landscape is not even compact, much less crowded. There is room for more, plenty for more to eat. No man here, like the ancient Roman prætor, ever decided how often one might, without trespass, gather the acorns that fall from his neighbors' trees. No woman ever went through a blue-grass harvest field gleaning. Ruth's vocation is gone. By nature the Kentuckian is no rigid economist. By birth, education, tradition, and inherited tendencies he is not a country clout, but a rural gentleman. His ideal of life is neither vast wealth nor personal distinction, but solid comfort in material conditions, and the material conditions are easy: fertility of soil, annual excess of production over consumption, comparative thinness of population. So he does not brace himself for the tense struggle of life as it goes on in centres of fierce territorial shoulder-pushing. He can afford to indulge his slackness of endeavor. He is neither an alert aggressive agriculturist, nor a landscape gardener, nor a purveyor of commodities to the green-grocer. If the world wants vegetables, let it raise them. He'll not work himself to death for other people, though they pay him for it. His wife is a lady, not a domestic laborer; and it is her privilege, in household affairs, placidly to surround herself with an abundance which the straining life-long female economists of other regions not necessary to name would regard with conscientious and furious indignation.

In truth, there is much evidence to show that this park-like country, intersected by many beautiful railroads, turnpikes, and shaded picturesque lanes, will become less and less an agricultural district, more and more a region of unequalled pasturage, and hence a thousand times more park-like still. One great interest abides here, of course—the manufacture of old Bourbon whiskey. Another interest has only within the last few years been developed—the cultivation of tobacco, for which it was formerly thought that the blue-grass soils were not adapted. But as years go by, the stock interests invite more capital, demand more attention, give more pleasure—in a word, strike the full chord of modern interest by furnishing an unparalleled means of speculative profit.

Forty years ago the most distinguished citizens of the State were engaged in writing essays and prize papers on scientific agriculture. A regular trotting track was not to be found in the whole country. Nothing was thought of the breeding and training of horses with reference to development of greater speed. Pacing horses were fashionable; and two great rivals in this seductive gait having been brought together for a trial of speed, in lieu of a track, paced a mighty race over a river-bottom flat! We have changed all that. The gentlemen no longer write their essays. The trotting horse will soon, undoubtedly, be admitted to manhood suffrage here, much as beef once won the spurs of knighthood. He has already, even without the right of voting, been styled the first citizen. The great agricultural fairs of the State have modified their exhibits with reference to him alone, and fifteen or twenty thousand people give afternoon after afternoon to the contemplation of his beauty and his speed. His one rival is the thorough-bred, who goes on running faster and faster. By-and-by time will be no more. One of the brief code of nine laws for the government of the young Kentucky commonwealth that were passed in the first legislative assembly ever held west of the Alleghanies dealt with the preservation of the breed of horses. Nothing was said of education. The Kentuckian loves the memory of Thomas Jefferson, not forgetting that he once ran race-horses. These great interests, not overlooking the cattle interest, the manufacture of whiskey, and the raising of tobacco, will no doubt constitute the future determining factors in

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HARRODSBURG PIKE.

the history of this country. It should not be forgotten, however, that the Northern and Eastern palate at once becomes kindly disposed at the bare mention of the many thousands of turkeys that annually fatten on these plains. But it is now well that we should for a moment come face to face with these blue-grass Kentuckians.

V.—THE BLUE-GRASS KENTUCKIANS.

"In Kentucky," writes Professor Shaler, in his recent history, "we shall find nearly pure English blood. It is, moreover, the largest body of pure English folk that has, speaking generally, been separated from the mother country for two hundred years." They, the blue-grass Kentuckians, are the descendants of those hardy, high-spirited, picked Englishmen, largely of the squire and yeoman class, whose absorbing passion was not religious disputation, nor the intellectual purpose of founding a State, but the ownership of land and all the pursuits and pleasures of rural life, close to the rich soil, and full of its strength and sunlight. They have to this day, in a degree perhaps equalled by no others living, the race qualities of their English ancestry and the tastes and habitudes of their forefathers. If one knows well the Saxon nature, on the one hand, and has, on the other, been a close student of Kentucky life and character, stripped bare of the accidental circumstances of local environment, he may amuse himself endlessly with laying the two side by side and comparing the points of essential likeness. It is a question whether he is not more like an English ancestor than a New England contemporary. This is an old country, as things go in the West. The rock formation, a geologist will tell you, is very old; the soil is old; the race qualities here apparent are old. Is not the last true? In the Sagas, in the Edda, a man must be overbrave. "Let all who are not cowards follow me!" cried McGary, putting an end to all prudent counsel on the eve of the dreadful battle of the Blue Licks. The Kentuckian winced under the implication then, and has done it in a thousand instances since. Overbravery! The idea runs through all the anachronistic pages of Kentucky history, drawing them back into the past centuries of his race. It is this quality of temper and conception of manhood that has operated to build up in the mind of the world the ridiculous figure of the typical Kentuck-

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ian. Hawthorne conversed with an old man in England who told him that the Kentuckians flayed Tecumseh where he fell, and converted his skin into razor-strops. Collins, the Kentucky Froissart, speaking of Kentucky pioneers, relates of the father of one of them that he knocked Washington down in a quarrel, and received an apology from the Father of his Country on the following day—a little man, too. His son was the second Pepin of the house coming to this State, and here faithfully nourishing his family and his temper so long as he lived—the representative of many. I have been quick to mention this typical Hotspur figure, and to cast upon it the sulphurous side light of historic reminiscence, because I knew it would come foremost into the mind of the reader whenever one began to speak with candor of Kentucky life and character. Better have it up and be done with it. It was never a faithfully true face: satire bit always into burlesque along lines of coarseness and exaggeration. Much less is it true now, except in so far as it describes a kind of human being found the world over.

But I was saying that old race qualities are apparent here, because this is a people of English blood with hereditary agricultural tastes, and because it has remained to this day largely uncommingled with foreign strains. Here, for instance, is the old race conservatism that expends itself reverentially on established ways and familiar customs. The building of the first great turnpike in this country was opposed on the ground that it would shut up way-side taverns, throw wagons and teams out of employment, and destroy the market for chickens and oats. Prior to that, immigration was discouraged because it would make the already high prices of necessary articles so exorbitant that the permanent prosperity of the State would receive a fatal check. True, however, this opposition was not without a certain philosophy of Attic savor; for in those days people went to some distant lick for their salt, bought it warm from the kettle at seven or eight cents a pound, and packed it home on horseback, so that a fourth dropped away in bitter water. Coming back to the present, the huge yellowish-red stage-coach rolls to-day over the marbled roads of the blue-grass country. Families may be found living exactly where their pioneer ancestors effected a heroic settlement—a landed aristocracy, if there be such in America. Family names come down from generation to generation, just as a glance at the British peerage will show that they were long ago being transmitted in kindred families over the sea. One great honored name will do nearly as much here as there to keep a family in peculiar respect, after the reason for it has ceased. Here is that old invincible race ideal of personal liberty, and that old, unreckoning, truculent, animal rage at whatever infringes on it. They were among the very earliest to grant manhood suffrage. Nowhere in this country are the rights of property more inviolable, the violations of these more surely punished: neither counsel nor judge nor any power whatsoever can acquit a man who has taken fourpence of his neighbor's goods. Here is the old land-loving, land-holding,



HEMP FIELD.

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home-staying, home-defending disposition. This is not the lunching, tourist race that, to Mr. Ruskin's horror, leaves its crumbs and chicken bones on the glaciers. The simple rural key-note of life is still the sweetest. Now, after the lapse of more than a century, the most populous town they have built contains less than twenty thousand white souls. Along with the love of land has gone comparative content with the fair annual increase of flock and field. No man among them has ever got immense wealth. Here is the old sense of personal privacy and reserve which has for centuries intrenched the Englishman in the heart of his estate, and forced him to regard with inexpugnable discomfort his nearest neighbor's boundaries. This would have been a densely peopled region, the farms would have been minutely subdivided, had sons asked and received permission to settle on parts of the ancestral estate. This filling in and too close personal contact would have satisfied neither father nor child, so that the one has generally kept his acres intact, and the other, impelled by the same land hunger that brought his pioneer forefather thither, has gone hence into the younger West, where lie broader tracts and vaster spaces. Here is the old idea, somewhat current still in England, that the highest mark of the civilized gentleman is not cultivation of the mind, not intellect, not knowledge, but elegant living. Here is the old hereditary devotion to the idea of the State. Write the biographies of the men who have been engaged in national or in local politics, and you have largely the history of the State of Kentucky. Write the lives of all its scientists, artists, musicians, actors, poets, novelists, and you find many weary mile-stones between the chapters.

Enter the blue-grass region from what point you choose—and you may do this, so well traversed is it by railways—and you become sensitive to its influence. If you come from the North or the East, you say: "This is not in a broad sense typical modern America. Here is something local and unique. For one item, nothing goes fast here." By-and-by you see a blue-grass race-horse, and note an exception. But you do not also except the rider or the driver. The speed is not his, remember. He is a mere bunch of mistletoe to the horse. Detach him, and he is not worth timing. Indeed, with all the tracks in this country, there is not a general race-course for the human race. Speed for the most part lies fallow. Every man starts for the goal at his own natural gait, and if he sees that it is too far off for him to reach it in a lifetime, he does not run the faster, but has the goal moved nearer him. I do not mean that the Kentuckians are provincial. As Thoreau said, no people can long remain provincial in character who have a propensity for politics, whittling, and rapid travelling. I do not mean that they are inaccessible to modern ideas, for they are not. I mean that the shock of modern ideas has not electrified them. They have walled themselves around with old race instincts and habitudes, and when the stream of tendency rushes against this wall, it recoils upon itself instead of sweeping away the barrier. Undoubtedly great breaches are here and there effected, and much constantly percolates through. I do not mean that civilization has ever suffered an arrest here, but that the old race momentum has carried its development along peculiar lines, and to the working out of characteristic effects.

One will not suppose, however, that there is here that modern American plague—Anglomania. The typical Kentuckian regards himself an American of the Americans, and thinks as little of being like the English as he would of imitating the Jutes. In nothing is he more like his transatlantic ancestry than in strong self-content. He sits on his farm as though it were the pole of the heavens—a manly man with a heart in him. Usually of the blonde type, robust, well formed, with clear, fair complexion, that grows ruddier with age and stomachic development, full neck, and an open, kind, untroubled countenance. He is frank, but not familiar; talkative, but not garrulous; full of the genial humor of local hits and allusions, but without a subtle nimbleness of wit; indulgent toward all purely masculine vices, but intolerant of petty crimes; no reader of books nor master in religious debate, faith coming to him as naturally as his appetite, and growing with what it is fed upon; loving roast pig, but not caring particularly for Lamb's eulogy; loving his grass like a Greek, not because it is beautiful, but because it is fresh and green; a peaceful man with strong passions, and so to be heartily loved and respected or heartily hated and respected, but never despised or trifled with. An occasional barbecue in the woods,

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where the saddles of South-Down mutton are roasted on spits over the coals of the mighty trench, and the steaming kettles of burgoo lend their savor to the nose of the hungry political orator, so that he becomes all the more impetuous in his invectives; the great agricultural fairs; the race-courses; the monthly county court day, when he meets his neighbors on the public square of the nearest town; the quiet Sunday mornings, when he meets them again for rather more clandestine talks at the front door of the neighborhood church—these and his own fireside are his characteristic and ample pleasures. You will never be under his roof without being deeply touched by the mellowest of all the virtues of his race—simple, unsparing human kindness and hospitality.

The women of Kentucky have long had a reputation for beauty. An average type is a refinement on the English blonde—greater delicacy of form, feature, and color. A beautiful Kentucky woman is apt to be exceedingly beautiful. Her voice is almost uniformly low and soft; her hands and feet delicately formed; her skin quite pure and beautiful in tint and shading; her eyes blue or brown, and hair nut brown or golden brown; to all which is added a certain unapproachable refinement. It must not for a moment be supposed, however, that there are not many genuinely ugly women here, as elsewhere.

EAST ANGELS.

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THEY had been in the Monnlungs half an hour. Margaret acted as pilot. Half kneeling, half sitting at the bow, one hand on the canoe's edge, her face turned forward, she gave her directions slowly, all her powers concentrated—so it appeared—upon recalling correctly and keeping unmixed from present impressions her memory of the channel.

The present impressions were indeed so vivid that a strong exertion of will was necessary to prevent the mind from becoming fascinated by them, from forgetting in this series of magic pictures unrolled before it the different aspect of these same vistas by day. Even by day the vistas were alluring. By night, lighted up by the flare of the approaching torches, at first vaguely, then brilliantly, then vanishing into darkness again behind, they became unearthly, exceeding in contrasts of color—dusky reds, yellows, white, and rose, all of them edged sharply with the profoundest gloom—the most striking effects of the painters who have devoted their lives to reproducing light and shade, excelling in strange forms the dreams of those two or three great artists in design who have been called mad.

Lanse had explored a part of the Monnlungs. He had not explored it all; no human eye had as yet beheld some of its mazes; but the part he had explored he knew well, he had even made a map of it. Margaret had not studied this map, but she thought she should know the veritable creeks which Lanse called "the Lanes" from those, often in appearance equally genuine, which he called "the Cheats." Her idea on entering had been to follow the main stream to the first of these lanes, there turn off, and explore the lane to its end. Then, returning to the main channel, to go on to the second lane, and so through the swamp. They had now explored two of the lanes, and were entering the third.

She had taken off her hat and thrown it down upon the cloak beside her. "It's so oppressively warm 'way in here," she said, in explanation. And they did, indeed, seem "'way in," as if they had entered some unknown country in the bowels of the earth.

It was not oppressively warm — not warmer than a June night at the North. But the air was perfectly still; if sweet, it was renovating. "To me it's delicious," Winthrop had answered.

"To me it's hateful. I thought you disliked perfumes?" She spoke with some vehemence.

"The spell of the swamp is upon me. You shouldn't have brought me in here!"

She had not turned toward him—she was still scanning the channel; she took off her gloves with the same impatient movement, as if even that small additional freedom would give her some relief.

The forest grew denser along this third

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lane as they advanced. The trees stood nearer together, and silver moss now began to hang down in long, filmy veils, thicker and thicker, from all the branches. Mixed with the moss, vines showed themselves in strange convolutions; they went up out of sight, coiling and taking long springs; then they came down in a hurry, straight as a rope with a weight at its end, and coiling again, took another lofty leap. In girth they were as large as small trees. They appeared to have not a leaf, but to be dry, strong, naked, chocolate-brown growths, twisting themselves about hither and thither for their own senseless entertainment.

This was the appearance below. But above, there was another story to tell; for here were interminable flat beds of broad green leaves, spread out over the outside of the roof of foliage—leaves that belonged to these same naked coiling growths below. The vines had found themselves obliged to climb to the very tops of the trees in order to get a ray of sunshine for their greenery.

For there was no sky for anybody in the Monnlungs; the roof of deep interlocked branches, many feet thick, stretched miles long, miles wide, like a close tight cover, over the entire place. The general light of day came filtering through, dyed with much green, quenched into blackness at the ends of the vistas; but actual sunbeams never came, never gleamed, year in, year out, across the clear darkness of the broad water-floor.

The water on this floor was always pellucid; whether it was the deep current of the main channel, or the shallower tide that stood motionless over all the rest of the expanse, nowhere was there the least appearance of mud; the lake and the streams, red-brown or amber in hue, were as clear as so much fine wine. The tree trunks rose cleanly from this transparent tide; their huge roots could be seen coiling on the bottom much as the great vines coiled in the air above. The gray-white bald-cypresses had a monumental aspect, like the columns of a Gothic cathedral, as they rose, erect and branchless, disappearing above in the mist of the moss, which presently began to take on an additional witchery by becoming decked with flowers. Up to a certain height these flowers had their roots in the earth. But above these were other blossoms—air-plants, some vividly tinted, flaring, and gaping, others so small, so flat on the moss, and delicate that they were like the embroidered flowers on lace, only they were done in colors.

It was not necessary now for Margaret to give directions—there was but the one channel visible; the moss concealed all the rest. "I detest this moss," she said at last; "I feel suffocated in it—strangled like a fly in a spider's web."

"But it's beautiful; don't you see the colors it takes on? White, then silver, then almost pink as we pass; then silver and ghostly again; it's like—I don't know what it's like! Like the misty garments of the great water spirits in Undine, if you please."

"I don't please anything; I think it's all horrible. I had no idea you could rhapsodize! The misty garments of your spirits would have to be made of hot water, here." And then she called her husband's name again. She had called it in this way at intervals—the note was a sweet one—ever since they entered the swamp.

"The light we carry penetrates much further than your voice," Winthrop remarked.

"I want him to know who it is."

"Oh, he'll know—such a devoted wife! Who else could it be?"

After a while the lane made a bend, and led them away from the moss; the canoe, turning to the right, left behind it the veiled forest, white and motionless. Margaret drew a long breath, she shook herself slightly, like a person who has escaped, emerged.

"You have on your jewels again, I see," he said, as the movement caused the torch-light to draw a gleam from something in her hair.

She put up her hand as if she had forgotten what was there. "Jewels? Only a gold arrow." She adjusted it mechanically.

"Jewels enough on your hands, then. You didn't honor *us* with a sight of them—while you were at East Angels, I mean."

"I don't care for them; I put them on this morning before I started, because Lanse likes them."

"So do I; unwillingly, you also please me. Of course I never dreamed that I should have so much time to admire them—parading by torch-light in this way through a great swamp."

She did not answer.

"They bring you out, you know, in spite of yourself—drag you out, if you like

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better. They show what you might be, if you would ever—let yourself go."

"Let myself go? You use absurd expressions."

"A man isn't responsible for what he says in here."

"You say that a second time. You know there was no other way; the only hope of getting Lanse home before the storm was to start at once."

"The storm—to be sure. I don't believe it ever storms in here."

She turned toward him. "You *know* I had to come."

"I know you thought so; you thought we should find Lanse sitting encamped on two cypress knees, with the wreck of his canoe for a seat. We should dawn upon him like comets. And he would say, 'How long you've been! It's precious damp in here.'"

She turned impatiently toward the channel again.

"Don't demand too much," he went on. "Jesting's safe, at any rate. Sympathy I haven't got—sympathy for this expedition of yours into this jungle at this time of night."

She had now recovered her composure. "So long as you paddle the boat, sympathy isn't necessary."

"Oh, I'll paddle! But I shall have to paddle forever. We shall never get out. We've come to an antediluvian forest—don't you see? a survival from the Past. But *we* sha'n't survive; we shall enter the Past. And then they'll write our biographies! I was wondering the other day if there was any other kind of literature so completely composed of falsehoods, owing to half being kept back, as biographies; I decided that there was only one other kind—autobiographies."

On both sides of them now the trees were in girth enormous. The trunks rose to a great height before they put out branches. There was no underbrush, only the great trunks and the water, and they could look down broad aisles where the red light, gleaming out fitfully, did not seem to belong to them or to their torches, but to be an independent glow, coming from no one knew where.

"If we had the grace to have any imagination left in this bicycle century of ours," remarked Winthrop, "we should certainly be expecting to see some mammoth water creature, a hundred feet long, lifting a flabby head here. For my own part, I'm afraid my imagination is destroyed, the bicycles have crushed it; the most I can do is to think of the innumerable snakes there must be, squirming about under all this water—not prehistoric at all, nor mammoths, but just nice natural little moccasins about seven feet long."

Margaret shivered; her face contracted in spite of herself.

"Do let me take you home," he urged, in another voice. "You are tired out, overwrought; give this up."

"I am not tired."

"You have been tired to the verge of death for months!"

"You know nothing about that," she said, coldly.

"Yes, I do. I have seen your face, and I know its expressions now; I didn't at first, but now I do. There's no use in your trying to deceive me; remember, Lanse told me everything."

"That was long ago."

"What do you mean?" He leaned forward and grasped her arm as though he would make her turn round.

For a moment she did not reply. Then, "A great deal may have happened since," she said.

"I don't believe you!" He dropped her arm. "You say that to stop me, keep me back; you are afraid of me." He took up his paddle again.

"Yes, I am afraid!" Then, putting a little note of contempt into her voice: "And wasn't I right to be afraid?" she added. She drew the arm he had touched forward, and held it close to her waist with the other hand.

"No!" answered Winthrop, loudly and angrily. "You were completely wrong." He sent the canoe forward with rapid strokes.

Neither of them spoke again.

They went to the end of the lane; then returned to the main channel, still in silence. But here it became necessary again for Margaret to give directions.

"Go forward as far as that pool of knees," she began; "then turn to the right."

"You are determined to keep on?"

"I must. That is, I must if you will take me."

He still sat without moving.

"If anything should happen to Lanse that I might have prevented by keeping on now, how could I ever—"

"Oh, keep on, keep on; bring him safe-

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ly out and take every care of him—he has done so much to deserve these efforts on your part!"

They went on.

And now the stream was bringing them toward the place Margaret had thought of upon entering—a bower in the heart of the Monnlungs, or rather a long defile like a chink between two high cliffs, the cliffs being a dense mass of flowering shrubs.

Winthrop made no comment as they entered this blossoming pass; he appeared to have got beyond making comments. Margaret did not speak. The air was loaded with sweetness, she put her hands on the edge of the canoe as if to steady herself. After a while she looked up, as if she were seeking for fresher air, or trying to see how high the flowers ascended. But there was no fresher air. And the flowers went up out of sight.

The defile grew narrower, and the atmosphere became so heavy with perfume that they could taste it in their mouths as they breathed. Margaret drew a long breath—she had apparently been trying to breathe as little as possible. "I don't think I can—I am afraid I—" Her voice died, she swayed, then sank softly backward: she had fainted.

He caught her in his arms, and laid her down on the canoe's bottom, her head on the cloak, which he dragged forward. He looked at the water, but the thought of the dark tide's touching that fair face was repugnant to him. He bent down and spoke to her, and smoothed her hair. But that was advancing nothing, and he began to chafe her hands.

Then suddenly he rose, and, taking the paddle, sent the canoe flying along between the high bushes. The air was visibly thick in the red light of the torches, a miasma of scent; it was delicious; but it was almost paralyzing to effort. A branch of small blossoms with the perfume of heliotrope softly brushed against his cheek. He struck it aside with unnecessary violence. Exerting all his strength, he at last got the canoe free from the beautiful baleful place.

When Margaret opened her eyes she was lying peacefully on the cloak, and he was still paddling vehemently.

"I am ashamed," she said, as she raised herself with his aid from her impromptu couch; "I suppose I must have fainted? Perfumes always have a great effect upon me. I know that place well; I thought of it before we entered the swamp; I thought it would make me dizzy, but I had no idea that it would make me faint away; it has never done so before. The scents must be stronger at night."

She still seemed a little weak; she put her hand to her head and closed her eyes. Then a thought seemed to come to her, she sat up and looked about, scanning the trees anxiously. "I hope you haven't gone wrong? How far are we from the narrow place—the place where I fainted?"

"I don't know how far. But I should say we hadn't been out of it more than five or six minutes, and this is certainly the channel."

"Nothing is 'certainly' in the Monnlungs! And five minutes is quite enough time to get lost in. I don't recognize anything here—we ought to be in sight of a tree that has a profile like a face."

"Perhaps you wouldn't know it at night."

"It's unmistakable. No; I am sure we are wrong. Please go back—go back at once to the narrow place."

"Where is 'back'?" murmured Winthrop to himself, after he had surveyed the water behind him.

And the question was a necessary one. What he had thought was "certainly the channel" seemed to exist only in front; there was no channel behind; there were only broad tree-filled water spaces, vague and dark. They could see nothing of the thicker foliage of the "narrow place."

Margaret clasped her hands. "We're lost! and all through my obstinacy."

"I suppose you fainted from obstinacy? No, we're not lost; at least we were not seven minutes ago. It won't take long to go over all the water that is seven minutes from here." He took out one of the torches and inserted it among the roots of a cypress, so that it could hold itself upright. "That's our guide; we can always come back to that, and start again."

Margaret no longer tried to direct; she sat with her face turned toward him, leaving the guidance to him.

He started back in what he thought was the course they had just traversed. But they did not come to the defile of flowers; and suddenly they lost sight of their beacon.

"We shall see it again in a moment," he said.

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But they did not see it. They floated in and out among the great cypresses; he plunged his paddle down over the side, and struck bottom; they were out of the channel and in the shallows—the great Monnlungs Lake.

"We don't see it yet," she said. Then she gave a cry, and shrank toward him. They had floated close to one of the trees, and there on its trunk, not three feet from her, was a creature of the lizard family, large, gray-white in hue like the bark, flat, and yet fat. It moved its short legs slowly in the light of their torches. No doubt it was experiencing a sensation of astonishment; there had never been in its memory a bright light in the Monnlungs before.

Winthrop laughed. It did him good to see Margaret Harold cowering and shuddering over such a slight cause as that. The boat had floated where it listed for a moment or two while he laughed. And now he caught sight of their beacon again.

"That laugh was lucky," he said as he paddled rapidly back toward the small light-house. "Now I shall go in exactly the wrong direction—I mean what seems such to me."

"Oh, must we go again?"

"I don't suppose you wish to remain permanently floating at the foot of this tree?" He looked at her. "You think we're lost? You're frightened. We're not lost at all, and I know exactly what to do. Trust yourself to me; I will bring you safely out."

"You don't know this swamp; it's not so easy. I'm thinking of myself."

"I know you are not. But *I* think of nothing else." He said this impetuously enough. Then immediately he began to jest again. "This time I shall bring you to a giant snail, who will waggle his head at you, instead of his paws."

They started on their second search. And at the end of five minutes they had again lost sight of their beacon. He paddled to the right and back again; then off to the left and back; he went forward a little way, then in the opposite direction. But they did not see the gleam of their guide, nor did they find the defile of flowers.

Suddenly there rose, close to them, a cry. It was not loud, but it was thrilling; it conveyed an impression of agonized fear.

"What was that?" said Margaret. She did not speak the words aloud, but syllabled them with her lips. Involuntarily she drew nearer to him.

"I don't know what it was myself, exactly," he answered; "some bird or other small creature, probably, caught by a snake or alligator. It only sounded strange because it is so still here; our nerves are affected, I presume."

"You mean that mine are. I know they are; I will try to be more sensible."

He pursued his tentative course. But the watery vistas seemed only to grow wilder. With all their luxuriant vegetation they never had a desolate appearance, but the contrary. Yet there was something indescribably remote from the busy American life of to-day as these two persons knew it, in this hidden, still lake, with its great trees, its heavily scented air, its ghostly white moss, and riotous vines and blossoms. At length something dark that was not a tree trunk, nor a group of tree trunks, loomed up on their right. Their torches outlined it more plainly: it was square and low.

"It's a *house*," Margaret said, in the same repressed whisper. "Oh, don't go any nearer!"

"Why, it's deserted—can't you see that? There's no living thing there, unless you count ghosts—there may be the ghost of a fugitive slave. The door, I suppose, is on the other side." And he paddled toward it.

The cabin—it was no more than a cabin—had been built upon the great roots of four cypresses, which had happened to stand in a convenient position for such a purpose; the planks of the floor had been nailed down across these, and the sides formed of rough boards fitted together, and braced by small beams, which stretched back to the tree trunks. The roof was a net-work of the large vines of the swamp, thickly thatched with the gray moss, now black with age and decay. The door was gone. Winthrop brought the boat up sidewise toward the dark entrance; the sill was but an inch or two above the water.

They looked within; the light from their torches illuminated the central portion, and at the same instant Winthrop's paddle made a slight sound on the cabin's side, as he put it there to keep the canoe in place.

And then as they gazed they saw a movement, a slight waving motion on the

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floor. Were the planks oscillating a little, or was it dark water flowing over the place?

At first they could not distinguish; then in another instant they could. It was not water that was moving; it was a mass of snakes.

Winthrop had given the canoe a quick swerve. But before they could have counted two, the creatures, soundlessly, had all disappeared.

"Men are queer animals, of course," said Winthrop. "I should have liked one more good peep; but I won't go back."

"Yes—go."

"You mean that you are prepared to humor me in everything, as one humors a man who is a little out of his head. Well, it won't take an instant." They were but ten feet away; he gave a stroke with his paddle and brought the canoe up to the entrance again.

Within there was now nothing; their torch-light shone on the bare glistening boards of the floor. But stay—yes, there was; something white in one corner. He took one of the torches, and held it within for a moment. Margaret gave a cry; the light was shining on bones—a white breast-bone with the ribs attached, and larger bones near.

He threw the torch into the water, where it went out with a hiss, and sent the canoe rapidly away. This time he did not stop.

Margaret had hidden her face in her hands. "Well," he said, after a while, still urging the light boat along, "who would have supposed you such a vegetarian? The last hunter or runaway slave who occupied that cabin was not as tidy in his habits as he might have been; he left the remains of the last bear he had had for dinner behind him."

"Are you sure?" she asked, without looking up, still shuddering.

"Perfectly."

Winthrop held that in some cases a lie was right.

He paddled on for a few minutes more.

"Here's your reward for humoring me. Isn't this the 'narrow place'?"

And it was.

"Now that we've found it, hadn't we better try to go back?"

"I will do as you think best." Her hand was still over her eyes.

"You're thoroughly cowed, aren't you? By a white lizard and the skeleton of a bear."

"I think I am tired," she answered, simply.

"Think? You mean you know you are." The mask of jesting had dropped again. "How much more of this horrible place is there—I mean beyond here?"

"We are a good deal more than halfway through; three-quarters, I think."

"Can we get out at the other end? Is there an outlet?"

"Yes—a creek. It takes you, I believe—I have never been so far as that—to Eustis Landing, a pier on the St. John's beyond ours."

"If we try to go back we shall have to run the gauntlet of this damnable aisle of miasma again."

"Perhaps I should not faint this time," she said, humbly.

"You don't know whether you would or not. I can't take any risks."

He spoke with a good deal of bluntness. She sat looking at him. Her eyes had a pathetic expression; her womanish fears and her fatigue had relaxed her usual guard.

"You think I am rough. Let me be rough while I can, Margaret."

A startled look came into her eyes. She turned quickly away, and began to scan the trees.

He sent the boat forward toward the outlet, not back through the aisle of flowers.

"There's the profile tree," she said. Then, after a moment: "I am very glad to go on. There is still this last part of the channel to explore. We may find Lanse there."

"Not he."

"You do not think he has been here at all. But where, then, can he be?"

"How should I know? Where he was for seven years, perhaps," he answered, illtemperedly. He had never pretended to have much amiability (amiable men were half women), and such as he had was not likely to be improved by constant references to Lansing Harold.

They passed under the profile tree. He had a long arm which seemed to menace them. He was a solemn old fellow. They could go on now more rapidly. There was something of a bank on each side, and the channel was distinct.

"There's only one more thick place," she said.

Presently they came to it. It was a species of cane-brake, very dense and

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high. There was no green, only the yellow canes. The channel wound tortuously through the rattling mass, for the slight motion of the water made by the canoe caused the canes to rattle.

"Keep watch, please," said Winthrop; "it's not so wet here. It wouldn't be amusing to set such a straw-stack on fire."

While they were making their way through this yellow labyrinth there came a crash of thunder.

"The storm at last," he said, "and we haven't heard the least sound of the tornado that came before it. That shows what a place this is. We might as well be in the heart of a mountain. Well, even if we *do* suffocate, at least we're safe from falling trees. If the lightning has struck one, it can't come down, wedged in as it is in that great choked roof overhead."

There came another crash of thunder. "I believe it grows hotter and hotter," he said, throwing down his hat. Then he added: "I am beginning to feel a little queer myself. I have to tell you, you know, in order that you may be able to act with—with discrimination, as Dr. Kirby would say."

She had turned quickly. "Do you feel faint?"

"Faint," he answered, scoffingly. "Never in the world. I leave that to you. I feel perfectly well, and strong as an ox, only I see double."

"Yes, that is the air of the swamps. It doesn't affect me in that way; only perfumes affect me. But I know that it sometimes attacks others so."

She took off the black lace scarf she was wearing, dipped it into the stream, and told him to bind it round his forehead above the eyes.

"Nonsense!" he said, impatiently.

But she moved toward him, and kneeling on the canoe's bottom, bound the lace tightly round his forehead herself, fastening it with her little gold pin.

"I must look like a Turk," he exclaimed when she released him.

But the wet bandage cleared his vision; he could see plainly again.

After another five minutes, however, back came the blur. "Shall we ever get out of this accursed hole?" he cried, pressing his hands on his eyes for a moment.

"I can paddle a little. Do let me take the oar."

But he dashed more water on his head, and pushed her hands away. "Women never know. It's much better for me to keep on. But you must direct me. Say 'one stroke on the right,' 'two on the left,' and so on."

"Oh, why did I ever bring you in here?" she moaned, giving no directions at all, but looking at his contracted eyes with the tears welling in her own.

"See here, Margaret, have you never heard of people's lying down in the snow to sleep, haunted by beautiful dreams, before they are frozen to death? That is what will happen to me, or something quite as bad, if I stop work now and let you pity me."

Her tears were arrested as though a harsh wind had suddenly dried them. She looked frightened, but he could not see that.

"Three strokes on the left," she said, quickly.

Thus they went on their course again, he putting his oar into the water with a peculiar deliberation, as though he were taking great care not to disturb its smoothness; but this was because he was guiding himself by sense of touch. It was not that all was dark before him, that he saw nothing, it would have been much easier if there had been nothing to see. But whether his eyes were open or closed he looked constantly and in spite of himself into a broad circular space of vivid scarlet, in the centre of which a smaller and revolving disk of colors like those of peacocks' feathers, continually dilating and contracting, wearied and bewildered him.

In spite of this visual confusion he kept on. Margaret constantly directed him, and as constantly watched him also; she knew he could not see her; her face was drawn with anxiety.

Their progress was very slow. "I think I'll stop for a moment," he said, after a quarter of an hour had passed. They were still among the rattling canes. His voice had a drowsy tone.

"Oh, don't stop now; we're nearly out."

But he had already stopped.

"I had no idea you would tire so soon. Of course if I *must* take the oar—and blister my hands—"

"Keep back in your place," he said, sullenly, as she made a movement as though she were coming to take the paddle from him.

She went on with the giving of her di-

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rections rapidly; she could scarcely keep the tremor from her voice, but she did keep it. When she looked at his closed eyes, and saw the effort he was making —every time he lifted his arms it was like lifting a gigantic weight, his fancy made it so—she longed to take the oar from him and let him rest. But she did not dare to: he must not sleep. She put out her hand and touched an edge of his coat furtively, where he would not perceive it. The gentle little touch seemed to give her courage to say, in a tone of sarcastic compassion, "If, after all, you *are* going to faint, though you assured me—"

"Faint!" said Winthrop; "what are you talking about? I never fainted in my life, and I'm not going to begin now." He threw back his head and straightened himself. "Rainbows have gone mad in my eyes—that's all."

"I don't call that much."

"Oh! don't you? Try it."

Her taunt had answered its purpose, it made him angry, and in the anger the bewildering dilating disks were partly forgotten.

Another anxious ten minutes, and then, "We're out," she said, as she saw wide water in front. "Now it will be cooler." The channel broadened, they left the yellow rattling canes behind.

At first it was not much cooler. Water was coming slowly down the trees as they passed, not in drops but in dark streaks; this was rain that had made its way through the roof of foliage, a scanty fringe of the immense torrent now falling from low clouds upon the drenched ground outside.

"I shall go through to that place you spoke of—Eustis Landing, wasn't it?" said Winthrop.

"Oh, you *are* better!"

Her relief showed itself in these words. But much more in her face; its strained tension gave way; her tears fell. She dried them in silence.

"Because I can speak of something outside of this infernal bog? Yes, I shall get you safely through now. And myself also. But—it hasn't been easy."

"Oh, I know that."

"I beg your pardon; no, you don't; not the half."

In a moment or two more he announced that he was beginning to see "something besides fire-works." She still continued, however, to direct him.

The swamp had been growing more open. At length the channel brought them to a spectral lake, with a few dead trees in it here and there hung with white moss. "I remember this place perfectly; the creek opens out just opposite. *At last* it's over!"

"And at last I can see. That is—a little. But I must take this thing off; it strangles me." And he unloosed and threw off her lace scarf.

They found the creek and entered. "It seems strange to see solid ground again, doesn't it?" he said.

"Then you *can* see it?"

"As well as ever."

The creek brought them to a waste that was open to the sky.

"Now we can breathe," he said. "I feel as though I should never want to be under a tree branch again."

It was not very dark; there was a moon somewhere behind the gray clouds that closely covered the sky. The great storm had gone westward, carrying with it the tornado; and now a cool, moderate, New-England-feeling wind was beginning to blow from another quarter, as if to dry the soaked ground a little, set the drenched leaves straight again, and generally convince this dismayed, half-drowned Florida that the world was still alive outside, in spite of atmospheric influences (engendered in uncivilized climates) which a cool New England wind could by no means approve.

Winthrop glanced back. The great trees of the Monnlungs loomed up in a long dark line against the sky; from the low level of the boat in the flat waste they looked like a line of mountains.

"All the same, you know," he said, contradictorily, "it was very beautiful in there."

The creek was deep and wide; he went on rapidly. He was quite himself again. "You look fearfully worn," he said, after a while.

"I am well. But must we have all those torches now?" She spoke with irritation; she could not get away from their light.

"Not if you object to them." He extinguished all but one. "Now put on some of those wraps; it's really cold."

"I do not need them."

"Don't be childish." (There was no doubt but that he was himself again.) "Here, let me help you on with this cloak."

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She submitted.

"This landing that we are going to," he went on, "do the St. John's steamers stop there?"

"Not those that touch at our pier."

"There are houses, I suppose?"

"I believe there are two or three."

"Probably, then, I can get somebody to row us down home. But first you must have some rest."

It took them three-quarters of an hour to reach the landing.

"This is it, I presume," he said, as he saw the dim outlines of two white houses at a little distance on the low shore. "I will knock them up, and get some sort of a place where you can lie down."

"If there is any one to row, I should much rather go directly home."

"Always unreasonable. Give me your hands." He leaned forward and took them. "Cold as ice. I thought so. You must come up to the house and go to bed."

"I could not sleep; what is the use? Let me go home, Evert. It is the only place for me."

He still held her hands. "Very well," he said.

"Perhaps they have found Lanse," she went on.

"Old Dinah and Rose? Very likely." He made the boat fast. "You are coming with me, of course?"

"I am tired; I would rather stay here."

"Five minutes' walk. And I could help you."

"I would rather stay."

"I shall put out that light, then." He took out the solitary torch and threw it into the creek. "If anybody should come along here, what would you do?"

"I presume I should rush up the bank after you as fast as I could go," she answered, with a faint laugh.

"Of course you would. I remember the lizard."

Before ten minutes had elapsed he returned, and presently he was followed by two negroes, one of whom carried a lantern. They got out their own boat. Winthrop helped Margaret into it, and took his place beside her; their canoe was taken in tow. With strong regular strokes the men rowed down the creek, and out on the broad St. John's.

Margaret did not speak during the voyage home. Winthrop talked a little with the oarsmen. The negroes, instinctively well-bred, expressed no wonder upon the appearance there in the middle of the night of a lady and gentleman in a canoe; they did not even ask where they had found shelter during the great storm. Winthrop said merely that they had "lost their way." The negroes accepted this sympathetically. They did this quite of their own accord; they had no suspicion then of the Golconda of a fee that was awaiting them from this stranger's rich purse.

When they came in sight of the house on the point it was gleaming with light; Margaret gave an exclamation when she saw the glittering front. There was a ray from every window.

Dismissing the men, Winthrop went up the path after her. "I am sure he has come," she said, hurrying on.

"Who? Lanse? Oh no; it's those old goblins of yours who have illuminated in this ridiculous way; it's their idea of keeping watch for you."

The doors had been left unfastened. They entered. Inside, everything was as brilliant as though the house had been made ready for a ball. But there was not a sound; no one stirred. They went through to the kitchen. And there, each on her knees before a wooden chair, with her head resting upon it on her folded arms, appeared the little Africans, sound asleep. The soles of their shoes, turned up behind them, seemed almost as long as they were.

Winthrop roused them from their repose. "Here," he said; "we're back. Make some coffee for your mistress as quickly as you can; and you, Rose, light a fire in the sitting-room."

The queer little old women ran about like frightened hens. They tumbled over each other, and let everything drop. Winthrop stood over them sternly. He took the pitch-pine from the distracted Rose and lighted the fire himself. "Now go and put out all those lights," he said, "and bring in the coffee the moment it's ready."

He had made Margaret sit down in a low easy-chair, still wrapped in her cloak, and had placed a footstool for her feet; the fire danced and sparkled; she sat with her head thrown back against the cushions of the chair, her eyes closed.

"Are you warmer?" he asked. "You were chilled through all the way down the river; every now and then I could feel you quiver."

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"It was more fatigue than cold." His voice had roused her; she sat up. "Oh, I ought not to be here; I ought to be doing something—trying—"

"You can do no more now; you must have some coffee, and then you must go to bed. But, in the mean while, I will do everything possible."

"But you don't believe—I don't know *what* you believe!" She rose.

He put her back in her chair. "I will believe nothing if you will go and rest—I mean my beliefs shall not interfere with my actions; I will simply do everything I can—all I should do if I were sure, as you are, that he was lost somewhere about here."

She remained where he had placed her. After a while she said, "I was so certain he was in the swamp." Her tired eyes, beginning to glisten a little with tears, had a child-like look as she raised them to his.

Old Rose now came hurrying in with the coffee: its fragrant aroma filled the room. Winthrop poured it out himself, and made Margaret swallow it, spoonful by spoonful, until the cup was empty.

"You have a little color now," he said.

She put the cup down, and rose.

"You're going? Yes, go; go to bed, and sleep as long as you can; it must be near dawn. I will meet you here for a late breakfast at eleven."

She still stood there. "But will you—will you really—"

"Haven't I given you my word?" he said, sternly. "Are you afraid if I find him that I shall not be tender enough to him? Don't you see that no matter what I may think of him, his being your husband protects him perfectly, because, as long as you insist upon continuing so subservient, he could visit anything else upon you?"

She went out without making reply.

He sank into the chair she had left vacant to rest for a moment or two; he was desperately tired.

When he came back to the room at eleven, she was already there. It was a dark day, with the same New-England-feeling wind blowing over river and land; there had been spurts of rain, and he was wet. "Why have you no fire?" he asked.

"It did not seem cold enough."

"It's not cold, but it's dreary; it might be a Massachusetts May-day. I don't believe you have slept at all?" he continued, looking at her. Opening the door, he called Rose, and told her to light the fire. When the old woman had finished her task—it was but a touch, and again the magic wood, heaped on the hearth, was filling the room with its gay light and faint sweet odor of the pine—he repeated his question, "I don't believe you have slept at all?"

"How could I sleep?"

He sat down before the fire. "You are wet. And you must be very tired," she went on.

"I am glad you have thought of it—I like sympathy. Yes, I am tired; but the room is cheery now. Why not have breakfast in here?"

"You have found no trace?" Her repressed nervousness showed itself in her tone.

"No."

She went to the door, and gave Rose an order. Then she closed it, and walked first to one window, then to another.

"Do come and sit down. You wander about like a ghost."

"I will step softly." She began to walk up and down the room with her light, rather long-paced step. "*You* are not afraid," she said at last.

"No, I am not afraid. If he were wrecked in mid-ocean, he would make the whales cook his dinner for him, and see to it, too, that it was a good one."

"Oh, don't speak in that tone; don't jest about him when we can not tell—Here we are safe at home, safe and comfortable, when perhaps he—" she stopped.

"You are haunted by the most useless terrors. 'Safe,' are we? How 'safe' were we last night, for his sake too, in that deadly swamp?—how safe were *you*? And 'comfortable'—I sitting here wet and exhausted, and you walking up and down, white as a sheet, eating your heart out with anxiety! 'Home,' did you say? I like that! Pretty place it was to bring you to—a hideous barrack miles from every living thing. Of course you've made it better; you would make a cave better. He knew you would do it when he brought you here—knew that in some way or other you would re-arrange things so that the rooms should be pleasant—should be as he liked."

He changed his bitter tone into a laugh, which, if not bitter, was not cynical. "Instead of abusing him, I ought rather to admire him—admire him for his perfect

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success in a world rather celebrated for unsuccess—he has always done so entirely as he pleased! If one wishes to be virtuous or heroic, I don't know that it is the best way. But if one wishes simply to be comfortable, it most certainly is." "You can't philosophize?" he went on, turning his head to look at her as she continued her walk.

"No, no."

In the absence of Primus, who had not yet returned, Rose and Dinah were now obliged to serve the breakfast themselves, a process complicated, too, by the necessity of serving it in the "settin'-room," and in the immediate presence of "Mis' Horrel" and her guest. The two old women had never acted as waitresses; creatures of routine, they had no idea what to do. But, like all negroes, they could take refuge in a double amount of ceremony; they decided that the most respectful way would be to appear together, with a courtesy at the door, each carrying but one article at a time. Rose therefore brought a fork on a salver, and Dinah the butter-knife. In this manner, by slow degrees, the table was at last arranged, with what they considered the due amount of deference. Later, they brought in the hot dishes in the same piecemeal fashion, Dinah appearing with the coffee, and Rose with the biscuit. Then, leaving the door open, both returned to the kitchen on a full run, in order to hasten the coming of the venison steak and potatoes. Then more courtesies, and another clattering scamper.

When at length the door was definitely closed, Winthrop having declined their services further, Margaret came to the table. But she could eat little, and soon rose.

"You leave me to finish my breakfast alone," Winthrop said, discontentedly.

"I can not sit there any longer. Would you mind telling me what you have done?"

"I have three parties out; one has gone up the shore, and one down; the third is across the river."

"You are very good; for I know you don't believe he is here."

"No, I don't."

"But where, then, can he be?"

"You have asked me that before. This time I will answer that he is probably where he intended to be when he left here early yesterday morning—after ridding himself of Eliot and Dodd."

"You think he planned it. But why should he have been so secret about it? No one could have prevented him from taking a journey if he wished to take one."

"You would have prevented it; you wouldn't have thought him strong enough."

"That would not have deterred him."

"You're right: it wouldn't. Probably he didn't care even to explain that he did not intend to be deterred; Lanse was never fond of explanations."

"I am not at all convinced."

"I didn't expect to convince you. You asked me, and I had to say something. But it's quite too much to hope that my answers should please."

He soon rose. "I've sent for a little steamer—a tug; it is to take me to all the landings within twenty miles of here; I shall not be back until late; please don't sit up." He left the room.

Fifteen minutes later, he appeared again.

"I was waiting for the steamer down by the water, when I saw the boy who brings the mail going away. You have had a letter?"

She did not answer. Her hands were empty.

"You heard me coming and concealed it."

"I have nothing to conceal." She rose. "Yes, I have had a letter; Lanse is on his way to New York. He is taking a journey for a change."

"You will let me see the letter?"

"Impossible." Her hands were shaking a little, but she faced him inflexibly.

"Margaret, I beg you to let me see it. Show me that you trust me; you seem never to do that—yet I deserve— Tell me, then, of your own accord, what he says. If he has left you again, who should help you, care for you, if not I?"

"You last of all!" She walked away. "He is coming back before long," she said, without turning. Then she repeated it more clearly, "He is coming back before long. Of course now that I know, I am no longer anxious. I was foolish to be so anxious. And I have given you so much trouble, too. We are very much obliged to you for all you have done."

"Very well, if you take that tone, if you still refuse to trust me, and are determined to keep me off even now, let me tell you that I too have had a letter—Primus has just brought it from East Angels—it was sent there."

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She glanced at him over her shoulder with eyes that looked dark and full of fear —a fear which he did not stop to think of then.

"It is possible that Lanse has written to me even more plainly than he has to you," he went on. "At any rate, he tells me that he is going to Italy—it is the old affair revived—and that he has no present intention of returning. What he has said in his letter to you, of course I don't know, but it can hardly be the whole, because he asks me to 'break' it to you. 'Break' it! he has chosen his messenger well."

"O my God," said Margaret Harold.

Her words were a prayer. She sank down on her knees beside the sofa, and buried her face in her clasped arms.

CHAPTER XXV.

EVERT WINTHROP had felt that her words were a prayer, that she was praying still.

Against what especial danger she was thus invoking aid, he did not know. Before he could speak, old Rose had opened the door, and Margaret, springing up, was hurriedly going forward to meet the Reverend Mr. Moore, who with his usual equable expression entered, hat in hand, to pay Mrs. Harold a short visit. He had been obliged to come over to the river that morning on business, and had thought that he would take the occasion for a little indulgence in social pleasure as well.

Margaret put out her hands eagerly; her voice had in it appeal. "It's wonderful—your coming now. You will stay with me, won't you? I am in great trouble."

Mr. Moore took her hand. All the goodness of his nature came into his long narrow face with its little eyes, making it lovely in its sympathy as he heard her appeal. She was clinging to him now—she had put her other hand on his arm. "You will stay?" she repeated.

"If I can be of any use to you, most certainly I will stay."

Upon hearing this, she made an effort to recover herself, to speak more coherently. "I shall need your advice—there are so many things I must decide about. Mr. Winthrop will tell you. But why should I leave it to him? I will tell you myself. My husband has gone north; he is going abroad again. You will understand—it was so sudden. I did not know—" She made another effort to steady her voice. "If you will stay with me for a day or two, I will send over to Gracias for anything you may need."

"I will stay gladly, Mrs. Harold."

"Oh, you are good! But I always knew you were. And now for a few minutes may I go and rest? I am so tired. I will come back a little later—in half an hour." And with swift step she hurried from the room.

Mr. Moore, his face full of sympathy, turned to Winthrop.

But Evert Winthrop's expression showed nothing but anger. He walked off, with his back turned, and at first made no reply.

"Is it true, then? Her husband has left her?" said Mr. Moore, infinite regret in his mild tones.

Winthrop was standing at the window. He bit his lips with impatience. He was in no mood for what he would have called "the usual platitudes," and especially platitudes about Lansing Harold.

It could not be denied that Mr. Moore's conversation often contained sentences that were very usual.

"Perhaps he will return," pursued the clergyman, hopefully. "Influences might be brought to bear. We may be able to reach him?" And again he looked at Winthrop inquiringly.

But Winthrop had now forgotten his presence; at this very moment he was leaving the room. He was determined to see Margaret and speak to her, if but for a second. He found Rose, and sent her with a message. He himself followed the old woman up the stairs; he stood waiting in the upper hall as she knocked at Margaret's closed door.

But the door did not open. In answer to Rose's message delivered shrilly outside the door, Margaret replied from within, "I can see no one at present."

Rose came back. "She can't see nobody nohow jess *dis* minute, marse," she answered, in an apologetic tone. Then, imaginatively, "Spec she's tired."

"Go back and tell her that I'm waiting here—in the hall, and that I will keep her but a moment. There is something important I must say."

Rose returned to the door. But the answer was the same. "She done got *mighty* tired, marse, sho," said the old

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servant, again trying to clothe the refusal in polite terms, though she was unable to think of a new apology.

"Her door is locked, I suppose?" Winthrop asked. Then he felt that this was going too far. He turned and went down the stairs, but with a momentary revival in his breast all the same of the old despotic feeling, the masculine feeling, that a woman should not be allowed to dictate unreasonably to any man what he should say or not say, do or not do. In refusing to see him even for one moment, Margaret was dictating.

He walked down the lower hall, and then back again. Happening to glance up, he saw that old Rose was still standing at the top of the stairs, a queer little figure in a turban. She dropped one of her straight courtesies as he looked up—a quick ducking down of her narrow skirt over her great shoes. She was still much disturbed by the direct refusal which she had had to give.

"I can't stay tramping up and down here, if they are going to watch me," he thought, impatiently. He turned and reentered the sitting-room.

Mr. Moore was kneeling on the rug, putting more wood on the fire. There were very few material things, material occupations, which could give pleasure to Middleton Moore. He had no ear for music (though he always listened attentively to Penelope's songs). He could not shoot; and Penelope thought fishing "so damp." His diet had for a long time been restricted to an unexciting round of oat-meal, rice pudding, boiled meats, stewed prunes, soft custard, and Graham bread. He never touched wine; he never smoked. He could not read much or study, because his eyes were not strong. Though a preacher by profession, he took no pleasure in oratory; he did his best with his sermons, but he was not assisted by a glow. He never lounged—he did not know how. He had small sense of beauty, either of form or of color. His hands, and even the tip of his long slender nose (though it was never red), were almost always a little cold.

Possibly it was this inherited chilliness of body which made him capable (by way of balance) of feeling one positive pleasure; he would not have acknowledged it, probably he was not mentally conscious of the fact, but it remained a fact nevertheless, that he had enjoyed, that he still continued to enjoy, some of the fullest and richest physical sensations of his life when he was engaged in piling up and re-arranging, and, later, sitting in front of, a liberal glowing hearth fire. Oh! the cheer of the leaping blaze, the hidden excitement of the engineering feats which the proper disposition of the wood and hot coals abounded in! and then the long quiet basking satisfaction of the steady heat directly upon one's knees, and one's (somewhat thin) legs extended before it! After Margaret's departure the clergyman had thought of her with the truest sympathy; and this had lasted also after Winthrop's hasty exit. But the fire certainly needed replenishing; it would do no one any good to come back to a cold room, Mrs. Harold least of all. Winthrop therefore found him on his knees, tongs in hand, and busy.

Mr. Moore went on with the arrangement of the coals. He cherished not the slightest resentment because Winthrop had left him so suddenly. But he thought that such exits were sometimes—he had made several observations of the fact—an indication of an irritated temper. In such cases there was nothing better than an unnoticing, and, if possible, also an occupied, silence. He therefore went on with his fire.

"It's the greatest pity in the world that there is nobody here who has any real authority over her," Winthrop began, still smarting under her refusal. Margaret had chosen the clergyman as her counsellor; it would be as well, therefore, to indicate to that gentleman what course should be pursued.

"You have, then, some plan to recommend to her?" said Mr. Moore, putting the tongs away and seating himself. He held out his long, delicately finished hands as if to warm them a little by the flame, and looked at Winthrop inquiringly.

"No, I don't know that I have. But she is sure to be obstinate in any case." He too sat down, and stared moodily at the flame.

"You think it will be a great grief to her," observed the clergyman, after a while. "No doubt—no doubt."

"No grief at all, as far as that goes. Lanse has always treated her abominably." He paused. Then went on, as if there were now good reasons for telling the whole tale. "Before he had been married a year, he left her: she did not leave him, as my aunt supposes: he went

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to Italy, and did not come back. There had never been the least fault on her side; there hasn't been up to this day."

"I can not understand it; such fickleness—such fairly *immoral* tendencies toward change," said Mr. Moore, in rebuking wonder.

"As far as regards change, I ought to say, perhaps, that there hasn't been much of that," Winthrop answered. "What is taking him abroad now is an old interest—something he had felt long before his marriage, and felt strongly. He has never changed in that respect."

"Do you allude—is it possible that you are alluding to an interest in a *person*?" asked Mr. Moore, in a lowered tone.

"It certainly wasn't a thing; I hardly think you would call a beautiful French woman of rank that, would you?"

Mr. Moore looked at him with a stricken face. "A beautiful French woman of rank!" he murmured.

"That's what is taking him abroad now. She threw him over once, but she has evidently called him back; in fact, he admits it in his letter to me."

"Oh, sin! sin!" said Middleton Moore, with the deepest sadness in his voice. He leaned his head upon his hand and covered his eyes.

"I suppose so," answered Winthrop. "All the same, she is the only person Lanse has ever cared for; for her and her alone he could be, and would be if he had the chance, perhaps, unselfish. I almost think he could be heroic. But, you see, he won't have the chance, because there's the husband in the bush."

"Do you mean to say that this wretched creature is a *married* woman?" demanded the clergyman, aghast.

"Oh yes; it was her marriage, her leaving him in the lurch, that made Lanse himself marry—marry Margaret Cruger."

"This is most horrible. This man, then, this Lansing Harold, is an incarnation of evil?"

"I don't know whether he is or not," Winthrop answered, irritably. "Yes, he is, I suppose; we all are. Not you, of course," he added, glancing at his companion, and realizing as he did so that here was a man who was an incarnation of good. Then the opposing feeling swept over him again, namely, that this man was good simply because he could not be evil; it was not that he had resisted temptation so much as that he had no capacity for being tempted; nothing tempted him. "An old woman," he thought.

He himself was very different from that; he knew well what temptation meant. A flush crossed his face. "Perhaps Lanse can't help loving her," he said, flinging it out obstinately.

"A man can always help a shameful feeling of that sort," the clergyman answered, with sternness. He drew up his tall figure; his face took on dignity. "We are not the beasts that perish."

"We may not be altogether beasts, and yet we may not be able to help it," Winthrop answered, getting up and walking across the room. Margaret's little work-table stood there, gay with ribbons and fringes; mechanically he fingered the spools and bright wools it held.

"At least we can control its manifestations," replied Middleton Moore, still with a deep severity of voice and eyes.

"You would like to have all sinners of that disposition (which doesn't happen to be yours) consumed immediately, wouldn't you? for fear of their influencing others," said Winthrop, leaving the work-table and walking about the room. "In the days of the burnings, now, when it was for strictly wicked persons of that tendency, I suspect you would have brought a few fagots—wouldn't you?—even if you hadn't taken a turn at the bellows."

Mr. Moore turned and surveyed him in unfeigned astonishment.

"I beg your pardon—I beg your pardon most humbly," Winthrop went on, in answer to this glance. "The truth is I am so much—irritated—that I don't know what I am saying. I will go off for a while by myself, if you will excuse me; I will come back later, when Mrs. Harold returns."

An hour later, when he re-entered the room, he found Margaret there: she was talking with Mr. Moore.

"Ah! you have had a walk? The air is probably pleasant," said the clergyman, welcoming him kindly. He wished to show that he had forgotten the bellows. "I was on the point of saying to Mrs. Harold, as you came in, that in case she should be thinking of leaving this house, I will hope most warmly that she will find it consistent with her plans to return to us at Gracias."

"I should much rather stay here," responded Margaret. "I could have Dinah's son Abram to sleep in the house, if necessary."

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"You could never stay here alone; you ought not to think of it," said Winthrop. "We know better than you do about that; it wouldn't be safe." He had seated himself at some distance from her. Mr. Moore still kept his place before the fire, and Margaret was beside him; she held a little fan-shaped screen in her hand to shade her face from the glow; he could see her profile, the soft waves of hair over the forehead, the little ear, and the thick, close braids behind.

"I am sure Mr. Moore will say that it is safe," she answered.

"I included him; I said 'we,'" said Winthrop, challengingly.

Mr. Moore extended his long legs with a slightly uneasy movement. "I regret to say that I fear Mr. Winthrop is right; it would not be safe at present, even with Abram in the house. The river is no longer what it was" (he refrained from saying "your Northern steamers have made the change"); "the people who live in the neighborhood are respectable, but the increased facilities for traffic have brought us dangerous characters."

"Of course you will go back to East Angels—" Winthrop began.

"I think not. If I can not stay here, I shall go north."

"North? Where?"

"There are plenty of places. There is my grandmother's old house in the country, where I lived when I was a child. It is closed now, but I could open it. I should like to see the old rooms once more." She spoke quietly; her manner was that she was taking it for granted that the clergyman knew everything, that Winthrop had told him all. She was a deserted wife; there was no need for any of them to go through the form of covering that up.

"That would be a perfectly crazy idea," began Winthrop. Then he stopped himself. "Aunt Katrina would miss you greatly," he resumed. (He felt the feebleness of this.)

"She has you. And she has Mrs. Carew, Dr. Kirby, Mr. Moore—all these kind friends here. And she has Celestine. I have been away from her, except for an occasional short visit, for months; I don't think she would miss me."

"Yes, she would." (He was going on, in spite of himself, with the feebleness.)

"We should be exceedingly sorry to lose you, Mrs. Harold—Penelope would be exceedingly sorry," said Mr. Moore, in his amiable voice. "But I can understand that it would afford you much pleasure to revisit your childhood's home. I think it is so with all of us; I should like to revisit mine. But I hope that you will give the matter a careful consideration before you decide. You have mentioned to me that you have no near relatives, and though you, no doubt, have many friends, I can not think that they esteem you more highly than we do, for indeed it would be impossible. And East Angels, too—after so long a stay there, may we not hope that it presents to you at least some of the aspects of a home?"

"I prefer to go north," Margaret answered.

Mr. Moore did not combat this decision; he did not, in truth, know quite what to advise just at present; it required thought. Here was a woman who had been cruelly outraged by the scandalous, by the incredibly abandoned conduct of the worst of husbands. She had no mother to go to (the clergyman felt this to be an unspeakable misfortune); but she was not a child; they could not dictate to her; she was a free agent. But women—women of refinement—were generally timid (he glanced at Margaret, and decided that she was timid also). She might talk a little about her home at the north, but probably it would end in her returning to East Angels.

"If I find that I don't care for the country house, the life there, I can go abroad," Margaret continued. She rose and went out to give some directions about lunch.

This was not much like returning to East Angels!

"Is she thinking, do you suppose, of going to him?" asked the clergyman, in a cautious voice, when the door was closed.

"I don't know what she is thinking of. She is capable of every mistaken idea!" Winthrop answered.

"She is possessed of a wonderful sense of duty—wonderful, if she does go. I mean, in case she is acquainted with the cause of his departure?"

"She is acquainted with everything."

Margaret came back and sat down again. "You decidedly think, then, that I can not stay here?" she said to the clergyman. There was a note almost of longing in her tone.

"Do you wish to stay so very much?" he asked, kindly.

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"Yes, I should much rather stay, much rather make no change; this is my home."

"How can you talk in that way?" said Winthrop. He had risen again, and begun to walk up and down the room; as he spoke, he stopped his walk and stood before her. "You came here against your will; you disliked the place intensely; you said so of your own accord; I heard you."

"I know I have said so. Many times. Still, I should like to stay now."

"You can not. Even Mr. Moore tells you that."

"Yes," said the clergyman, conscientiously, "I must say it, though I do not wish to; the place is unusually lonely; it stands quite by itself; it would be unwise to remain."

"I must give it up, I see," Margaret answered. "I am sorry."

And then, in answer to old Rose's bobbing courtesy at the door, they went across the hall to the dining-room for lunch.

When the meal was over and they had returned to the parlor, Mr. Moore at first did not sit down. He stood on the hearth-rug with his back to the fire, rubbing his hands in the slight moderate way that was peculiar to him; he seemed disposed to introduce, if possible, a little conversation of a general nature.

There was opportunity, apparently, for introducing anything, neither Winthrop nor Margaret spoke.

"Oh-er—yes—er-r-r—I am told," began Mr. Moore, addressing Winthrop, "that abroad—I allude to foreign countries on the continent of Europe—one seldom finds those simple and convenient articles we term handles attached to chests of drawers or bureaux; one is expected to pull the drawers open awkwardly (if not painfully) by means of the key?"

Winthrop did not reply. Mr. Moore mildly repeated the question.

"Key? I am sure I don't know," Winthrop answered.

Foiled in this direction, Mr. Moore, after another moment or two of the silence, forgivingly sent (into this troubled atmosphere) a second remark, which he hoped would act as a temporary diversion of thought, a change. "It has been mentioned to me," he observed, "that in the city of Boston, Massachusetts, the conversation is so exceptionally accurate that when a stranger there makes use, by chance, of the word 'why' merely as an exclamation (a somewhat slovenly use, I admit), he is answered as though it had been a question. As, for instance, if I should say, simply in surprise, 'Why!—was he going there?' they would respond, 'I do not know why; but perhaps'—and so on."

But Winthrop was gazing at the fire, and Margaret did not speak. That question fell flat also.

To cover its fall a little, not because he was concerned on his own account—he had no conception of conversational successes—but because he thought it might come to Margaret later that she had left a remark of his suspended in mid-air, Mr. Moore now answered his own question, summing up the matter cheerfully and dismissing it: "Probably the word 'why,' in any shape, rouses a greater interest in the city of Boston, Massachusetts—a community, I am told, devoted to the quest for information—than it is capable of doing in places of less mental activity. I should much like to visit Boston. And also the village of Con-cord, in its immediate vicinity." Mr. Moore's "Con-cord" was carefully pronounced, the last syllable was like cord in "a cord of wood."

The clergyman's idea in these efforts had been to divert from Margaret's mind a too heavy strain. He had failed, because Winthrop had not aided him; he now tried a second method—a more direct one. "My dear friend," he said, addressing Margaret, "let me advise you. You will be much the better for a little repose." Mr. Moore's "my dear friend" was used only on solemn occasions; but, in spite of its rather formal tone, it was not a mannerism: people really were more dear to his pitying, tender soul when they were in trouble, he was more their friend, than in times of cheerful ease.

As he spoke, Margaret looked up. For the moment she had forgotten that he was there, but as soon as her mind came back to him she took refuge afresh in his faithful kindness. "I could not sleep," she answered; "I should only be thinking—making plans. It is better for me to plan aloud—if you will help me."

"Anything I can do—of course. But, if you will permit me to speak of it, Mrs. Moore has often mentioned to me—Penelope has mentioned—that a short period of recumbence after lunch was wonderfully conducive to a refreshed clearness of mind later."

"My mind is clear now. It is easier

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for me to decide at once about my plans. I shall go north; but I should like to retain this house, and keep it open just as it is; I could leave the servants here."

Winthrop turned and looked at her, a quick surprised suspicion in his glance.

"I could do that perfectly, couldn't I?" she repeated, addressing Mr. Moore.

Again the clergyman looked uncomfortable. He sat down, crossed his legs, and extending the pendent foot a little in its long, narrow, thin-soled boot; he looked at it, and moved it to and fro slightly, as if he had been called upon to give an exact opinion upon the leather. "I fear," he said, as the result of this meditation, "that it might not be altogether prudent. The negroes have much hospitality; with a large house at their command, and nobody very near, I fear they might be tempted to invite some of their friends to visit them."

"The place would swarm with them," said Winthrop.

"At any rate, I shall keep the house, even if I close it," said Margaret. "It must be ready for occupancy at any time."

"Then you are thinking of coming back?" Winthrop asked. His face still showed an angry mistrust.

"I may come back. At present, however, I shall go north. And as I prefer to go immediately, I shall set about arranging the house here so that I can leave it. It will not take long, two days, or three at most. And it would be a very great kindness, Mr. Moore, if you would stay with me until I leave—by next Saturday's steamer, probably."

"I hardly think you will be able to accomplish so much in so short a time," answered the clergyman, rather bewildered by this display of energy. To Mr. Moore's idea, a woman who had been deserted by her husband, even though that husband had been proved to be abnormally vicious, could not well be in the mood for the necessary counting of chairs, nor for the proper distribution of gum-camphor among curtains, also so important.

Then, reading again the deep trouble in Margaret's face, under all the calmness of her manner, he dismissed his objections, and said, heartily, "In any case, I will stay with you as long as you wish."

"I am afraid that one of your difficulties has been that I am here," said Winthrop to Margaret. "You can not expect me to leave you entirely as long as you are still in this house; I am, after all, your nearest relative. But of course I could stay at the hotel." He spoke with extreme coldness.

Margaret, however, did not try to dissipate it by asking him to remain.

He showed that he felt this, for he said, "Perhaps I had better go up at once and see to getting quarters there."

She did not answer. He walked about aimlessly for a moment or two, and then left the room.

"Will you go over the house with me now, Mr. Moore—I mean this afternoon—and tell me what I can leave in place, in this climate, and what must be packed?"

"Certainly; it would be better, I think, to make a list," Mr. Moore answered, in an interested voice. Mr. Moore enjoyed lists; to him an index was one of the most interesting parts of any book, and in devising catalogues or new alphabetical arrangements he had sometimes felt a sense of pleasure that was almost dissipation.

"You will have three enemies to encounter," he began, with seriousness. "They are, first, the Mildew; second, the Damp; third, the Moth; I should *not* advise pepper against the latter. The Mouse, so destructive in other climates, will trouble you little in this."

Then he rose and examined the paper which Margaret had taken from a writing-desk. "You have the right ideas," he said, appreciatively; "for a *list*, the paper is much better when ruled."

A week later, Margaret was still there; she had not been able to complete as rapidly as she had hoped the arrangements necessary for leaving the house in proper order behind her. This was not owing to any lingering on her own part or to any hesitation of purpose; it was owing simply to the constitutional inability of anybody in that latitude, black or white, to work steadily, to be in the least hurried. The poorest negro engaged to shake carpets could not bring himself, though with the offer of double wages before him, to the point of going without a long "res'" under the trees after each (short) "stent." Mr. Moore, with his list, made no haste—Mr. Moore had never been in a hurry in his life.

But now at last all was completed; the house was to be closed on the morrow. No one but the clergyman was to sleep there on this last night. The negroes, generously paid and rejoicing in their

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riches, were going to their own homes. In the morning one of them was to return to dismantle Mr. Moore's room, and then the clergyman himself was to bar the windows, lock the doors, and carry the keys to the hotel, where they were to be kept, in accordance with Margaret's order. She herself was to sleep at the hotel, in order to be in readiness to take the sea-going steamer, which would touch at that pier at an early hour the next day.

Evert Winthrop had returned to East Angels. Five days he had staid at the hotel, coming down every morning on horseback to the house on the point. Not once had he been able to see Margaret alone; Mr. Moore was always with her, or if by rare chance he happened to be absent, she was surrounded by the chattering blacks, who with much confusion and the jolliest good-humor, with endless procrastinations and aimless wandering errands to and fro, were carrying out, or pretending to, the orders of "Mis' Horrel."

Winthrop chafed against this constant presence of others. But he would not allow himself to speak of it; pride prevented him. Why should he be kept at a distance, and a comparative stranger like Mr. Moore placed at the head of the house, consulted about everything? Mr. Moore! He looked on with impatience while the clergyman gave explanations of Penelope's excellent method of vanquishing the Mildew, the Damp, the Moth. With impatience grown to contempt he heard him read aloud to Margaret and check off carefully the various items of his long lists. Mr. Moore had even made a list of the inhabitants of the poultry-yard, though Margaret intended to present them all in a body to Dinah and Rose.

"One brown hen, somewhat spotted with white," he read from his list; "one yellow hen, spotted with brown; a black hen; a chicken; a duck."

He had never seemed to Winthrop so narrow, so given up to petty details, as now.

On the fourth day Winthrop (perhaps having found pride, in spite of the dignity it carried with it, rather unfruitful) suddenly resolved to overpower this dumb opposition, make himself master of this ridiculous situation—"ridiculous" was his own term for it. Margaret was evidently determined not to see him alone. After their long acquaintance, and their relationship (he insisted a good deal upon this rather uncertain tie), she should not be allowed to treat him in this way; *he* would not allow it. Of what, then, was she afraid?

It came across him strongly that he should like to ask her that question face to face.

He rode down to the house on the point. He found her in the sitting-room, the blacks coming and going as usual.

"Go away, all of you," he said, authoritatively. "Find some work to do in another room for half an hour. I wish to speak to your mistress."

Margaret looked up as she heard this imperative command. She did not contradict it; she could not come to an open conflict of will with him before her own servants. He knew this.

Closing the door after the negroes, who, in obedience to the thorough master's voice which had fallen upon their ears, had shuffled out hurriedly in a body, Winthrop came over to the writing-table where she was seated. She had kept on with her work.

"You don't care any more about that list, about any of these trifling things, than I do," he began. "Why do you pretend to care? And why do you make it so impossible for me to speak to you? What are you afraid of?"

She did not answer. And he did not get the satisfaction he had anticipated from his question, because her face was still bent over her paper.

"Why are you going north?" he went on, abruptly.

"I need a change."

"You can not live alone in New York. You ought not to think of it."

"I shall not be in New York. And I could easily have a companion."

"Your best companion is Aunt Katrina. I admit that she is selfish, that she makes a purely selfish use of you; but she is growing old, and she is ill; there is no one she really wishes for as she wishes for you. Who, after all, is nearer to you?"

"No one is nearer. I have always been alone."

"That is cynical—and it is not true." He paused. "Every one likes you."

"Well they may! When have *I* been —permitted myself to be—disagreeable? When have *I* ever failed to be kind? I was not so by nature; I made myself so.

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I have always repressed myself. What is the result? I have been at everybody's beck and call. I have been expected to bear everything in silence; to listen, always to listen, and never to reply." She spoke with bitterness, keeping on with her writing meanwhile.

"It is perfectly true, what you say, and I think you have done too much of it. Are you getting tired of the *rôle*?"

"I am tired at least of East Angels; I can not go back there."

"You think Aunt Katrina will talk about Lanse in her usual style—about this second going away of his? I myself will tell her the whole story—it is time she knew it. She will talk about him no more."

"It isn't that." She threw down her pen and rose. "I need a complete change. I must have it; but I shall arrange it myself. The only thing *you* can do for me is to leave me free. I should like it if you would go back to East Angels—if you would go to-day. You only trouble me by staying here, and you trouble me greatly."

"Margaret, it's outrageous the way you treat me. What have I done that I should be thrust off in this way? It's insulting. And it's a very sudden change, too; you were not so that night in the swamp."

"It's kind to bring that up. I was tired—nervous; I wasn't myself—"

"You're yourself now, never fear," he interpolated, angrily.

"And you were not yourself either."

"Yes, I was. Interpret your own changes as you please, but pray don't attempt to interpret me."

"Will you do what I wish?"

"You really want me to go?" His voice softened. "You don't wish me to see you off? It's very little to do—see you off."

"I should be grateful if you would go now."

"You are throwing us all overboard together, I see—all Lanse's relatives; you think we are all alike," he commented, in a savage tone. "And you, well rid of us all, free, and determined to do quite as you please, are going north alone—you do not even say where!"

"There will be no secret about that; I will write to Aunt Katrina. You talk about freedom," she said, breaking off suddenly; "what do *you* know of slavery? That is what I have been for years and years—a slave. Oh, to be somewhere, to go somewhere!"—and she threw up her arms with an eloquent gesture of longing; *somewhere* where I can breathe and move and think as I please—as I really am! Do you want me to die without ever having been myself—my real self,—even for one short day? I have come to the end of my strength; I can endure no longer."

Winthrop had been thrilled through by this almost violent cry and gesture. Coming from Margaret, they gave him a great surprise. "Yes, I know," he began; "it has been a hard life." Then he stopped, for he felt that he had not known, he had not comprehended, he did not fully comprehend even now. "I am only harsh on account of the way you treat me," he said; "it galls me to be so completely set aside."

"You can help me only by leaving me; I have told you that."

"But where is the sense—"

"I can not argue. There may be no sense, but your presence oppresses me."

"You shall not be troubled with it long." He went toward the door. But he came back. "Give me *one* reason."

"I have no reason; it is instinct."

He still stood there.

She waited a moment, looking at him. He did not speak. Then she came toward him, her face pale, but her eyes meeting his, their usually quiet blue having now a splendid brilliancy. "This I know, unless you leave me, as I have begged, I will never willingly see you again. You are the best judge of whether you believe what I say."

"Women *are* fools," exclaimed Evert Winthrop; "vows, renunciations, eternal partings—nothing less contents them. Oh, I believe you! You would keep a vow or die for it, no matter how utterly senseless it might be. Of course I want to see you again, so I will go now—that is, for a while. I will even go back to East Angels."

He took her hand, though she did not extend it. "You have been extremely unreasonable," he said. Though he obeyed, she should feel that he had the mastery still; he obeyed only because she was unreasonable.

He left her, and rode back to the hotel. Mr. Moore learned by chance, a few hours later, that he had returned to East Angels.

This had happened three days before. It was now late in the afternoon of the

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third day, and the house was prepared for "Mis' Horrel's" departure. Mr. Moore, standing on the low bank, waved his hand in farewell as the boat, rowed by two old negroes, carried her down the river.

The five miles seemed short. When the men turned in toward the hotel, twilight had fallen; the river had a veil of mist. Margaret's eyes rested vaguely on the shore. Suddenly, in a low voice, she said, "Stop!"

The men obeyed. She strained her eyes to see more clearly a figure under the trees near the landing. It was a man, dressed in gray clothes; he was walking up and down. They could see him as he moved to and fro, but he could not see their low boat, pausing out there in the fog.

Margaret seemed to have satisfied herself. "Row out now into the stream," she said, briefly.

And in a few minutes the shore, left behind them, was but a dark line.

"I have changed my mind; I shall not sleep at the hotel, after all. You can take me back home—to the house on the point, I mean; then, to-morrow morning, you can be there again at dawn, and bring me up here in time for the steamer; it will do quite as well."

The old men, without comment either of mind or tongue, patiently rowed her back down the river. They had a profound respect for "Mis' Horrel," but they had long ago decided that all the Northern people at Izard's (the old Florida name of the house on the point) were "cuse folks"; they had ways of their own for doing everything, ways that were always "mighty quare."

It was true that Lanse had had a good many ways.

When they reached the point, Margaret, after charging her oarsmen to be there again promptly at dawn, dismissed them, and walked up the path alone toward the house. No lights were visible anywhere. There was a young moon, and she looked at her watch; it was not yet nine o'clock. Mr. Moore had apparently gone to bed at a very early hour.

The truth was that during all this visit of his on the river Mr. Moore had kept much later hours than he was in the habit of keeping at home. As he always woke at dawn, Penelope had long ago persuaded him of the wisdom of "piecing out" his night at the earlier end. Mr. Moore, therefore, "pieced" it; he went to bed before ten. As he seldom fell asleep until after midnight, he had a good deal of time for meditation during the preceding interval. Not for him any more were those delightful last half-hours when the wood fire, if it was winter, always seemed at its brightest, or, if it was summer, the moon. Penelope said, "Now, Middleton," and Middleton, as Dr. Kirby once expressed it, "now'd."

On the present occasion, after partaking of the supper which Dinah had prepared for him, he sent the old woman to her home; then, remembering that he had a week of arrears to make up, he went to his room, though there was still a gleam of sunset in the west.

Margaret understood what had happened; she determined that she would not disturb him. Probably it would not be difficult to find a way into the house; no Southern house was closed at night with the thoroughness of Northern care. As she had expected, among all the numerous windows on the ground-floor, she found one which she could raise; light and lithe, she easily effected an entrance, and stole on tiptoe to a room upstairs in the south wing, where she knew there was a lounge whose pillows had been left in place. She had her travelling bag with her (her trunks had been sent to the hotel early in the day), but she did not intend to undress; she would take what sleep she could on the lounge until dawn, covered by her travelling shawl. But she was more weary than she knew, and nature was kind that night; very soon she fell asleep.

The figure she had seen was, as she had thought, that of Evert Winthrop. He had come back.

It might have been that he did not consider a return to the river prohibited, so long as he did not go down to the house on the point: there was no law, certainly, against a man's travelling where he pleased. He had not been down to the house on the point. He had staid at the hotel all day. He had seen her trunks when they arrived, and he knew from their being there that she must be expecting to take the next morning's steamer, northward bound. Was she coming herself to the hotel to sleep? After a while he made the inquiry; his tone was careless; he asked at what hour they expected her.

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"I will be surprised if she is not here by supper-time," was the answer he received.

At sunset he went down to the shore and strolled to and fro there. As usual, when alone, he had his hands well down in the pockets of his closely buttoned morning coat; now and then he took them out to light a fresh cigarette. But though he thus kept watch, he did not see the boat that stole up in the fog, floated off-shore for a moment, and then disappeared again.

That night, at three o'clock, Middleton Moore woke with the feeling that he had been attacked by asthma, and that Penelope was trying to relieve him with long smoking wisps of thick brown paper (her accustomed remedy), which she lighted at the candle and then blew out; there were thousands of these smoking wisps.

Then consciousness became clearer, and he perceived that there was no Penelope and no candle, but that there was smoke. He sprang up and opened the door; there was smoke in the hall also. "The house is on fire," was his thought. "How fortunate that there is no one here!" He threw on his clothes, drew on his boots, and seizing his coat and hat, ran down the hall. His room was on the ground-floor. He looked into the other rooms as he passed; there was smoke, but no flame. Yet he could distinctly perceive the unmistakable odor of burning wood. "It must be upstairs," he said to himself. He unlocked the house door, and ran across the lawn in order to see the upper story.

Yes, there were the flames. At present only little tongues, small and blue; but they would grow. They were creeping along under the cornice, licking it furtively, craftily, and constantly they grew a little more yellow. This told him that the fire had a strong hold within, since it had made its way outward through the main wall. It would be useless for him to attempt to fight it, with the water at a distance and no one to assist. The old mansion was three stories high. "It will go like tinder," he thought.

His next idea was to save for Margaret all he could. Jamming his clerical hat tightly down on his forehead, he began to carry out articles hurriedly from the lower rooms, and pile them together at the end of the lawn. True book-lover, he said to himself, "How lucky that the books are gone!" The books were to accompany Margaret on her journey northward. He worked very hard; he ran, he carried, he piled up; then he ran again. He lifted and dragged ponderous weights. The perspiration stood in drops on his face. But even then he made a mental list of the articles he was saving: "Six parlor chairs; one centre table, of mahogany; a work-table, with fringe; a secretary, with inlaid top; a sofa." In the lower rooms the smoke was blinding now. Outside, the tongues of flame had grown into a broad yellow band.

Suddenly the fire burst through the roof in half a dozen places, and, freed, rose with a leap high in the air. Heretofore there had been but little noise; now there was the sharp sound of crackling and burning, and the roar of flames under unchecked headway was beginning to make itself heard. The sky was tinged with the red glow; the garden took on a festal air, with all its vines and flowers lighted up rosily in the middle of the night.

Mr. Moore did not stop to look at all this, nor to call the flames "grand." In the first place, he did not think them grand, eating up as they were a good house and a large quantity of most excellent furniture. In the second, he had not time for adjectives. He was bent upon saving, if possible, a certain low book-case he remembered, which stood in the upper hall near the stairs. He had always admired that book-case (which was part of the ample supply of furniture which had been sent down from New York by Margaret's order); he had never seen a book-case before that was unconnected with associations of more or less insecure step-ladders, or an equally insecure stepping upon chairs, for the upper shelves. It was heavy; but, being empty now, he hoped he should be able to save it.

He jammed his hat hard down upon his forehead again (he should certainly be obliged to have a new one; he was treating this, his best, as a fireman does his helmet), and ran back into the house. But the flames had now reached the lower hall; they had burned down as well as up, and he was obliged to content himself with a hat-stand near the door. As he was dragging this out he heard shouts, and recognized the voices as those of negro women. When he had reached the lawn with his prize, clear of the smoke, there they were, Dinah and Rose

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and four other women; they had seen the light, and had come running from their cabins, which were half a mile to the north, down the shore. They were greatly excited. One stout young girl, Polly by name, black as coal, jumped up and down, bounding high like a ball each time. She was unconscious of what she was doing; her eyes were on the roaring flames; every now and then she gave a tremendous yell. Old Rose and Dinah wept and bewailed aloud.

"Dar goes de settin'-room winders—oh! —*ow!*"

"Dar goes de upsteers chimbly—oh! *ow!*"

Another of the women, a thin old creature, clapped her hands incessantly on her legs, and shouted, "De glory's a-comin' in de *maw*-nin!"

Mr. Moore deposited his hat-stand under a tree, and, standing still for a moment, wiped his hot forehead. He did not attempt to stop their shouting; he knew that it would be useless. He thought with regret of that book-case.

And now there came a shout louder, or at least more agonized, than any of the others, and round the corner of the house appeared the boy Primus. He ran toward them, shouting still; with each step he almost fell. "She's *dar*—Mis' Horrel!" The words had a whistling sound, as if his breath came through a parched throat. And it was parched—parched with fear.

He too had seen the light, and approaching the place from the south, the direction of his mother's cabin, he had passed, in running toward the front, the narrow high south wing. And here at a window he had seen a face—the face of Margaret Harold.

Mr. Moore was gone at the boy's first cry. The others followed.

The south wing was not visible from the front. Its third story was in flames, and the back and sides of the ground-floor had caught; but at a second-story window (which she had opened) they all saw a face—that of Margaret Harold; the glare of the main building showed her features perfectly. They could not have heard her, even if she had been able to call to them, the roar of the fire was now so loud.

"She can not throw herself out; it's too high; and we have no blanket. There's a door below, isn't there? And stairs?" It was Mr. Moore's voice that asked.

"Yes, passon, yes. But it's all *a-buhnin!*"

Mr. Moore clasped his hands, holding them to his breast, and bowing his head; it did not take longer than a breath. Then he started toward the wing.

"Oh, passon, passon, yer dassent! It's *mur—der!*"

"Oh, passon, yer can't help her now, de sweet lady; it's too late. Pray for her *yere*, passon; she'll go right straight up; she's wunner der Lawd's *own* chillun, de dove!"

"Oh, passon! yer mussunt! De Lawd ain't willin' fer *two* ter die."

The negro women clung about him. But he shook them off. Going hastily forward, he broke in the smouldering door and disappeared. His moment's prayer had been for his wife, in the case—which he knew was probable—that he should not come from that door alive.

The gap he had made revealed the red fire within. Behind the stairs the whole back of the wing was like a glowing furnace.

The negroes now all knelt down; they had no hope. With tears and clasped hands they began to sing their funeral hymn.

The fire had reached the second story; Margaret's face had disappeared.

A bravery which does not reason will sometimes conquer in the teeth of reason. Any one would have said that no man could pass through that den of fire alive, much less bring forth from there another life besides his own. One chance existed; it was one amid a dozen close, much closer, probabilities of a horrible death. It lay in swiftness, and in the courage to walk, without heeding burned feet, directly across floors already in a glow.

Middleton Moore crossed such floors; he went unshrinkingly up the scorching stairs. He found Margaret by sense of touch in the smoke-filled room above, and, tearing off his coat, he lifted her as she lay unconscious, wrapped her head and shoulders in it, and bore her swiftly down the burning steps, and through the fiery hall, and so out to the open air. His eyebrows, eyelashes, and hair were singed; his face was blistered. Brands and sparks had fallen like hail upon his shoulders and arms, and scorched through to the skin. His boots were burned off, the curled leather was dropping from his burned feet. His breath was almost gone.

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He gave Margaret to the women, and sank down himself upon the grass; he could not see; he felt very weak; something was tightening in his throat.

The boy Primus with great sobs ran like a deer to the well for water, and, bringing it back, held a cupful to the lips of the blinded man.

Mr. Moore drank. "Thank you, Primus," he said.

Margaret, though still unconscious, appeared to be unhurt; the skirt of her dress was burned in several places. The women chafed her hands, and bathed her face with the fresh water. Once she opened her eyes, but immediately unconsciousness came over her again.

With a crash the northern wing fell in.

"De front 'll go nex'," said Primus. "We mus' git 'em 'way from dish yer."

The women lifted Margaret tenderly, and bore her to the end of the lawn. Mr. Moore rose on his burned feet, and, leaning on the boy's shoulder, slowly made his way thither also. Their forlorn little group, assembled near the piled-up furniture, was brightly illuminated by the flame.

Presently the front fell in. And now, as the roar was less fierce, they could hear the gallop of a horse; in another minute Evert Winthrop was among them. He saw only Margaret. He knelt by her side and called her name.

And as though it was a voice calling from a far distance across a broad sea, she heard him and opened her eyes.

"De *passon* done it," said Primus, as Winthrop raised her—"de passon. He jess walk right straight inter de buhnin, *roarin'* flameses! En he brung her out."

Mr. Moore had not seen Winthrop, he could see nothing now. He seemed, besides, a little bewildered, a little confused. As Winthrop took his hand and spoke to him, he lifted his face with its scorched cheeks and closed eyes, and answered: "There was some furniture saved, I think. I think I saved a little. Six parlor chairs—if I am not mistaken; yes, and a centre table—of mahogany. And a sofa. I was sorry about that book-case."

"Hear de lamb!" said one of the negro women, bursting into fresh tears.

MANUAL TRAINING.

BY CHARLES H. HAM.

IT is the bane of this time, as of all previous ages, that education is regarded as a polite accomplishment merely, having very little to do with the real business of life. This superficial view is an inheritance from the Greeks and Romans, the curriculum of whose schools consisted mainly of exercises in rhetoric and logic. The revival of learning, four hundred years ago, was the *renaissance* of classicism. In the schools, proficiency in the languages of peoples whose institutions had long since perished was made the test of scholarship. The sciences were neglected, and the useful arts treated with Platonic scorn. Bacon, Locke, and Rousseau made war upon the scholasticism of the universities, showing its poverty as an educational force, and Comenius, Pestalozzi, and Froebel struggled to supplant abstract methods of instruction by the introduction of object teaching. Progress was, however, very slow, for the school-masters resisted stubbornly. And the speculative spirit not only then controlled, but still controls, the schools of the civilized world. In 1840, Mr. Horace Mann encountered the extreme of violent opposition at the hands of the Boston school-masters in his efforts to inaugurate certain educational reforms in Massachusetts, the citadel of the American common-school system. Only twenty-five years ago Mr. Herbert Spencer said of the schools of England: "The vital knowledge—that by which we have grown as a nation to what we are, and which now underlies our whole existence, is a knowledge that has got itself taught in nooks and corners, while the ordained agencies for teaching have been mumbling little better than dead formulas." The now famous Walton report was prepared and issued in 1869. It shows conclusively that Mr. Mann's proposed reforms were effectually resisted. In presenting that report to the public, the committee say: "There has been a slavish adherence to text-books, and no room given for freedom and originality of thought. Rules have been memorized, and the children taught to recite from the text-book, while they

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have not had the slightest conception of the true meaning of the subject. The memory is cultivated and the reason allowed to slumber."

An educational revolution began in the country of Peter the Great, that bold ruler who, willing to serve that he might learn, cast aside his royal robes, and in the disguise of a workman acquired the art of ship-building, by building ships with his own hands. And this revolution, which is called manual training, is now sweeping rapidly to its culmination in this country. From the dust of three hundred years of neglect, M. Victor Della Vos rescued Bacon's aphorism, "Education is the cultivation of a legitimate familiarity betwixt the mind and things," and, with a rare touch of inspiration, made it the vital principle of art culture in the curriculum of the Imperial Technical School of Moscow.

In 1876, at Philadelphia, Dr. John D. Runkle, then President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, inspecting the exhibits in the mechanic arts department of the Centennial Exposition, paused before a cabinet of models in iron, consisting of three graded series, showing successive steps in the manipulations of chipping and filing, forging, and machine-tool work. He had observed that graduates of the mechanical engineering department of the Institute were obliged to take one or two years of apprenticeship to qualify themselves for positions of trust in charge of important works; and how to remedy this defect in their equipment was a problem he had long pondered. The models solved it. Through them he saw that the mechanic arts could be taught to classes "through a graded series of examples by the usual laboratory methods which are used in teaching the sciences." In a letter to the writer he says: "In an instant the problem I had been seeking to solve was clear to my mind; a plain distinction between a mechanic art and its application in some special trade became apparent." Dr. Runkle was so enthusiastic in regard to the discovery he had made that he lost no time in laying the subject before the trustees of the Institute, who, under the influence of his ardent advocacy, promptly sanctioned his views, and within the year a mechanic arts department was organized, a building with the necessary laboratories erected, a class formed, and the new method of instruction introduced.

It was in this way that manual training as an educational agency made its advent in the schools of the United States. It came labor-stained, but proudly, not humbly, as of old; and, strange to say, knocked first at the door of the universities, knocked in the name of science and the arts, in the name of the age of steel. It made no quarrel with Greek and Latin, not caring even duly to assert its own eldership. It came as if sent by a power above question, and was received, if not graciously, at least respectfully. And it is a curious coincidence that the controversy in regard to the educational value of the classics, while not participated in by the noted champions of the new education, began contemporaneously with the assertion of the high educational value of manual training. But since the appearance of the "College Fetich" of Mr. Adams, and the paper of President Eliot, and of papers by a score of other distinguished educators and laymen, the question is no longer, Is there room in the schools for manual training? but, Is there room for the classics?

Manual training has laid hold upon the imagination of the American people. The register of the Chicago Manual Training School contains the names of visitors from all parts of this country, from Canada, and from England. On last Commencement-day seven hundred persons visited the school, passing through the several laboratories and witnessing the exercises. It is true, many of those visitors were relations and personal friends of students; but relations and personal friends of students of schools of the old *régime* visit them very infrequently. Many of the visitors of manual training schools are women. They are enthusiasts on the subject of the new education. Their comprehension of it is clearer than that of men. This is doubtless because they are possessed of a higher degree of intuition, are more imaginative, more unselfish and less ambitious, and have less aversion to labor. Froebel found women better adapted to the work of teaching than men. The Kindergarten and manual training are identical in principle; but the Kindergarten has struggled long, and as yet unsuccessfully, except in a few instances, for admission to the schools, while manual training, a thing of yesterday in its educational aspect, has conquered all the educational outposts, and now waits only the formal surrender

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of the garrison of the citadel. It possesses the fascination of the concrete as opposed to the drowsy effect of abstract speculation. The Manual Training School Building itself powerfully attracts the healthy, active boy. Smoke issues from the tall chimney that rises high above the roof, and the hum of machinery is heard, and the heavy thud of the sledge resounding on the anvil makes music in the ear.

The interior is more attractive still. The rhythmic motion of the polished Corliss engine responds to the now throbbing heart of the expectant lad. The shafting in the wood-turning laboratory speaks of mystery. It is a labyrinth of belts, large and small, of wheels, big and little, of pulleys and lathes. A student moves a lever a few inches, and the breath of life is breathed into the complicated mass of machinery. From the engine far away come the currents of its power. The whir of steam-driven machines salutes the ear, and the class of twenty-four students take their places at the lathes. So in the laboratory of forging the furnace fires give back an answering glow to the glow of the visiting lad's flushed cheeks. All this is in very sharp contrast to the monotony of the recitation-room of the old *régime*. The superiority of the new over the old education consists largely in the fact that it alternates the purely mental with the mental and manual exercise combined.

During the pauses of labor in the laboratories of the Manual Training School the well-equipped instructor delivers a series of brief lectures on subjects growing logically out of the exercises. In the drawing-room he sketches in bold outline the biographies of the great masters of the graphic art. In the laboratory of carpentry he discusses the natural history of certain trees, and considers the qualities of woods, their adaptability and various uses. In the wood-turning laboratory the subject of the history of turnery is found to be not less delightful than inexhaustible, and the manipulations of the iron and steel laboratories are closely allied to all the great events of the world's history. The moulding and casting laboratory is richly suggestive of subjects for discussion.

The most valuable feature of manual training—its mental and moral influence—is very imperfectly understood in this country, and not at all in Europe, except in Russia, if indeed it be there, where the laboratory method of instruction in the mechanic arts which bears the Russian name originated. The trade schools of Germany, France, and England grew out of industrial rivalries. They are the product of a struggle for commercial, mercantile, and manufacturing supremacy. They have their root in the merchant's grim law of necessity—the necessity of underselling his rival. Their purpose, for example, in France, is to make a doll for a cent less than it can be made in Germany, and in Germany to make a penknife for a cent less than it can be made in France; and they have the sanction and support of government, because they increase the tax-paying capacity of the subject in the exact ratio of the increase of his productive power.

The trade school is the vestibule of a factory or shop, and the trade school pupil is an apprentice—an apprentice a hundredfold better trained than the apprentice of the old *régime*, but still an apprentice. He becomes a cog, a wheel, a pinion, a lever, or a shaft in a machine adapted to certain productive processes. And the more efficient he is as part of the machine, the less power he has to determine the share he shall receive of its products, and the less capacity wisely to dispose of the fruits of his labor.

Germany has more trade schools than any country in the world, but her people are thereby neither enriched nor made contented. Every year large numbers of her labor class bid adieu to the father-land and flock to these shores, and the drain of the flower of the labor class of a population is an irreparable loss of national vitality.

The trade school at its best is a special school which does not aim to give a general education. It is hence one-sided. In establishing or aiding it the state places upon its graduates the brand of inferiority, since it reserves for the universities and other institutions of learning its highest honors.

The trade schools of Europe are perpetuating a system of caste in education which it is the chief mission of the civilization of this age to destroy. They graduate carpenters, blacksmiths, and turners, but they fail to equip men for an equal chance in the battle of life. In Holland there is a government commission whose duty it is to procure situations for the graduates of trade schools, and to "watch

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over them for several years." The graduates of properly organized and conducted schools will create situations for themselves, and show by the ability and faithfulness with which they discharge the duties thereof that they require no watching.

There is a disposition in this country, in some quarters, to imitate the European system of trade schools. Professor Robert H. Thurston, of Cornell University, recommends (1) drawing and the modification of methods of instruction in the direction of the sciences in existing schools; (2) the institution of special courses of instruction, and the foundation of trade schools, "having for their object the teaching of the principles and the practice of the leading industries in localities in which such action would be justified"; and (3) the creation of one or more technical colleges.

There can, of course, be no objection to the establishment of trade schools for special purposes; but if Professor Thurston's proposition contemplates the limitation of all technical instruction to such special schools, it involves the introduction to the United States of the European special or caste educational system—weaving schools in Massachusetts, ship-building schools in Maine, schools of mechanism in Pennsylvania, and agricultural schools in the valley of the Mississippi. Schools, they should be called, for the promotion of caste, and not merely the caste of modern Europe, but the more rigid caste of ancient Egypt, which "compelled the man to follow the occupation of his father, to marry within his class, to die as he was born," thus making of society an organized injustice.

It is pleasant to turn from the Malthusian theory of the law of life—that brutal theory which necessitates the starvation of hundreds of men that one man be well fed—to the theory of humanity and gentleness—that bright theory which contemplates the salvation and elevation of the race through the development of the best aptitudes of all its members. The Russian-American system of manual training promotes the humane theory of life, because (1) it dignifies labor, (2) it is a powerful intellectual stimulus, and (3) it is the great discoverer of truth, and hence a moral agent of incalculable force. It should therefore be made a part of every system of popular education. For if it is confined to the colleges and universities, few will avail of its advantages, since by the time the student shall have reached that advanced stage of his course he will have contracted a feeling of aversion toward labor, and will have determined to enter one of the so-called learned professions. The small number of students enrolled in the several mechanic art annexes of the colleges and universities of the United States confirms the truth of this observation. There is, I believe, only one exception to this rule—that of the Manual Training School of the Washington University of St. Louis, Missouri, which has an enrollment of 229 students. That school is, however, practically independent of the parent institution, since it was founded and is maintained chiefly through the munificence of private individuals. But when the manual training school is so situated as to attract the attention of the grammar-school boys, its register is promptly filled. It has the same fascination for the boy of twelve to fifteen years of age that the Kindergarten has for the child of four years. It enchains the attention of the student, and it does not weary him; and these two conditions constitute a state of receptivity which is an assurance of such intellectual growth as is not to be gained in any school of the old *régime*.

The progress of manual training in the United States during the last few years has been very great, whether it be considered from the stand-point of the growth of public sentiment on the subject, or from that of its introduction to existing schools, public and private, and the establishment of independent schools. It is in some form in certain of the schools of twenty-five of the States of the Union, and there are at least forty educational institutions in the country where it is made part of the course of instruction. The character of the schools into which manual training has been introduced is varied. The range is from the most noted colleges and universities in the land to the public schools of small cities.

In the public schools of New Haven, Connecticut, a simple form of hand and eye training was adopted two years ago, and the experiment proved so satisfactory that it is to be extended through all the grades, "selecting the kind of work best suited to the age and capacity of each pupil, from the Kindergarten to number twelve." Professor Dutton, superintend-

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ent of the New Haven schools, thus defines manual training: "It rests upon the supreme fact that body and mind act and react upon each other; that any act is a thought expressed; that the application of the hand and eye to systematic and artistic pursuits produces a reflex benefit to the mind of the worker; that hand-work awakens spontaneity of feeling, strengthens the will, and insures a maximum of power."

The department of practical mechanics of Purdue University, Indiana, is now six years old. From its inception to the present time it has been in charge of Professor William F. M. Goss, a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He writes: "I believe that a well-devised practice in any of the constructive arts, involving not more than one-third of the student's time, will yield as much mental improvement as will result if the whole time be devoted to study from text-books."

Professor A. M. Bumann, a graduate of the St. Louis Manual Training School, and now in charge of laboratory exercises and drawing in the High School of Omaha, Nebraska, writes that he has sixty pupils, that the St. Louis Manual Training School course has been adopted, that the "boys" are very fond of the work, that it meets with great favor from the citizens, and that the Board of Education designs to place the new methods of instruction within the reach of as many as possible of the public-school pupils.

Professor John M. Ordway, late of the faculty of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, now at the head of the manual training department of the Tulane University of Louisiana, writes from New Orleans: "Manual training is to form a part of every one of the courses in our high-school department. We shall have all that is given in the School of Mechanic Arts, in Boston, and considerably more. We have a prospect of a very large school the coming year, and I believe not a few are attracted by the manual training. The 'boys' were enthusiastic last year."

Dr. Joseph C. Shattuck, Dean of the Denver (Colorado) University, writes that manual training was inaugurated as a department of that institution October 12, 1885, in charge of Professor Charles H. Wright, a graduate of the St. Louis Manual Training School.

In Mrs. Hemenway's vacation school for girls, in Boston, the pupils have this year, as well as last, had instruction in the use of carpenters' tools. A visitor writes: "The work that I saw there in August [1885] was quite as good as any boy's work. The same girls also had instruction in cookery, and in drawing and sewing. They were also doing embroidery from their own designs."

Professor H. H. Dinwiddie writes: "In spite of its name, the conditions of its endowment fund, and its avowed object, the State Agricultural College of Texas was founded on the plan of the old classical and mathematical college, and had no industrial features whatever till the beginning of the year 1880. At that time the public sentiment of the State had condemned so decidedly and repeatedly the misappropriation of the funds and perversions of the energies of the college, under its administration as a literary school, that the directors found it necessary to reorganize it on an industrial basis." He adds: "The college offers two distinct courses of study, the agricultural and the mechanical, and the majority of students choose the mechanical course, and show great interest in its manual instruction."

The University of Minnesota has had a manual training department since 1881, and Professor M. A. Pike writes that they are "breaking ground for a new building for a college of mechanic arts, which will contain fully equipped shops [laboratories] for vise-work, forging, wood-work, pattern-work, and moulding." He adds that there is an agitation in the city school board of Minneapolis on the subject of adopting manual training as part of the course of public instruction.

The Le Moyne Normal Institute, Memphis, Tennessee, is a private school for the education of colored youth of both sexes. In the department of manual training it gives to girls needle-work, a course in choice and preparation of food, with practice in an experimental kitchen, and a course in nursing and care of the sick. As a complement to this training for girls, Professor H. J. Steele writes: "I am about to erect workshops [laboratories] for training our boys in wood-working, iron-working, and moulding. The course is to comprise two years, two hours per day at the benches. We shall also have type-setting and printing as specialties."

Professor Newton M. Anderson writes from Cleveland, Ohio, that a building is in process of erection in that city designed

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for manual training exclusively. It is intended to receive pupils from the public high schools, which will close at 2 o'clock, P.M., thus giving them an opportunity for three hours' instruction daily in the laboratories. Courses of evening lectures will be given on physics, mechanics, chemistry, and mathematics, and there will also be evening classes in drawing.

The University of Wisconsin has a department of "Practical Mechanics." Professor Charles I. King, in charge of it, writes that he began in 1877 with two students, and increased the number to thirty-eight in 1884. He adds: "We are now erecting a building with laboratories for carpentry, forging, foundry, and machine-tool work, which will accommodate about one hundred students."

In the public schools of Gloucester, Massachusetts, there is a manual training department, with provision "for the instruction on Saturdays of boys from the two upper classes of the grammar schools in the use of some of the principal tools, and in carpentry"; and in Peru, Illinois, the "Gloucester" plan has been adopted.

In Moline, Illinois, for the last two years the Board of Education has awarded to pupils in the public schools premiums for the best specimens of a variety of industrial work, as for example: Articles of furniture, articles of clothing, articles of food, lace and artistic needle-work, wood-carving, drawings, free-hand and mechanical, etc. These awards have produced such excellent results that the subject of the adoption of manual training as part of the regular public-school course is being agitated. Professor W. S. Mack, Superintendent of the Moline schools, writes: "My object has been to create a sentiment that would favor a workshop as a necessary part of the school system; not a place where boys are taught trades, but a place where they can get that discipline of hand and eye which is absolutely essential to an elementary education."

Instruction in the elements of the mechanic arts has been added to the course of the State Agricultural and Mechanical College of Alabama. It is in charge of Professor George H. Bryant, a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Dr. William Leroy Broun, President of the institution, thus states its purpose: "With us in the South, where the accumulated capital of former generations, the potential energy of a century's civilization, has passed away, the object of education is primarily—call it utilitarian if you please—to increase the productive capacity of the boy, to make him a producer, to give him a wages-earning power. When the boy becomes a man he must do something. His capital is his ability. With young men thus situated, whose capital will be their ability to do, beyond a doubt that education which deals with things, with the concrete, with science, will best fit them to stand on their feet and walk alone."

Four great events in the current history of manual training have occurred within the last two years, in the order stated, namely, the establishment and opening of the Chicago school, the adoption of manual training as part of the public-school system of the city of Baltimore, the founding of the Toledo (Ohio) school, and the incorporation of manual training in the curriculum of the public schools of Philadelphia. The Chicago school owes its existence to the Commercial Club—a social organization consisting of sixty Chicago merchants and business men. At a meeting of the club, held on March 25, 1882, the members thereof guaranteed the sum of $100,000 for the support of the enterprise. A commodious building having been erected, the school was opened February 4, 1884, with a class of seventy-two students. A second class of seventy-two was admitted in the following September, and a third class of the same number in September, 1885. The first class will be graduated in June, 1886. To enter the school the applicant must be fourteen years of age, of good moral character, and able to pass about the same examination as is required for admission to the Chicago public high schools.

The course is three years, and the tuition $240. The curriculum on the mental side is substantially the same as that of the city public high schools, and on the manual side comprises drawing one hour a day, and laboratory exercises two hours a day, in the following order: carpentry, wood-turning, moulding and casting, forging, and machine-tool work. The present enrollment of students is 152.

The object of the Chicago school, as stated in the articles of incorporation, is, "instruction and practice in the use of tools, with such instruction as may be deemed necessary in mathematics, drawing, and the English branches of a high-

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school course." But the design of those who inspired its endowment and establishment was to make it the rallying-point of educational reform, the seat of the propaganda of the new education. It was thought that from the vantage-ground of a model school conspicuously placed it would be easy to show the value of manual training as an educational force, and hence to secure its admission to the public schools of the country, into every grade of which it must enter, beginning with the Kindergarten, if it is to become a leading feature of general education.

Dr. Henry H. Belfield, Director of this school, has been twenty-five years an instructor—nine years of which time has been spent in the primary and grammar schools, seven years at the head of one of the high schools of Chicago, and two years in his present position. As to the intellectual and physical results of the new education, as they have fallen under his observation, he makes the following important statement: "My pupils have been neither exceptionally brilliant nor unusually well fitted on entering; yet their academic work compares well in quantity and quality with that of corresponding classes in other high schools, notwithstanding that three hours are daily devoted to laboratory work and drawing. While this work makes a demand on brain as well as on muscle, it is a rest from the old *régime* routine, and seems not to impede progress in purely intellectual exercises. The effect on health of pupils' laboratory exercises was not a subject of observation or inquiry with me until my attention was directed to it by parents, several of whom stated that their sons had never before reached the end of a school year without 'breaking down' and leaving school temporarily. The testimony to improved health has been uniform, with a few exceptions. Two ambitious boys have shown slight effects of overwork; three have been excused wholly or partly from forging, their eyes being unable to endure the light and heat of the fires."

One month after the inauguration of the Chicago school—on March 3, 1884—the Baltimore school "for manual training" was opened. The course was modelled after that of the mechanic arts department of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and the institution was made a part of the city public-school system. In his first report Dr. Richard Grady, Director, observes that it is the first instance of the connection of manual training with a city public-school system, and adds: "It represents the last and boldest step that has been taken to relieve public education from the accusation that it is 'unpractical,' and its inception marks an era in the educational history of Baltimore." The report also states that "although it was intended not to have a class of more than forty or fifty pupils at first, so numerous were the applications for admission that the month of March closed with sixty-two students on the roll, April with eighty, June with one hundred, and September with one hundred and fifty." Mr. Henry A. Wise, Superintendent of the schools of Baltimore, speaks of the popularity of the manual training department, and believes not only that it will prove to be an educational success, but that it will lead ultimately to the engrafting of industrial work upon the primary and grammar schools. He adds: "Manual training should not be entirely confined to the boys' schools, and it is recommended that steps be taken to introduce sewing into the schools attended by girls."

The Toledo (Ohio) school was established in 1884, in temporary quarters, with sixty students of the high school, ten of whom were girls, taking its course of training. During the present year a large building has been erected for the use of the school, and its enrollment of students is now over 200, of whom fifty are girls, all students also of the high school, whose entire enrollment is 275. The school owes its existence to a bequest made thirteen years ago by the late Jesup W. Scott for the promotion of industrial education in connection with the public-school system. It supplements the high school, giving the manual, while the high school gives the mental, training. Its course occupies three years, and is substantially the same for boys as the manual side of the course of the schools of St. Louis and Chicago. The course for girls comprises free-hand and mechanical drawing, designing, moulding, wood-carving, cutting, fitting, and making garments, type-writing, and domestic science, including the art of preparing and cooking food, house decoration, and care of the sick. Mr. A. E. Macomber, one of the directors of the Toledo University, which, jointly with the city Board of Education, constitutes the Board

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of Management of the Manual Training School, writes: "The brightest and most faithful pupils of the high school have eagerly availed themselves of the opportunity for manual instruction, and the zeal with which the new work is pursued has added a fresh charm to school life."

The public-school authorities and instructors of Toledo are giving the reform movement their hearty support. Professor J. W. Dowd, Superintendent, declares that "the training in the manual school lets in a flood of light upon a thousand things but imperfectly understood before," and adds, "All of the manual exercises are mental exercises." Professor Adams, an instructor, says: "The work of the Manual Training School compels the student, whether bright or dull, to give careful thought to every step he takes. Guess-work or hurried work will not make a perfect joint nor a perfect square, nor will it make the lines of a drawing sustain to one another their proper relations. The effect of this one fact on our pupils' study and class-room work can not be overestimated. Manual training and mental training are mutually recreative. The two courses of work taken together tend to form habits of thoughtfulness, habits of methodical work, and habits of exactness, besides the mutual interest that they afford each other."

The establishment of the Toledo Manual Training School in connection with the public-school system of the city is the third and culminating step in educational progress taken in Ohio, it having been preceded by the adoption in the State University of a course of instruction in the mechanic arts, and by the founding at Cleveland of the Case School of Applied Sciences.

A revolution in educational methods has occurred in the city of Philadelphia. The Spring Garden Institute, established long ago by Mr. Charles G. Leland, showed the practicability of hand-training; Mr. Edward T. Steel, President of the Board of Education, for years advocated manual training in a general way; and Mr. James MacAlister, who went from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in 1883, to accept the superintendency of the schools of the city, writes that he found public opinion fully alive to the importance of manual training being added to the public education, but that nothing had been done to give it organized shape. It is easy to understand how, under his magnetic influence, the movement quickly crystallized. Moved by the persuasive force of his tongue and pen, the "Councils" appropriated money, and the Board of Education organized a manual training school as part of the educational system of the city, as free as any other of the public schools; and it went into operation in September last, with one hundred and thirty pupils—all that could then be accommodated. Its course of instruction is similar to that of the schools of Boston, St. Louis, and Chicago. The school is a high school, with manual exercises constituting a feature of equal importance with the mental exercises. The first observation in regard to this new school made by visitors is that the pupils take more interest in its exercises than is usually taken by pupils in the exercises of schools of that grade. The school meets with the most unqualified approval of the public, and the Board of Education designs to establish three or four more schools of similar character. It is the purpose of the Superintendent and the board to furnish the school with a reference library and a small museum, "illustrating the raw materials and manufactured products of the more important industries of the country, and to some extent drawings and models showing the evolution of the fundamental tools and machines."

Another feature of the reorganized educational system of Philadelphia is the School of Industrial Art, which is open to the grammar-school pupils of both sexes, who are admitted once a week for two hours. The course of instruction comprises drawing and design, modelling, wood-carving, and certain exercises in carpentry and joinery and metal-work.

A third feature is sewing, which is made part of the regular course of instruction in every girls' school above the primary. The work is graded, and forms a system of sequential steps. Thirty-two special sewing instructors are now employed, but it is intended ultimately to have the instruction given by the regular class instructors. A fourth feature is the free Kindergarten, which can not be made part, officially, of the public-school establishment, because the legal school age in Pennsylvania is six years. But an association called the Sub-primary School Society has founded twenty-eight Kindergartens and supports them, with the aid

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of an appropriation from the School Board, as adjuncts to the regular schools.

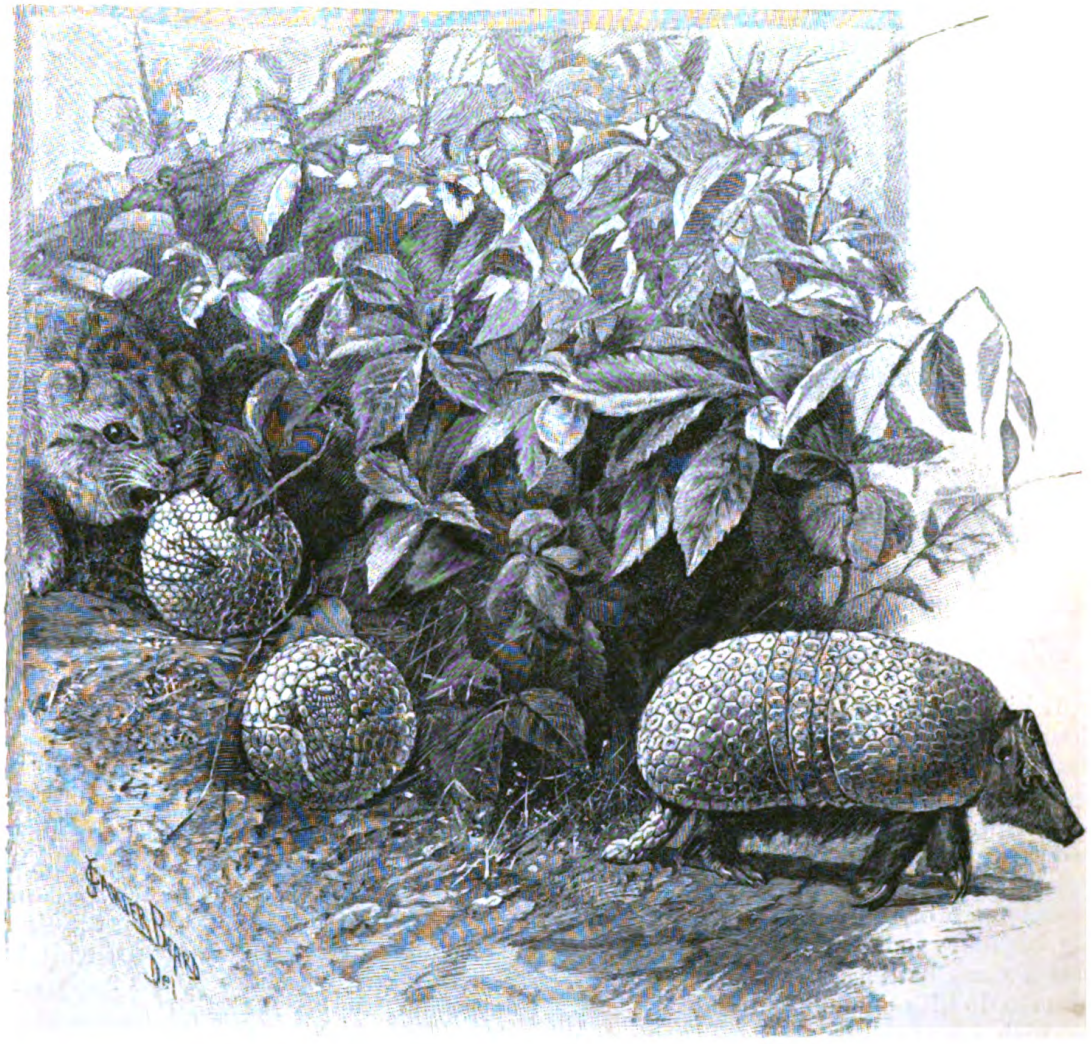
Philadelphia has thus the most complete course of manual instruction of any city in the country, consisting of the Kindergarten, the School of Industrial Art for the boys and girls of the grammar schools, and the "Manual Training School" for boys from fourteen to eighteen years of age.

Superintendent MacAlister writes that the conviction obtains among the members of the Board of Education of Philadelphia, and is, in his opinion, growing in the public mind generally, that every child should receive manual training; that a complete education implies the training of the hand in connection with the training of the mind, and that this feature must ultimately be incorporated into the public education. He concludes: "I feel encouraged to go forward with the work. The great principles which underlie the system are with me intense convictions, and they mean nothing less than a revolution in education. The new system is the realization of the dream of every great thinker and reformer in education, from Comenius, Locke, and Rousseau to Pestalozzi, Froebel, and Spencer. My conviction and action in connection with this movement are based upon what, in my judgment, should constitute an education designed to prepare a human being for the social conditions of to-day, and not merely for the industrial demands of our time. And this must be realized in the public schools, or they will fail in accomplishing the ends for which they were instituted and are maintained."

The limit of space forbids consideration of other manual training schools, some of which are, however, well known to the public, as that of St. Louis, Professor Adler's Working-man's School in New York city, and the mechanic arts department of Girard College.

In conclusion, a mere reference must suffice to the most important feature of the new education, namely, its moral effect. Fidelity to truth is the test of honesty, and it is through the hand that we find the truth. A purely mental acquirement is a theorem — something to be proved. Whether the theorem is susceptible of proof is always a question until the doubt is solved by the act of doing, and this is so simply because all theoretical knowledge is incomplete. Exclusively mental training does not produce a symmetrical character, because it merely teaches the student how to think, and the essential complement of thought is action, and the character that is not symmetrical is false. To produce a symmetrical character, the mind and the hand must be in alliance. There is the sharpest possible contrast between the old and the new educational methods. The old are subjective; the new are objective; and it is in things, not in speculation, that we find the truth. It is possible to juggle with words, to make the worse appear the better reason, but a lie in the concrete is always hideous. It was not without strong reason that Anaxagoras characterized man as the wisest of animals because he has hands, for wisdom is the power of discriminating between the true and the false, and this power of discrimination is exerted through the hands. Civilization is what education makes it. If society is false and corrupt, the fault lies in the training of the individuals of whom it is composed. Manual training promotes altruism because it is objective. Its effects flow outward; they relate to the human race. The skilled hand confers benefits upon man, and the act of conferring them has a reflex moral effect upon the mind. On the contrary, the old system of education, consisting of subjective processes, promotes selfishness. Its effects flow inward; they relate wholly to self. All purely mental acquirements become a part of self, and so remain forever unless they are transmuted into acts or things through the agency of the hand. And the last analysis of selfishness is depravity. The ancient civilizations perished because man retained the savage instinct of selfishness. Each individual sought his own interest in scorn of the interests of all others, and in the struggle society was convulsed and wrecked. The educational methods of the ancients were subjective. In the schools of rhetoric and logic the nobles of Greece and Rome were exclusively trained. They became masters of the art of oratory. In the use of words they were adroit; of things they were ignorant. Under this system society retrograded to a state of savagery. Selfishness did its perfect work in resolving society into its original elements.

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BOLITA, OR THREE-BANDED ARMADILLO.

LIVING BALLS.

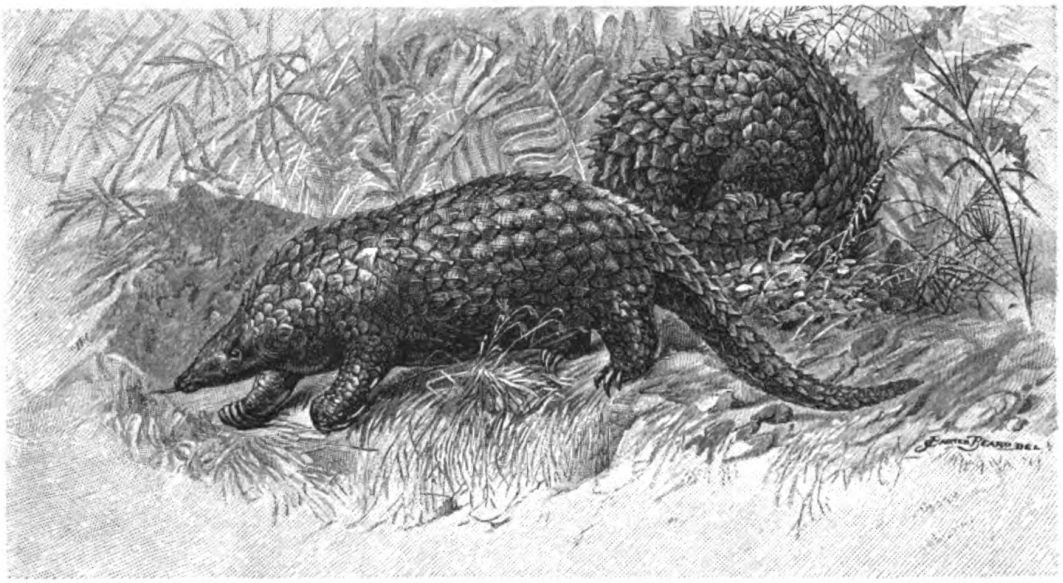
BY OLIVE THORNE MILLER.

HAPPY is the animal whose anatomy enables him to assume the shape of a sphere. What contentment must be his as he rolls himself into that perfect form, protective alike from the malice of enemies and the impertinent curiosity of friends!

Few animals are able to pack their flesh and bones into this admirable shape, though many attempt it more or less successfully during sleep. Of those which have attained perfection in the art one of the most attractive is a comparatively unknown South American animal, belonging to the shield-bearers, the ball armadillo, or *Dasypus apar* of the naturalist. This little creature, scarcely more than a foot in length, is nearly covered by a horny case curiously divided into hexagonal plates, with three bands around his body, giving him, when walking about, the droll appearance of wearing a decorated blanket held in place by three girdles. Over his broad face, almost hiding his eyes, is a pointed shield of the same material, and the upper side of his short tail is similarly protected.

So perfect is this fellow's mastery of the process of turning himself into a ball that upon the slightest provocation, as the appearance of an enemy, or even the unwelcome touch of a recognized friend, he will

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THE MANIS, OR SCALY ANT-EATER.

roll himself up instantly, and with a violent snap, which not unfrequently, in the latter case, severely nips the offending fingers between the sharp edges of his armor.

Nothing can be more ludicrous than to see two of these odd little creatures in a disagreement. A fight between them possesses none of the unpleasant features of an ordinary contest, but appears more like a sham battle. The injury each one aims to do his opponent is to bite the ears, or with his claws to tear the tough skin between the three bands. They scuffle without much ferocity till one gets a slight advantage, when, presto! snap! his enemy has become a ball, and a ball he patiently remains, in spite of the efforts of beast or man, till he has tired out his assailant, or considers it proper to unbend.

In this shape the armadillo is safe from the attacks of larger animals, with which he could not for an instant cope. The jaguar prowling through the woods in search of food may roll him about, but can neither crush him between his teeth nor force him open with his paw. Monkeys, which, true to their love of fun, delight in teasing small and harmless animals by pulling them around by the tail, look in vain for a tail to take hold of. It is not unlikely that he enjoys some lively rolling about at the hands of these frolicsome quadrumana, although no such performance has been reported. Only from man, who can take him up and carry him home to unroll at his leisure, is this safeguard no protection.

The apar is an interesting little beast apart from his habit of retiring within himself. He is lively, inquisitive, and playful, and therefore much sought for as a pet. His walk is peculiar, having on the fore-feet three long claws, on the tips of which he totters about, and on the hind-feet five claws, which he plants flatly on the ground.

It is curious that although many animals assume as nearly as possible a spherical shape in sleeping, this little fellow, to whom that shape is so familiar and easy, sleeps, on the contrary, stretched out his full length, resting on the stomach, with fore-paws laid together straight before him, head flat between the two, and shield arched up over him like a roof.

Bolita (little ball), as he is called by the natives, is said by some travellers to be as expert at tunnelling as at ball-making. His enormous claws being admirable digging tools, he is able to burrow in soft earth so rapidly that a man can scarcely seize him before he is out of sight. Under-ground, if still pursued, he continues his tunnel, and to dig him out, even with all the wit of man in saving labor, is the work of hours.

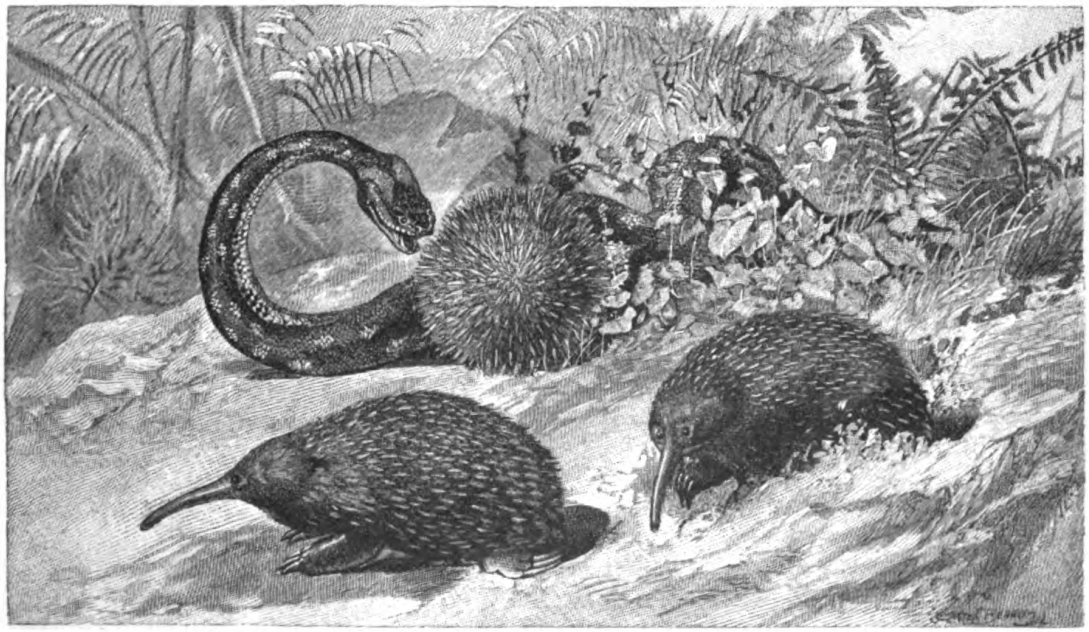
The ball armadillo is much sought for by the natives to eat, though, when caught, his innocent, attractive ways often change his destiny from roasting in his own shell

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to be the cherished household pet and playmate for the children, whose romps and games with the pretty living ball are various and charming to see.

The baby bolita is one of the drollest of infants, dressed from the first in armor complete as that of his elders, but light in color, and soft like parchment.

The Old World furnishes another living ball in the manis, or scaly ant-eater. This strange animal is about eighteen inches in length, with a tail as long as the body, and a protecting armor different from, but quite as effectual as, that of the armadillo. From nose to tip of tail the manis is clothed in gray horny scales, shield-shape and convex, so that they lie closely, lapping over each other. The tail is very broad, and possesses great muscles of such power that several men together fail to move it from its chosen position, wrapped around the ball he makes of himself. In this position he is quite



NEWLY DISCOVERED PORCUPINE ANT-EATER (ANTHOGLOSSUS) AND CARPET-SNAKE.

different from the armadillo. Instead of offering a smooth, hard surface to the enemy, each plate stands up from the rest, all presenting an array of sharp, horny points, extremely unpleasant to the touch of man or beast. To assume the ball shape he places his head between the fore-legs, wraps the tail over legs and head, bringing it up on to the neck, and there he holds it, while leopards and jackals, as well as men, try their strength on him in vain.

The manis is quite as odd when walking about as the armadillo, though not in the same way. The claws of his fore-feet being long and curved, he turns them under or back, and walks on the outside of them, holding his back highly arched as he goes. He has also a curious manner of standing erect on his hind-legs for a better view of things, using his broad tail to balance himself.

A better-known animal of ball-making habits is the common hedgehog, of whose spine-covered, impervious ball we have all read from childhood, if we have not seen. He also, like the armadillo, resorts to the spherical form in time of war. When "having it out" with a venomous snake, for instance, he will give a savage bite on the back, and instantly retire behind or within his sharp spines, which, projecting on all sides, effectually keep the reptile at a safe distance. After a time he will cautiously unroll and take an observation, and, if the snake is off its guard, give another sudden bite, and so on till he breaks the back. In the same way he protects himself from dogs, which are loath to attack the spiny ball.

Not only as a safeguard from enemies

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Urchin-Fish. Sea-Porcupine. Balloon-Fish.

LIVING GLOBES OF THE OCEAN.

is this accomplishment useful to the hedgehog, but as a protection from other perils. Should he lose his hold and fall from a height, even of twenty feet, he instantly pulls himself together, one may say, into a ball, and reaches the ground unhurt. It is even said that he sometimes chooses that easy way, and deliberately throws himself to the ground rather than descend in the usual manner.

Next to the hedgehog among living balls is his namesake of Australia, the porcupine ant-eater, echidna, or native hedgehog. This is one of the oddest even of Australia's oddities. He looks like that strange bird the apteryx, set upon four short legs, and holding its long bill in horizontal position. The ant-eater's snout is, however, no bird's bill, but a tube, with only a small opening at the point to afford egress to the long, flexible, slimy tongue, which seeks its food in ant-hills. The animal is about one foot long, with hardly a vestige of a tail, and a back covered with hairs, and spines three or four inches long. He has no teeth, but tongue and palate covered with short spines turned backward, which are quite as useful to him. In fact, he is one of the most unattractive of creatures, except in the one particular that he rolls himself up for protection, and presents to his assailant a spiny ball not at all agreeable to attack. He is a great burrower, and prefers to hide himself in the earth if he has time.

The echidna is a marsupial animal, and although destitute of a true pouch, carries the black-haired babies in cavities which answer the purpose of a pouch till they are one-third grown. It has claws strong enough to break into the solid habitations of the white ants.

The largest animal known to assume the ball shape for safety is the black bear of the Himalayas, called also the Thibetan sun-bear (*U. Tibetanus*), and about the size and color of our American black bear. When pursued by hunters in his mountain home he will draw himself into a huge ball of fur and deliberately roll down the steep hill-sides, bounding off the ledges, and, of course, reaching the valley much more quickly than any hunter, who can not follow his convenient short-cut. At the bottom he simply unrolls, shakes himself, and walks away at his leisure.

An example of insect balls is furnished by the fire-ant of South America. Dur-

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Fig. 1.—Showing Duck-bill in the form of a ball, with feet and bill infolded.



Fig. 2.—Showing Duck-bill in the form of a ball, with fore-paws protecting bill.

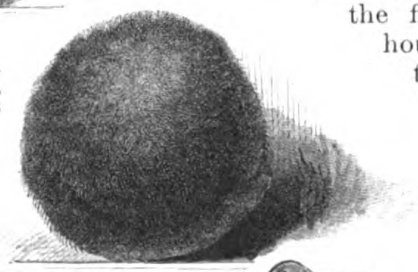


Fig. 3.—Reverse view of Fig. 2.





Fig. 4.—Showing attitude of Duck-bill in opening its fur.

THE ORNITHORHYNCHUS, OR DUCK-BILL.

ing the floods which periodically drive them from their nests these intelligent atoms collect on the tips of grass stalks in solid balls, each formed of many ants, and remain closely combined for mutual safety till the waters disappear.

The sea furnishes more than one representative of the ball-makers, of which the best known is the globe-fish (*Tetraodon*), familiar in its dried state in our marine museums. This curious fish does not roll, but *swells* itself into a nearly perfect sphere, in which its small tail alone breaks the uniformity of the shape. It is covered with spines, and no doubt in this manner renders itself an unpalatable morsel to enemies in the great deep. Darwin says of an allied variety, the *Diodon*, that it floats on the back when thus distended, and is able not only to swim, but to guide itself in this position. When the fish becomes tired of what one must suppose this uncomfortable state, it expels the water with great force.

Many animals assume as nearly as they are able the spherical shape for safety and warmth in sleep. Most familiar of these is the bird, which puffs itself into a beautiful fluffy ball, with legs drawn completely out of sight, and head hidden among the feathers of the shoulder. The first one I shall mention is the strangest animal of that land of unusual forms, Australia. It is the duck-billed platypus, or *Ornithorhynchus*. This extraordinary creature, possessing features of both birds and beasts of the most opposite character, adds to its strange ways the habit of rolling itself into a most perfect ball. An eminent English naturalist, who kept a pair in confinement and carefully studied their manners, presented to the London Zoological Garden a drawing of one of his pets in this common sleeping position, in which the two would lie around the floor for hours at a time.

To accomplish this end the animal placed the fore-paws under the beak, bending its head downward; it then laid the hind-paws over the mandibles, and lastly turned the tail up over all to make the whole complete, when it looked like a well-made fur ball. The naturalist was able to draw down the tail, and thus disclose the method of packing; but unless the creature was sound asleep it would growl like a savage puppy. His account of the manners of his strange pets is very readable. Like other young animals, they were extremely playful, and their antics being like those of puppies, were most ludicrous in creatures so oddly shaped as the *Ornithorhynchus*. The toilet after bathing was of great interest. In this operation they used the claws of the hind-feet alone, twisting the body easily in ev-

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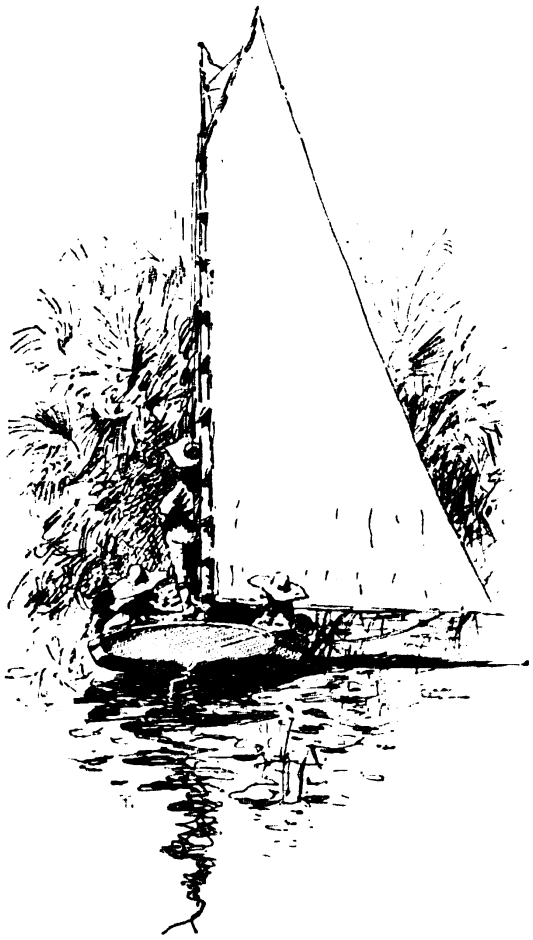
ery position to be reached by them, changing feet when tired, and picking the fur as a bird dresses its feathers. Even the head was thus combed by the claws of the hind-feet, and after an hour of this work the little creatures were beautifully sleek and glossy.

The platypus is in several respects one of the oddest animals in the world, and surely it is one of the last we should expect to find possessing the curious habit of rolling itself into a ball.

Another creature assuming the ball shape for safety during sleep is an interesting little fellow from the same country, the native "bear," or koala. This is a most attractive little beast, not much larger than a cat, and clothed in long, ashy gray fur. His short face, with its large black eyes and nose, and the long hairy decorations of his ears, give him a quaint and piquant expression, and when —as is her custom—the maternal koala travels about with her droll black-haired baby perched upon her shoulders, it presents one of the most charming of sights.

MR. WEGG'S PARTY ON THE KISSIMMEE.

BY HENRI DAUGÉ.



THERE were eight of us, four being ladies and four gentlemen—all of us wearing old clothes, and most of us big straw hats—who came down on the tri-weekly "construction train" of the South Florida Railroad, then running from Sanford to Kissimmee City. We were all perched on a pile of lumber on a flat car, the only place for passengers or luggage. Our party was a youthful and adventurous one, bound on a "camping-out" excursion; still it hesitated on the brink of the unknown, and having reached Kissimmee City, we pitched our tents at first on an island near it, at the head of the big blue lake Tohopekaliga. The new town, with its sixteen houses, none painted or whitewashed, but all looking as new and yellow as only fresh pine lumber can look, had at least the beginnings of civilization—a bakery, a restaurant, and hotel in process of erection.

Our third night in our first resting-place was passed by a glorious camp fire in solemn conclave, the great live-oaks and hickories and cabbage-palms of that beautiful "hammock land" around us. Four of us were ready for the projected journey down the river, encouraged thereunto by the optimistic owner of a sail-boat, who had haunted us during our stay. He did not hint that no ladies had ever attempted such a trip before: far be it from him to daunt our courage! On the contrary, he discoursed fluently of the parties he had been in the habit of taking to visit this remoter Southern country, of their successes in hunting and fishing, of the excellent camping grounds, and of the wild beauty of the Kissimmee River. The owls hooted, the fire danced, the discussion was lively, and farewell glees and choruses were sung with good-will.

On Friday morning, then, after cheerful good-byes, the four restless spirits set forth in a sail-boat owned and manned by the

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person who acquired with them the name of Wegg. "Maginnis," our bachelor, and the erect and rosy young lady whom we called "the Major," the tall young fellow who was dubbed "Leggins," and his wife, our "Matron," formed the party. The luggage consisted of bedding rolled within two small light tents, guns and fishing-tackle, a few cooking utensils, sacks of meal and potatoes, and some cooked provisions in a tin can. Our handbags, a couple of folding canvas cots, and two closely tied up hammocks completed our outfit; while beneath the stern seat, which Mr. Wegg occupied, rudder in hand, was stowed an old sack containing his belongings.

The little boat, nineteen feet long and five and a half wide, went gayly before the breeze, past the islands that crowd the upper lake, and at a moderate pace across the blue waters of To-



CABBAGE-PALMS.

hopekaliga until we had passed Steer Beach. But the lake is twenty miles long, and as the breeze died away, becoming fainter and fainter toward noon, Mr. Wegg first manifested his surprising facility for "dropping into poetry," doubtless to cheer us. He burst forth into a recitation beginning,

"Sweet lake of Oneida, thy aqueous flow,"

and after rendering several stanzas paused, and modestly but firmly observed, "It was I who composed these verses."

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Here was "a literary man" with a vengeance! We complimented him upon his talents, and he then, with another burst of good feeling, demanded a song. As no one was in haste to render it, he himself, untroubled by false shame, cheerfully broke forth with an old war song on the theme of the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*. (He had told us that he had been a Union soldier.) The three rebels of the party listened to this as calmly as the placid, pretty young lady from New Hampshire.

"'Raise your voices, every one,
Give three cheers for Ericsson,
Who gave us such a vessel, neat and handy O!
For the Union thirty cheers,
For the Yankee volunteers,
And three for Yankee Doodle Dandy O!'

"The breeze seems to be failing us," Mr. Wegg blandly concluded.

"We shall have to take to the oars, I suppose," Maginnis said.

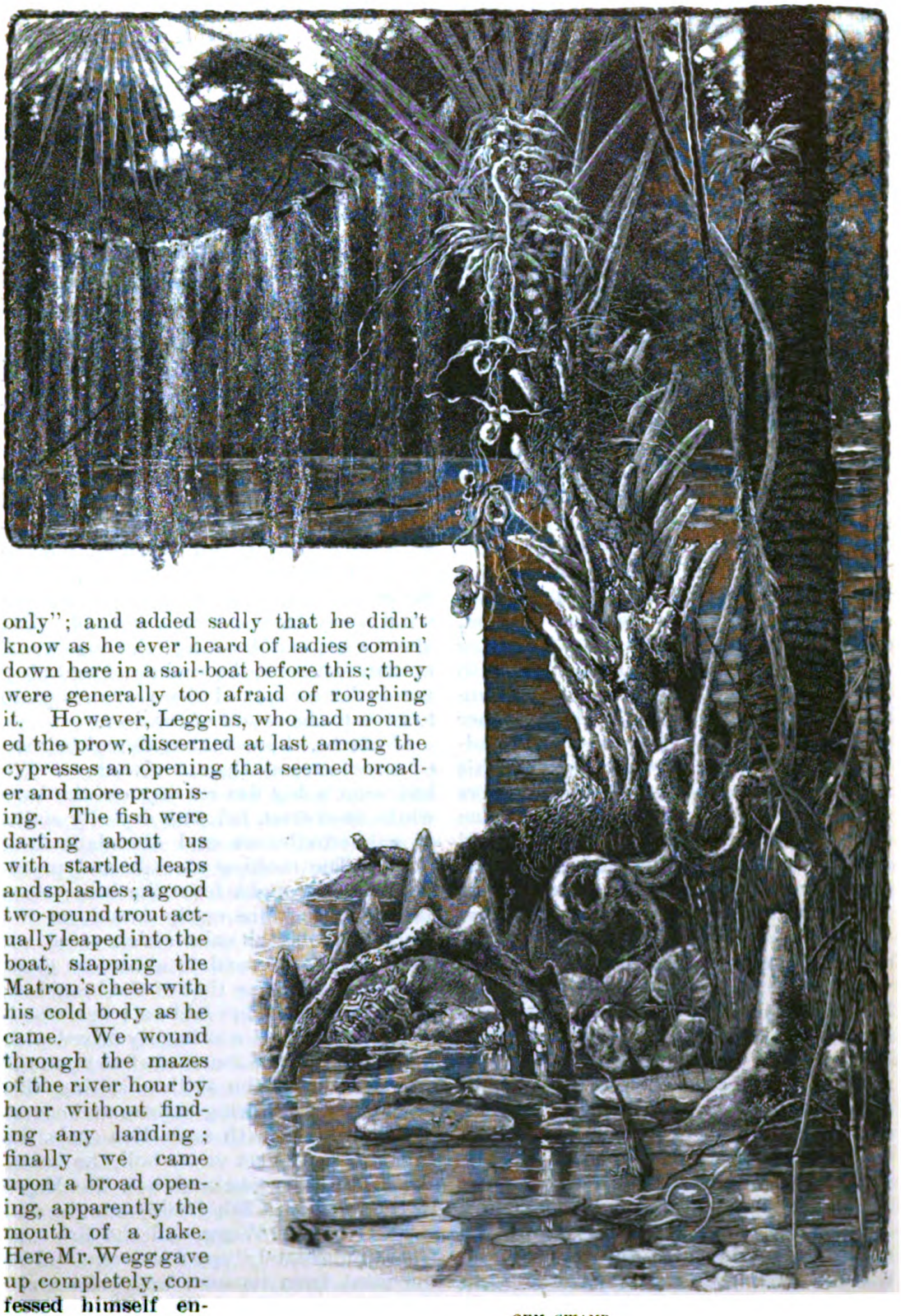
"Oh, why be in such haste?" Mr. Wegg playfully remonstrated. (Mr. Wegg and his boat were hired by the week, and not by the trip.) "When you get into a boat you prepare to loiter or to speed at the wind's will. You experience diversity, and sometimes adversity. Do any of you remember the anecdote of Mrs. Partington," Mr. Wegg continued, still more joyously and playfully, "how she called on Isaac, when in later life he was settled in his pallyshul mansion, and how, dropping her carpet-bag upon the velvet roses of his parlor floor, she rushed forward, and seizing his hand, exclaimed, 'Ike, I've been with you in diversity, and I'll never forsake you in posterity'? Besides," added Mr. Wegg, reflectively, "as to *rowing*, it would not be my wish to work you gentlemen too hard, but as I told you, I was a soldier in the Union army, and I had a waound in that service, since when my back has been weak. A healthier man, till that occurrence, was probably never seen."

This was news indeed! Mr. Wegg's weak back had previously been, as it were, kept in the dark. He had been, in his own language, as he afterward proved to be, "about as tough as you make 'em." However, merely to help the sail along, and to take a little healthful exercise, Maginnis and the Matron each took an oar by-and-by, and entered the Kissimmee River rowing.

The stream here at its beginning is a narrow one, and winds and turns sharply upon itself. Its course between Tohopekaliga and the next lake is twelve miles, though the distance in a direct line is said to be only four. The eight-foot oars struck the lily leaves on each side as we went down the current. We saw paths and narrow beds, trampled and bewallowed, in the mud of the marshes now and then, which were made by the alligators; then, after long stretches of cane-brake and of marsh and willows, we came upon the beauty of Gum Swamp. The tall trees drooped over the stream at right and left; wild calla-lilies flourished on the margin of the river, the bud greener without than on the cultivated lily, but white within, and with its golden rod; here were grasses and vines as graceful as Nature's hand could fling abroad—and all so near that one was almost within arm's-length of this loveliness all the way. After leaving this we came again to level savannas, and saw rice-birds flying over them, and ducks, but too far away for a shot. Maginnis brought down a strange white bird with his gun, which we secured. And toying with thoughts of supper, we got out a fishing-rod, and Mr. Wegg offered to fish, and did fish, and speedily caught a fine "trout," or black bass, which must have weighed at least seven pounds. After this, Mr. Wegg, elate with success and boastful withal, condescended to take the oars, and at about 5.30 P.M. we emerged from the river into a lake apparently five or six miles long, which Mr. Wegg stated to be Lake Cypress. Across this lake we flew before the breeze, which had happily sprung up, crossing it in about half an hour.

The sun had sunk, and we searched in the twilight for the river. As yet Mr. Wegg was confident in tone; he said that "he didn't presume that there was a guide on the river that could strike the Kissimmee *first off* within a quarter of a mile or so, the shore was so deceivin'," and so we could not blame him for the weary half-hour in which we skirted along the southern lake shore looking for the outlet. But we were a little annoyed by his repeated suggestions as to "tying up in the saw-grass for the night"; we were determined to find dry land and a camping place. The ladies were especially decided in their rejection of all such suggestions, for which cause Mr. Wegg launched forth into pensive reflections as to the ease with which a party could be made comfortable "when composed of gentlemen

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GUM SWAMP.

only"; and added sadly that he didn't know as he ever heard of ladies comin' down here in a sail-boat before this; they were generally too afraid of roughing it. However, Leggins, who had mounted the prow, discerned at last among the cypresses an opening that seemed broader and more promising. The fish were darting about us with startled leaps and splashes; a good two-pound trout actually leaped into the boat, slapping the Matron's cheek with his cold body as he came. We wound through the mazes of the river hour by hour without finding any landing; finally we came upon a broad opening, apparently the mouth of a lake. Here Mr. Wegg gave up completely, confessed himself entirely lost, and unable to find his way in the darkness. "*No* guide could go farther with certainty," he maintained; "in daylight he could do as well as any man."

Perforce, therefore, we turned back, and halted at the only available place, a willow swamp just behind us. Tying the

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boat to an old stump, Mr. Wegg laid a plank from the bow to the roots of a tree, and all the men got out and explored the country. They could only find a footing by stepping from root to root across the black mud, vines and bushes entangling each step. There was nothing to do but to wait for daylight. The hatchet was produced, and some small boards which had lain in the boat split up, and laid on the willow roots to make a fire; but they refused to burn until the Matron (who thought with a pang of her lectures to impatient Dinahs) produced a brown bottle of kerosene and drenched the sticks with the oil. The fire blazed up royally now, and by its illumination the stern of the boat was curtained off for the ladies' apartment by means of a rubber cloth and two sticks; bedding was unrolled, and the ladies stretched themselves between blankets, shielding their heads with their large hats from the drenching dews.

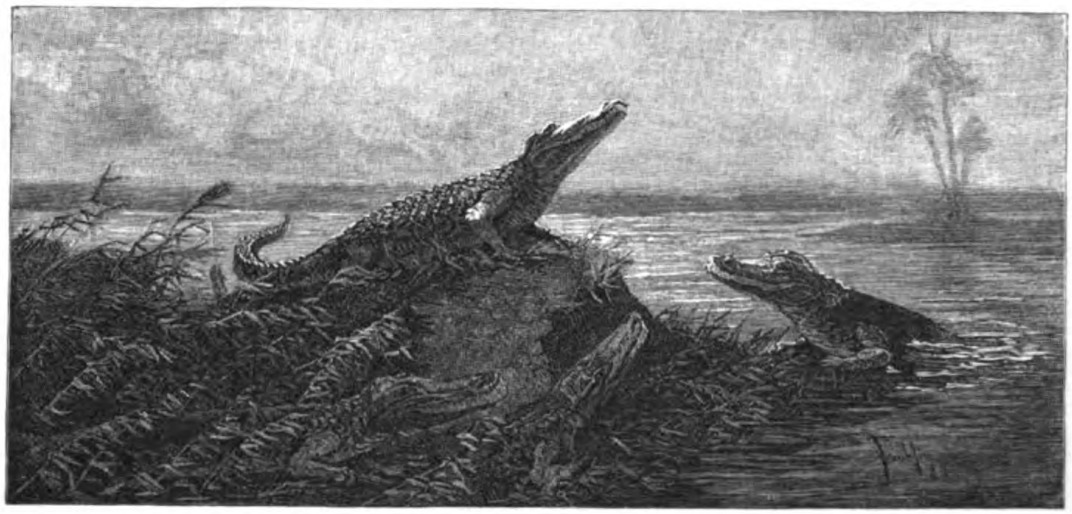
Maginnis curled up on two seats in the middle of the boat, wrapped in his long overcoat, a blanket thrown over his feet, and slept the sleep of the just. Mr. Wegg folded himself in his patchwork quilt and reclined upon the bow, snoring gently; but Leggins, rendered wakeful rather than sleepy by the unwonted surroundings, sat up in his place by Maginnis, his rifle at hand, and counted the alligators swimming silently down stream. None offered to molest the boat; only one old monster, after swimming close and apparently investigating the craft, retired across the stream to a thick bed of lily leaves (or "bonnets," as they are called in Florida), and there made night hideous by noises which were variously described by members of the party as "barking," "bellowing," "croaking," and "grunting." Leggins counted eleven alligators between ten o'clock and one, which swam by; but the procession continued after he had fallen asleep, for the ladies awakened from their first slumber about two o'clock, and watched them go by until dawn. The sight and sound of these dark, stealthy objects, the continual splash and leap of fish here and there, the slow revolution of the constellations about the north star, the far sound of owl hootings in the swamp, made the night seem strange and weird. The Matron, sitting up in her place, kept singing in a small, low voice little hymns and songs, beneath whose influence the Major now and then dozed off. Then Mr. Wegg awoke, and began the recital of some remarkable dreams from his perch on the bow; and then—oh, so slowly!—the faint dawn revealed tree and stream and boat and shore; and everything was stowed away as securely as possible, and we made haste to reach some landing where fire and breakfast could be had. Passing grassy stretches with bright birds darting over them, wild and shy, at last a lake widened before us, which Mr. Wegg hailed as Lake Kissimmee; and tacking across to escape a grassy point of land, we shortly came to a high white sandy beach with huge live-oaks upon it, and cypresses and cypress knees stretching out into the water, and this he announced as Gardiner's Island, the point at which we hoped to find deer.

After some difficulty we made a landing in the shallow water, and again stood on dry land. Among our first discoveries were deer tracks in the sand, and following them over the sandy ridge, behind the groups of saw-palmettoes, we saw them wind away to the marsh beyond. But alas for hopes of hunting! the bog cut off human feet from the mainland and piny woods far away, and there was no place to cross to the covert of the deer.

However, at present our thoughts turned more to repose than to adventure. We had soon a big fire roaring on the bare white sand crest, fed with dry oily stalks of palmetto leaves and abundant dead wood. The cooking utensils and provisions were brought from the boat; seats and benches were easily found on the roots of the great oaks which stood out above the white sand to almost as great a circumference as that of the branches; plates and cups were laid out; in a wooden tray corn meal was hastily mixed with water and salt, fashioned into five "pones," and fitted into the skillet; setting this upon a bed of glowing embers and covering its iron lid with more live coals, the kettle was next set on to boil, the bacon sliced, the frying-pan made hot. The Major rolled in meal a fish freshly caught and cleaned by Mr. Wegg, and the fish was fried immediately upon the removal of the meat from its own lard. To make the coffee completed the task, and that gypsy breakfast, with the help of sugar and condensed milk, and some crackers from the square tin can, was to our taste a delicious one.

After an hour of repose we all returned

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ON THE KISSIMMEE.

to the boat, for on finding no way to get at game from this point, Mr. Wegg declared that this was only the north beach of Gardiner's Island, while the *south* beach was the real hunting ground. So we skirted the beach, but found no southward opening—only grasses and lily leaves as on the margin of a lake. Still we sailed on, westward from the beach, and sailed for hours, a great lake opening before us, and finally Mr. Wegg remarked that he didn't believe we were in Kissimmee Lake after all; we must be in the lake the Indians called Hatchinineha. But the game was a great deal more plentiful on Hatchinineha than on Gardiner's Island.

"Make a landing, then, anywhere, and let us get up the tents and have a night's rest," was the general cry. But, alas! this was impossible. All around this lake we circled the hot day through, with little breeze and steady rowing; whenever we saw what appeared to be a high bold shore we put in for it, and, arrived there, the pines had always receded a mile or two, and impassable marsh and bog divided us from land.

It was only at sunset that we at last wearily made the beach we had left in the morning, and there we encamped for the night. It was Saturday; this was to be our resting-place for two nights and a day.

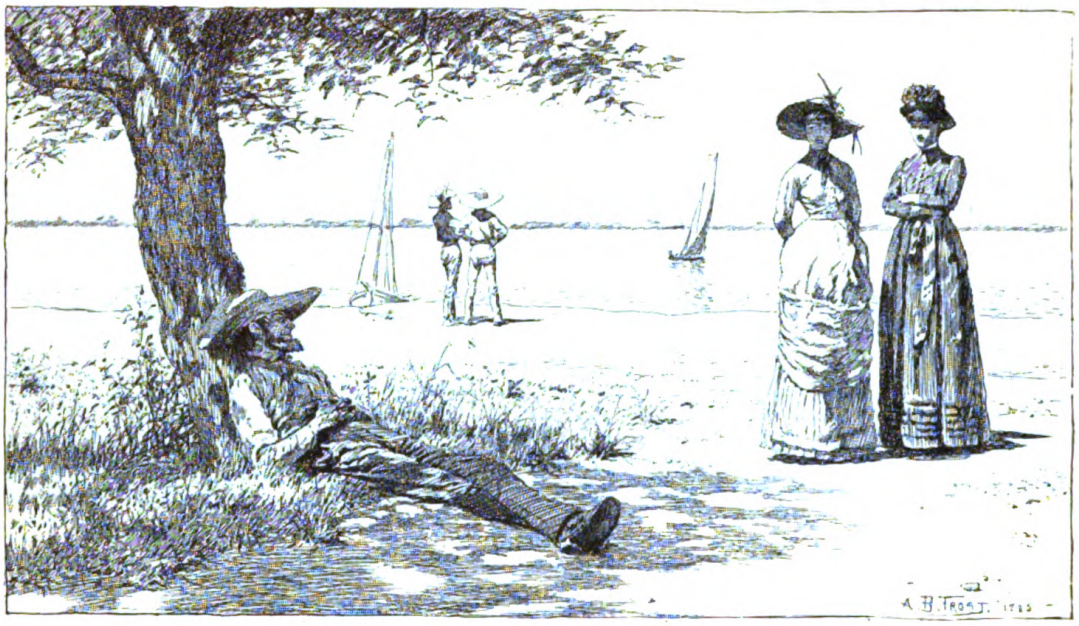
Mr. Wegg's assurance was but slightly subdued. He cheerfully performed a share of the labor in erecting the tents beneath a big live-oak on the beach, and informed us as he moved about:

"Well, now you can say that you have seen Hatchinineha, and when folks tell *you* about the good hunting there, you can tell them there ain't a landing on the lake—*can't* you? It's *worth* something to know that lake."

The gentlemen bore with Mr. Wegg with admirable good-nature; but the Major and the Matron eyed him "with sick and scornful looks averse," and would none of his good cheer. They did not in the least believe that they had traversed Hatchinineha; had he not first called it Kissimmee?

Our Sunday fishing was brief, and resulted in a fine trout for breakfast, and a huge one weighing about eleven pounds, which was successfully baked for dinner, after this fashion: having been cleaned, washed, and rubbed with salt inside and out, the great fish was wrapped in brown paper and laid on palmetto leaves, on a hot place left bare by raking away the ashes from the former centre of the fire; it was covered then with palmetto leaves, then with cooler ashes, and then with hot glowing embers; and there it was left for hours. Potatoes were baked at their leisure for dinner, too, and while Maginnis and Mr. Wegg took the boat and went off to cruise about and hunt for the river, the ladies vanished down the beach, and found the firm white sand to be a delightful bathing floor. The water was clear and soft, warm enough in the shallows to be called a hot bath, while by wading out to the knee—always with smooth, snowy sand under foot—it was cool and exhilarating. Leggins later found refreshment in a similar

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"I THINK I SHALL REST FOR THE BALANCE OF THIS SACRED DAY."

experience; and there was some reading aloud and some drowsing before the other two returned with good tidings; they had found the river—we were camped within a half-mile of it; better than that, they had seen a sail-boat coming up the river, and Mr. Wegg eagerly assured us that it was handled by the best guide in the country, and doubtless he would give us full directions as to the route to pursue.

This boat soon came in sight, and paid us a brief visit; it held two handsome and courteous young sportsmen from the North, the bluff and welcome figure of an Orlando (Florida) hotel man, and Mr. Jack Rooney, of Kissimmee City, the vaunted guide, a man whom Mr. Wegg could have embraced in his joy, for now he would have reliable information. We all hung upon Mr. Rooney's words as he described to us the various landings on Lake Kissimmee, and advised us of their merits.

"Ever been there before?" Mr. Rooney asked Mr. Wegg, with a suspicious look. "You can get lost on Lake Kissimmee mighty easy if you don't know it."

We were looking at the half-smoked venison displayed by the hunters in response to our inquiries, but we did not miss the answer.

"Well," said Mr. Wegg, reluctantly, "I've been there once—with another man as guide, though—and not so very lately; so I may ha' forgot some."

Oh, Mr. Wegg! Mr. Wegg! You who had regaled us with stories of your trips hither, and of how you "us'ally" advised as to this and that! But no one lifted a voice against him; only all questioned and admired the other guide, who looked picturesque and capable; and when the other boat had gone on—hastening northward day and night because tidings of a relative's illness had been brought by a cow-boy—the ladies made some complimentary remarks about Mr. Rooney. This was wormwood and gall to Mr. Wegg; the praises which had sprung to his lips in the joy of deliverance died away. He tried to subdue the enthusiasm by hints that the ladies wouldn't have liked a guide fond of whiskey; and finally, perceiving them to have no faith in this insinuation, mournfully declared,

"Well, now, you wouldn't 'a liked Jack Rooney; he 'ain't got any principles to speak of—*nor* religion."

"He probably has more principle than to take a party of ladies to explore a country he doesn't know," retorted our young Matron, tartly.

Mr. Wegg looked a little sheepish.

"Well, now, you have got that on me, haven't you?" he said, slowly, seating himself close at hand. "Well, I am very tired"—stretching himself in an easy attitude. "I think I shall rest for the balance of this sacred day."

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On Monday morning the whole party was off betimes, sailing down the river, which was broader and more tranquil than above, after an entrance had once been effected through the concealing "bonnets." The shores here are high and grassy and beautifully wooded—splendid camping ground, every foot of it. On the bank of the river was an Indian canoe, dug out of a huge cypress log; there was also a large flat barge, without seats or rowlocks, tied up to the shore. Further on, the lake gave its usual tokens of being near—wide stretches of marshy land and willows—and we entered the great beautiful blue Lake Kissimmee, with Brimmer Island twenty-five miles below us, where the others had found deer; West Hammock and the Indians to our right; and to the east, beyond the Rookery, Camp Hammock, with a new and empty house and a reputation for abundant game. The westerly wind decided our course to the last-named point, fifteen miles away. We pushed through some yellow grassy stretches, and slowly crept up on the Rookery, the round heads of its cabbage-palms for our landmark. As we approached the island we saw flocks of beautiful white birds rise in the air and float away like clouds beyond gunshot range. We had seen these flocks before on our way, floating high and far, now with the sunlight on their white wings, shining like snow, and then melting from sight like a dream, to re-appear faintly, but brightening as the sun smote their plumage, and so, like visions of angels, fading and shining forth by turns. Turning due east to pass to the right of the Rookery, we came, for the first time in Florida, upon the true water-lily (*Nymphæ odorata* of the botanist), faintly fragrant, with its exquisite chalice of white and gold.

The lake looked enormously big and blue in its eastern expanse after we passed this island and the wastes of grass and lilies; but beneath the trees of the farther shore we saw a tiny yellow speck.

"Do my eyes deceive me, or *is* that the new house we are looking for?" Mr. Wegg inquired.

It was unmistakably a new house—the house Mr. Jack Rooney had told us of.

It was just as the sun sank that we reached the landing. And having carefully refrained from describing the beauty of the sunsets so far, I claim indulgence for a tribute to this of Monday, March 20, 1882. The sun lay like a golden ball set on the dark blue rim of the horizon, into which the trees of the Rookery had melted. The lake, looking west, lay wide and placid, a band of deep soft rose-color around the far western rim, all silver between that and us; a more perfect sky and scene never smiled in lonely loveliness before the eyes of man.

All day Tuesday we rested at Camp Hammock, the woods where deer or turkey *might* be seemed to recede before the advancing steps when one tramped toward them over the prairie-like stretches, and Leggins and Maginnis returned from a fruitless exploration of one strip of woods observing that this was merely a voyage of discovery anyhow, and unless a man had plenty of time it was of no use to attempt a hunt without a guide.

That night the wind blew almost a hurricane; we fastened up what we could on the windy side of the house to break the great draughts of air that swept in through the logs and threatened to elevate the dividing tent into a horizontal position. All night long, when any one awoke, the wind was heard booming through the air, and the fear of an equinoctial storm was upon us.

There came no rain with Wednesday morning, however, and the wind had somewhat abated. It was now from the north, and would permit our departure; so we made what haste we could and got aboard. As far as we could see, the broad lake was covered with white-caps, but the little boat headed gallantly into them; the waves looked enormous, and were less the work of the present wind, though that was a stiff one, than of last night's gale. The boat rose and fell with a slap into the trough of each succeeding wave; the ladies, enjoying the excitement, sat covered with rubber cloths that streamed with the water dashing in, laughing as wave or spray washed their faces; and Mr. Wegg appeared somewhat grieved at their good cheer.

"Would the ladies like to put back?" he asked.

"Put back?—what for?" they indignantly demanded.

"Oh, I can stand it if you can. Thumping across the waves this way *might* start a plank. Yes, sir, it *is* a stout boat, as I told you. Only—well, ladies us'ally are liable to get scared at such times as this."

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SHOOTING ALLIGATORS.

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We had crossed the roughest water, though still in a strong wind, and were making a tack by the Rookery, when, with a sudden crash, the sail fell rushing down.

"The oars! the oars! Don't let the wind get us out to sea!" Mr. Wegg yelled, springing forward; but Leggins and Maginnis had the oars in an instant, and headed the boat into the grasses. It was only the sailing tackle broken by the strain; a new rope, and we would be ready for the lake again; and fortunately we descried a landing just ahead. We pushed in, and as we did so a large blue heron rose and flew from her nest in a low spreading tree. No other birds were seen, for this further shore of the Rookery was almost bare of trees; but Maginnis added the rare eggs of the blue heron to his collection, previously enriched by an eagle's egg, cream-colored and with flecks of chocolate brown: the heron's eggs were as large as a goose egg, three in number, and of "robin's-egg blue." A moment later we found better sport at hand. Leggins seized his rifle, fired, and there was a great commotion in the shallow water close at hand; then a dead alligator turned on his back, and held up all four feet, as is their way in death. When drawn ashore and measured he lacked about three inches of the length of one of our eight-foot oars—a respectable size, but not half that of some we saw. The Matron, who had been promised some alligator-skins, now declared that she should like to carry away this.

"He won't be dead any more'n a snake till sunset," Mr. Wegg declared.

"With a rifle-ball through his eyes?" Leggins demanded.

"Oh, he's done for; but he won't die till dark."

"Then kill him," the Matron commanded, with the prompt inconsequence of that sex which can even be cruel, it is said, when one offers to cross its will. "Cut off his head and sever the spine, and I know he's compelled to be dead."

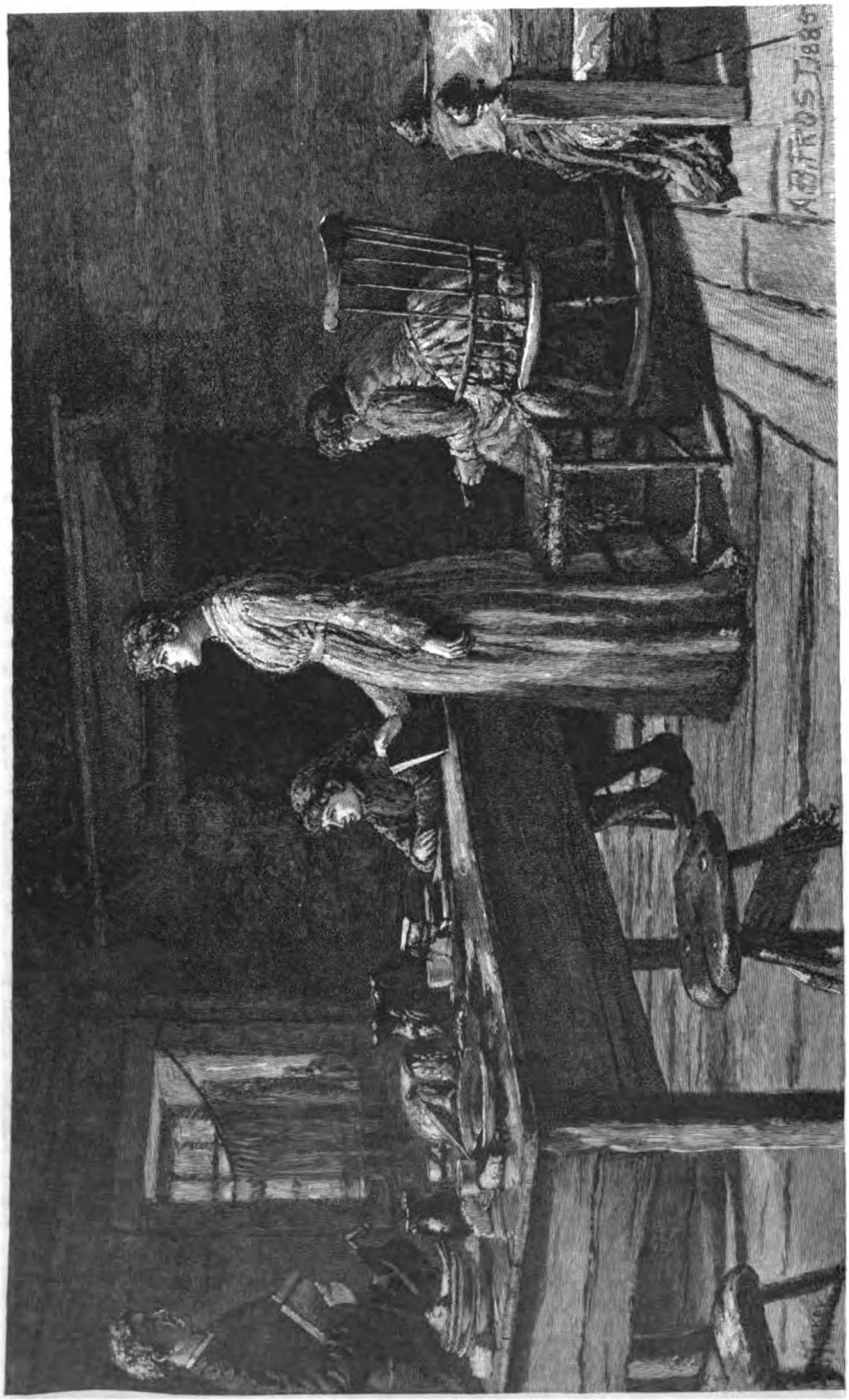
Mr. Wegg did not refuse her. The head was cut off and thrown a yard away, and taking out his knife, he began to skin the white breast of the beast, this being the only desirable part of the skin. The monster, headless, moved a foot or thrust with its formidable tail now and then, but the horrified exclamations of the ladies were met with assurances that this was only muscular contraction; still, it looked awfully like life, especially as the contortions grew more agonized when the stomach was being skinned. But the task was swiftly finished, the skin heavily salted and rolled in a piece of bagging; and we took our leave of the Rookery with only one more trophy—a duck which Maginnis shot, and whose breast afforded a skin thick as fur and soft as down in beautiful shades of brown; the wings, of the same hues, had a space of vivid peacock blue toward the tips. The Major and the Matron prepared these carefully to make a feather turban for Maginnis's young sister at home.

That evening we went no further up the river than the spot which we called "the Indian camp," where we found the barge and the dug-out. Thursday night we camped on the "north beach of Gardiner's Island" once more. Leggins, by request, cheered the camp fire that night with old Georgia corn-field songs; and the chronicler fell asleep to the cheerful music of a lay full of iteration and monotone, but with the peculiar melody of long rounding notes, and the negro gasping of the breath and soft sweetness of occasional "dying falls." By Friday night, after a long day of hard work against the eddying sweep of the current around the sharp river bends, we reached Lake Tohopekaliga. The next morning we beat up the lake against a heavy wind and chopping seas; and when we danced into view of Kissimmee across the blue waves of Tohopekaliga, we heard the engine of the tri-weekly train whistle as it came in.

We caught it in time for the return trip, however, and also had time for an excursion to the bakery. Brown, unshaven, with worn and torn raiment, and a cheerful appreciation of baker's bread, we took our places in the fresh and new passenger coach which awaited us. Kissimmee City and the South Florida Railroad seemed to us the heart of civilization.

We met friends that told us that the others of our party had returned home after a delightful sojourn; they had lived on such luxuries as poached eggs, fish chowders, cake, and baker's bread from Kissimmee City. We, the more adventurous four, were content; we had subsisted on corn bread and coffee for the most part —and *venison*, of course. We did not disclose the fact that the deers' horns we had brought home were purchased from the Seminoles.

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"SHE SPRANG UP AND LOOKED AT HIM IN CURIOUS SUSPENSE."—[SEE PAGE 435]

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"FOR LOOLY."

BY KATE UPSON CLARK.

"WELL, Tom, here's your month's wages."

Old Tom Wicks's wrinkled and tobacco-stained visage put on a grin of intense delight as he took the little roll of gold pieces that the distillery paymaster, young Jim Baskins, handed him.

"And look here," pursued that young man, whose flashy attire indicated the would-be exquisite, "why don't you use this money, Tom, to fix yourself up a little? Here you've been working for us six months, and every time you come around to get your pay you look poorer than you did before. Now," continued Mr. Jim Baskins, out of the kindness of a heart which really liked and pitied the quiet, ragged old teamster, "take this money and get yourself a suit of clothes."

The old man did not look displeased, but he shook his head decidedly.

"I like ye fust rate, Jim," he said, "but I cayn't."

"Why not?"

"Why, Merce, my gal—Mercy— I do' know 's you knew I had a gal."

The old man stopped, and looked as though he wondered if he could quite trust Jim Baskins. Then he went on, as though the recollection of that young person's kind offices, which had been as numerous toward Tom Wicks as their circumstances had permitted, had re-assured him.

"Merce, ye see, she 'ain't had no chance. An' thar's Looly; she's the little 'un; she's goin' on 'leven now, ye know?"

The young man laughed at his interrogative tone. "No, I didn't know; but I do know now."

"Wa'al, she's right peart, Looly is; an' Merce she says, says she, 'Looly's got to have a chance.' She jest sots by Looly more'n anything else in the world. An', Lord! what 'd she do when I got this chance to team it but, says she, 'Now, paw, we've got this er money,' says she, 'an' when thar's a lot saved, why, we'll take it an' Looly shall go to school, an' Looly shall have good clo'es,' says she. 'I'm too old,' says she—goin' on twenty, Merce is. 'But,' says she, 'I'll fix things so 't Looly kin go, 'f ye'll give me over the money,' says she."

"Most girls would have wanted it for themselves," commented Mr. Jim Baskins, getting interested in old Tom Wicks's strange daughter.

The old man shook his head. "Merce ain't that kyind. She's most twice 's old 's the little 'un; named her herself outen a book she read. Merce is a powerful hand to read—kin read anything an' everything; hez read all the neighbors' books; reckon she'd 'a come down to Marlinsburg to git books, on'y she 'ain't ben down yer f'r two 'r three years now; says she's 'shamed to come yer 'count of her clo'es: powerful proud Merce is. But, says she, 'Looly 'll grow up harnsum an' smart,' says she, 'an' Looly 'll have a chance, an' good clo'es; an' Looly shall go to Marlinsburg an' everywhar, an' hold up her head with anybody.' 'But,' says I"—old Tom Wicks warmed to his subject as he saw the eager attention paid him by his absorbed listener—"says I, 'thar's the boys. Ye cayn't keep them boys from the money,' says I—them boys—they's two on 'em, eighteen an' sixteen y'rs old they be, an' a powerful hard lot, Jake an' Lewt—up ter everything. 'They'll git holt of it, Merce,' says I; 'they'll steal it outen my pockets, or outen the tea-pot, or outen any place ye chuse ter put it,' says I. An' Merce she says, says she, 'They will, will they? That money 'll go fer Looly,' says she. 'I'll hide it whar nobody cayn't git it, boys nor nobody else,' she says; an' 'pon that she— Now ye won't never tell what I'm goin' ter say?" queried the old man, pulling himself up short, and suddenly recollecting that he was on the verge of disclosing a state secret of stupendous proportions. The painfully curious look that he gave into the vain but honest face of Jim Baskins, added to the bluff assurance of the latter that "he never would, so help him!" delivered in the most convincing manner, restored the old man's confidence, and he went on: "She started"—Tom Wicks lowered his voice impressively—"the fust night I drawed my pay, an' up she skips it onto the mountain; an' she's got a iron box up thar, an' she's dug a hole, an' thar she puts it, an' them boys hain't no conceit o' whar the money goes ter. They thinks I banks it 'r suthin down yer. That's why I wants it in gold," said the old man, apologetically. "Merce says, 'It mought be ten years

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afore we'll git it all spent,' says she, 'an' it 'd better be gold.'"

"You do pretty much as 'Merce' says, don't you?" remarked the young man, with something of a sneer in his tone.

Tom Wicks bristled. "Ye—don't—know—Mercy Wicks," he said, straightening up and looking at young Baskins with warning in his eyes. "She's a prime 'un, Merce is. Got a head—Lord, what a deep 'un she is! Talks jes' like a book—read so many novels. The old woman she dips mostly; an' thar's Bet to hum—she's goin' on fifteen. Then thar was some more, but they died when they was babies. But Bet she's sorter wooden-headed, an' it's Merce 't keeps 'em all a-goin'. Merce 'ain't had no chance, but she's a powerful smart gal."

"You haven't ever asked me up to your house, Tom," said the young man, insinuatingly.

Tom Wicks understood him, but he hesitated.

"Do you have to ask 'Merce,' as you call her, before you can invite anybody to tea?"

Young Baskins laughed good-humoredly, but his words had a sarcastic sting in them for the fond father.

"'Tain't much of a place to ask folks to," he said at length.

"Well, I'd like to meet your family," persisted Jim Baskins. "I've been a good deal interested in your account of them, and I'd like to see them."

"Merce she says," suggested the old man, floundering about in his attempt to avoid doing something which he knew would displease his daughter—"she says we're too dog-on low an' poor to have respectable company, an' she ain't a-goin' to have no other kind."

"She must be a very proud-spirited girl." Mr. Jim Baskins ignored any inferences that might have been drawn by a more captious person from Mr. Wicks's remonstrance.

"Wa'al, the old woman she ain't no great hand fer cookin', an' Merce 'ain't never had nobody to tell her how. She does the best she knows, but, Lord—wa'al, I s'pose ye can come, 'f ye'll excuse the looks"—the old man's naturally hospitable disposition inclined him to yield to Mr. Baskins's importunity—"an' 'f Merce is kinder cross, ye mustn't mind."

Mr. Jim Baskins smiled a complacent smile as he glanced down at the tawdry plaids and checks of his spring suit and the glittering chains and rings which bedecked his comfortable person. It must be a very hard-hearted maiden, he thought, who could long be angry with such as he.

"I'm not so terribly afraid of 'Merce' as you are," he said.

The old man gave his head a significant twist, as much as to say, "Wait until you see her," and turning his gaunt horses away from the great distillery in front of which they had been talking, they jolted away up the mountain-side and toward the lonely gulch, or hollow, in which stood the small homestead of the Wicks family. It was a weary ride, and the long summer day had vanished into a starry summer night when Tom Wicks drew up with a startling "Whoa!" in front of the squalid and unsavory-looking abode where they were to alight.

Mr. Jim Baskins could not help giving a little gasp of dismay when he saw it. He hadn't expected anything quite so bad as that.

The old man vaguely felt his visitor's disappointment.

"I told ye so," he said, half angrily, half sorrowfully. "Ye needn't 'a come. I didn't urge ye."

"Who said anything?" began the young man, in confused apology for his unspoken offense, when his speech was cut short by the apparition of a young woman who had opened the door at the sound of Tom Wicks's "Whoa!" and was hurrying toward him. "Have you got it, pa?" she asked, eagerly, and she had approached quite close to him before she observed the young man sitting on the other side.

"Here's Mr. Baskins—Jim Baskins, of Marlinsburg—Merce," he said, trying feebly to smile as he announced his unwelcome guest. "He thought he'd kinder like ter see the country hereabouts, and I brought him up to supper with us."

Mercy Wicks's fine face darkened, and she looked down instinctively upon her soiled and ragged dress and her bare feet. Old Wicks could not have told what there was in her motion that affected him—this sudden mortification on the part of a girl who had scarcely ever in her life worn a better garb than the tattered and unsightly one in which she was clad at that moment; but he felt just then as though he would rather have died than have brought young Baskins up from Marlinsburg. He

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rejoiced inwardly that he had had the courage to suggest to that individual during their ride up the mountain that, in case there wasn't any place for him to sleep in the Wicks cottage, there was a man a mile further on who would keep him for a slight consideration.

"There isn't much for supper," said Mercy, deliberately regarding the interloper with wide blue eyes, and holding herself erect with an air of dignity quite out of keeping with her surroundings, "but what we've got Mr. Baskins can have too, I suppose. Supper is all ready."

Her voice was pleasant, in spite of the disapprobation which deepened it, and her manner was that of a person accustomed to authority; and although the light braids of hair which hung far down her back bore visible signs of neglect, and the details of her whole appearance were far from prepossessing, there was something about her which made the young man feel that her father's eulogies upon her were not misplaced, and that she was a girl capable of much heroism, albeit Mr. Jim Baskins was not particularly susceptible to impressions, and his fibre was decidedly coarse. He wondered whether, if she were attired after the fashion of the "set" of young ladies with whom he associated in Marlinsburg, she would be "pretty." This, however, was rather too much for Mr. Baskins's imagination, and he did not long dwell upon it.

The supper consisted of a hoe-cake, a pitcher of molasses, some cold sliced bacon, and a pot of tea, and though served in a style which was not particularly appetizing, young Mr. Baskins was able to disregard that, and to eat a hearty meal. The two "boys" were not present, but their absence did not seem to be anything unusual, and nobody appeared to sorrow because they were not there.

They were scarcely seated around the rickety table when Mercy exclaimed, "Bet, where's ma?"

A tallow-faced girl, to whom Mr. Wicks had not thought it necessary to introduce their visitor, rose from the table, and turning herself slowly about, peered into the recesses of the one room which formed the lower story of the little cabin.

"I dun know," she answered, stupidly.

"Go out-doors, Looly," said Mercy to the bright-faced little creature who was sitting close beside her; "maybe she's out there—fell asleep, perhaps, under the big tree."

The child started obediently, and soon returned, saying that her mother was indeed "out under the big tree," but that she could not wake her up nor make her understand that supper was ready. Her sister made no comment upon this information, nor did any one else, and the meal went on in silence.

"Been having a big revival in Marlinsburg," began Mr. Baskins at last, in an attempt to promote sociability.

"Ye don't say," responded Tom Wicks.

"Oh yes; they're all getting religion down our way. Moonshining 'll have to go under, I reckon."

The old man looked half alarmed. He could not bear to think for an instant that the great, if unlawful, industry upon which he was a pensioner could possibly "go under."

"Oh, not so bad as that," continued Mr. Baskins, with a short laugh, observing his host's startled expression, "but it does seem as if half Marlinsburg was going to the meetings and getting converted. Old Sparhawk, that railroad man down there, lives in that splendid house, richest man in Marlinsburg, he's been converted; and his son—just come of age, I believe—he's going to be a parson, they say. Oh, there's no end of a fuss down there. I don't take much stock in it myself."

Mercy was looking at him now, with wide-open, interested eyes.

"I went to a meeting once," she said, with a simplicity that disarmed all his previous criticism.

"Well, you didn't think much of it, did you?" he asked, jokingly.

"Yes," she answered, gravely. "I liked it very much. The man that preached—it was up here on the camp ground—he gave me a Testament. I've read it through a great many times."

"Understand it all?" inquired the young man, cynically.

"No," she said, relaxing nothing of her seriousness. "But I can understand some of it," she added, a moment later.

"Pretty good hunting hereabouts?" asked Mr. Baskins, abruptly. He wanted to change the subject of the conversation. He had not counted upon the girl's taking it so much in earnest.

"Ask Merce," said the old man; "she an' the boys mostly 'tends to the shootin'."

"So you can shoot?" interrogated Mr.

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Baskins, turning patronizingly to Mercy Wicks.

"Yes," said Mercy, pleasantly.

"Can you hit 'em on the wing?" inquired the young man, jocularly.

"Every time," she returned, as good-humoredly. A little scowl that had hitherto rested upon her face was disappearing, and this unwonted social relaxation lent a look of interest and vivacity to her face. Mr. Baskins began to decide that, properly accoutred, she might, after all, be "pretty."

He sat next her, and now he moved his chair a little nearer to hers.

"Why don't you sometimes drive down with your father to Marlinsburg?" he said.

"I don't get much time to drive around," replied Mercy, shrinking into herself a little as she felt, rather than observed, the slight change in his manner.

"I should be pleased to take you around the town," he continued, with attempted gallantry.

"I can't go." Mercy turned abruptly to her father: "You'd better go out and fetch in ma. She'll catch her death out there in the damp."

The old man rose slowly and walked away.

"Are you going back to Marlinsburg to-night?" inquired Mr. Baskins's peculiar young hostess. She had been perplexed upon this subject ever since he had come, and her straightforward and untaught soul was determined to discover his intentions.

"I don't know," replied her guest, in some embarrassment. "Your father said something about a house not far away where they sometimes took lodgers."

"You see, we haven't any room in this house to keep anybody," said Mercy, with frank seriousness. "I didn't know but you came up to see somebody else."

"No," said the young man, looking intently into her face. "I came up here expressly to see you."

"To see me?" she repeated, incredulously.

"Your father has told me a good deal about you, and I thought I should like to get acquainted with you. He warned me that you didn't like company very well."

"I wish pa would keep still," said Mercy, angrily.

At that moment the old man appeared at the door, leading his wife by the hand. She was a flabby, stout old creature, and even more untidy and unkempt-looking than her daughters.

There was a fire burning on the ashy hearth, for it was still early in May, and the evenings were chilly. The old woman, after a staring survey of the newcomer, and a word of welcome upon her introduction to him, dropped into a large rocking-chair in the chimney-corner, and, while Mr. Wicks and Jim Baskins engaged in a monosyllabic conversation, Mercy and her two sisters cleared the supper table, and in a lame and perfunctory manner washed the dishes. During the progress of her work, Mr. Baskins had ventured to address several remarks to Mercy, but she had answered him very briefly. It did not suit that independent young person at all to have her father bringing home with him young men tricked out as this one was, and avowing that they had come "expressly to see her." In truth, it was chiefly pondering upon this strange avowal that had kept her so silent. The young men in the neighborhood of "Wicks's Hollow" were all utterly disagreeable to her, and as she took no pains to disguise her feelings, she was naturally not popular among them. She had long ago given up all thought of life as holding any especial sweetness or glory for herself. Love was something that she had read a good deal about, but she had long felt that there was nothing of that sort in store for her. Therefore the idea of having a young man come to see her aroused but faintly her long-subdued desire for affection and companionship, and she felt a vague and unpleasant self-consciousness whenever she looked in Mr. Baskins's direction.

When her work, over which she had busied herself an unusually long time, offered no further excuse for her to move about the room, she beckoned her father to come to her, and held a whispered conversation with him in a distant corner of the room.

"Not to-night," Mr. Baskins heard the old man say, after a little.

"Oh yes," pleaded the girl. "The boys may come home any time now."

"But *he's* here," objected Tom Wicks, in a loud whisper.

"I don't care," returned Mercy; "I don't want to see *him*."

Mr. Baskins winced a little. He was used to being made a great deal of among his "set" in Marlinsburg, and though he

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cared little enough for this untaught daughter of the backwoods, he did not enjoy such absolute indifference on her part. It was rather interesting to see her blue eyes open wide, to hear her voice, and to watch her stately figure as she moved around the room. On the whole, he did not fancy the idea of her willingness to be gone all the evening any more than her father seemed to, and he understood very well from what Tom Wicks had told him that she was asking for his month's pay, in order to secrete it upon the mountain, and that her father was protesting against such an uncourteous proceeding. On the whole, Mr. Jim Baskins concluded that he had better be going.

"I wonder if I can find that place where they keep people overnight?" he remarked, interrogatively, as Mr. Wicks, having evidently been worsted in his argument with Mercy, prepared to resume his seat beside his guest.

"Sho, now," said the old man, looking appealingly toward his daughter; "cayn't we fix him up—"

"Now, pa, you know," interrupted Mercy, fiercely, "there isn't a decent bed in the house."

"They ain't made o' down, I know," admitted her father, meekly; "but sho, now, Merce, cayn't we git him up—"

"No, we can't," declared Mercy, peremptorily. And here Jim Baskins, who could not help noticing that her face had assumed a color and her eye a fire during this discussion which made her positively handsome, interrupted the discussion to decline any further effort being made to arrange quarters for him in the Wicks mansion.

"I wouldn't inconvenience you for anything, Miss Mercy," he said, politely; "and although I appreciate your kindness, Mr. Wicks, it is much better that I should go elsewhere."

The genuine courtesy of his manner wakened Mercy's sense of propriety, and she spoke repentantly and eagerly.

"I'll show you the way," she said. "It isn't much further for me to go past there. It is a pretty good place—much better than our house."

"I'll go with him if he's got to go," said Tom Wicks, sullenly.

"No, you needn't," returned Mercy, the violence of her manner all gone; and quietly taking down an old straw hat and a worn shawl from a peg beside the door, she put them on, and they walked out into the clear starlight of the May night.

Everything was very still, and they hurried on some distance without speaking.

"I should think you would be afraid to go upon the mountain alone at night," said the young man at last.

She raised her shawl and showed a belt beneath it, in which was thrust a revolver. Then she folded her shawl together again, and drew herself up proudly.

"I'm not afraid when I have that on," she said. "There's wild-cats on the mountain," she added, "and some foxes, but I don't mind them. I don't mind anything"—her voice dropped almost to a whisper—"when it's for Looly."

"You do it for Looly, then?" said Jim Baskins, pretending ignorance.

"I don't know as I ought to tell you," she said, simply, and looking at him hard in the dim light, "but father says you're honest as the day is long, and so I don't mind telling you. You see, the boys would get father's money if it was left anywhere around the house, so I hide it up on the mountain, and I'm going to spend it for Looly one of these days."

"I should think you would have your father put it in a bank."

"The boys think that is where he puts it, but pa brings me up a newspaper now and then, and I'm always reading how somebody has run off with the bank's money; so when pa said, 'Put it in a bank,' I said, 'No; I'll hide it where it will be *safe*;' and I do. You'll surely not tell?"

"Oh no," he said, soberly. "I'm your friend, and I think it's very nice that you are saving up your money for your pretty little sister. Most girls would spend it for themselves."

Mercy's fine face softened. "I'd rather have Looly have things," she exclaimed, passionately, "than anything else in the world."

"She is a very pretty little girl," said Jim Baskins, patronizingly.

"She's very much nicer than Bet," Mercy continued, more quietly. "She can read and write and cipher some; but Bet's dull enough."

"Who taught Looly all these things?"

"I did," said the girl. "I don't know who taught me. I reckon pa began it. He can read, and so could ma years ago, but she's forgotten how. Bet's hateful

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too," pursued Mercy, with a philosophical calmness of analysis, "while Looly never is. I don't let Looly run around as Bet does. I've seen lots of wickedness in this neighborhood," she went on, with an air of experience, as if familiar with the multitudinous sins of a thickly settled community, which was amusing even to Mr. Jim Baskins's somewhat obtuse perceptions, "but Looly sha'n't see any of it. I'm going to give Looly a chance. But here's your place. Good-night."

She turned from him abruptly, the flutter of her garments swept past him in the starlight, and he found himself standing alone beside a faintly illumined house, while a dark figure creeping up a hill-side several rods away showed him that the daring girl was already well started on her errand of love.

Then he went in. He found that everything was as his young conductor had described it, and he was soon asleep, and dreaming of young girls who walked like empresses, abjured ceremony altogether, wore revolvers in their belts, and climbed lonely mountains at dead of night.

In the mean time Mercy was resolutely pursuing her way up the mountain-side, and it was a full hour after she left Mr. Jim Baskins before she paused at all. Then she threw herself down underneath a great pine-tree which had been struck by lightning, and which, standing by itself upon a little knoll, was easily discernible from the valley below.

Beneath its bare and blasted limbs was a large brown stone, as large as Mercy could lift, but she managed to insert her hand beneath it, and to draw out therefrom an iron box. This she unlocked, depositing her treasure in it, and then she returned it to its hiding-place.

"It's very strange," she soliloquized, "that that young man should have come up from Marlinsburg to see me. Any of the young fellows around Wicks's Hollow could have told him that I didn't treat the young men very well. Now there's Sally." "Sally" was Mercy's older sister. "Ever since Sally married Bill, what a life she's led! Sally was better than Bet too, but now it's drinking and quarrelling and quarrelling and drinking every minute. I wouldn't marry one of 'em—not for anything; and I wouldn't let Looly. Perhaps Looly 'll grow up and be like the ladies that ride by once in a while in their carriages. Perhaps she will marry one of those fine men—such as we read about. I'd like *that* for me too, but not one of these men around here, nor like this Mr. Baskins; but of course *I* can't; I haven't had any chance. Looly shall be different. I won't have Looly feel ashamed of herself as I do, not if I die for it."

There was a rustling in the bushes, and the girl sprang up a trifle nervously, and peered into the darkness, clutching her weapon more closely. Then she pulled her shawl around her, and taking a different path from that by which she had come, she was not long in reaching her father's cabin. "The boys" had not come even yet, and all the rest were asleep, excepting Bet, who sat beside the sputtering candle, nodding in a stupid doze. The foul air of the squalid interior struck with a new force upon the girl's quickened sense.

"I wish it was different," she sighed aloud. "It isn't as it ought to be; but dear me! dear me! I can't seem to fix it;" and she wearily climbed the ladder that led to the loft, and was soon asleep beside her little sister.

It was less than a week from the time that Mr. Baskins had made his first visit to Wicks's Hollow that he found his way thither again. This time he came on horseback by himself, and early in the afternoon. Somehow the thought of the proud girl whom he had seen had haunted him. He wished, with a sort of unreasonable persistence, to see her again, and as Jim Baskins, though by no means refined, and not what would be called a cultivated fellow, was clean, and had been brought up by a neat and methodical mother, he thought with real pity of Mercy's ignorance of the first principles of tidiness and good housekeeping.

"I wonder," reflected Mr. Baskins—"I wonder if she couldn't learn a good deal out of one of these books that they have about such things?"

He decided that probably she could, and bought a work of that character; and as he happened that very day to come across a little book of the nature of a tract entitled *Cleanliness is next to Godliness*, he determined to make up a package of books for Mercy, and to inclose surreptitiously within it the two volumes which he intended for her personal improvement. This package he finally concluded to take up to her himself.

He found her as indifferent to him as before. The influences of the starlight,

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and of her repentance for her rudeness to him, had made her very gentle and communicative during their evening walk together, but Mercy had thought matters over very thoroughly since then, and she had made up her mind that in case Jim Baskins should ever come to Wicks's Hollow again—something which she thought very unlikely to happen—she would not be any more agreeable to him than was absolutely necessary to insure the safe-keeping of the secret which, not knowing of her father's previous confidences, she felt that she had rather unwisely confided to him.

But Mercy's indifference was not proof against a package of beautiful new books.

"For me?" she cried, when he had handed them to her, and she had opened the bundle. "And Looly and I can read them? See here, Looly! Isn't it splendid?"

Mercy's face grew rosy with pleasure, and her eyes glowed. The young man forgot her tangled braids and her tattered gown. She was positively beautiful.

She opened one book after another in bewildered ecstasy, and could hardly wait till her visitor had gone to examine their contents. Mr. Baskins did not stay very long. He saw her impatience, and it pleased while at the same time it piqued him. When he rode away he mentally registered a vow to come soon again up to Wicks's Hollow, and to observe what effect the works, upon whose selection he had expended so much care, had had upon the young girl whom he so much desired to cultivate.

That night, when Mercy went to bed, she thought more favorably than before of Mr. Jim Baskins.

"How good it was of him to bring us so many books!" she reflected, gratefully. "I shouldn't blame him—nor anybody else—for despising us; but he has been very kind to us, and the next time he comes, I'm going to treat him better."

On the following morning Mercy was up betimes, and as soon as her father and his horses disappeared behind the brow of the hill that overhung Wicks's Hollow she sat down, with Looly beside her, to the pile of books. "The boys" were off on a fishing expedition, Bet was idling under the shade of a tree outside, and Mrs. Wicks rocked and dipped in placid stupidity by the fire, all oblivious of the breakfast table still standing, and of the general disorder of the little cabin.

The cover of the volume on *Cleanliness is next to Godliness* was of an enticing blue, and Mercy hastened to open it and to inspect its contents. The subject was treated plainly and practically, and Mercy read on absorbedly after she had once begun. No such work had ever before come under her notice, and Mr. Jim Baskins had builded even better than he knew in inclosing it in his friendly package.

"That's the way people live," she said, raising her head after a while, and looking sadly out of the window; "nice people don't live as we do. That's the way I want you to live, Looly—dear little Looly!" She caught the delicate child up in her arms and kissed her. "And yet how we live! How lazy, how very lazy, we are!"

She sat there for a moment rocking and kissing the child passionately, when a shadow fell across the doorway, and Mercy saw that a young man was standing there, and that a beautiful horse, from which he had evidently just alighted, was tied to a tree outside.

She sprang up and looked at him in curious surprise. He was a gentleman—this Mercy felt, without any definite thought on the subject, in every fibre of her being. Then she looked down at herself, as she had looked when her father had brought Jim Baskins up to see them, only with a keener mortification, and from herself she looked around upon the untidy room. If she had felt its meanness and foulness a moment before, in the light shed upon it by the illuminating little volume which she had just been reading, how much more did she feel it in the presence of this man, whose elegance and refinement struck the girl with a sense of romance—as if he had just stepped out of one of the novels that she had read. His glance rested, as he bowed to her in kindly greeting, upon the disordered room, and Mercy almost felt herself the little shudder which he gave as he took it all in.

"I know," she cried, without waiting for him to speak, intuitively fathoming his thought, and as intuitively imploring his leniency—"I know I oughtn't to have let things go so, but Mr. Baskins brought me up some books to read, and so I sat right down to read them. It wasn't nice; it wasn't right."

She spoke with an eagerness that, know-

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ing nothing of the experience through which she had been passing, her visitor could not understand.

He murmured some formal words, politely disclaiming the need of apology, but was interrupted by the drawling tones of Mrs. Wicks, who had temporarily roused herself to gaze upon the distinguished stranger.

"Law, Merce," she said, tugging at her chair so as to bring it around where she could get a better view of their visitor, "what ye goin' on so, fer? Cayn't ye give the gen'leman a chair?"

"Excuse me," said the young man, who seemed little more than a boy, with his fresh face, slight mustache, and crisp dark hair; "my name is Wesley Sparhawk, and I live in Marlinsburg. I was about taking a ride across the mountain, and my father suggested that I should take with me some Bibles and tracts, and distribute them along the way. I'm not much used to such work," he said, smiling into Mercy's eager face, "but I'm more than willing to try and do a little good—and I will leave some with you, if you like."

Looly took a book that the stranger held out to her, and gazed up into his handsome eyes with winning sweetness. He had spoken rapidly, and Mrs. Wicks had not been able to rouse herself enough to follow him.

"What?" she said, stupidly.

The sound of her crackling voice checked the answering smile with which Wesley Sparhawk was looking back into the child's face, and just then Bet came sauntering in at the door, adding another unpicturesque element to the already far from pleasant scene.

"Some Bibles and tracts," repeated the young man.

"Ye don't mean it!" rejoined Mrs. Wicks, having finally grasped his meaning. "Law! I've seen—men with sech things—colporteurs, ain't it?"—extricating the word from the confusion of her memory with a ludicrous effort—"but ye don't look like that kind—ye don't, reely."

In response to this remark, which she evidently intended to be highly complimentary, the young man looked down at his clothes, as if with a sudden sense of their unfitness, and blushed slightly.

"I'm not, exactly," he stammered, approaching her with a tract in his hand, "but I trust that you will like the books that I leave with you just as well."

Mercy had caught at the Testament which he had given Looly, and was looking at it intently.

"I've one just like it," she said, proudly. "See here," and she hastened to get the well-thumbed volume from a shelf near by and to exhibit it.

"That's good," said Mr. Wesley Sparhawk, approvingly, and noting the girl's glowing face and noble carriage with surprised interest. "Please accept this Bible;" and he held out to her the most elegantly bound among the half-dozen books that he carried.

Her hand trembled with pleasure as she took it. "Thank you," she said, simply; "I love dearly to read."

The difference between the girl's language and her mother's struck the young man with astonishment. This slovenly, good-looking, majestic young daughter of the backwoods interested him.

"I see you have a good many books," he said, pointing to the pile beside the chair where she had been sitting.

"Yes," she said—"some new ones that Mr. Baskins sent us. Some of them tell about housekeeping and such things. I've learned a great deal from them, and I mean to read every word in them. It's for Looly more than for the rest of us," she went on, in obedience to the look of inquiry in his face. "It doesn't make much difference about Bet and me—we're older—but I mean to give Looly a chance to learn and have things, and I mean to bring her up right. This is Looly." She gathered the child to her affectionately. "I want her to grow up to be a lady."

The terrible discrepancy between her desires and the realistic squalor of the room seemed to strike the poor girl with crushing force. Her self-command failed her in her excitement; she put her apron to her face, and he could see that she was crying quietly, while Mrs. Wicks began a drawling remonstrance. The whole thing was a total mystery to her.

The young man flushed with pity. The situation lay revealed before him, and he felt an instinctive desire to help this groping soul.

"I'm very sorry," he said. "I'm going to be gone several days, but when I come back I shall stop again, and leave you some more books." He handed some tracts to Bet as he spoke, and bidding them all a courteous good-morning, flung himself upon his horse and rode away.

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Mercy rose and wiped her eyes, and as she looked after Mr. Wesley Sparhawk, riding up the mountain-side, her heart gave a quick, determined throb. "It shall be different when he comes again," she resolved, and turning back into the unsightly room, she began with a firmness of touch and an energy of spirit not unlike that which must have characterized the great reformers to inaugurate in her own small sphere an era of reform.

An hour later she sat over her little sister, curling her long light hair—Mercy's pride, but hitherto only occasionally reduced to order. Then Bet received what that young woman described to her brothers later as a "goings-over," and afterward Mercy herself underwent a species of transformation, and thoroughly wearied, but with a glow of pride more fervent than any that she had ever known before, she sat down to gaze about her, and to enjoy the result of her hardly worked out resolution. Then she fell to reading.

That night she lay long awake pondering on what she had read, on the ways which she might use to bring about certain needed reforms, and on the strange happenings of the day. The thought of resentment toward Mr. Jim Baskins had not occurred to Mercy. Instead, her soul, which had scarcely ever known a small or a selfish consideration, was filled with gratitude to him. She understood now how it had been something more than shame of their poverty which had made her so averse to going anywhere or to having company, and why the better class of their neighbors upon the mountain had seemed to slight and shun them. She felt that now she had found the key to better times for Wicks's Hollow, and her soul rejoiced with the consciousness as she fell asleep.

A few days later Mr. Jim Baskins paid another visit to the locality which had come to hold such a fascination for him, and he was filled with an honest pleasure when he saw signs of revolutionary tendencies among the residents in the Wicks cottage as he drew rein before the door. By the window, and showing unmistakable signs of careful attention to her toilet, sat Mercy herself, awkwardly, but with feverish haste, sewing away upon a piece of new calico.

"I'm making a dress for Looly," she announced, smilingly, looking up at him with a tired and heated face as he entered, but not deigning to rise. "I've enjoyed those books so much! Looly and I have read nearly all of them, haven't we, Looly?"

The child nodded, and crept close to her sister.

"I'm very glad," commented Mr. Baskins, with a beaming face. "I thought you'd like them. And how nice you look here! You must be expecting a beau, I guess."

Bet, who was lying on a settee in the corner, giggled at this, and sat up, as though the conversation for once began to assume an interesting complexion; and Mrs. Wicks, who was stationed by the door in the inevitable rocking-chair, and engaged in her usual absorbing occupation of dipping snuff, cackled forth a feeble expression of mirth.

"Sal used ter have lots o' beaus," she remarked, proudly, and smiling a weak but approving smile upon Mr. Jim Baskins, as she thus endeavored to cover what she considered to be one of Mercy's most important deficiencies. "An' Bet seems ter please the young fellers more'n Merce does," she continued. "Merce she cayn't abide 'em, she says. I do' know—I sh'd think—" And here Mrs. Wicks's discourse relapsed into a mumble which neither Mr. Jim Baskins nor any of the others present could very well understand.

"I liked this book best," said Mercy, ignoring the recent turn of the conversation. Her heightened color and uplifted head were the only indications that she had heard what had just been said. She took up one of the books as she spoke, and opened its leaves caressingly, and though Mr. Jim Baskins could not understand her fondness for it, nor for any other book, not being a man much addicted to reading, he sat down and devoted his energies to making himself agreeable to this obdurate young woman. She was handsome enough to excite his profoundest admiration this afternoon, and in her gratitude to him was uncommonly complaisant. Her subdued laugh rang out pleasantly several times, and Mr. Jim Baskins had to acknowledge to himself that he had never heard a more melodious voice than hers. It was not until the shackly wagon and lean horses of old Tom Wicks came rattling down into the Hollow that Mercy's visitor took any thought of the flight of time. She politely invited him to stay to supper again, but she did not urge him.

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She had been civil, and even very pleasant, to Mr. Jim Baskins, but she did not like him very well, after all, and she was not sorry when he declined her invitation with thanks, remounted his horse, and rode slowly away. To tell the truth, Mr. Jim Baskins was getting to be very much in love, and, as the Marlinsburg belles of that young gentleman's "circle" would have expressed it, "with one of those"—or the belles might have said "them"—"low-down Wickses upon the mountain."

It was two or three days after this that another young man flung himself from his horse and entered the Wicks cabin. It was Mr. Wesley Sparhawk, who had been playing in a rather amateur but quite honest fashion the part of a missionary toward the benighted mountaineers in the region adjacent to his home. Young Sparhawk had not found this improvised sort of "circuit-riding" altogether productive of pleasure, and his face was somewhat paler and his air more subdued than when he had called before in Wicks's Hollow. Still, as Mr. Wesley Sparhawk had a good deal of "bottom," he was not disheartened. He was only a young man accustomed to no harder labor than such as pertained to the care of his toilet and to the acquisition of his lessons at school and at college, and he had found his long ride and the numerous calls that he had made in his new capacity excessively exhausting. He had rather dreaded appearing again at the Wicks cottage, for scarcely in all his tour had he encountered one so uninviting. But he remembered the tall, fine-faced girl whom he had seen there, and he felt a strong desire to see her again, and to learn if the protestations that she had made so earnestly had amounted to anything.

Mercy saw him coming, for though she would not have admitted it even to herself, she had been watching for him for several days, and she looked around her home at the various metamorphoses which she had accomplished, with a flutter of pride and delight. It was true that Bet had hardly been able to keep up with the march of civilization in Wicks's Hollow, and that Mrs. Wicks, long since past regeneration, had absolutely refused to submit to many of Mercy's regulations. She had even roused herself to a more violent exertion than for several years past, to denounce in unqualified terms the revolutionary measures which undoubtedly contributed more to her immediate discomfort than to her pleasure. Therefore she still remained a blot of no small proportions upon the landscape; but Mercy herself was fresh and neat, Looly was as sweet as a daisy, and the cabin was as clean as Mercy's strong young arms could make it.

Mr. Wesley Sparhawk paused upon the threshold, and surveyed Mercy's rejuvenated domains with a smile of surprised approval.

"I declare you've kept your word," he said, and as he took her hand and looked into her proud eyes the blood flowed faster in his veins, and she felt a thousandfold repaid for the labor she had given, and a new impulse to continue the good work.

He came into the cabin and sat down, laying beside her chair a pile of books and papers which he had brought. A book which she had been reading lay on the window-sill; it was the book of which she had spoken in such admiring terms to Mr. Baskins. He picked it up and turned the leaves.

"This is a nice story," he said; "the only trouble with it is that it ends in such an improbable way."

The girl looked at him inquiringly. This was iconoclastic.

"I mean," he explained, "that it was a pity the hero should have married that girl. Not but that she was noble and all that, but they had been brought up so differently, of course they could never be happy together. It isn't in reason," continued Mr. Wesley Sparhawk, marking the intense concern which the girl manifested, and glad to be able to enlighten her ignorance by his exegesis. "He had been brought up in the midst of elegance, and her advantages—" He checked himself. He had forgotten for a moment the circumstances under which he was speaking, "It was different with her," he concluded, lamely.

"Yes," said Mercy, in a low voice, "she had been poor always, and hadn't had any chance."

"It made a nice story, only it couldn't ever have happened and turned out well in real life, you see. The general test to apply to a painting or a story or almost anything is, Is it natural? is it practical? If it isn't, it isn't good."

"Yes," said Mercy, gravely, "I understand." She drew herself up a little. Her pride had been touched, how deeply she

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did not know until long afterward. Her large toil-stained hands, especially disfigured by recent unwonted exertions, opened and closed convulsively. Was there, then, no chance that Looly should ever grow up to marry a different sort of man from Sally's Bill and the young men around Wicks's Hollow? And a dim little hope that, in spite of her efforts to crush it, had dared to bloom for herself in her innermost heart seemed to be trodden down in a moment.

The young man sat talking longer than he had meant to. He felt, without formulating his feelings, that he had hurt the girl's self-respect a little, and he tried to make her forget it, by taking up book after book and commenting laughingly upon them all. And Mercy forgot everything else in listening to him, until she too began to impart her impressions of what she had been reading, and her ideas were so unsophisticated, so daring, so original, her face was so fair, and her eyes so luminous while she told of them, that, unawares, the young man was more charmed by her than he would have cared to own.

"I wish you would go down to Marlinsburg to some of the meetings," he said at last. "You would like them."

Mercy shook her head. "I wouldn't go down there for anything," she said. Her figure dilated a little, and she held her head a trifle higher. "The Marlinsburg people look at me so," she added, "I can't stand it. I've only a sun-bonnet to wear and a calico dress, and I'm never going anywhere again until we get enough money saved to educate Looly. It's too late to do much for me, but I mean to give *her* a good chance."

The young man asked some questions about this matter, and Mercy told him what she was doing, though not so fully as she had told Mr. Jim Baskins.

"And your father is saving this money for Looly?"

"He lets me save it," she said, smilingly.

The young man, accustomed as he had always been to the luxuries of great wealth, glanced pitifully around the bare little dwelling. To put away money needed, it seemed to him, to supply the daily wants of life, for such a purpose as that for which this girl was hoarding it, struck him as rather fine—rather grand. He began to admire this strange exotic among the regulation "poor white" growths of Wicks's Hollow from the bottom of his heart.

The clock struck six.

"I must go," said the young man, rising reluctantly. "I've a fancy that you will go to the meetings some time if I'll come and get you," he added, as he rode away.

She shook her head, but she smiled. She would rather do even that than not to see him again.

"I reckon you will," he laughed back to her, and her heart thrilled with intense regret as she watched him disappear behind the hill. How handsome, how distinguished he was! How inferior to him Mr. Jim Baskins appeared as she mentally compared them! Yet perhaps she should never see him again, and her heart gave a great throb of pain as she thought, but she did not stop to account for it.

It was now nearly time for her father to come home, and Mercy hastened to kindle a fire, and to get everything in readiness for his arrival. She had been very watchful of him and attentive to his wants lately, and no one had appreciated more warmly, or at least more demonstratively, than he the efforts which she had been making for the elevation of the Wicks family.

"Now ye don't, Merce!" he had exclaimed, when the reforms had first begun in earnest. "Law, now, chile, ye've had all the work to do for years now, an' I allers thought ye more'n done yer juty; but now— Law, Merce, I'm right smart proud o' ye; I reely be!"

Mercy loved her father next to Looly of all the family, and his praise was very sweet to her; and so when the hour drew on for him to appear—earlier than usual on this night, as it was Saturday, the day on which Mr. Jim Baskins had made his first visit to Wicks's Hollow—she saw to it that her father should be well received. A stern something within the girl, something which must have descended to her from some far-back Puritan ancestor, was constantly warning her against retrogradation.

"I'm going to keep it up," she had said to herself through shut teeth, when her mother and Bet had stood like roaring lions, so to speak, in the way of her projects—"I'm going to keep it up if it kills me." But it was not going to kill her. Her plans once matured and system once inaugurated, she had an executive ability and a natural love of method which were gradually developing, and which made things easy for her.

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Young Sparhawk remembered his parting words to her. Indeed, they and Mercy Wicks's face had been in his mind a great deal since he had made such an unexpectedly long call at Wicks's Hollow, and he had wanted to go and see her again even before he could invent a reasonable excuse. But he learned that a camp-meeting was to be held in a grove halfway between Marlinsburg and Wicks's Hollow, and he decided to invite Mercy to attend it on a certain afternoon with him. As he mounted his buggy and took an early start for the mountain he could not conceal from himself that the camp-meeting would offer a pleasanter way of keeping his promise to Mercy than bringing her down to Marlinsburg, where he was well known, and where he understood that no amount of deference to his acknowledged desire to do good would mitigate the fact that he was, in a small way, "waiting upon" a young woman in just the social position of Miss Mercy Wicks.

Mercy, in the mean time, had passed through a rather harrowing experience, Mr. Jim Baskins having made her another visit, and his manner having been such that Mercy had felt it incumbent upon her to treat him in a very cavalier, not to say forbidding, way. In fact, so very caustic had she been upon his departure that Mr. Jim Baskins had left in high dudgeon, and she knew very well that he would never come back. He had not "made love" to Mercy, but her quick sense had detected strong indications that he was about to do so, and she had felt that that was something she could not and would not allow. She had thought of it since with some misgivings. How kind Jim Baskins had been to give her those books! What a blessing they had proved to her! Perhaps she had been too rude to him; and then perhaps—she had gleaned this impression from the stories that she had read—perhaps she ought to give Mr. Baskins back the books he had brought her. This was much against Mercy's inclinations, and she did not propose to do it unless some new revelation of her duty should be made to her.

When young Sparhawk drove up to the door, therefore, Mercy was sitting in a deep brown-study by the window, with her sewing lying unheeded in her lap; but when his eyes met hers, a tell-tale glow overspread her face, and she sprang up to welcome him. A voice within him chided him a little as he saw her brightening face. Were these quite the circumstances under which to do missionary work to the best advantage?

But it was a beautiful day, and he felt young and happy, and he acknowledged to himself a very strong desire to listen again to this frank girl's pleasant voice, and to watch her as she made her odd comments upon life and books.

But Mercy steadfastly refused to go to the meeting with him. And when he found there was really no use in urging her, he asked her suddenly if she wouldn't ride a little way with him.

Her face flushed with pleasure, and her heart beat so fast that she could scarcely answer him.

"To drive with you?" she repeated, wonderingly. This was like the books that she had read. It was like a beautiful dream. But she preserved outwardly her usual calm dignity of demeanor as she made her preparations, and amid the wide-mouthed but fortunately indistinct comments of her mother and of Bet, she kissed Looly, and drove away with Wesley Sparhawk. Their road lay through piny, shady woods. The girl threw off her ugly sun-bonnet, and her fair hair curled about her glowing face as she talked gayly with him of the books that she had read and of the scenes through which they had been passing.

It was like a fairy hour to her, and a most delightful experience to him, and when he left her at the door of the little cabin he promised to come up soon again, and to bring her up some books of which he had been telling her.

Before many days he kept his word, and appeared bearing the parcel of books that he had promised. A week later he came again, and another visit succeeded. By this time the young man owned to himself that he was the victim of a violent passion for the beautiful backwoods girl, and Mercy knew in her secret heart that she was living but for her lover's smile, and that the days were dark when he did not come. Still the young man said nothing. So beautiful a dream should not be disturbed, he reasoned in his blindness.

One evening, after he had left her, Mercy watched him out of sight, and Looly, who had come quietly up beside her as she stood looking after him, twined her arms around her sister, and they walked gravely in together. Then Mercy moved si-

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lently about the room preparing the supper. Her mother had grown almost afraid of her, and very respectful, since this fine young man had begun to come to Wicks's Hollow, and, indeed, Mercy's manner, always dignified, had become almost majestic during these glorified weeks which had seen the growth of this love in her heart—a love such as the common souls by which she was surrounded could neither appreciate nor understand. They had all felt a subtle change in her, even to "the boys," but they had dared to say very little to her, though at Bet, who was constantly indulging in flirtations with the neighboring farmers' sons, they were always flinging taunts and innuendoes. To-night, however, when "Jake" came home he had been drinking a little, and he had met Wesley Sparhawk as he had been going home.

"Fine beau ye have thar, Merce," he said, sulkily, as he came in at the door. "Wonder 'f he'll be too stuck up ter speak to his gal's relations after the weddin'?"

Mercy turned on him with flaming eyes, and seemed to grow perceptibly taller as she looked at him.

"He's not my 'beau'!" she cried, passionately. "Don't you ever say such a thing as that again;" and the boy, excited though he was with drink, did not dare to open his lips again.

That night Mercy went early to bed, but her brother's words rang in her ears, and she kept thinking, over and over again, of the story of which Wesley Sparhawk had talked with her weeks before.

"He had been brought up in luxury, and she—so differently." "They could never have been happy." "It could never have happened in real life."

As she thought, she sobbed and cried until, with the violence of her grief, although the night had worn then into the small hours, she even wakened Looly, who begged piteously to know why she was weeping. The morning was growing red in the east before she finally fell asleep.

The next day she read the story over again. Somehow lately she had not thought much about it. After she finished reading it she laid the book down and thought out a sequel to it. Her quickened imagination devised a multitude of things which a girl like the one in the story might do to shock and offend a fastidious husband. No; such a thing could not happen in real life, as Wesley Sparhawk had said. It ought not to happen. People should marry people something like themselves; and as she worked out the problem more and more clearly and convincingly in her mind, a little poem which she had read somewhere, and which had for its refrain,

> "I have dreamed my dream,
> I have wakened at last,"

flitted through her mind again and again as she went sternly about her work.

In the afternoon she had usually sat down of late to a long, happy time of sewing, or of reading with Looly, but to-day Mercy could not work. She could only sit and hold her little sister and cry silently as she kissed and kissed the wondering child's face. It was only two or three nights before that she had made the long, lonely journey up the mountain-side to deposit some more money for Looly. The boys were getting very impatient lately because so little of their father's earnings found its way into their hands, and Mercy was inwardly fretted lest Jim Baskins in his pique had managed to let them know her secret. She had therefore removed the box in which she kept the money to an altogether different part of the mountain from where it had been before, and had hidden it anew.

"Whatever happens to me, my pet, your future shall be sure," she murmured in the child's ear. "Mercy will see to it that her little Looly has a chance. She shall have everything that Mercy can get for her."

Then she looked up and started, for a horse was cantering swiftly down the hill, and she knew that Wesley Sparhawk had come again.

He alighted, fastened his horse, and came toward her. She looked very grave and stately, and very cold, though her lashes were wet, and she was holding her little sister to her with desperate closeness. When he had left her on the evening before, she had been all smiles and warmth. He could not understand this sudden change. He took a seat beside her underneath the great tree where she had been sitting, and then she released Looly, whispering in her ear, and the child silently disappeared, leaving them alone together.

Young Sparhawk's face was very pale, and his lips trembled, and as soon as the little girl had left them he began, impetuously: "I have come back because—be-

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cause I have thought it over a good many times, and I want—I want, as you say, Mercy—I want to 'give you a chance.' You are young yet, Mercy: don't you want to go to school?"

She looked at him in vague bewilderment. "I couldn't," she gasped. "Oh no; it's out of the question. There's Looly, and father, and Bet, and all of them, and I couldn't. I'm twenty now, and oh, I couldn't *that* way, anyway."

She stopped, for her voice began to choke. Her sleeplessness of the night before, and the long strain which she had been unconsciously enduring for the last few weeks, and which had culminated in her terrible mental struggle of the past twenty-four hours, had left her very weak. She knew what he was going to say, and a voice within her kept repeating: "It can never be; it can never be."

"I've come, Mercy," he said, huskily, "to think everything of you, and I believe you love me. Now the only thing you need to make you all that—all that—is necessary is an—an education. I've plenty of money, Mercy, and two or three years at a good boarding-school would be all that you would need, and then, then—" And in spite of the fact that he knew Bet to be furtively watching him from a convenient window, he seized Mercy's hand and drew closer beside her.

"Don't you know," she said, with a great effort, and in a strangely altered voice—"don't you know in the story—he had been brought up in luxury, and she—it had been so different with her?"

"That was another case altogether," said Wesley Sparhawk, impatiently. "She had not been educated."

"Oh yes, she had," corrected Mercy, growing more fluent as her convictions became more intense. "She had, as you say, 'seen a great deal of the world,'" and she went on to describe some of the details of the story which had apparently escaped his mind, until he stopped her, imperiously.

"Well, they were not we, Mercy," he said. "I can't be happy without you, and if you want me to have any peace of mind, you must marry me. You're a good girl; you're a perfect queen, Mercy; you're the noblest girl I ever saw. Just think what you've done up here in the woods without any help—in fact, with everything against you! It's wonderful! How different your life is now from what it was only six short months ago when I first saw you, and—"

She stopped him with a gesture of despair.

"But I could never learn—"

"Yes, yes—"

"No, I could never learn to be what your wife ought to be. I should always feel that you had stooped to marry me. I could never bear the scorn of your friends, nor your scorn of mine. Oh, it would kill me!"

Her hands hid her face from him, and she began to sob.

"Now listen to me, Mercy," he commenced, again peremptorily, but again she stopped him.

"I can not tell you how plain it is to me," she said, growing calm and dispassionate once more: "it is as if an angel had shown me what was going to happen. I seem to see our life just as it would be, even if I should try to learn how to be different, and should marry you. I seem to see such suffering for you, such misery for me—"

"The picture is not true!" he cried, despairingly. "I shall do by you just what is right as nearly as I can find it out, and it *would* bring happiness to us both. I have always had my way, Mercy, and I am not a bad man, am I? I should not scorn you nor let you be scorned. I would *kill* any one—"

She checked him again.

"It is of no use," she said. "I have made up my mind that it is best that you should go and not come back. You will find somebody—" Her eyes filled with tears, her voice failed her, and she left her sentence unfinished. "I commenced," she said, a moment later, while he watched her in a silence half mournful, half angry—"I commenced by working for Looly, and I am sure that that is my work that God has given me to do—to help Looly on—and that that's why He never gave me any chance for myself. I think you are good—oh, I do respect you very much—but I think I can stand it, and be happy" (after a while) "working for Looly. You had better go now. Good-by."

She walked away from him slowly, sorrowfully, but with an air that forbade him from following her. He turned once when he had nearly reached his horse, but she was nowhere to be seen, so he mounted and rode away. A few days later he came again, but she had seen him coming,

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and in evident expectation that he would return, had prepared a note, which, running away herself, she had left with Looly to be given him. It said, in Mercy's cramped and unaccustomed hand, "You must not come; I shall always be gone." And after that he came no more.

It was a raw and gusty day in the following March, when Mr. Wesley Sparhawk, sitting in his father's elegant library in Marlinsburg, was told that a visitor wished to see him, and a moment later Mercy Wicks was shown into the room. At first he did not know her, but she quietly removed her woollen hood, and then, in spite of a great change which had come over her face, he recognized it.

"My God!" he cried, springing up and leading her tenderly to a seat. "What is it, Mercy? What ails you? Have you been ill?"

She nodded mutely. Tears were trickling down her face, and she coughed again and again.

"Ah, you have come to tell me," he cried, "that you have changed your mind?"

"No, no," she said, unsteadily; "I was right; I see it now more plainly than I saw it before; but, oh! it was very sweet to have you—love—me!"

Her tears began to flow again, and the young man, overcome by the pathos of her looks and of her words, laid his head in his hands upon the table and sobbed aloud.

When she grew calmer, she drew a heavy bag from underneath her shawl.

"I came to bring you this," she said. "It's Looly's money, you know, that I used to keep on the mountain. I went up there two or three weeks ago and got it. I was growing so weak that I knew I couldn't go again, and I've brought it to you. You'll see that it is spent for Looly—you'll see that she has everything done for her that this money can buy, won't you?—for the love that you said you had for me."

He bowed assent, and took the money in his hands. He could not speak, but she had grown quite calm, and went on to tell him about herself.

"I've been running down ever since you saw me," she said. "They say it's quick consumption, or something like that, and the doctor said that it would kill me to go out to-day; but I felt able, and I wanted you to see to this. I felt as if I could trust you, and you would know just what kind of a lady I wanted Looly to be. If I'm to die before she is grown up, of course it might as well be soon as a little later. I think Looly 'd better go away somewhere before long. I've told pa, and he has promised to do just as you say. I rode down with him, and I know he's in a hurry to go back, so I reckon I hadn't better stay any longer, for you understand."

She rose weakly, and though he begged to be allowed to take her home, she would only let him go with her to the place where she was to join her father.

"I declare!" said one street idler to another, as he saw them going by together, "who's that Wesley Sparhawk's helping along with such care? Looks like somebody out of the backwoods, and I reckon it is. By-the-way, I've heard he was just smitten with a daughter of that old Wicks that lives up on the mountain in what they call 'Wicks's Hollow.' Heard that he offered himself to her, and she wouldn't have him; but of course that couldn't possibly be so."

"Of course," rejoined his companion, with an incredulous sneer, as they watched the strange pair out of sight.

A month later Mercy Wicks died.

A BRUISÈD ROSE.

BY CHARLES W. COLEMAN, JUN.

THE revelry that fill'd the night is done:
Hush'd is the patter of once dancing feet,
The rustle of rich fabrics, laughter sweet;
The music still'd, and morning, newly born,
Hears but its echo.
One poor bruisèd rose,
Let fall upon the floor from some fair breast,
Is all that tells it was no cunning jest
Wrought by the deft romancer of repose;
The music, laughter—all a fitful gleam,
Press'd from the pillow of a broken dream.

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EDUCATION AS A FACTOR IN PRISON REFORM.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

IT is much to be desired that the effort to reform criminals should be put upon a philosophical basis. Efforts resting on uncalculating philanthropy, on the general impulse of humanity, on sentimentality, have been tried with very moderate success. Here and there a criminal has been reformed by kindness, by a change in his physical condition, by an appeal to his moral nature, by a stroke of religious conviction of sin. But observation of the criminal class, made even in the best prisons, the model prisons, those conducted in accordance with the most advanced humanitarian ideas, must convince any one that the rose-water method, the rewards and punishments method, the sanitary method, are alike and all united inadequate to touch the great criminal mass. To reach that, with rescue and salvation for any considerable number, we must resort to more radical measures; we must know what the criminal of the determined criminal class is in his nature; and we must study some method likely, on philosophical principles, to change the tendency and direction of that person's life.

In regard to the criminal class, society has two duties—one to itself, the other to the criminal. No society can afford, for its own sake, to be brutal and barbarous in its dealing with the unfortunate, the outcast, the confirmed vicious. Society itself is hardened and made base by public executions, by such foul, degrading, horrible prisons as were common forty years ago, by the spectacle of chain-gangs of ferocious, sodden wretches, such as may be seen to-day at work on the public highways in Georgia and elsewhere. These sights are exceedingly demoralizing and brutalizing to all who witness them. It is to be noted that in prisons of the old barbaric sort the attendants tend to the low level of the prisoners they guard. The reform of prisons and in prison methods was therefore a step demanded by the self-respect of the community. As a step in civilization it has been worth all it cost. It marks a higher plane of humanity reached. It was necessary to any further action. We shall never go back to the old methods of dealing with criminals any more than we shall go back to the old methods of dealing with the insane.

But when we come to ask what is the net result of all this upon the criminals, when we inquire what effect clean, wholesome, well-aired prisons, good diet, decent clothes, mitigation of time of sentence by orderly behavior, books, gaslight in cells, lectures, holiday dinners, tracts, sympathetic visitations, flowers, have upon the prison class itself, we must confess that the outlay, in money and feeling and effort, is altogether disproportionate to the number of criminals changed from their law-breaking lives. The lot of prisoners is a good deal easier than it used to be; in some cases they come out of prison no more degraded than when they went in; in rare cases they do reform; but I fear it is the simple truth that the criminal class is essentially untouched by all our ameliorations, by all our philanthropy and sentimentality. Mind, I do not say that prison reform has not at all lessened the number of those who return for second, third, and fourth terms, and that I do not say it has not hindered from further degradation some who, as we may say, were accidentally in State-prison, not belonging to the determined criminal class. But I do say that the present system fails to deal with the difficulty in any adequate way; for our prisons are full and enlarging, and the criminal class grows and becomes daily an increasing danger.

Is there any remedy? Is there any way, theoretically, that promises to change the confirmed criminal? Is there any evidence that this theoretical way will work practically? Yes. I firmly believe there is a way, and there is an example. That remedy, that way, is education, but education under proper conditions. And by education I do not mean the teaching of knowledges, the imparting of information, learning from books or any other source. I mean education in the original signification of the word; that is, discipline, the development of unknown, unused powers, the restoration of lost powers—in short, a training and bringing out of all the powers and faculties that go to make up a man, sound in mind, in morals, in body. A very radical remedy? Yes, we must acknowledge that it is. Nothing but a radical remedy will reach the radical difficulty. We are dealing with human nature, with perverted and diseased human nature, and we must go very deep, and not

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expect any adequate result from any superficial treatment.

Now what is the confirmed criminal? As a preliminary to this inquiry, I want to say that the object of it, and of this paper, is to meet squarely the common objection to education as the leading factor in prison reform, namely, that to educate one of the criminal class is to make him a more accomplished and dangerous rascal, to fit him with tools to prey more successfully upon society. If this is a sound objection, we must look elsewhere for any philosophical or ethical basis of prison reform.

Now what is the criminal as we know him in State-prison? I do not mean the exceptional prisoner who has fallen once, or whose crime was due to some sudden temptation, to passion, to intoxication. I am speaking of the heavy mass in our jails who were either born in vice and nurtured in crime, inheriting it or acquiring it young, or who from a decent estate, by repeated violation of the law, have become criminals. They are in an abnormal condition, physically, mentally, morally. Physically they are brutalized, if not diseased. Look at their faces, the shape of their heads; they are heavy, logy in movement, coarse in fibre, physically degraded, as a rule. Crime, the habit of wickedness, is not only stamped upon the face, it is ingrained in the physical man, and the body which was meant to be the temple of a noble spirit is a tenement fit for a degraded soul. I mean this literally, that the flesh itself is inert, debased, even where it is not organically impaired by vice.

This heavy, degraded body is a type of the distorted, abnormal mind. The mind may not be what the psychological specialist would call diseased, but it is dwarfed, and either undeveloped or far from being in a healthy state. It may be abnormally developed in certain directions, just as the man's body may be strong or skilled for certain purposes. But it is lacking in many vital qualities of a good mind. It may be sharp, ferret-like, cunning, but it is narrow, non-receptive; it wants stability, character; the will-power is inert for any persistence in a good purpose. As soon as the man attempts to put his life into normal conditions, he finds that his intellect is unable to serve him. In short, vice, vicious thinking, has impaired his powers.

Of course his moral nature is in perfect sympathy with his physical and mental state. He has not only lost any impulse to choose between right and wrong, he has largely lost the power of discriminating between right and wrong. He prefers evil. Everything in his nature, by long habit, gravitates toward the bad and the base. The man is consistent with himself. His mind is as sluggish and brutal as his body. The moral nature is warped and debilitated. It is easier for such a person to do wrong than to do right, to live basely than to live cleanly. And he hates to make any effort to change. Well he may, for the effort must be a radical one.

Now, for such a man, if you propose to reform him, improved physical conditions are not enough. Good food, wholesome lodgings, pure air, regular work, will make him more decent, in a manner increase his self-respect perhaps, make him a more tractable prisoner; but for any effect on the man's character, in most cases, this is only a pampering that will not dispose him to a better life when his sentence expires. For such a man, with a mind so stunted and warped, no amount of knowledge will avail to supply his radical deficiencies. His mind does not so much need learning as it needs discipline, the development and strengthening of its powers. For such a man, whose moral nature is as unstable as water, no temporary or sentimental religious excitement will avail to put his feet on a rock where he can stand against temptation. A man coarse in fibre, weak in will, an easy prey to vice, can be excited, can be melted into tears, will fall into a mush of repentance, but the mood will probably only be a passing sentiment.

No: this abnormal creature must have some treatment that will change his threefold nature and radically remake him. I can see no power within the grasp of man that can do this except discipline, applied to the body, to the mind, to the moral sense, simultaneously, and so long continued that body, mind, and soul get new fixed habits. Individuals doubtless are sometimes, as I said, reformed by kindness, by sympathy, by favorable environment, by a chance seed falling into their hearts. But for the most of the criminal class in our prisons I see no hope of any considerable improvement of condition except by the sort of discipline I speak of.

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Let us see how this ought to work upon the man—how, in fact, it has worked in one institution with which we are familiar. I do not refer to this institution for the sake of saying anything of the tact and skill of its manager, but to call your attention to the philosophic basis upon which his effort rests. For it is very important that the fact should be recognized that a principle is involved in the attempt at the Elmira Reformatory which is entirely independent of the adaptability of its manager to deal with men. Of course much depends upon the man in any system or institution. In teaching deaf-mutes there is great difference in the power of men to awaken inert faculties. We may have a good system of municipal government the working of which may be defeated by a bad or incompetent mayor, or we may have a defective system which may yield fair results with a competent, honest executive; but it remains true that a good system will eventually give the best results. What I am concerned to say about Elmira is that the system is philosophical, and capable, with modifications here and there, of universal application.

I will not here enter upon the question, which is a question by itself, whether it is worth while to attempt to reform the criminal class, any further than to remark that it is better economy for the tax-payer to spend money in this way, with such results as are demonstrable, than to pay more money for handling the criminal class the way we handle it now. The cost of reforming a certain number of criminals, who are to some extent self-supporting while in confinement, is less than the cost of watching, catching, trying, and imprisoning them, on shorter or longer sentences, over and over again, to say nothing of their depredations on society. Nor will I say anything of the labor-reform demand that prison labor must produce nothing that free labor might produce, except to point out the absurdity of the position that honest men should be taxed for the lodging, feeding, and clothing of willful criminals in idleness.

In order to reform any person addicted to evil living, an adequate motive must be offered. At Elmira the powerful motive is the desire of regaining liberty. This would seem enough, but it is not always sufficient to arouse ambition in a sluggish nature, especially when the period of incarceration is fixed and is short. This motive, then, has to be supplemented by others. A way must be found to arouse the sluggish body and interest the dormant mind. It is sometimes long before this way can be discovered. These ruined natures have often very little that can be appealed to successfully. But I believe there is in most men and women, however degraded, the seed of a better life. The first step will probably be the awakening an interest in something outside themselves; not a purpose of change, but simply an interest. It may be a desire to learn the alphabet, or an awakened taste for reading, or a little inclination to know something. It may be a pride in personal appearance, or a wish to get commendation for good behavior, or a dawning sense of the agreeableness of order, neatness, cleanliness. Or it may be some pleasure in a discovered power to do well a piece of work. This interest, once aroused, can be stimulated by various incitements, slight rewards of promotion, the fear of social degradation; and this path of doing well will become powerfully attractive when it is seen to be the path, and the only one, to liberty. But this interest in any form, with even the prize of liberation, can not be depended on to last. The will of the criminal is weak and vacillating. He can not be depended on, he can not depend upon himself, for continuance. He may fail and fall again and again. The only remedy in his case—and it is the common case—is to keep him at it, keep him trying, until a habit is formed, until his will is strengthened, until, in fact, it is mentally and physically just as easy for him to live a normal, healthful life as it was to live a disorderly life.

In the life that is required of him under the Elmira system it is very difficult for a man to sham. The study, the work, the behavior, demanded of him continuously almost preclude hypocrisy. The neophyte may try to pass himself off as docile, and even as pious, but no deceit lasts long under this severe, exacting, trying discipline, which is applied equally to his attention in the workshop, his alertness in school, and to all the details of his personal behavior and appearance. The requirements are too rigid. If the man does not put himself willingly and honestly into harmony with his position, he is pretty certain to break down and go back into the harder conditions of prison life. These he finds very unwelcome after a taste of

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something better, and he tries again, with a new resolution. The pressure is incessant. The incentive of liberty, better apprehended as he gets into a normal state, is always inviting him. Meanwhile habit is doing its work. He can continue longer in a straight course. He begins to feel in all his renovated physical and moral nature not only the desire for liberty, but a longing, however faint, to make a man of himself.

The important thing, as necessary in this system to getting out of confinement as to becoming a man, is the formation of habit. And here is where the notion of an indeterminate sentence comes in as the only condition of forming a fixed habit.

An indeterminate sentence is the sentence of a convict to confinement until in the judgment of some tribunal he is fit to go out into society again, until it is evident that he is likely to be law-abiding. If a person is determined upon a criminal life, the best thing that can be done for him and for society is to confine him where he can do no mischief, and where his labor will pay for his keeping, so that he may not be an expense to society nor a terror to it. And, logically, he should be confined until there is good reason to believe that he will be a self-supporting, law-abiding member of community. Now the difficulty heretofore has been to determine when a person might safely be released on an indeterminate sentence. Under the present prison system, if release depended simply on good behavior, on external observance of rules, most criminals are shrewd enough to behave admirably, and to even offer evidence of Christian conversion, in order to get release. Where is there a tribunal that could pass upon his character? The Elmira system compels a person literally to work out his own salvation. It will take some men a longer and some men a shorter time to do it, that is, to acquire such a habit that for a given period they can stand perfect in study, in work, in conduct. Under our present rule of determinate sentences there are many incorrigible cases. Probably there are some natures incapable of being changed to anything better. Let such stay where they can pay for their living and not injure society. But it is difficult to say of any man that he can not be reached and touched by discipline, physical, mental, and moral, for a long time and continuous; that it is impossible to drill him, in years of effort, into a habit of decent living and a liking for an orderly life. It is impossible, psychologically and physiologically, for a person to obey rigid rules of order and decency, to be drilled in mental exercises, to be subject to supervision for intelligent and attentive labor, for a considerable length of time, and not form new habits, not be changed sensibly and probably radically. It may be in one year, it may be in ten years, but ultimately habits will be formed, and the man can not, without a greater or less effort, be what he was before he was subjected to this process.

This is the education of which I speak; this is the education which does not fit or incline a man to be an expert criminal, but which makes a disorderly life in his case improbable. And he himself determines when he is fit to go out of confinement and out of the discipline to which he has been subjected. His record shows it, for his record shows whether he has acquired new habits and is really changed. Of course some tribunal must pass upon this record and upon the whole appearance and tendency of the man, but its work is comparatively easy, and liable to few mistakes. After release, of course something must be done to place this man, who has acquired a habit of and a liking for a correct life, in a position in community where he has a chance to maintain himself. He can not be turned loose to all temptations in face of the contempt of the world. But philanthropy can provide for that as a part of the system which has given him, by long discipline, the habit of decent living. And it will happen that when the community understands this system, the finding employment for men who have been in State-prison will not be so difficult as it is now.

It is not to be wondered at that nobody likes to give employment to or take into any position of trust a convict released from our present prisons. Commonly there is less reason to trust him than before that experience. But the case is exactly reversed as to a man who has been subjected for years to the discipline I describe. Before you complain of want of sympathy in the community, prison management must show that it has done something to deserve that sympathy.

The key-note of the system, let me repeat, is the discipline of education of the

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body, the mind, and the moral nature, applied simultaneously, and continued, by means of the indeterminate sentence, long enough to form a habit of orderly living. Along with this habit will inevitably go the taste for a better life. The man out of jail who has a love of reading and a habit of it has one safeguard against dissipation. But when one who has been a criminal has not only this habit, but also that of neatness, of order, of wholesome occupation, has lost something of the inertness of body and gained alertness of mind and an interest in the broader affairs of life, and has at the same time such a quickening of the moral faculties as will enable him to discriminate between right and wrong, he is tolerably well furnished for the conflict of life.

We are not expecting a Utopia. We know the tendency of human nature. Even the best bred and nurtured fall into vice and crime. All the children's aid societies can not dry up all the sources of criminal life. We shall have criminals and the sad necessity of prisons. But we certainly can practice some economy in dealing with the one and in administering the other; we can arrive at a sensible, philosophic basis of action, and not go on wasting our energies and disappointing our sentimentality by the present unphilosophical and inadequate if not hap-hazard methods.

I have confined my remarks to one topic—is there in the Elmira system a philosophical basis for us to work on in prison reform? It seems to me there is. Observation teaches that there is little efficacy in any desultory attempts to teach prisoners certain knowledges, or in any mere bettering of their physical condition. The only thing likely to tell is a rigid discipline bearing upon the whole nature of the man.

Well, this system is, in combination, a compulsory workshop, school, physical gymnasium. You may expect to get approximately from these the same results that you get for boys and men in shops, schools, gymnasia, outside of prisons. But you know how much depends in your industrial establishment, in your school, in your drill-room, upon the conductor. There are many good schools: if you want a Rugby, you must have an Arnold. Now in the prison system I describe, if you throw in sympathy, some enthusiasm of humanity, some trust in man, you will get back as a result what you give.

INDIAN SUMMER.

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XXI.

WHEN Colville came to himself, his first sensation was delight in the softness and smoothness of the turf on which he lay; then the strange color of the grass commended itself to his notice; and presently he perceived that the thing under his head was a pillow, and that he was in bed. He was supported in this conclusion by the opinion of the young man who sat watching him a little way off, and who now smiled cheerfully at the expression in the eyes which Colville turned inquiringly upon him.

"Where am I?" he asked, with what appeared to him very unnecessary feebleness of voice.

The young man begged his pardon in Italian, and when Colville repeated his question in that tongue, he told him that he was in Palazzo Pinti, whither he had been brought from the scene of his accident. He added that Colville must not talk till the doctor had seen him and given him leave, and he explained that he was himself a nurse from the hospital, who had been taking care of him.

Colville moved his head and felt the bandage upon it; he desisted in his attempt to lift his right arm to it before the attendant could interfere in behalf of the broken limb. He recalled dimly and fragmentarily long histories that he had dreamed, but he forbore to ask how long he had been in his present case, and he accepted patiently the apparition of the doctor and other persons who came and went, and were at his bedside or not there, as it seemed to him, between the opening and closing of an eye. As the days passed they acquired greater permanence and maintained a more uninterrupted identity. He was able to make quite sure of Mr. Morton and of Mr. Waters; Mrs. Bowen came in, leading Effie, and this gave him a great pleasure. Mrs. Bowen seem-

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ed to have grown younger and better. Imogene was not among the phantoms who visited him; and he accepted her absence as quiescently as he accepted the presence of the others. There was a cheerfulness in those who came that permitted him no anxiety, and he was too weak to invite it by any conjecture. He consented to be spared and to spare himself; and there were some things about the affair which gave him a singular and perhaps not wholly sane content. One of these was the man-nurse, who had evidently taken care of him throughout. He celebrated, whenever he looked at this capable person, his escape from being, in the odious helplessness of sickness, a burden upon the strength and sympathy of the two women for whom he had otherwise made so much trouble. His satisfaction in this had much to do with his recovery, which, when it once began, progressed rapidly to a point where he was told that Imogene and her mother were at a hotel in Florence, waiting till he should be strong enough to see them. It was Mrs. Bowen who told him this, with an air which she visibly strove to render non-committal and impersonal, but which betrayed, nevertheless, a faint apprehension for the effect upon him. The attitude of Imogene and her mother was certainly not one to have been expected of people holding their nominal relation to him, but Colville had been revising his impressions of events on the day of his accident; Imogene's last look came back to him, and he could not think the situation altogether unaccountable.

"Have I been here a long time?" he asked, as if he had not heeded what she told him.

"About a fortnight," answered Mrs. Bowen.

"And Imogene—how long has she been away?"

"Since they knew you would get well."

"I will see them any time," he said, quietly.

"Do you think you are strong enough?"

"I shall never be stronger till I have seen them," he returned, with a glance at her. "Yes; I want them to come to-day. I shall not be excited; don't be troubled—if you were going to be," he added. "Please send to them at once."

Mrs. Bowen hesitated, but after a moment left the room. She returned in half an hour with a lady who revealed even to Colville's languid regard evidences of the character which Mrs. Bowen had attributed to Imogene's mother. She was a large, robust person, laced to sufficient shapeliness, and she was well and simply dressed. She entered the room with a waft of some clean, wholesome perfume, and a quiet temperament and perfect health looked out of her clear, honest eyes—the eyes of Imogene Graham, though the girl's were dark and the woman's were blue. When Mrs. Bowen had named them to each other, in withdrawing, Mrs. Graham took Colville's weak left hand in her fresh, strong right, and then lifted herself a chair to his bedside, and sat down.

"How do you do to-day, sir?" she said, with a touch of old-fashioned respectfulness in the last word. "Do you think you are quite strong enough to talk with me?"

"I think so," said Colville, with a faint smile. "At least I can listen with fortitude."

Mrs. Graham was not apparently a person adapted to joking. "I don't know whether it will require much fortitude to hear what I have to say or not," she said, with her keen gaze fixed upon him. "It's simply this: I am going to take Imogene home."

She seemed to expect that Colville would make some reply to this, and he said, blankly, "Yes?"

"I came out prepared to consent to what she wished, after I had seen you, and satisfied myself that she was not mistaken; for I had always promised myself that her choice should be perfectly untrammelled, and I have tried to bring her up with principles and ideas that would enable her to make a good choice."

"Yes," said Colville again. "I'm afraid you didn't take her temperament and her youth into account, and that she disappointed you."

"No, I can't say that she did. It isn't that at all. I see no reason to blame her for her choice. Her mistake was of another kind."

It appeared to Colville that this very sensible and judicial lady found an intellectual pleasure in the analysis of the case, which modified the intensity of her maternal feeling in regard to it, and that, like many people who talk well, she liked to hear herself talk in the presence of another appreciative listener. He did not

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offer to interrupt her, and she went on. "No, sir, I am not disappointed in her choice. I think her chances of happiness would have been greater, in the abstract, with one nearer her own age; but that is a difference which other things affect so much that it did not alarm me greatly. Some people are younger at your age than at hers. No, sir, that is not the point." Mrs. Graham fetched a sigh, as if she found it easier to say what was not the point than to say what was, and her clear gaze grew troubled. But she apparently girded herself for the struggle. "As far as you are concerned, Mr. Colville, I have not a word to say. Your conduct throughout has been most high-minded and considerate and delicate."

It is hard for any man to deny merits attributed to him, especially if he has been ascribing to himself the opposite demerits. But Colville summoned his dispersed forces to protest against this.

"Oh, no, no," he cried. "Anything but that. My conduct has been selfish and shameful. If you could understand all—"

"I think I do understand all—at least far more, I regret to say, than my daughter has been willing to tell me. And I am more than satisfied with you. I thank you and honor you."

"Oh no; don't say that," pleaded Colville. "I really can't stand it."

"And when I came here it was with the full intention of approving and confirming Imogene's decision. But I was met at once by a painful and surprising state of things. You are aware that you have been very sick?"

"Dimly," said Colville.

"I found you very sick, and I found my daughter frantic at the error which she had discovered in herself—discovered too late, as she felt." Mrs. Graham hesitated, and then added, abruptly, "She had found out that she did not love you."

"Didn't love me?" repeated Colville, feebly.

"She had been conscious of the truth before, but she had stifled her misgivings insanely, and, as I feel, almost wickedly, pushing on, and saying to herself that when you were married, then there would be no escape, and she *must* love you."

"Poor girl! poor child! I see, I see."

"But the accident that was almost your death saved her from that miserable folly and iniquity. Yes," she continued, in answer to the protest in his face, "folly and iniquity. I found her half crazed at your bedside. She was fully aware of your danger, but while she was feeling all the remorse that she ought to feel—that any one could feel—she was more and more convinced that she never had loved you and never should. I can give you no idea of her state of mind."

"Oh, you needn't! you needn't! Poor, poor child!"

"Yes, a child indeed. If it had not been for the pity I felt for her— But no matter about that. She saw at last that if your heroic devotion to her"—Colville did his best to hang his pillowed head for shame—"if your present danger did not awaken her to some such feeling for you as she had once imagined she had; if they both only increased her despair and self-abhorrence—then the case was indeed hopeless. She was simply distracted. I had to tear her away almost by force. She has had a narrow escape from brain-fever. And now I have come to implore, to *demand*"—Mrs. Graham, with all her poise and calm, was rising to the hysterical key—"her release from a fate that would be worse than death for such a girl. I mean marrying without the love of her whole soul. She esteems you, she respects you, she admires you, she likes you; but—" Mrs. Graham pressed her lips together, and her eyes shone.

"She is free," said Colville, and with the words a mighty load rolled from his heart. "There is no need to demand anything."

"I know."

"There hasn't been an hour, an instant, during—since I—we—spoke together that I wouldn't have released her if I could have known what you tell me now."

"Of course!—of course!"

"I have had my fears—my doubts; but whenever I approached the point I found no avenue by which we could reach a clearer understanding. I could not say much without seeming to seek for myself the release I was offering her."

"Naturally. And what added to her wretchedness was the suspicion at the bottom of all that she had somehow forced herself upon you—misunderstood you, and made you say and do things to spare her that you would not have done voluntarily." This was advanced tentatively. In the midst of his sophistications Colville had, as most of his sex have, a native,

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fatal, helpless truthfulness, which betrayed him at the most unexpected moments, and this must now have appeared in his countenance. The lady rose haughtily. She had apparently been considering him, but, after all, she must have been really considering her daughter. "If anything of the kind was the case," she said, "I will ask you to spare her the killing knowledge. It's quite enough for *me* to know it. And allow me to say, Mr. Colville, that it would have been far kinder in you—"

"Ah, *think*, my dear madam!" he exclaimed. "How *could* I?"

She did think, evidently, and when she spoke it was with a generous emotion, in which there was no trace of pique.

"You couldn't. You have done right; I feel that, and I will trust you to say anything you will to my daughter."

"To your daughter? Shall I see her?"

"She came with me. She wished to beg your forgiveness."

Colville lay silent. "There is no forgiveness to be asked or granted," he said at length. "Why should she suffer the pain of seeing me?—for it would be nothing else. What do you think? Will it do her any good hereafter? I don't care for myself."

"I don't know what to think," said Mrs. Graham. "She is a strange child. She may have some idea of reparation."

"Oh, beseech her from me not to imagine that any reparation is due! Where there has been an error there must be blame; but wherever it lies in ours, I am sure it isn't at her door. Tell her I say this; tell her that I acquit her with all my heart of every shadow of wrong; that I am not unhappy, but glad for her sake and my own that this has ended as it has." He stretched his left hand across the coverlet to her, and said, with the feebleness of exhaustion: "Good-by. Bid her good-by for me."

Mrs. Graham pressed his hand and went out. A moment after the door was flung open, and Imogene burst into the room. She threw herself on her knees beside his bed. "I will *pray* to you!" she said, her face intense with the passions working in her soul. She seemed choking with words which would not come; then, with an inarticulate cry that must stand for all, she caught up the hand that lay limp on the coverlet; she crushed it against her lips, and ran out of the room.

He sank into a deathly torpor, the physical refusal of his brain to take account of what had passed. When he woke from it, little Effie Bowen was airily tiptoeing about the room, fondly retouching its perfect order. He closed his eyes, and felt her come to him and smoothe the sheet softly under his chin. Then he knew she must be standing with clasped hands admiring the effect. Some one called her in whisper from the door. It closed, and all was still again.

XXII.

Colville got himself out of the comfort and quiet of Mrs. Bowen's house as soon as he could. He made the more haste because he felt that if he could have remained with the smallest trace of self-respect, he would have been glad to stay there forever.

Even as it was, the spring had advanced to early summer, and the sun was lying hot and bright in the piazzas, and the shade dense and cool in the narrow streets, before he left Palazzo Pinti; the Lung' Arno was a glare of light that struck back from the curving line of the buff houses; the river had shrivelled to a rill in its bed; the black cypresses were dim in the tremor of the distant air on the hill-slopes beyond; the olives seemed to swelter in the sun, and the villa walls to burn whiter and whiter. At evening the mosquito began to wind his tiny horn. It was the end of May, and nearly everybody but the Florentines had gone out of Florence, dispersing to Villa Reggio by the sea, to the hills of Pistoja, and to the high, cool air of Siena. More than once Colville had said that he was keeping Mrs. Bowen after she ought to have got away, and she had answered that she liked hot weather, and that this was not comparable to the heat of Washington in June. She was looking very well, and younger and prettier than she had since the first days of their renewed acquaintance in the winter. Her southern complexion enriched itself in the sun; sometimes when she came into his room from out-doors the straying brown hair curled into loose rings on her temples, and her cheeks glowed a deep red.

She said those polite things to appease him as long as he was not well enough to go away, but she did not try to detain him after his strength sufficiently returned. It was the blow on the head that

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kept him longest. After his broken arm and his other bruises were quite healed he was aware of physical limits to thinking of the future or regretting the past, and this sense of his powerlessness went far to reconcile him to a life of present inaction and oblivion. Theoretically he ought to have been devoured by remorse and chagrin, but as a matter of fact he suffered very little from either. Even in people who are in full possession of their capacity for mental anguish one observes that after they have undergone a certain amount of pain they cease to feel.

Colville amused himself a good deal with Effie's endeavors to entertain him and take care of him. The child was with him every moment that she could steal from her tasks, and her mother no longer attempted to stem the tide of her devotion. It was understood that Effie should joke and laugh with Mr. Colville as much as she chose; that she should fan him as long as he could stand it; that she should read to him when he woke, and watch him when he slept. She brought him his breakfast, she petted him and caressed him, and wished to make him a monster of dependence and self-indulgence. It seemed to grieve her that he got well so fast.

The last night before he left the house she sat on his knee by the window looking out beyond the fire-fly twinkle of Oltrarno to the silence and solid dark of the solemn company of hills beyond. They had not lighted the lamps because of the mosquitoes, and they had talked till her head dropped against his shoulder.

Mrs. Bowen came in to get her. "Why, is she asleep?"

"Yes. Don't take her yet," said Colville.

Mrs. Bowen rustled softly into the chair which Effie had left to get into Colville's lap. Neither of them spoke, and he was so richly content with the peace, the tacit sweetness of the little moment, that he would have been glad to have it silently endure forever. If any troublesome question of his right to such a moment of bliss obtruded itself upon him, he did not concern himself with it.

"We shall have another hot day, to-morrow," said Mrs. Bowen at length. "I hope you will find your room comfortable."

"Yes; it's at the back of the hotel, mighty high and wide, and no sun ever comes into it except when they show it to foreigners in winter. Then they get a few rays to enter as a matter of business, on condition that they won't detain them. I dare say I shall stay there some time. I suppose you will be getting away from Florence very soon?"

"Yes. But I haven't decided where to go yet."

"Should you like some general expression of my gratitude for all you've done for me, Mrs. Bowen?"

"No; I would rather not. It has been a great pleasure—to Effie."

"Oh, a luxury beyond the dreams of avarice." They spoke in low tones, and there was something in the hush that suggested to Colville the feasibility of taking into his unoccupied hand one of the pretty hands which the pale night light showed him lying in Mrs. Bowen's lap. But he forbore, and only sighed. "Well, then, I will say nothing. But I shall keep on thinking, all my life."

She made no answer.

"When you are gone, I shall have to make the most of Mr. Waters," he said.

"He is going to stop all summer, I believe."

"Oh yes. When I suggested to him the other day that he might find it too hot, he said that he had seventy New England winters to thaw out of his blood, and that all the summers he had left would not be more than he needed. One of his friends told him that he could cook eggs in his piazza in August, and he said that he should like nothing better than to cook eggs there. He's the most delightfully expatriated compatriot I've ever seen."

"Do you like it?"

"It's well enough for him. Life has no claims on him any more. I think it's very pleasant over here, now that everybody's gone," added Colville, from a confused resentfulness of collectively remembered Days and Afternoons and Evenings. "How still the night is!"

A few feet clapping by on the pavement below alone broke the hush.

"Sometimes I feel very tired of it all, and want to get home," sighed Mrs. Bowen.

"Well, so do I."

"I can't believe it's right staying away from the country so long." People often say such things in Europe.

"No, I don't, either, if you've got anything to do there."

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"You can always make something to do there."

"Oh yes." Some young men, breaking from a street near by, began to sing. "We shouldn't have that sort of thing at home."

"No," said Mrs. Bowen, pensively.

"I heard just such singing before I fell asleep the night after that party at Madame Uccelli's, and it filled me with fury."

"Why should it do that?"

"I don't know. It seemed like voices from our youth—Lina."

She had no resentment of his use of her name in the tone with which she asked: "Did you hate that so much?"

"No; the loss of it."

They both fetched a deep breath.

"The Uccellis have a villa near the Baths of Lucca," said Mrs. Bowen. "They have asked me to go."

"Do you think of going?" inquired Colville. "I've always fancied it must be pleasant there."

"No; I declined. Sometimes I think I will just stay on in Florence."

"I dare say you'd find it perfectly comfortable. There's nothing like having the range of one's own house in summer." He looked out of the window on the blue-black sky.

"'And deepening through their silent spheres,
Heaven over heaven rose the night,'"

he quoted. "It's wonderful! Do you remember how I used to read 'Mariana in the South' to you and poor Jenny? How it must have bored her! What an ass I was!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Bowen, breathlessly, in sympathy with his reminiscence rather than in agreement with his self-denunciation.

Colville broke into a laugh, and then she began to laugh too, but not quite willingly, as it seemed.

Effie started from her sleep. "What—what is it?" she asked, stretching and shivering as half-wakened children do.

"Bed-time," said her mother, promptly, taking her hand to lead her away. "Say good-night to Mr. Colville."

The child turned and kissed him. "Good-night," she murmured.

"Good-night, you sleepy little soul!" It seemed to Colville that he must be a pretty good man, after all, if this little thing loved him so.

"Do you always kiss Mr. Colville good-night?" asked her mother when she began to undo her hair for her in her room.

"Sometimes. Don't you think it's nice?"

"Oh yes, nice enough."

Colville sat by the window a long time, thinking Mrs. Bowen might come back; but she did not return.

Mr. Waters came to see him the next afternoon at his hotel.

"Are you pretty comfortable here?" he asked.

"Well, it's a change," said Colville. "I miss the little one awfully."

"She's a winning child," admitted the old man. "That combination of conventionality and *naïveté* is very captivating. I notice it in the mother."

"Yes, the mother has it too. Have you seen them to-day?"

"Yes; Mrs. Bowen was sorry to be out when you came."

"I had the misfortune to miss them. I had a great mind to go again to-night." The old man said nothing to this. "The fact is," Colville went on, "I'm so habituated to being there that I'm rather spoiled."

"Ah, it's a nice place," Mr. Waters admitted.

"Of course I made all the haste I could to get away, and I have the reward of a good conscience. But I don't find that the reward is very great."

The old gentleman smiled. "The difficulty is to know conscience from self-interest."

"Oh, there's no doubt of it in my case," said Colville. "If I'd consulted my own comfort and advantage, I should still be at Palazzo Pinti."

"I dare say they would have been glad to keep you."

"Do you really think so?" asked Colville, with sudden seriousness. "I wish you would tell me why. Have you any reason—grounds? Pshaw! I'm absurd!" He sank back into the easy-chair from whose depths he had pulled himself in the eagerness of his demand, and wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. "Mr. Waters, you remember my telling you of my engagement to Miss Graham?"

"Yes."

"That is broken off—if it were ever really on. It was a great mistake for both of us—a tragical one for her, poor child, a ridiculous one for me. My only consolation is that it *was* a mistake and

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no more; but I don't conceal from myself that I might have prevented it altogether if I had behaved with greater wisdom and dignity at the outset. But I'm afraid I was flattered by an illusion of hers that ought to have pained and alarmed me, and the rest followed inevitably, though I was always just on the point of escaping the consequences of my weakness—my wickedness."

"Ah, there is something extremely interesting in all that," said the old minister, thoughtfully. "The situation used to be figured under the old idea of a compact with the devil. His debtor was always on the point of escaping, as you say, but I recollect no instance in which he did not pay at last. The myth must have arisen from man's recognition of the inexorable sequence of effect from cause in the moral world, which even repentance can not avert. Goethe tries to imagine an atonement for Faust's trespass against one human soul in his benefactions to the race at large; but it is a very cloudy business."

"It isn't quite a parallel case," said Colville, rather sulkily. He had, in fact, suffered more under Mr. Waters's generalization than he could from a more personal philosophy of the affair.

"Oh no; I didn't think that," consented the old man.

"And I don't think I shall undertake any extended scheme of drainage or subsoiling in atonement for my little dream," Colville continued, resenting the parity of outline that grew upon him in spite of his protest. They were both silent for a while, and then Colville cried out: "Yes, yes; they are alike. *I* dreamed, too, of recovering and restoring my own lost and broken past in the love of a young soul, and it was in essence the same cruelly egotistic dream; and it's nothing in my defense that it was all formless and undirected at first, and that as soon as I recognized it I abhorred it."

"Oh yes, it is," replied the old man, with perfect equanimity. "Your assertion is the hysterical excess of Puritanism, in all times and places. In the moral world we are responsible only for the wrong that we intend. It can't be otherwise."

"And the evil that's suffered from the wrong we didn't intend?"

"Ah, perhaps that isn't evil."

"It's pain!"

"It's pain, yes."

"And to have wrung a young and innocent heart with the anguish of self-doubt, with the fear of wrong to another, with the shame of an error such as I allowed, perhaps encouraged, her to make—"

"Yes," said the old man. "The young suffer terribly. But they recover. Afterward we don't suffer so much, but we don't recover. I wouldn't defend you against yourself if I thought you seriously in the wrong. If you know yourself to be, you shouldn't let me."

Thus put upon his honor, Colville was a long time thoughtful. "How can I tell?" he asked. "You know the facts; you can judge."

"If I were to judge at all, I should say you were likely to do a greater wrong than any you have committed."

"I don't understand you."

"Miss Graham is a young girl, and I have no doubt that the young clergyman—what was his name?"

"Morton. Do you think—do you suppose there was anything in that?" demanded Colville, with eagerness that a more humorous observer than Mr. Waters might have found ludicrous. "He was an admirable young fellow, with an excellent head and a noble heart. I underrated him at one time, though I recognized his good qualities afterward; but I was afraid she did not appreciate him."

"I'm not so sure of that," said the old man, with an astuteness of manner which Colville thought authorized by some sort of definite knowledge.

"I would give the world if it were so!" he cried, fervently.

"But you are really very much more concerned in something else."

"In what else?"

"Can't you imagine?"

"No," said Colville; but he felt himself growing very red in the face.

"Then I have no more to say."

"Yes, speak!" And after an interval Colville added, "Is it anything about—you hinted at something long ago—Mrs. Bowen?"

"Yes;" the old man nodded his head. "Do you owe her nothing?"

"Owe her nothing? Everything! My life! What self-respect is left me! Immeasurable gratitude! The homage of a man saved from himself as far as his stupidity and selfishness would permit! Why, I—I love her!" The words gave

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him courage. "In every breath and pulse! She is the most beautiful and gracious and wisest and best woman in the world! I have loved her ever since I met her here in Florence last winter. Good heavens! I must have always loved her! But," he added, falling from the rapture of this confession, "she simply loathes *me!*"

"It was certainly not to your credit that you were willing at the same time to marry some one else."

"Willing! I wasn't willing! I was bound hand and foot! Yes—I don't care what you think of my weakness—I was not a free agent. It's very well to condemn one's self, but it may be carried too far; injustice to others is not the only injustice, or the worst. What I was willing to do was to keep my word—to prevent that poor child, if possible, from ever finding out her mistake."

If Colville expected this heroic confession to impress his listener, he was disappointed. Mr. Waters made him no reply, and he was obliged to ask, with a degree of sarcastic impatience, "I suppose you scarcely blame me for that?"

"Oh, I don't know that I blame people for things. There are times when it seems as if we were all puppets, pulled this way or that, without control of our own movements. Hamlet was able to browbeat Rosencrantz and Guildenstern with his business of the pipe; but if they had been in a position to answer they might have told him that it required far less skill to play upon a man than any other instrument. Most of us, in fact, go sounding on without any special application of breath or fingers, repeating the tunes that were played originally upon other men. It appears to me that you suffered yourself to do something of the kind in this affair. We are a long time learning to act with common-sense, or even common sanity, in what are called matters of the affections. A broken engagement *may* be a bad thing in some cases, but I am inclined to think that it is the very best thing that could happen in most cases where it happens. The evil is done long before; the broken engagement is merely sanative, and so far beneficent."

The old gentleman rose, and Colville, dazed by the recognition of his own cowardice and absurdity, did not try to detain him. But he followed him down to the outer gate of the hotel. The afternoon sun was pouring into the piazza a sea of glimmering heat, into which Mr. Waters plunged with the security of a salamander. He wore a broad-brimmed Panama hat, a sack-coat of black alpaca, and loose trousers of the same material, and Colville fancied him doubly defended against the torrid waves not only by the stored cold of half a century of winters at Haddam East Village, but by an inner coolness of spirit, which appeared to diffuse itself in an appreciable atmosphere about him. It was not till he was gone that Colville found himself steeped in perspiration and glowing with a strange excitement.

XXIII.

Colville went back to his own room, and spent a good deal of time in the contemplation of a suit of clothes, adapted to the season, which had been sent home from the tailor's just before Mr. Waters came in. The coat was of the lightest serge, the trousers of a pearly gray tending to lavender, the waistcoat of cool white duck. On his way home from Palazzo Pinti he had stopped in Via Tornabuoni and bought some silk gauze neck-ties, of a tasteful gayety of tint which he had at the time thought very well of. But now, as he spread out the whole array on his bed, it seemed too emblematic of a light and blameless spirit for his wear. He ought to put on something as nearly analogous to sackcloth as a modern stock of dry-goods afforded; he ought, at least, to wear the grave materials of his winter costume. But they were really insupportable in this sudden access of summer. Besides, he had grown thin during his sickness, and the things bagged about him. If he were going to see Mrs. Bowen that evening, he ought to go in some decent shape. It was perhaps providential that he had failed to find her at home in the morning, when he had ventured thither in the clumsy attire in which he had been loafing about her drawing-room for the past week. He now owed it to her to appear before her as well as he could. How charmingly punctilious she always was herself!

As he put on his new clothes he felt the moral support which the becomingness of dress alone can give. With the blue silk gauze lightly tied under his collar, and the lapels of his thin coat thrown back to admit his thumbs to his waistcoat pockets, he felt almost cheerful before his glass. Should he shave? As once before,

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this important question occurred to him. His thinness gave him some advantages of figure, but he thought that it made his face older. What effect would cutting off his beard have upon it? He had not seen the lower part of his face for fifteen years. No one could say what recent ruin of a double chin might not be lurking there. He decided not to shave, at least till after dinner, and after dinner he was too impatient for his visit to brook the necessary delay.

He was shown into the salotto alone, but Effie Bowen came running in to meet him. She stopped suddenly, bridling.

"You never expected to see me looking quite so pretty," said Colville, tracing the cause of her embarrassment to his summer splendor. "Where is your mamma?"

"She is in the dining-room," replied the child, getting hold of his hand. "She wants you to come and have coffee with us."

"By all means — not that I haven't had coffee already, though."

She led the way, looking up at him shyly over her shoulder as they went.

Mrs. Bowen rose, napkin in lap, and gave him a hand of welcome. "How are you feeling to-day?" she asked, politely ignoring his finery.

"Like a new man," he said. And then he added, to relieve the strain of the situation, "Of the best tailor's make in Florence."

"You look very well," she smiled.

"Oh, I always do when I take pains," said Colville. "The trouble is that I don't always take pains. But I thought I would to-night, in calling upon a lady."

"Effie will feel very much flattered," said Mrs. Bowen.

"Don't refuse a portion of the satisfaction," he cried.

"Oh, is it for me too?"

This gave Colville consolation which no religion or philosophy could have brought him; and his pleasure was not marred, but rather heightened, by the little pangs of expectation, bred by long custom, that from moment to moment Imogene would appear. She did not appear, and a thrill of security succeeded upon each alarm. He wished her well with all his heart; such is the human heart that he wished her arrived home the betrothed of that excellent, that wholly unobjectionable young man, Mr. Morton.

"Will you have a little of the ice before your coffee?" asked Mrs. Bowen, proposing one of the moulded creams with her spoon.

"Yes, thank you. Perhaps I will take it in place of the coffee. They forgot to offer us any ice at the *table d'hôte* this evening."

"This is rather luxurious for us," said Mrs. Bowen. "It's a compromise with Effie. She wanted me to take her to Giacosa's this afternoon."

"I *thought* you would come," whispered the child to Colville.

Her mother made a little face of mock surprise at her. "Don't give yourself away, Effie."

"Why, let us go to Giacosa's too," said Colville, taking the ice. "We shall be the only foreigners there, and we shall not even feel ourselves foreign. It's astonishing how the hot weather has dispersed the tourists. I didn't see a Baedeker on the whole way up here, and I walked down Via Tornabuoni, across through Porta Rosso, and the Piazza della Signoria, and the Uffizzi. You've no idea how comfortable and home-like it was— all the statues loafing about in their shirt sleeves, and the objects of interest stretching and yawning round, and having a good rest after their winter's work."

Effie understood Colville's way of talking well enough to enjoy this; her mother did not laugh.

"Walked?" she asked.

"Certainly. Why not?"

"You are getting well again. You'll soon be gone too."

"I've *got* well. But as to being gone, there's no hurry. I rather think I shall wait now to see how long you stay."

"We may keep you all summer," said Mrs. Bowen, drooping her eyelids indifferently.

"Oh, very well. All summer it is, then. Mr. Waters is going to stay, and he is such a very cool old gentleman that I don't think one need fear the wildest antics of the mercury where he is."

When Colville had finished his ice, Mrs. Bowen led the way to the salotto; and they all sat down by the window there and watched the sunset die on San Miniato. The bronze copy of Michelangelo's David, in the Piazzale below the church, blackened in perfect relief against the pink sky and then faded against the gray while they talked. They were so

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domestic that Colville realized with difficulty that this was an image of what might be rather than what really was; the very ease with which he could apparently close his hand upon the happiness within his grasp unnerved him. The talk strayed hither and thither, and went and came aimlessly. A sound of singing floated in from the kitchen, and Effie eagerly asked her mother if she might go and see Maddalena. Maddalena's mother had come to see her, and she was from the mountains.

"Yes, go," said Mrs. Bowen; "but don't stay too long."

"Oh, I will be back in time," said the child; and Colville remembered that he had proposed going to Giacosa's.

"Yes; don't forget." He had forgotten it himself.

"Maddalena is the cook," explained Mrs. Bowen. "She sings ballads to Effie that she learned from her mother, and I suppose Effie wants to hear them at first hand."

"Oh yes," said Colville, dreamily.

They were alone now, and each little silence seemed freighted with a meaning deeper than speech.

"Have you seen Mr. Waters to-day?" asked Mrs. Bowen, after one of these lapses.

"Yes; he came this afternoon."

"He is a very strange old man. I should think he would be lonely here."

"He seems not to be. He says he finds company in the history of the place. And his satisfaction at having got out of Haddam East Village is perennial."

"But he will want to go back there before he dies."

"I don't know. He thinks not. He's a strange old man, as you say. He has the art of putting all sorts of ideas into people's heads. Do you know what we talked about this afternoon?"

"No, I don't," murmured Mrs. Bowen.

"About you. And he encouraged me to believe—imagine—that I might speak to you—ask—tell you that—I loved you, Lina." He leaned forward and took one of the hands that lay in her lap. It trembled with a violence inconceivable in relation to the perfect quiet of her attitude. But she did not try to take it away. "Could you—do you love me?"

"Yes," she whispered; but here she sprang up and slipped from his hold altogether as, with an inarticulate cry of rapture, he released her hand to take her in his arms.

He followed her a pace or two. "And you will—will be my wife?" he pursued, eagerly.

"Never!" she answered; and now Colville stopped short, while a cold bewilderment bathed him from head to foot. It must be some sort of jest, though he could not tell were the humor was, and he could not treat it otherwise than seriously.

"Lina, I have loved you from the first moment that I saw you this winter, and Heaven knows how long before!"

"Yes; I know that."

"And every moment."

"Oh, I know that too."

"Even if I had no sort of hope that you cared for me, I loved you so much that I must tell you before we parted—"

"I expected that—I intended it."

"You intended it! and you do love me! And yet you won't— Ah, I don't understand!"

"How could *you* understand? I love you—I blush and burn for shame to think that I love you. But I will never marry you: I can at least help doing that, and I can still keep some little trace of self-respect. How you must really despise me, to think of anything else, after all that has happened! Did you suppose that I was merely waiting till that poor girl's back was turned, as you were? Oh, how can you be yourself, and still be yourself? Yes, Jenny Wheelwright was right. You are too much of a mixture, Theodore Colville"—her calling him so showed how often she had thought of him so—"too much for her, too much for Imogene, too much for me; too much for any woman except some wretched creature who enjoys being trampled on and dragged through the dust, as you have dragged me."

"*I* dragged *you* through the dust? There hasn't been a moment in the past six months when I wouldn't have rolled myself in it to please you."

"Oh, I knew that well enough! And do you think that was flattering to me?"

"That has nothing to do with it. I only know that I love you, and that I couldn't help wishing to show it even when I wouldn't acknowledge it to myself. That is all. And now when I am free to speak, and you own that you love me, you won't— I give it up!" he cried, desperately. But in the next breath he implored, "*Why* do you drive me from you, Lina?"

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"Because you have humiliated me too much." She was perfectly steady, but he knew her so well that in the twilight he knew what bitterness there must be in the smile which she must be keeping on her lips. "I was here in the place of her mother, her best friend, and you made me treat her like an enemy. You made me betray her and cast her off."

"I?"

"Yes, you! I knew from the very first that you did not really care for her, that you were playing with yourself, as you were playing with her, and I ought to have warned her."

"It appears to me you did warn her," said Colville, with some resentful return of courage.

"I tried," she said, simply, "and it made it worse. It made it worse because I knew that I was acting for my own sake more than hers, because I wasn't—disinterested." There was something in this explanation, serious, tragic, as it was to Mrs. Bowen, which made Colville laugh. She might have had some perception of its effect to him, or it may have been merely from a hysterical helplessness, but she laughed too a little.

"But why," he gathered courage to ask, "do you still dwell upon that? Mr. Waters told me that Mr. Morton—that there was—"

"He is mistaken. He offered himself, and she refused him. He told me."

"Oh!"

"Do you think she would do otherwise, with you lying here between life and death? No: you can have no hope from that."

Colville, in fact, had none. This blow crushed and dispersed him. He had not strength enough to feel resentment against Mr. Waters for misleading him with this *ignis fatuus*.

"No one warned him, and it came to that," said Mrs. Bowen. "It was of a piece with the whole affair. I was weak in that too."

Colville did not attempt to reply on this point. He feebly reverted to the inquiry regarding himself, and was far enough from mirth in resuming it.

"I couldn't imagine," he said, "that you cared anything for me when you warned another against me. If I could—"

"You put me in a false position from the beginning. I ought to have sympathized with her and helped her, instead of making the poor child feel that somehow I hated her. I couldn't even put her on guard against herself, though I knew all along that she didn't really care for you, but was just in love with her own fancy for you. Even after you were engaged I ought to have broken it off; I ought to have been frank with her; it was my duty; but I couldn't without feeling that I was acting for myself too, and I would not submit to that degradation. No! I would rather have died. I dare say you don't understand. How could you? You are a man, and the kind of man who couldn't. At every point you made me violate every principle that was dear to me. I loathed myself for caring for a man who was in love with me when he was engaged to another. Don't think it was gratifying to me. It was detestable; and yet I did let you see that I cared for you. Yes, I even *tried* to make you care for me—falsely, cruelly, treacherously."

"You didn't have to try very hard," said Colville, with a sort of cold resignation to his fate.

"Oh no; you were quite ready for any hint. I could have told her for her own sake that she didn't love you, but that would have been for my sake too; and I would have told you if I hadn't cared for you and known how you cared for me. I've saved at least the consciousness of this from the wreck."

"I don't think it's a great treasure," said Colville. "I wish that you had saved the consciousness of having been frank even to your own advantage."

"Do you dare to reproach me, Theodore Colville? But perhaps I've deserved this too."

"No, Lina, you certainly don't deserve it, if it's unkindness, from me. I won't afflict you with my presence: but will you listen to me before I go?"

She sank into a chair in sign of assent. He also sat down. He had a dim impression that he could talk better if he took her hand, but he did not venture to ask for it. He contented himself with fixing his eyes upon as much of her face as he could make out in the dusk, a pale blur in a vague outline of dark.

"I want to assure you, Lina—Lina, my love, my dearest, as I shall call you for the first and last time!—that I *do* understand everything, as delicately and fully as you could wish, all that you have expressed and all that you have left unsaid. I understand how high and pure your

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ideals of duty are, and how heroically, angelically, you have struggled to fulfill them, broken and borne down by my clumsy and stupid selfishness from the start. I want you to believe, my dearest love—you must forgive me!—that if I didn't see everything at the time, I do see it now, and that I prize the love you kept from me far more than any love you could have given me to the loss of your self-respect. It isn't logic—it sounds more like nonsense, I am afraid—but you know what I mean by it. You are more perfect, more lovely, to me than any being in the world, and I accept whatever fate you choose for me. I would not win you against your will if I could. You are sacred to me. If you say we must part, I know that you speak from a finer discernment than mine, and I submit. I will try to console myself with the thought of your love, if I may not have you. Yes, I submit."

His instinct of forbearance had served him better than the subtlest art. His submission was the best defense. He rose with a real dignity, and she rose also. "Remember," he said, "that I confess all you accuse me of, and that I acknowledge the justice of what you do—because you do it." He put out his hand and took the hand which hung nerveless at her side. "You are quite right. Good-by." He hesitated a moment. "May I kiss you, Lina?" He drew her to him, and she let him kiss her on the lips.

"Good-by," she whispered. "Go—"

"I am going."

Effie Bowen ran into the room from the kitchen. "Aren't you going to take—" She stopped and turned to her mother. She must not remind Mr. Colville of his invitation; that was what her gesture expressed.

Colville would not say anything. He would not seize his advantage, and play upon the mother's heart through the feelings of her child, though there is no doubt that he was tempted to prolong the situation by any means. Perhaps Mrs. Bowen divined both the temptation and the resistance. "Tell her," she said, and turned away.

"I can't go with you to-night, Effie," he said, stooping toward her for the inquiring kiss that she gave him. "I am—going away, and I must say good-by."

The solemnity of his voice alarmed her. "Going away!" she repeated.

"Yes—away from Florence. I'm afraid I shall not see you again."

The child turned from him to her mother again, who stood motionless. Then, as if the whole calamitous fact had suddenly flashed upon her, she plunged her face against her mother's breast. "I can't *bear* it!" she sobbed out; and the reticence of her lamentation told more than a storm of cries and prayers.

Colville wavered.

"Oh, you must stay!" said Lina, in the self-contemptuous voice of a woman who falls below her ideal of herself.

XXIV.

In the levities which the most undeserving husbands permit themselves with the severest of wives, there were times after their marriage when Colville accused Lina of never really intending to drive him away, but of meaning, after a disciplinary ordeal, to marry him in reward of his tested self-sacrifice and obedience. He said that if the appearance of Effie was not a *coup de théâtre* contrived beforehand, it was an accident of no consequence whatever; that if she had not come in at that moment, her mother would have found some other pretext for detaining him. This is a point which I would not presume to decide. I only know that they were married early in June before the syndic of Florence, who tied a tricolor sash round his ample waist for the purpose, and never looked more paternal or venerable than when giving the sanction of the Italian state to their union. It is not, of course, to be supposed that Mrs. Colville was contented with the civil rite, though Colville may have thought it quite sufficient. The religious ceremony took place in the English chapel, the assistant clergyman officiating in the absence of the incumbent, who had already gone out of town.

The Rev. Mr. Waters gave away the bride, and then went home to Palazzo Pinti with the party, the single and singularly honored guest at their wedding feast, for which Effie Bowen went with Colville to Giacosa's to order the ices in person. She has never regretted her choice of a step-father, though when Colville asked her how she would like him in that relation she had a moment of hesitation, in which she reconciled herself to it; as to him she had no misgivings. He has sometimes found himself the object of little

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jealousies on her part, but by promptly deciding all questions between her and her mother in Effie's favor, he has convinced her of the groundlessness of her suspicions.

In the absence of any social pressure to the contrary, the Colvilles spent the summer in Palazzo Pinti. Before their fellow-sojourners returned from the *villeggiature* in the fall, however, they had turned their faces southward, and they are now in Rome, where, arriving as a married couple, there was no inquiry and no interest in their past.

It is best to be honest, and own that the affair with Imogene has been the grain of sand to them. No one was to blame, or very much to blame; even Mrs. Colville says that. It was a thing that happened, but one would rather it had not happened.

Last winter, however, Mrs. Colville received a letter from Mrs. Graham which suggested, if it did not impart, consolation. "Mr. Morton was here the other day, and spent the morning. He has a parish at Erie, and there is talk of his coming to Buffalo."

"Oh, Heaven grant it!" said Colville, with sudden piety.

"Why?" demanded his wife.

"Well, I wish she was married."

"You have nothing whatever to do with her."

It took him some time to realize that this was the fact.

"No," he confessed; "but what do you think about it?"

"There is no telling. We are such simpletons! If a man will keep on long enough— But if it isn't Mr. Morton, it will be some one else—some *young* person."

Colville rose and went round the breakfast table to her. "I hope so," he said. "*I* have married a young person, and it would only be fair."

This magnanimity was irresistible.

THE END.

THE TAZIÊH, OR PASSION PLAY OF PERSIA.

BY S. G. W. BENJAMIN.

ONE of the least known but most remarkable religious phenomena of the age is the Taziêh, or Passion Play of Persia. But in order to give an intelligible description of the Taziêh it is first necessary to tax the patience of the reader with the repetition of a few salient points attending the rise of Mohammedanism.

After the death of Mohammed, the succession was disputed. It belonged by natural right to Ali, who was married to Fathimêh, the only surviving daughter of the Prophet. But it was not until the accession and assassination of Abu Bekr, Omâr, and Othmân that Ali was finally elected to the caliphate. Even then he was not permitted to enjoy the long-deferred honors without deadly opposition. But after crushing two rivals, Ali found himself unable to overcome Muhaviyêh. It was at Damascus that the latter, an astute chieftain, had established the caliphate in the line of the Ommiades. When Ali was in turn assassinated, his oldest son, Hassân, assumed the caliphate at Medina. At the head of a powerful army he marched to encounter Muhaviyêh. The enthusiasm of his forces promised victory; but Hassân was a man of peaceable disposition, and he now proposed to abdicate in favor of Muhaviyêh, reserving the succession for himself after the death of the latter. But Yezîd, the son of Muhaviyêh, caused Hassân to be poisoned by one of his wives.

The accession of Yezîd was accepted by the various provinces of the now extensive dominions of Islam, with the exception of Medina and Mecca, and the Persian satrapy of which Bagdad and Cufa were chief cities, which gave in their allegiance to Husseïn, the brother of Hassân, and, like him, a grandson of the Prophet, by the same mother. Husseïn was a man of different metal from Hassân, and he therefore boldly prepared for a final conflict that was to decide the claims of the Aliites and the Ommiades.

Escaping from Medina, Husseïn hastened with his family toward Cufa. Ali had made that city his capital; he was buried in the sacred shrine of Kerbelâh, near that city, and it was natural that Husseïn should now rely on the professed allegiance of the people of Cufa, who warmly invited him to proceed thither, promising

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him every support in the approaching decision of arms. But the Cufaites were proverbially volatile and unstable. To-day one thing, to-morrow another, they had hardly sent a pressing invitation to Husseïn to resort to their city, when they allowed themselves to be diverted from their purpose by a messenger sent by Yezîd, and tamely allowed an army to be sent to crush Husseïn. There was suspicion in the air; the known fickleness of the people of Cufa suggested the utmost caution; and Husseïn was urged to delay his departure, or at least to leave his family behind. But Husseïn was a true believer in predestination. "What is written is written," is the doctrine of the Koran. Of what worth is faith if it will not bear the test in the hour of trial? Therefore, with his family and a small troop of horse, Husseïn went forth unflinchingly to meet his doom.

The heroism of Husseïn was the more remarkable because from the outset of his journey he was oppressed by a presentiment of death stalking across the desert and rapidly overtaking the small troop of devoted victims wearily marching to the grave. On the low banks of the tawny Euphrates, the scene of so many tragedies of the long-forgotten ages, the despairing band was brought to a halt by the army which had been sent to intercept its progress. The negotiations which followed proved futile, for the general of Yezîd, the fierce emir Obeïd Allah, would accept of nothing short of an unconditional surrender, preceded by an oath of allegiance to Yezîd. The four brothers of Husseïn and all his companions also declined to accept the safe-conduct offered to them on these conditions.

In the mean time the enemy had planted themselves between the camp of Husseïn and the Euphrates, and to the other horrors of the terrible hour was now added that of thirst in a land quivering with intolerable heat. The last night in the little camp was one of solemn preparation, of brooding gloom, and portentous dreams. Husseïn and Zeineb, brother and sister, held mournful converse on the terrors of the morrow, the day that should see the destruction of the family of the Prophet of God. Around them gathered their children and kinsfolk and the small band of faithful defenders. Husseïn urged them to fly while there was yet time, for the enemy sought only the life of one, his own. "Allah forbid that we desert you now!" they all exclaimed with one accord.

The attack was commenced by Shemr, a fierce partisan; the combat continued until the hour for noon prayer, when there came a cessation of arms. During the truce Husseïn chanted the Song of Fear, which is only recited in moments of extreme peril. The final catastrophe was not long deferred after the resumption of the struggle. Husseïn fell, pierced with over thirty wounds, and his head was struck off by the ferocious Shemr, who carried the gory trophy to Obeïd Allah. Zeineb, with some of the women and children, was spared, and eventually taken into the presence of Yezîd. Yezîd acted with moderation, and the remaining descendants of the Prophet seemed to have retired from further participation in public affairs, content to be religious teachers and expounders of the Koranic laws.

Not so, however, was it with others, who, although not of the house of Ali, were firm believers in the rights of the descendants of the Prophet. Among the foremost adherents of the cause was Al Muchtâr, called the Avenger. Assuming the office of vindicator of the memory and rights of Ali, Al Muchtâr entered on a mission of extermination against all who were concerned in the slaughter of Husseïn. The story of his persistent efforts and marvellous exploits merits a separate narrative, but it suffices to state here that in the accomplishment of his tremendous task Al Muchtâr succeeded so thoroughly that, besides slaying nearly all the leaders in that great tragedy, and an immense multitude in numerous battles, he slaughtered nearly threescore thousand in cold blood.

The career of Al Muchtâr is, however, only an episode in the great drama now about to follow, which was destined to involve nations as actors, a great religious phenomenon directly resulting from the tragedy on the banks of the Euphrates.

The entire Mohammedan world now seemed to acknowledge the sway of the caliphs of the line of Ommiyêh and their successors. The claims of Ali and his family were apparently forgotten. But not so; in Irân, or Persia, the sectaries of Ali were biding their time.

In Persia the memory of Ali and his unfortunate family was preserved with profound veneration by a small and persecuted sect, many of whom sealed their

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faith with their blood. They called themselves Shêahs, as opposed to the Sunnees or orthodox Mussulmans. The fathers of this devoted sect were the Twelve Holy Imâms. First in order was Ali, then his sons Hassân and Husseïn, and after them nine successors, who became the expounders of the faith, and established the code of laws based on the Koran, which differs in many points from the theocratic code of the Sunnees. All of the Twelve Holy Imâms suffered martyrdom excepting the last; he is called El Mahdi, or Machdee; he disappeared ages ago, and is believed to be living still, destined to return once more and reunite the various sects of Islamism. Hence the interest that was displayed by Mohammedans of all sects in the self-styled Machdee of Soudan.

Extraordinary sanctity attaches to the tombs of the Holy Imâms; they are resorted to by vast multitudes of pilgrims; the dead are sent long distances to be buried in the holy dust of those sacred spots. The direct descendants of Fathimêh and Ali received the title of Seyêd. Besides the Holy Imâms, the Seyêds of Persia have multiplied until they now number many thousands. They are distinguished by turbans and girdles of green and black. But for a long period the Shêahs, or sectaries of Ali in Persia, were a persecuted sect of enthusiasts, receiving scant tolerance from the numerous dynasties which rapidly succeeded each other, and generally advocated the Sunnee doctrines. After nine hundred years of heroic faith and endurance, the hour of triumph came to the Shêahs, as it comes to all who wait and believe.

In the latter part of the fifteenth century there was born at Ardebil a child named Ismaël. On his father's side he was descended from Muza Khazîm, the seventh Holy Imâm, and was therefore in the direct line of descent from Fathimêh and Ali. Ismaël instigated a revolt, in which he succeeded in deposing the Kurdish dynasty. He mounted the throne of Persia in 1499, and founded the dynasty of the Sufavêhs, the greatest she has seen since the time of Anushirvân the Just. Ismaël, as the descendant of Ali, caused himself to be styled Shah Shêa-ân, King of the Shêahs. Not only did he consolidate Persia once more into a great empire, but he also united nearly the entire population in a common zeal for the faith of the sectaries of Ali. The Mohammedan world soon learned not only that Persia was once more a vast dominant power, but also that she presented a united front against the Sunnee nations who surrounded her on all sides.

Inspired with new zeal and national enthusiasm, the Persian Shêahs of the early Sufavêh period demanded a vent for their sectarian fervor. This they partially found in the celebration of the anniversaries of the most important events in the lives of Ali and his descendants. The idea of thus commemorating these anniversaries appears to have been borrowed from a practice established by Muhaviyêh, the first of the line of the Ommiades. The circumstances connected with the murder of the third caliph, Osman, were in the highest degree dramatic. Muhaviyêh caused the event, on each anniversary, to be represented at his court in Damascus, whether by recitations or dramatic impersonation, or both, does not appear. This circumstance very probably suggested to the Persians a similar commemoration of the principal events in the lives of the founders of the Shêah faith. What form of celebrating the death of Husseïn was in vogue before the Sufavêh period we can only imagine from what occurred with more pomp and pageantry under that dynasty. Tradition states, however, that during the brief Daïlamee dynasty, about 933 to 986 A.D., the practice began of commemorating the chief events in the history of the Shêah sect by lectures and recitations given by prominent mollahs, or priests, from pulpits erected in the public squares, or, by invitation, in the residences of prominent citizens, during the three holy months of the Shêah faith. These recitations were called rhozêh. The rhozêh recitations continue in full force to the present day. But the zeal of the Sufavêh period, aided as it was by an opulence and splendor which have rendered the reigns of Shah Abbâs the Great and his successors almost proverbial, quickly suggested more pomp and circumstance in the commemoration of the martyrdom of the saints of the Shêah faith. Sir John Chardin, in his generally reliable work on Persia in that period, has described the spectacle he witnessed at Ispahan during the holy month of Moharrem. We are enabled, from his narrative, to form a conception of the elaborate ceremonies which already, in the fifth reign of the Sufavêhs, had become an established cus-

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tom at these anniversaries. It does not appear from his description, however, nor from anything I can learn elsewhere, that any attempt was made in that age to give a dramatic character to the representations of these solemn scenes. The idea of dramatizing them appears to have come only gradually, and is still in a somewhat nebulous condition.

Every circumstance connected with this commemorative period of public lamentation is quite subordinate or subsidiary to the great dramatic representation of the tragedy (the Taziêh) which involved the descendants of Ali and Fathimêh in one common destruction. The leading purpose of this drama is to represent the slaughter of Husseïn, the son of Ali, and his family.

It is not easy for those of other beliefs to gain access to the royal Takiêh—for so the building is called where the drama called the Taziêh is unfolded for ten successive days. Having been specially favored by an invitation from the Zahiri Doulêh, a son-in-law of the Shah, to witness three scenes of this extraordinary performance, I shall endeavor to give a faithful description of what I actually saw. I am convinced, after careful reflection, that one who has seen the Taziêh has enjoyed the opportunity of forming some conception of the manner in which the dramas of ancient Greece were placed on the stage, and of the effect they produced on the imaginative and more simple and emotional audiences of that period, who needed no factitious scenery or other artificial aids to clothe the ideal with all the actuality of the real.

I was invited to attend on the fifth day of the Taziêh. We arrived at the Takiêh toward noon. On alighting from the carriage I was surprised to see an immense circular building, as large as the amphitheatre of Verona, solidly constructed of brick. Ferauches, or liveried footmen, cleared the way before us. Thrashing right and left, they opened a lane through the crowd that packed the great portal. Entering a dark, vaulted vestibule, I groped, or rather was pushed by the throng, toward a stairway crowded with servants whose masters had already arrived. We finally landed on the first gallery, which led around the building. A few steps in the twilight, and then an embroidered curtain was raised, and I entered the box of the Zahiri Doulêh. It was in two parts, the first higher than the other; stepping into the front and lower division, I was invited to sit or recline on the left of my host, upon a superbly embroidered cushion of velvet (the seat of honor is at the left hand in Persia). The walls of the loggia were hung with cashmere shawls of price, and the choicest of rugs enriched the floor. A number of Persian gentlemen of lower rank occupied the back part of the apartment; all alike were seated on their knees and heels—a most painful position for one not accustomed to it from infancy. Having willingly made a concession to popular feeling by wearing a Persian kolâh, or black conical cap, made of stuff imitating sheepskin, I was able to sit at the extreme front of the box, and see and be seen without the interposition of a screen of gauze, which is required in the case of foreigners who are permitted occasionally to visit the royal Takieh.

On looking forth over the vast arena a sight met my gaze which was indeed rare and extraordinary. The interior of the building is two hundred feet in diameter and some eighty feet high. An enormous domical frame of timbers, firmly spliced and braced with iron, springs from the walls, giving support to the awning which protects the interior from the sunlight and the rain. From the centre of the dome a large chandelier was suspended, furnished with four electric burners—a recent innovation. A more Oriental form of illuminating the building was seen in the prodigious number of lustres and candlesticks, all of glass, and protected from the air by glass shades open at the top, and variously colored; they were concentrated against the wall in immense glittering clusters.

The arrangement of the boxes, or, more strictly, loggias, was peculiar. The walls rarely indicated any serious attempt at decoration, excepting in simple string courses or cornices of brick, the chief material apparent, and yet the general effect was picturesquely grand, the architect being evidently conscious that by merely following the arrangement suggested by the aim in view he would achieve a noble architectural expression. On one side the loggia of the Shah raised the arch of its broad window to twice the dimensions of the neighboring loggias. Opposite, again, was a row of alcoves associated together by a line of semi-Saracenic archivolts over the win-

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dows, which were concealed by a green lattice, and framed with green mouldings carved and gilded; these were appropriated to the wives of the Shah.

The entrances to the floor, or pit, differed in width, the widest being some thirty feet; the arched roofs extended to a height of thirty and forty feet respectively. These vaulted passages being, of course, pierced through the walls, gave a means for gauging the solidity of the structure, the walls being upward of fifty feet in thickness on the ground.

In the centre of the arena was a circular stage of masonry, raised three feet high, and approached by two stairways. Attached to the side of the theatre was a pulpit of white marble of the form universally followed in Mohammedan countries, being simply a lofty, narrow flight of steps, protected by a solid balustrade on each side, and crowned with a canopy. The spiritual exaltation or the age and rank of the speaker suggest from what elevation he shall exhort the people seated on the pavement below him.

But I soon discovered that all the architectural details of this remarkable building were secondary to the extraordinary spectacle offered by the assembled multitude. The entire arena, with the exception of a narrow passage around the stage, was absolutely packed with women—thousands and thousands. At a rough estimate it seemed to me nearly four thousand women were seated on their heels on the earthen floor, which was made slightly sloping, in order to enable those in the rear to see over the heads of those before them; not that any of them could complain of high bonnets to obstruct the sight, for not a bonnet was to be seen, nor ever had been seen there. It was a dense, compact mass of women uniformly dressed in blue-black mantles, each having a white veil drawn tightly over the head and face, the only vent for sight being a small oblong lattice of beautifully worked lace directly before the eyes. This was attached to the back of the head by a glittering buckle, those of the wealthier women sparkling with gold and brilliants. This is the only vanity a Persian woman is permitted to indulge in when abroad. They make up for it at home by an extravagant display of rouge and jewels—at least so say they who have seen them. Four thousand white heads and dark blue mantles, and not a face to be seen! It is unnecessary to describe the confused chattering which arose from this multitude of fair ones while waiting for the show to begin; it goes without saying.

An amusing character in the crowd was a quizzical old fellow with a cup and a jug of water, doling out drinks as an act of devotion. This he has done for many years at the Taziêh, in order to remind the people that Hussein suffered in his last hours from the agonies of thirst. As at a Spanish bull-fight, venders of refreshments might be seen with lemonade, tea, and kaliâns, or water-pipes, the latter smoked by women as well as men. The masculine sex was in a small minority in the arena, and what few men were there stood behind the compact army of women. Most of the men present were in the galleries. Tea, coffee, and pipes were served in our box repeatedly, and cigars for myself and dragoman, Persians preferring not to invite Christians to smoke their kaliâns. But after the performance began, all smoking and refreshments were banned as indicating a frivolity inconsistent with the tragical events of the drama. The interval of waiting, although long, was neither tedious nor unprofitably employed, for from time to time some zealot gave vent to a profound "Ya Ali! ya Husseïn!" when many voices would join in, and thus by gradual accessions of fervor expectation was intensified and piety increased. The holy zeal of the faithful was yet further stimulated by the mollahs, both old and young—one a mere boy of fifteen—who ascended the pulpit in turn, and exhorted the people with a rhozêh, or religious rhapsody, on the virtues and martyrdom of Ali and the Twelve Holy Imâms. As in a camp-meeting frequent Amens are heard, so, whenever some especially eloquent period was rolled forth in fervid tones, responses were heard from every quarter, now a loud "Ya Husseïn!" or anon the sound of some one smiting his bare bosom.

At length a crowd was seen massing in the great entrance opposite the royal loggia, which resolved itself into a procession of nearly two hundred men, who proved to be ferauches, or servants of the king's household. Led by the head steward of the palace, they entered the theatre two by two, slowly marching around the circular stage. They were dressed in black mourning livery. Each had the breast bare, and with regular cadence as they

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marched they smote their bosoms with their right hands. The skin was crimson, for twice daily for five days they had repeated this painful performance. The reader will remember that at the Crucifixion the spectators smote their breasts; it has in all ages been one of the most common of Oriental ceremonies for expressing lamentation. This procession, like all which followed, delayed a moment opposite the royal loggia and saluted the Shah. Directly after them followed a confused group of men in Arab costume, who beat their breasts in unison with a force that excited apprehension lest they should kill themselves by smiting over the heart with such continuous violence. After them came a group nude above the middle. They held in each hand a large block of hard wood, which they struck together with a sharp, exasperating rhythm, alternately before them and over their heads. The last two groups, like the chorus in the Greek plays, were collectively symbolical of a class, representing in this case the wild Arabs of the desert, who from afar beheld the march of Husseïn through their country, and bewailed without being able to assist the martyrs in their last struggle. As the last of the three processions filed out of the building, the strains of martial music burst on the ear, solemnly breathing a funereal dirge. It was one of the military bands of the Shah, and was followed in steady procession by six other regimental bands, each striking up a minor strain as the band before it left the building. The last band had ceased its music and disappeared, when, in the gate through which they had entered, another group was seen collecting and forming. In front, facing the audience, were several children dressed in green; at their side warriors were gathered, glittering in the chain shirts and gold-inlaid helmets of past ages. Suddenly on the solemn silence, like the trill of a bird at night, came the voice of one of the children, first low and solemn, then rising to a high, clear tone indescribably wild and thrillingly pathetic, chanting a tragic ode of remarkable effect and power. He who has once heard that strain can never forget the impression it made. This song of lamentation was an announcement to the spectators that they were to prepare themselves to behold a soul-moving tragedy, the martyrdom of Husseïn and the grandchildren of the Prophet. Other voices gradually joined in the chant, until a sublime choral elegy pealed over the vast arena with such an agony of sound that it actually seemed as if these actors in this theatric scene were actually giving expression to their own death-song. Still chanting, the troop slowly entered the arena, and with measured tread marched around the stage and ascended the platform. There they formed in double ranks, and with low obeisance paid their salutations to the king.

There was no scenery on the stage; the only objects it contained were such as to arouse the amusement of one who reflected on what was really the condition of affairs in the far-away little camp by the banks of the tawny Euphrates, where ages ago the group of martyrs suffered with thirst, surrounded by savage hordes, and perished miserably on the hot wastes of Mesopotamia. One could scarcely repress a smile at the chairs covered with beaten gold which were brought from the royal treasury, and the sofa and the uncouth beds covered with canopies to represent the tents.

Husseïn was represented by an actor named Mollah Husseïn, who was draped in massive robes of green and cashmere inwrought with gold. His head was covered with a large Arabian turban. During most of the performance of this day he occupied one end of a sofa, wrapped in melancholy reflections on the approaching doom. Abbas, his brother by another mother, was personated by Mirza Gholâm Husseïn, who was completely clad in a Saracenic coat of mail of wire links, terminating in a white tunic. His head was protected by a grand helmet of olden time, graced with plumes. He was of a handsome cast and finely shaped, presenting altogether an impressive impersonation of the romantic heroes of whom we read in the picturesque pages of Oriental romance. Shemr, one of the leading officers of the enemy, was arrayed in similar fashion. After Husseïn and Abbas and Shemr, the most prominent character of the drama was Zeineb, the sister of Husseïn, whose part was played by an actor named Mollah Husseïn Zeineb Khân. He spoke in falsetto. Of course all the female characters were represented by men and boys. Zeineb at the opening of the scene appeared shrouded in a thick mantle, seated on the earth, bemoaning her fate. The children of the various families gathered in the camp also sat on the sand, for the most

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part, representing a feature of the tragedy analogous to the chorus of the Greek plays. The entire performance was directed by a prompter, who walked unconcernedly on the stage and gave hints to the players, or placed the younger actors in their position. At the proper moment, also, by a motion of the hand, he gave orders for the music to strike up or cease. But it was curious how soon I forgot to notice him at all; indeed, after a short time I was scarcely aware of his presence; so interested had I become in the extraordinary character of all that was going on before me that I forgot there was no scenery, and seemed to myself to be gazing upon actual events as they once occurred on the banks of the Euphrates.

The orchestra alluded to above consisted of a band of performers who are stationed at the top of the building, fortunately, as it proved, for their instruments were kettle-drums and long straight horns, harsh and doleful and startling enough to wake the dead. A signal from the director at the commencement of each scene of the Taziêh awoke the confused war din of the kettle-drums, and instantly after followed a terrific burst from the horns. At the close of each scene the same fierce music stimulated the glowing enthusiasm of the faithful, and nerved their zeal for events yet more tragic and sublime.

The act for this particular day began with a scene between Zeineb and Husseïn. In an impassioned colloquy they lamented their fate and encouraged each other to the exercise of mutual fortitude. As the scene closed she sank to the dust, and throwing ashes over her head, lapsed into an attitude of impressive silence and reflection. Superb in the representation of lamentation and affliction was the scene which followed, when the young Ali Acbâr, son of the dead Hassân, heroically resolved to go forth and fight his way to the river to bring water for the sufferers in the camp. Clad in armor, the youthful hero submitted himself as a sacrifice, for he never expected to return; magnificent were the pathetic tones in which he sang, as it were, his own requiem. The words rang forth like a trumpet to the farthest nook of the vast building, and the response came in united wailings from the thousands gathered there. Beginning in a low murmur like the sigh of a coming gale, the strange sound arose and fell like the weird music of the south wind in the rigging of a ship careening in a dark night on the swelling surges of an Atlantic storm. For several moments sobs and sighs, and now and again a half-suppressed shriek, swept from one side of the building to the other; strong men wept; there was not a dry eye in the loggia where I was seated except my own, and I confess that I was not altogether unmoved by this impressive scene.

A milk-white Arabian steed from the royal stables, superbly caparisoned, was now led into the arena, and after receiving the waving farewell of Husseïn and Zeineb and the godspeed of the chorus, Ali Acbâr mounted and started forth on his perilous errand. Instantly from several quarters appeared a troop of the enemy, on horseback and on foot, armed Arabs of the desert, who crowded after in fierce pursuit. It was really exciting to see this mad race around the arena, where thousands of women were crowded down to the very edge of the narrow lane which was thronged with fighting steeds and warriors. But no one flinched; the horses were well trained, and no accident resulted. Finally Ali Acbâr turned into one of the avenues of exit and disappeared, surrounded by the pursuing host. Nor did he re-appear, for soon after he fell, covered with wounds.

Now followed a savage peal from the wild war horns, and Shemr, the leader of the beleaguering army, appeared, clad in complete armor. Summoning the camp to surrender, he proceeded to hold a long colloquy with Abbas. Shemr had come to order Husseïn to yield, before his outnumbered troops should be annihilated by an overwhelming host. Husseïn remained at one side, wrapped in melancholy forebodings, while Abbas, with magnificent eloquence, unconditionally rejected terms which implied the abandonment of the claims of the house of Ali and Fathimêh to the caliphate, and majestically flung defiance at the foe.

After having seen some of the most distinguished actors of the age, I can not avoid the conclusion that this colloquy between Abbas and Shemr would do credit to any stage. In parts, perhaps, rather too declamatory, it was as a whole a wonderful dramatic episode. In closing, Abbas, as if endowed with prophetic vision, gave vent to a noble apostrophe to the future splendor of Persia, the asylum for the devoted followers of Ali. These elo-

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quent strophes called forth deep murmurs of applause. Waving his mailed hand with lofty scorn, Shemr, with equal dramatic stateliness, hurled at Husseïn the responsibility for the disasters to come, and remounting his steed, departed.

Now night came on; by tacit consent the decisive conflict was deferred until the following day, and all in the camp slept, most of them for the last time on earth, overpowered with anxiety and suspense. But while they slumbered they were not forgotten. Ali and Fathimêh, the parents of those who were devoted to die for defending the rights of the Prophet's house, could not rest tranquil in their graves. If they were powerless to avert the doom of their children, for "what is written is written," they could at least bewail their fate together. Sublime was the idea, one probably never before conceived in the drama—two figures shrouded in the cerements of the tomb conversing in sepulchral accents on the stage. A very difficult scene it was indeed to represent without the aid of scenery; but, notwithstanding, the effect was solemn and impressive. As Ali and Fathimêh passed out of sight, Shemr and one of his generals appeared from the hostile army to reconnoitre the camp and make plans for bringing the assault on the morrow to a successful issue.

The concluding scene of this act—if each performance can be characterized by a word indicating more of sequence than actually exists in the drama of the Taziêh—represented the commencement of the battle. The resisting force was typified by the person of Abbas, who, after a terrifying burst of kettle-drums and horns, bade farewell to the little group on the stage, being first invested with a white mantle thrown over his shoulders by Husseïn. Immediately on mounting his charger, Abbas encountered a numerous troop of Arabs, who fairly drove him around the stage, until he disappeared for a moment in the wings, followed by the enemy. When Abbas re-appeared he presented the aspect of one who had been engaged in a severe conflict. One of his arms seemed to be hewn off, and his raiment was reeking with blood. Again the enemy pursued him, and when he once more appeared on the scene, both arms were gone, and with drooping form he barely sustained himself on the saddle of the well-trained steed, which also moved with languid and battered action. When Abbas reached the camp, he was lifted by wailing friends from the saddle, and fell on the sand a maimed and bleeding form. As the enemy swarmed on the scene, and Shemr raised his glittering cimeter to hew off the head of the prostrate warrior, an extraordinary wail of anguish burst with one accord from the vast audience. At that instant the king arose to depart, and at once the scene closed. The wounded man sprang to his feet, the uplifted sword was sheathed, and with a great tumult the audience surged toward the avenues of exit. Many of the women, however, would not leave until forced to move by the ushers, so anxious were they to retain their places for the performance of the evening. I was told that before leaving the building the king sent a costly garment to Mirza Gholâm Husseïn, the actor who had personated Abbas, in token of the royal appreciation of the admirable histrionic ability he had displayed on this occasion.

In the evening of the same day my courteous friend again invited me to accompany him. Throughout the ten days during which the Taziêh is represented at the royal Takiêh there are two acts or performances each day—one in the afternoon and one in the evening. On the evening in question we arrived half an hour before the commencement of the play. The audience was even larger than in the afternoon, numbering fully 10,000, but the general effect was of course somewhat different, for the immense interior was now brilliant with the splendor of many thousand candles gleaming through colored globes. Unfortunately the electric lights in the chandelier suspended over the stage, which might have diffused almost a daylight glow over the most important part of the scene, were so dim as to be of little use.

The reader will remember in the historic sketch presented in the earlier paragraphs of this paper the episode of Muchtâr the Avenger. The performance of this evening was intended to present the devoted heroism of the implacable Muchtâr, and his final triumph over Obeïd Allah, the immediate instigator of the slaughter of Husseïn. First Obeïd Allah was seen seated in lordly fashion on his divan, giving expression, in terms of insolent exultation, to the satisfaction he felt that at last the difficult task assigned to him by his master

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Yezîd was accomplished. The tidings had been brought him by a swift messenger that Husseïn had perished, and that the house of Muhaviyêh was now firmly established on the throne whose foundations were cemented with the blood of the descendants of the Prophet. Soon the monotonous beat of camel bells was heard, and a train of the ships of the desert appeared. They bore Zeineb and the children who had been spared from the slaughter, and were preceded by slaves carrying the heads of Husseïn, Abbas, and other heroes who had sacrificed their lives with them. Obeïd Allah smote the head of Husseïn, and received the captives with haughty disdain. But Zeineb replied with the reckless eloquence of despair, defying him to complete his deeds of sacrilege and blood by murdering the remaining descendants of Ali, who were now in his power. With singular magnanimity the ferocious satrap forbore to take the frantic Zeineb at her word, but ordered his guards to execute Moslemah, a man of Cufa, who had been blinded by the order of Obeïd Allah for adhering to the cause of Ali, and who now, led by his little child, appeared before him once more to upbraid him for his cruelties and crimes. Twice the child shielded the father from the executioners who sought to hew him down. At last a fatal thrust intended for the father felled the faithful child to the earth, where he lay dead. Moslemah, missing his child, and now without a guide, sought hither and thither, calling for him in moving accents, until in his wild groping he stumbled on the lifeless form. He stooped down, and with intense anxiety felt the corpse from head to foot, but when the terrible truth fairly burst on his mind, he gave an agonizing cry, and fell across the bosom of his child. This episode, which was affecting in the extreme, was acted with consummate ability. But now came the hour for retribution. Muchtâr the Avenger appeared on the scene, entering the stage with majestic strides and stentorian tones. His armed retainers dragged Obeïd Allah from the seat of power, and with contumely and abuse hurried him to execution, together with his chief adherents. This part of the play was rather too realistic for the modern stage, two men being actually hanged by ropes suspended from the dome above, and another went through the similitude of being beheaded, while a caldron was prepared for the boiling of yet another. But at this critical moment it was discovered that the king had left for the palace, and the performance came to a termination just in time to save a poor man from a terrible fate. I could not help noticing, however, that the men who had been executed proved to be very lively corpses indeed on the closing of the entertainment. Although of a more sensational character than the previous performance, the acting of this evening contained some features which were scarcely inferior in quality to the best acting of El Abbas. It was also interesting as showing the scope of the great national drama of Persia.

Not until the second day after this, or the seventh of the Taziêh, did I have an opportunity of seeing it again, when my kind friend once more placed his carriage and loggia at my disposal, and accompanied me with all the graceful courtesy of a true Persian gentleman. As the Taziêh drew near its close, the popular anxiety to see it increased with each performance, and long before the hour arrived for it to begin on this day, the doors were closed, the building being packed to its utmost capacity. On arriving there we found a crowd surging back and forth, anxiously waiting for a chance to gain admittance within the immense iron-bound portals.

The performance on this occasion opened, as usual, with the processions described on a previous page. The regular recurrence of the funereal music and bands of mourners with each act of the drama, while perhaps slightly monotonous, was, however, ingeniously contrived to keep before the mind of the spectators that this drama is not a mere spectacle to entertain, but a great commemorative representation intended to keep alive the events on which the religion is founded which has given vitality to the national life of Persia.

The performance in the afternoon of the seventh day appeared to me to have been designed with consummate art, admirably adapted as it was to the character of the audience. While some of the details were to the European eye absurd, yet the general *motif* was finely conceived with a view to divert the attention of the audience.

It is well known that King Suleimân, or Solomon, still holds a wide repute throughout the East for his vast wisdom,

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his skill in dealing with the mysteries of nature, and the imperial dominion he exerted over the genii and demons of the unseen world. The belief in the magic power of Solomon, of which we have so many proofs in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments* and the legends of Europe in the Dark Ages, still obtains in Persia. Solomon it was, in all his glory, who was represented on the stage of the Taziêh this day.

The lively fancy of the Persian dramatist seems to have had no difficulty in bringing Solomon into the play of the Taziêh, and that, too, in a manner that seems natural enough to the Oriental mind. The great king was so versed in the gift of prevision, or second-sight, that it is claimed he was master not only of the past, but also of the future. Thus it was no extraordinary exercise of power for his eye to pierce twelve centuries into the future, and descry the events that were to transpire on the sands of Arabia ages after he and his glory had descended to the tomb. Before us appeared, therefore, on this day the great and renowned King Suleimân, radiating power from his throne. As evidences of his influence over the genii and all created things, he now summoned before him demons and jinn, lions and tigers, crocodiles and all creeping things. From all sides they invaded the arena and made their obeisance to the great king. It must be admitted that many of these animals were not strictly shaped after correct models, and indicated only moderate acquaintance with natural history or anatomy. But they interested the people, and therefore served their purpose.

Having given this exhibition of his power, Solomon now prepared to receive the Queen of Sheba with a pomp suitable to the rank of the "high contracting parties," for, according to the Oriental legends, the Queen of Sheba really visited the king with an eye to matrimony. This scene, while calling for little exhibition of dramatic talent, was very interesting as a spectacular show. To a European it was of especial value, for it gave a tolerably exact representation of the marriage ceremonies of an Eastern court. First came a train of camels gay with elaborate housings; strings of melodious bells jangled on the necks of these stately animals and gay tufts waved on their lofty heads as they marched majestically around the arena with velvet tread. The furniture of the princess, inclosed in iron-bound chests, was carried by the camels, and also on a train of richly saddled sumpter-mules. A troop of horsemen magnificently mounted followed, representing the military escort who attended the queen. She appeared in true royal state, seated in a howdah of crimson and gold, borne with her handmaids on the back of an elephant.

The Queen of Sheba having arrived in the presence of King Solomon with all the pomp essential to show the grandeur of both the king and the queen, Solomon again made an exhibition of his necromantic skill by summoning before the audience a scene which represented the marriage of Khassim, the son of Hassân. The event occurred the day previous to the final attack on the camp. Husseïn foresaw that he and the larger part of the adults in his band were about to be destroyed. There was danger that the house of Ali might become extinct unless measures were taken to prevent such a result. Presuming that the younger members of his company might be spared when the general slaughter occurred, Husseïn was naturally anxious to insure the preservation of the family while he was yet alive. It was therefore agreed that the two branches of the family should be united in marriage without delay, and it was arranged that Khassim, the youthful son of the murdered Hassân, and Rudabêh, the daughter of Husseïn, should be married that very day. The event was one of remarkable and touching character, owing to the circumstances which attended it, and also of great importance in the history of Islamism, and especially of the sect of the Shêahs. By this marriage the house of Ali was preserved from extinction; it gave to the Shêahs nine Holy Imâms and the great dynasty of the Sufavêhs, which carried Persia to an exalted pinnacle of power and splendor.

The preliminary colloquy of Zeineb, the sister of Husseïn, of Leila, the mother of Khassim, and of the young bridegroom himself, was of the most pathetic and impassioned character. The knowledge of what the morrow was to bring to them gave peculiar solemnity to what, under other circumstances, would have been a season for festivity and joy. The two women gave vent to vehement exclamations of sorrow, while the youthful bride-

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groom in moving accents bewailed the terrible scenes that surrounded his marriage. Erelong the little bride, Rudabêh, appeared at his tent door, brought in a covered litter on the back of a camel led by Arab warriors of the desert. When she entered on the scene, her bridegroom clasped her weeping in his arms, while the women also wept over them in heart-rending lamentations. Husseïn, aroused from his stupor of despair, also joined in majestic anguish. A great wave of mourning swept over the audience, and for several moments an awful sound of lamentation was heard.

Selecting this crisis of emotion as a suitable time for closing the performance of the day, the king arose to depart.

I did not see the final scenes of the Taziêh on the three subsequent days. Although sometimes permitted to witness the Taziêh as I did, Christians are not invited to attend the last three days of the drama at the royal Takiêh. The events then presented are of too solemn a nature for the profane eyes of unbelievers; especially on the final day it is not considered advisable for Christians to be seen in the building, for on that day the murder, or *gattl*, of Husseïn is consummated with a vividness which arouses the audience to the last pitch of agitation. There is an evident tendency now to moderate the excesses of the Taziêh; but I have been told that not so very long ago, carried away by the appalling excitement and fanaticism of the last scenes of the drama, some of the actors have actually sacrificed their lives.

A CONFLICT ENDED.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

IN Acton there were two churches, an Orthodox and a Baptist. They stood on opposite sides of the road, and the Baptist edifice was a little farther down than the other. On Sunday morning both bells were ringing. The Baptist bell was much larger, and followed quickly on the soft peal of the Orthodox with a heavy brazen clang which vibrated a good while. The people went flocking through the street to the irregular jangle of the bells. It was a very hot day, and the sun beat down heavily; parasols were bobbing over all the ladies' heads.

More people went into the Baptist church, whose society was much the larger of the two. It had been for the last ten years—ever since the Orthodox had settled a new minister. His advent had divided the church, and a good third of the congregation had gone over to the Baptist brethren, with whom they still remained.

It is probable that many of them passed their old sanctuary to-day with the original stubborn animosity as active as ever in their hearts, and led their families up the Baptist steps with the same strong spiritual pull of indignation.

One old lady, who had made herself prominent on the opposition, trotted by this morning with the identical wiry vehemence which she had manifested ten years ago. She wore a full black silk skirt, which she held up inanely in front, and allowed to trail in the dust in the rear.

Some of the stanch Orthodox people glanced at her amusedly. One fleshy, fair-faced girl in blue muslin said to her companion, with a laugh: "See that old lady trailing her best black silk by to the Baptist. Ain't it ridiculous how she holds on showing out? I heard some one talking about it yesterday."

"Yes."

The girl colored up confusedly. "Oh dear!" she thought to herself. The lady with her had an unpleasant history connected with this old church quarrel. She was a small, bony woman in a shiny purple silk, which was strained very tightly across her sharp shoulder-blades. Her bonnet was quite elaborate with flowers and plumes, as was also her companion's. In fact, she was the village milliner, and the girl was her apprentice.

When the two went up the church steps, they passed a man of about fifty, who was sitting thereon well to one side. He had a singular face—a mild forehead, a gently curving mouth, and a terrible chin, with a look of strength in it that might have abashed mountains. He held his straw hat in his hand, and the sun was shining full on his bald head.

The milliner half stopped, and gave an anxious glance at him; then passed on. In the vestibule she stopped again.

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"You go right in, Margy," she said to the girl. "I'll be along in a minute."

"Where be you going, Miss Barney?"

"You go right in. I'll be there in a minute."

Margy entered the audience-room then, as if fairly brushed in by the imperious wave of a little knotty hand, and Esther Barney stood waiting until the rush of entering people was over. Then she stepped swiftly back to the side of the man seated on the steps. She spread her large black parasol deliberately, and extended the handle toward him.

"No, no, Esther; I don't want it—I don't want it."

"If you're determined on setting out in this broiling sun, Marcus Woodman, you jest take this parasol of mine an' use it."

"I don't want your parasol, Esther. I—"

"Don't you say it over again. Take it."

"I won't—not if I don't want to."

"You'll get a sun-stroke."

"That's my own lookout."

"Marcus Woodman, you take it."

She threw all the force there was in her intense, nervous nature in her tone and look; but she failed in her attempt, because of the utter difference in quality between her own will and that with which she had to deal. They were on so different planes that hers slid by his with its own momentum; there could be no contact even of antagonism between them. He sat there rigid, every line of his face stiffened into an icy obstinacy. She held out the parasol toward him like a weapon.

Finally she let it drop at her side, her whole expression changed.

"Marcus," said she, "how's your mother?"

He started. "Pretty well, thank you, Esther."

"She's out to meeting, then?"

"Yes."

"I've been a-thinking—I ain't drove jest now—that maybe I'd come over an' see her some day this week."

He rose politely then. "Wish you would, Esther. Mother'd be real pleased, I know."

"Well, I'll see—Wednesday, p'rhaps, if I ain't too busy. I must go in now; they're 'most through singing."

"Esther—"

"I don't believe I can stop any longer, Marcus."

"About the parasol—thank you jest the same if I don't take it. Of course you know I can't set out here holding a parasol; folks would laugh. But I'm obliged to you all the same. Hope I didn't say anything to hurt your feelings?"

"Oh no; why, no, Marcus. Of course I don't want to make you take it if you don't want it. I don't know but it would look kinder queer, come to think of it. Oh dear! they are through singing."

"Say, Esther, I don't know but I might as well take that parasol, if you'd jest as soon. The sun is pretty hot, an' I might get a headache. I forgot my umbrella, to tell the truth."

"I might have known better than to have gone at him the way I did," thought Esther to herself, when she was seated at last in the cool church beside Margy. "Seems as if I might have got used to Marcus Woodman by this time."

She did not see him when she came out of church; but a little boy in the vestibule handed her the parasol, with the remark, "Mr. Woodman said for me to give this to you."

She and Margy passed down the street toward home. Going by the Baptist church, they noticed a young man standing by the entrance. He stared hard at Margy.

She began to laugh after they had passed him. "Did you see that fellow stare?" said she. "Hope he'll know me next time."

"That's George Elliot; he's that old lady's son you was speaking about this morning."

"Well, that's enough for me."

"He's a real good, steady young man." Margy sniffed.

"P'rhaps you'll change your mind some day."

She did, and speedily, too. That glimpse of Margy Wilson's pretty, new face—for she was a stranger in the town—had been too much for George Elliot. He obtained an introduction, and soon was a steady visitor at Esther Barney's house. Margy fell in love with him easily. She had never had much attention from the young men, and he was an engaging young fellow, small and bright-eyed, though with a nervous persistency like his mother's in his manner.

"I'm going to have it an understood thing," Margy told Esther, after her lover had become constant in his attentions,

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"that I'm going with George, and I ain't going with his mother. I can't bear that old woman."

But poor Margy found that it was not so easy to thrust determined old age off the stage, even when young Love was flying about so fast on his butterfly wings that he seemed to multiply himself, and there was no room for anything else, because the air was so full of Loves. That old mother, with her trailing black skirt and her wiry obstinacy, trotted as unwaveringly through the sweet stir as a ghost through a door.

One Monday morning Margy could not eat any breakfast, and there were red stains around her blue eyes.

"Why, what's the matter, Margy?" asked Esther, eying her across the little kitchen table.

"Nothing's the matter. I ain't hungry any to speak of, that's all. I guess I'll go right to work on Mis' Fuller's bonnet."

"I'd try an' eat something if I was you. Be sure you cut that velvet straight, if you go to work on it."

When the two were sitting together at their work in the little room back of the shop, Margy suddenly threw her scissors down. "There!" said she, "I've done it; I knew I should. I've cut this velvet bias. I knew I should cut everything bias I touched to-day."

There was a droll pucker on her mouth; then it began to quiver. She hid her face in her hands and sobbed. "Oh, dear, dear, dear!"

"Margy Wilson, what is the matter?"

"George and I—had a talk last night. We've broke the engagement, an' it's killing me. An' now I've cut this velvet bias. Oh, dear, dear, *dear*, dear!"

"For the land's sake, don't mind anything about the velvet. What's come betwixt you an' George?"

"His mother—horrid old thing! He said she'd got to live with us, and I said she shouldn't. Then he said he wouldn't marry any girl that wasn't willing to live with his mother, and I said he wouldn't ever marry me, then. If George Elliot thinks more of his mother than he does of me, he can have her. I don't care. I'll show him I can get along without him."

"Well, I don't know, Margy. I'm real sorry about it. George Elliot's a good, likely young man; but if you didn't want to live with his mother, it was better to say so right in the beginning. And I don't know as I blame you much: she's pretty set in her ways."

"I guess she is. I never could bear her. I guess he'll find out—"

Margy dried her eyes defiantly, and took up the velvet again. "I've spoilt this velvet. I don't see why being disappointed in love should affect a girl so's to make her cut bias."

There was a whimsical element in Margy which seemed to roll uppermost along with her grief.

Esther looked a little puzzled. "Never mind the velvet, child: it ain't much, anyway." She began tossing over some ribbons to cover her departure from her usual reticence. "I'm real sorry about it, Margy. Such things are hard to bear, but they can be lived through. I know something about it myself. You knew I'd had some of this kind of trouble, didn't you?"

"About Mr. Woodman, you mean?"

"Yes, about Marcus Woodman. I'll tell you what 'tis, Margy Wilson, you've got one thing to be thankful for, and that is that there ain't anything ridickerlous about this affair of yourn. That makes it the hardest of anything, according to my mind—when you know that everybody's laughing, and you can hardly help laughing yourself, though you feel 'most ready to die."

"Ain't that Mr. Woodman crazy?"

"No, he ain't crazy; he's got too much will for his common-sense, that's all, and he will teeter the sense a little too far into the air. I see all through it from the beginning. I could read Marcus Woodman jest like a book."

"I don't see how in the world you ever come to like such a man."

"Well, I s'pose love's the strongest when there ain't any good reason for it. They say it is. I can't say as I ever really admired Marcus Woodman much. I always see right through him; but that didn't hinder my thinking so much of him that I never felt as if I could marry any other man. And I've had chances, though I shouldn't want you to say so."

"You turned him off because he went to sitting on the church steps?"

"Course I did. Do you s'pose I was going to marry a man who made a laughing-stock of himself that way?"

"I don't see how he ever come to do it. It's the funniest thing I ever heard of."

"I know it. It seems so silly nobody 'd believe it. Well, all there is about it,

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Marcus Woodman's got so much mulishness in him it makes him almost miraculous. You see, he got up an' spoke in that church meeting when they had such a row about Mr. Morton's being settled here—Marcus was awful set again' him. I never could see any reason why, and I don't think he could. He said Mr. Morton wa'n't doctrinal; that was what they all said; but I don't believe half of 'em knew what doctrinal was. I never could see why Mr. Morton wa'n't as good as most ministers—enough sight better than them that treated him so, anyway. I always felt that they was really setting him in a pulpit high over their heads by using him the way they did, though they didn't know it.

"Well, Marcus spoke in that church meeting, an' he kept getting more and more set every word he said. He always had a way of saying things over and over, as if he was making steps out of 'em, an' raising of himself up on 'em, till there was no moving him at all. And he did that night. Finally, when he was up real high, he said, as for him, if Mr. Morton was settled over that church, he'd never go inside the door himself as long as he lived. Somebody spoke out then—I never quite knew who 'twas, though I suspected —an' says, 'You'll have to set on the steps, then, Brother Woodman.'

"Everybody laughed at that but Marcus. He didn't see nothing to laugh at. He spoke out awful set, kinder gritting his teeth, 'I will set on the steps fifty years before I'll go into this house if that man's settled here.'

"I couldn't believe he'd really do it. We were going to be married that spring, an' it did seem as if he might listen to me; but he wouldn't. The Sunday Mr. Morton begun to preach, he begun to set on them steps, an' he's set there ever since, in all kinds of weather. It's a wonder it 'ain't killed him; but I guess it's made him tough."

"Why, didn't he feel bad when you wouldn't marry him?"

"Feel bad? Of course he did. He took on terribly. But it didn't make any difference; he wouldn't give in a hair's-breadth. I declare it did seem as if I should die. His mother felt awfully too—she's a real good woman. I don't know what Marcus would have done without her. He wants a sight of tending and waiting on; he's dreadful babyish in some ways, 'ough you wouldn't think it.

"Well, it's all over now, as far as I'm concerned. I've got over it a good deal, though sometimes 't makes me jest as mad as ever to see him setting there. But I try to be reconciled, and I get along jest as well, mebbe, as if I'd had him—I don't know. I fretted more at first than there was any sense in, and I hope you won't."

"I ain't going to fret at all, Miss Barney. I may cut bias for a while, but I sha'n't do anything worse."

"How you do talk, child!"

A good deal of it was talk with Margy; she had not as much courage as her words proclaimed. She was capable of a strong temporary resolution, but of no enduring one. She gradually weakened as the days without her lover went on, and one Saturday night she succumbed entirely. There was quite a rush of business, but through it all she caught some conversation between some customers—two pretty young girls.

"Who was that with you last night at the concert?"

"That—oh, that was George Elliot. Didn't you know him?"

"He's got another girl," thought Margy, with a great throb.

The next Sunday night, coming out of meeting with Miss Barney, she left her suddenly. George Elliot was one of a waiting line of young men in the vestibule. She went straight up to him. He looked at her in bewilderment, his dark face turning red.

"Good-evening, Miss Wilson," he stammered out, finally.

"Good-evening," she whispered, and stood looking up at him piteously. She was white and trembling.

At last he stepped forward and offered her his arm suddenly. In spite of his resentment, he could not put her to open shame before all his mates, who were staring curiously.

When they were out in the dark, cool street, he bent over her. "Why, Margy, what does all this mean?"

"Oh, George, let her live with us, please. I want her to. I know I can get along with her if I try. I'll do everything I can. Please let her live with us."

"Who's *her*?"

"Your mother."

"And I suppose *us* is you and I? I thought that was all over, Margy; ain't it?"

"Oh, George, I am sorry I treated you so."

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"And you are willing to let mother live with us now?"

"I'll do anything. Oh, George!"

"Don't cry, Margy. There—nobody's looking—give us a kiss. It's been a long time; 'ain't it, dear? So you've made up your mind that you're willing to let mother live with us?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't believe she ever will, Margy. She's about made up her mind to go and live with my brother Edward, whether or no. So you won't be troubled with her. I dare say she might have been a little of a trial as she grew older."

"You didn't tell me."

"I thought it was your place to give in, dear."

"Yes, it was, it was, George."

"I'm mighty glad you did. I tell you what it is, dear, I don't know how you've felt, but I've been pretty miserable lately."

"Poor George!"

They passed Esther Barney's house, and strolled along half a mile further. When they returned, and Margy stole softly into the house and upstairs, it was quite late, and Esther had gone to bed. Margy saw the light was not out in her room, so she peeped in. She could not wait till morning to tell her.

"Where have you been?" said Esther, looking up at her out of her pillows.

"Oh, I went to walk a little way with George."

"Then you've made up?"

"Yes."

"Is his mother going to live with you?"

"No; I guess not. She's going to live with Edward. But I told him I was willing she should. I've about made up my mind it's a woman's place to give in mostly. I s'pose you think I'm an awful fool."

"No, I don't; no, I don't, Margy. I'm real glad it's all right betwixt you an' George. I've seen you weren't very happy lately."

They talked a little longer; then Margy said "Good-night," going over to Esther and kissing her. Being so rich in love made her generous with it. She looked down into the older woman's thin, red-cheeked face sweetly. "I wish you were as happy as I," said she. "I wish you and Mr. Woodman could make up too."

"That's an entirely different matter. I couldn't give in in such a thing as that."

Margy looked at her; she was not subtle, but she had just come out triumphant through innocent love and submission, and used the wisdom which she had gained thereby.

"Don't you believe," said she, "if you was to give in the way I did, that he would?"

Esther started up with an astonished air. That had never occurred to her before. "Oh, I don't believe he would. You don't know him; he's awful set. Besides, I don't know but I'm better off the way it is."

In spite of herself, however, she could not help thinking of Margy's suggestion. Would he give in? She was hardly disposed to run the risk. With her peculiar cast of mind, her feeling for the ludicrous so keen that it almost amounted to a special sense, and her sensitiveness to ridicule, it would have been easier for her to have married a man under the shadow of a crime than one who was the deserving target of gibes and jests. Besides, she told herself, it was possible that he had changed his mind, that he no longer cared for her. How could she make the first overtures? She had not Margy's impulsiveness and innocence of youth to excuse her.

Also, she was partly influenced by the reason which she had given Margy: she was not so very sure that it would be best for her to take any such step. She was more fixed in the peace and pride of her old maidenhood than she had been in her young, and more shy of disturbing it. Her comfortable meals, her tidy housekeeping, and her prosperous work had become such sources of satisfaction to her that she was almost wedded to them, and jealous of any interference.

So it is doubtful if there would have been any change in the state of affairs if Marcus Woodman's mother had not died toward spring. Esther was greatly distressed about it.

"I don't see what Marcus is going to do," she told Margy. "He ain't any fitter to take care of himself than a baby, and he won't have any housekeeper, they say."

One evening, after Marcus's mother had been dead about three weeks, Esther went over there. Margy had gone out to walk with George, so nobody knew. When she reached the house—a white cottage on a hill—she saw a light in the kitchen window.

"He's there," said she. She knocked on the door softly. Marcus shuffled o it,

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to it—he was in his stocking feet—and opened it.

"Good-evening, Marcus," said she, speaking first.

"Good-evening."

"I hadn't anything special to do this evening, so I thought I'd look in a minute and see how you was getting along."

"I ain't getting along very well; but I'm glad to see you. Come right in."

When she was seated opposite him by the kitchen fire, she surveyed him and his surroundings pityingly. Everything had an abject air of forlornness; there was neither tidiness nor comfort. After a few words she rose energetically. "See here, Marcus," said she, "you jest fill up that tea-kettle, and I'm going to slick up here a little for you while I stay."

"Now, Esther, I don't feel as if—"

"Don't you say nothing. Here's the tea-kettle. I might jest as well be doing that as setting still."

He watched her, as she flew about putting things to rights, in a way that made her nervous; but she said to herself that this was easier than sitting still and gradually leading up to the object for which she had come. She kept wondering if she ever could accomplish it. When the room was in order, finally, she sat down again, with a strained-up look in her face.

"Marcus," said she, "I might as well begin. There was something I wanted to say to you to-night."

He looked at her, and she went on:

"I've been thinking some lately about how matters used to be betwixt you an' me, and it's jest possible—I don't know—but I might have been a little more patient than I was. I don't know as I'd feel the same way now if—"

"Oh, Esther, what do you mean?"

"I ain't going to tell you, Marcus Woodman, if you can't find out. I've said full enough; more'n I ever thought I should."

He was an awkward man, but he rose and threw himself on his knees at her feet with all the grace of complete unconsciousness of action. "Oh, Esther, you don't mean, do you?—you don't mean that you'd be willing to—marry me?"

"No; not if you don't get up. You look ridickerlous."

"Esther, do you mean it?"

"Yes. Now get up."

"You ain't thinking—I can't give up what we had the trouble about, any more now than I could then."

"'Ain't I said once that wouldn't make any difference?"

At that he put his head down on her knees and sobbed.

"Do, for mercy sake, stop! Somebody 'll be coming in. 'Tain't as if we was a young couple."

"I ain't going to till I've told you about it, Esther. You 'ain't never really understood. In the first of it, we was both mad; but we ain't now, and we can talk it over. Oh, Esther, I've had such an awful life! I've looked at you, and— Oh, dear, dear, dear!"

"Marcus, you scare me to death crying so."

"I won't. Esther, look here—it's the gospel truth: I 'ain't a thing again' Mr. Morton now."

"Then why on earth don't you go into the meeting-house and behave yourself?"

"Don't you suppose I would if I could? I can't, Esther—I can't."

"I don't know what you mean by 'can't.'"

"Do you s'pose I've took any comfort sitting there on them steps in the winter snows an' the summer suns? Do you s'pose I've took any comfort not marrying you? Don't you s'pose I'd given all I was worth any time the last ten year to have got up an' walked into the church with the rest of the folks?"

"Well, I'll own, Marcus, I don't see why you couldn't if you wanted to."

"I ain't sure as I see myself, Esther. All I know is I can't make myself give it up. I can't. I ain't made strong enough to."

"As near as I can make out, you've taken to sitting on the church steps the way other men take to smoking and drinking."

"I don't know but you're right, Esther, though I hadn't thought of it in that way before."

"Well, you must try to overcome it."

"I never can, Esther. It ain't right for me to let you think I can."

"Well, we won't talk about it any more to-night. It's time I was going home."

"Esther—did you mean it?"

"Mean what?"

"That you'd marry me anyway?"

"Yes, I did. Now do get up. I do hate to see you looking so silly."

Esther had a new pearl-colored silk gown, and a little mantle like it, and a bonnet trimmed with roses and plumes,

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and she and Marcus were married in June.

The Sunday on which she came out a bride they were late at church; but late as it was, curious people were lingering by the steps to watch them. What would they do? Would Marcus Woodman enter that church door which his awful will had guarded for him so long?

They walked slowly up the steps between the watching people. When they came to the place where he was accustomed to sit, Marcus stopped short and looked down at his wife with an agonized face.

"Oh, Esther, I've—got—to stop."

"Well, we'll both sit down here, then."

"*You?*"

"Yes; I'm willing."

"No; you go in."

"No, Marcus; I sit with you on our wedding Sunday."

Her sharp, middle-aged face as she looked up at him was fairly heroic. This was all that she could do: her last weapon was used. If this failed, she would accept the chances with which she had married, and before the eyes of all these tittering people she would sit down at his side on these church steps. She was determined, and she would not weaken.

He stood for a moment staring into her face. He trembled so that the by-standers noticed it. He actually leaned over toward his old seat as if wire ropes were pulling him down upon it. Then he stood up straight, like a man, and walked through the church door with his wife.

The people followed. Not one of them even smiled. They had felt the pathos in the comedy.

The sitters in the pews watched Marcus wonderingly as he went up the aisle with Esther. He looked strange to them; he had almost the grand mien of a conqueror.

Editor's Easy Chair.

MR. GILBERT and Sir Arthur Sullivan would be probably amused if a proposition should be made to erect statues to them as public benefactors. But the remark of Fletcher of Saltoun's "very wise man," that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation, suggests that the song-writer is as worthy of commemoration as the legislator. If the wise man's wisdom be accepted, the man who promotes the "gayety of nations" is also a social force of importance, for government rests upon public opinion, and he who sways that opinion moulds the government.

The theatre in Athens was the Athenian newspaper, and Aristophanes was in a very positive and powerful sense a public man no less than Pericles. In New York and other modern cities the stage has not lost its vogue, and if the form of its influence has changed, the effect is deep and wide. If the man who makes the ballads of a nation appeals to base and mean passions, his guilt is like that of a legislator who makes unjust laws, if, indeed, it be not a greater guilt, as the malign influence of literature is more subtle and insidious than that of law. The theatre does not lose its hold, because people will be amused; and the power of the theatre is great, because amusements may be either "innocent merriment" or debauching and demoralizing excitement.

Therefore, when two men have the power of attracting thousands and thousands of people daily for months to be entertained, and take care that the entertainment shall be such as to tempt parents and guardians, Mrs. General and Miss Pinkerton, to bring their young persons to enjoy it, they are men who have not abused a great public power which is often shamefully abused, and they are truly public benefactors. It would be a doubtful proposition, perhaps, that people should be commemorated in portraits and statues and monuments for not doing wrong. Yet the men who are honored are those who, having certain gifts and opportunities, used them for a good and not for an evil purpose, and it is to this class that the authors of *Pinafore* and *Patience* and *The Mikado* belong. How easily they might have given the fun an ugly twist, and have filled the public mind with unclean images! A novel-writer who proposes to entertain the public may write as Scott and George Eliot and Thackeray wrote, or he may write as certain Frenchmen have written.

The charm of the Sullivan-Gilbert opera is pure rollicking fun. It is capital nonsense, like the Bab ballads; the fun of high spirits, like Irving's Stout Gentleman and Pickwick. It promotes the laugh for which everybody is better, the gayety which leaves no kind of sting, the merriment which softens and relieves the strain of daily life. Its satire, when it is satirical, is harmless and airy, and there is not a trace of bitterness or sourness or mal-

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ice. It does not, like *Don Quixote*, laugh institutions away, but it laughs away care and trouble for a season. When *Pickwick* was publishing in parts it was said that grooms as they read laughed in the stable and judges upon the bench. All England was good-naturedly laughing. When *Pinafore* was first played in this country, a solemn professor wrote to a friend that if some nonsense called *Pinafore* was ever played in his city, he must not fail to see it. "I have been four times," said this professor, "and I am going ever so many times more."

The Mikado has been scarcely less popular than *Pinafore*. Of course the novelty which in a good new thing is a singular charm, like the manner of a new poet, can not be reproduced. That is the title which belongs to the first-born, and while the others may have the family likeness, they can not be the first. The touch and style and characteristic qualities which distinguished *Pinafore* from other burlesques—if so rough a word may be fitted to fun so fine—re-appear in all the others. Perhaps they all gain something by the reflected light, the pleasant suggestion, the half-suspected echo. But, apart from that, each has its special excellence. From the moment the curtain goes up upon the glittering spectacle of *The Mikado* until it finally drops, the whole scene is drolly familiar.

It is the very world of the "willow pattern" china, and these are our old friends of the dinner service, the tureens and dishes and plates and vases, who are forever crossing impossible bridges, and sitting under ridiculous trees, and standing in unprecedented postures, and looking with queer slits for eyes set in chubby pink knobs for faces. It is the precise life that we should suppose natural to them. If they were released from the enchantment which holds them fixed fast upon the soup plates, they would certainly carry on in this fashion. Elia praises the artificial comedy as a picture of life beyond the domain of conscience. This is life beyond the realm of common-sense; and what a charming life it is! What a simple and jolly Lord High Executioner! And how certain it is that despite all "painful preparations" after a capital luncheon, the "something lingering with boiling oil in it" will never harm any elastic and vibratory figure of the pretty phantasmagoria.

Night after night, and twice on Saturdays, the marvellous Ko-ko, the man of cork, bounds and rebounds, and capers and plumps, and all the people of Titipu bend and bow and jump and twist and flirt their fans in time to gay and taking melody; but the pleasure in beholding is not "an acquired taste" like that for Katisha, nor does it "take years to train a man" to enjoy the merry nonsense, as it does to love the venerable maiden.

So long as Gilbert and Sullivan give us such recreations we may well thank them, and with a clear conscience, for what Charles Lamb called "the true scenic delight, the escape from life, the oblivion of consequences, the holiday barring out of the pedant Reflection, those Saturnalia of two or three brief hours well won from the world."

While the whole world goes and laughs at *The Mikado*, and goes constantly and with unflagging delight, Mr. Wallack, the accomplished manager and admirable actor, says, "New-Yorkers are amusement-lovers, but not theatre-goers in the true sense of the term." He was speaking of his production of *The Rivals*, with the unrivalled Sir Anthony Absolute of Mr. Gilbert, a production which was as good as could now be made upon the English-speaking stage, and yet the houses were never crowded. The classic "old comedy" languished for proper attendance, while just beyond "such utter trash as *Adonis*" filled the house every night with eager and applauding audiences. And why, said the manager, should the manager not resort to trash if it will draw the crowd which passes by *The Rivals* unheeding? People cry that we degrade the art if we offer "trash," and when we produce a fine old comedy, they leave the house empty. No, sir; it is not the manager who degrades the theatre by "trash"; it is the public which crowds to hear "trash," and shouts over it, and bespeaks its place two weeks in advance. "No, sir; New York knows nothing and cares nothing for the theatre in its true sense."

Yet, within a stone's-throw of Mr. Wallack's theatre, the theatres in which *The Mikado* and *Adonis* and other forms of nonsense are offered are nightly thronged. With pardonable professional pride, Mr. Wallack holds that the tradition of the theatre determines what the theatre truly is. The theatre of Liston and Palmer upon the stage, and Hazlitt and Lamb in the pit; the theatre of Edmund Kean and Munden, of Shakespeare and Sheridan, and of the memoirs and anecdotes; the theatre which in this country Gulian Verplanck attended, and the feeling for which gave the name Old Drury to the old Park—this is the theatre which the manager has in mind, and a capital theatre it was.

There was nothing more enticing to the theatrical taste of fifty years ago than an announcement of a series of old comedies—classic old comedies—*Speed the Plough*, and *She Stoops to Conquer*, and the *School for Scandal*, and *The Rivals*; if only there were some good names in the cast, these took the town, and the prospect of pleasure was something like that of a few years before in a new work by the author of *Waverley*. To see coupled with the announcement the names of Finn and Placide, for instance, gave a pleasure which the name of very few comedians now imparts.

Then there were the nights of high tragedy—the legitimate—the tragedy to which no exception could be taken by any person of truly classical taste. Shakespeare, of course, and Massinger, and *Venice Preserved*, and even the *Iron Chest*, and such dramas as *Fazio* and *Vir-*

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ginius; and if Fanny Kemble were the Juliet, or Ellen Tree the Ion, that was the theatre in the true sense—the theatre of the fathers, the theatre of Garrick and Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble. This is the theatre which Manager Wallack had in mind, and the tone of his remarks recalls those of Gibbon in describing the theatre of Rome when Alaric occupied the city. The tragic and comic Muse of the Romans, he says, "had been almost silent since the fall of the republic, and their place was unworthily occupied by licentious farce, effeminate music, and splendid pageantry."

But, as the manager truly says, it is the audience, not the stage, that makes the theatre. The manager is a merchant, like all other traders. He supplies what the public taste demands; and what determines that demand, who shall say? There are a dozen or more theatres open every evening in New York. If you read the bill of the play, it is evident that public opinion in New York does not demand the legitimate drama. An actor of power, like Salvini, will, indeed, attract an audience to see *Othello* or *Coriolanus.* But it is the actor, not the drama, which draws them. Forrest as the Gladiator equally charmed the multitude. Can we say more than that the taste of an older day demanded the traditional tragedy or comedy, and that taste made the older theatre? But the taste of to-day demands fun, burlesque, "character dramas," and pretty spectacle, and that taste makes the theatre of to-day.

It is, however, on the other side, true of the stage as of the newspaper, that if it must conform to the prevailing taste, it can yet somewhat modify and direct the taste. As we have just said of *The Mikado*, it might have been a doubtful *opéra bouffe.* The moral seems to be that the current can not be stemmed, but it can be guided. If the public will not be amused by the old comedy, and demands more rollicking fun, the demand may be satisfied with healthful gayety and "innocent merriment." There are some old theatre-goers of an earlier generation still lingering among us who will secretly confess that even in the palmy days of the legitimate drama their chief delight was in the afterpiece. Many an *habitué* of the old Park yawned respectably over the "correct thing" in five acts, who enjoyed to the utmost *Raising the Wind*, or, in later days, *Box and Cox.*

It was always doubtful whether chess was a recreation, and it was equally questionable whether seeing Sir Giles Overreach and Sir Edward Mortimer could be properly described as an amusement. Sir Lucius and Sir Anthony, indeed, were most entertaining—but, Mr. Manager, the fashion of fun changeth.

Shelley, in speaking of one of his heroines, describes her as "one of Shakespeare's women," and Emerson constantly commends us to Plutarch's men. It is therefore a little startling to read in a Western journal that Plutarch's men are crowded out of the minds of young Americans by the images of Lincoln and Grant. Against this view Shelley also supplies a comfortable thought:

> "True love in this differs from gold and clay,
> That to divide is not to take away."

Those laurels of Miltiades not only secured him to heroic remembrance, but they also embalmed Themistocles. Lincoln and Grant rather send us back to Plutarch than obscure his gallery. One of their greatest services is that of revealing to us the truth that the essentially noble and heroic qualities are always the same. The time and the circumstance differ, not the very man. Emerson found in Lincoln the shrewdness of Æsop. Have we not seen in Grant the magnanimity of Fabius?

But the paper of which we speak remarks that it is sadly true that Percival is a forgotten poet, and then, seizing a promiscuous assortment of names, exclaims that Charles Sprague, William Wirt, Washington Irving, and Jack Downing may be referred to as forgotten authors. But this is the luxury of woe. Why should not Percival be a forgotten poet? That is to say, what is there in the verse of Percival that should command interest and attention to-day? He was an admirably and remarkably accomplished man and a most excellent gentleman, and his name is very familiar in the reading-books of the time when certain grandfathers of to-day were going to school. But he was a noted poet not because he took rank with his contemporaries—with Byron and Scott and Keats and Shelley and Coleridge and Wordsworth—but because there were very few Americans who wrote verses, and our fathers patriotically stood by them.

Grenville Mellen is a forgotten poet also. If the gentle reader will turn the pages of Kettell, he will seem to himself to be walking among tombs. Upon each page might be suitably inscribed, "Sacred to the memory" of almost every one of the lamented singers. John Neal is there, and Rufus Dawes, and James G. Eastburn, excellent gentlemen, worthy writers, all of them. But can we say, with honest reproach, "forgotten poets"? Is Fame to be held responsible for not retaining the name of every minstrel who loiters by and touches his harp lightly and sings a sweet song as he passes on? Is it a hard fate to give pleasure to those who listen, because those who are out of hearing do not turn and applaud?

Many an author may have a tone and touch which please the ear and taste of his own day, and which, as characteristic of a time, may be curious to a later taste, like the costumes and bonnets of our great-grandmothers. But Young America, sauntering at the club and at Newport, would not willingly wear the boots of Beau Nash, nor even the cloak of Beau Brummel. It is, indeed, doubtful whether the great law which provides that nothing shall

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be lost is not equally observable in the realm of literary fame. Is anything of literature lost that deserves remembrance, or, more properly, can it be lost? A fair answer to the question may be found in the reply to another, whether delving in Kettell or in any other anthology reveals treasures dropped by Fame as precious as those she carries.

Our newspaper is certainly too swift in saying that Irving may be classed among the forgotten authors. There are two ways in which an author survives—one, by the constant reading of his works; the other, by his name. Is Milton a forgotten author? But how much is he read, compared with the contemporary singers? Is Plato forgotten? Yet how many know him except by his name? Irving thus far holds by both. Time also winnows its wheat, blowing away much chaff, but the golden grain remains. This is true not only of the whole multitude of authors, but of the works of each author. How many of them really survive only in the anthology? *Astoria* and *Captain Bonneville* and *Mahomet* and other books of Irving may gradually disappear. But the *Knickerbocker*, and *Rip Van Winkle*, and certain other tales and essays, have become, so far as we can foresee, an integral part of our literature.

As for Sprague—mild, genial, charming gentleman, who carried his simple freshness of nature and of manner to the end, and about whose venerable head in State Street always shone the faint halo of early poetic renown—his literary talent was essentially for a day, not for all time. In every age there will be singers, and delightful singers, of the day. On Christmas Eve the Easy Chair heard the passing music in the street that supplies for us the song of the waits. It was sweet and melodious, and pensively recalled the days and the faces and the voices that are no more. But they were not the same waits that it heard long ago; still less were they those that the Easy Chairs of half a century since heard with musing melancholy. But the substance of the song, and the emotion which it awakened, and the tender pathos of association, these were all the same both then and now. Sprague was a wait of yesterday, of last year, of fifty years ago. Others sing in the street the song that he sang, and singing they pass on, and the sweet strain grows softer and fainter and fainter, and the echoes answer, "Dying, dying, dying"—and it is gone.

Fame does not forget these troubadours. It never knew them. They had the vogue of their day. See how tenderly Mr. Stedman speaks of those who are singing for us now, whose names are familiar, who trill and twitter in the magazines, and in tasteful and delicate volumes which seem to tempt the stream of time to suffer such light and graceful barks to slip along unnoted to future ages. But the kindly critic's tone forecasts the fate of the sparkling and pleasing ventures. Moore tells us of the Indian maids upon the banks of the Ganges who light a tiny taper, and on a frail little chip set it afloat upon the river. It twinkles and dwindles and flashes and expires. Mr. Stedman watches the minor poets trimming their tapers, and carefully launching their chips upon the brimming river. "Pleasant journey!" he cries, cheerily from the shore, as if he were speaking to hearty Captain Cook going up the side of his great ship, and shaking out his mighty canvas to circumnavigate the globe. "Pleasant journey!" cries the cheery critic. But there is a wistful something in his tone that betrays a consciousness of the swift extinction of that pretty, perfumed spark.

But Shakespeare's women, and Plutarch's men, and "the grand old masters," and "the bards sublime," are not tapers upon a river; they are stars in the firmament. Lincoln and Grant will not crowd out Washington and Franklin and Hamilton and Adams, nor they Edmund Burke and Chatham, nor any great man any other great man. There is room in space for every planet and every star and every particle of star dust, for all that the eye can see and all that eludes the most searching telescopic quest. Nor need any singer fear that the latest ages will not hear his song, if he sings a song worth its hearing.

Nothing strikes the man from the country as more significant than that the man in town does not know his next-door neighbor. It reveals to him at once the fact that in town there is no proper neighborhood, and no discharge of neighborly duty. The next house is a house of mourning or of feasting, there is a marriage or a funeral, but it is as much beyond the personal sympathy of those on the other side of a brick wall as the glees and woes of Esquimaux or Hottentots. John at Number 10 does not even know by sight James at Number 12. But possibly Mrs. James is aware of the color of Mrs. John's livery, and is able to recognize her carriage. The sense of the community of a common welfare is necessarily wanting, and public spirit is low. The old neighborhoods in villages and small towns, where every man personally knew his neighbor, and all shared a common local tradition, was the nursery of patriotism and national independence.

The indifference and ignorance regarding our neighbors in the street of the city extends to our neighbors of the continent. The two countries of which both John and James, who do not know each other, also know least, are Canada and Mexico. The summer traveller sometimes goes to Quebec and sees the St. Lawrence, and a winter party may penetrate to Montreal, as far as the ice palace, and risk tobogganing. But the clouds of general ignorance shut us out from our northern neighbor, while Mexico is practically unknown, except as a country shaken up with incessant revolutions, a kind of semi-tropical waste, and the misty mid-region of Buena Vista and Mon-

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terey. We can all talk with some intelligence of England and France and Germany and Italy, but Mexico is much like Montenegro, and Canada is vague, like Bulgaria or Roumelia.

To see Europe is the dream of the romantic young American, and to sail for the home of Shakespeare, or the market-place of Altorf, or for Lake Como, or the seven-hilled city, or Chamouni, or the Rhine, is, even in anticipation, a sweet restorative and cordial. But who burns with rapturous longing to behold Manitoba, or to gaze at last upon the Great Lake of the Woods? or who thrills at the name of Orizaba, or even Popocatepetl? and why should we hasten to the calm waters of Tezcoco? Yet these are our own; these are of our continent; they are our next-door neighbors. Nevertheless dynasties may come and go among them, empires and republics interchange and vanish, or volcanoes burst into flame, or earthquakes desolate wide regions, and scarcely the rumor of them reach our ears, and then only as the story of antediluvian events, the battles in air of Huns and legendary ghosts.

It is much for human interest that it can be said of any place in Wordsworth's line:

"Here in old time the hand of man hath been."

The tropical splendor of the scene that Humboldt saw from the castle of Chapultepec may be, as travellers say, unrivalled, but the central charm to most travellers would be the fact that at the castle Humboldt beheld it. To see the cottage where Burns was born, or that "tomb in Arqua," would draw the pilgrim over the sea who would not go far to stand amid the ruins of the palace of the Montezumas or among the pueblos of Yucatan. It is the long human tradition and association, the historic legend of our own lineage in race or religion or politics or literature, that makes the enchantment of travel. It is the scene familiar in song and story, the hand not of man alone, which weaves the spell. The clearing in the wild, indeed, is lovelier than all the forest. The touch of civilization in the midst of barbarism is as refreshing as the care and the lullaby of the African women to Mungo Park. But the home of the hero, of the poet, of the benefactor; the field of Sempach, of Runnymede, the banks of the Avon—these explain the deep delight of travel.

This may explain the current of travel across the sea. But there is little doubt that if the beauty and grandeur of nature are sought by the traveller, the means of enjoyment that he had not suspected are open to him. So constant and so great are the achievements of enterprise that they are almost unobserved by us. Thus a recent address of Colonel Nelson, lately Minister in Mexico, recalls the immense changes in the condition of that country and the facility of reaching it. You may take the train in New York and roll steadily along, and in much less time than our fathers devoted to the journey from Massachusetts to Virginia, you may reach, undisturbed and in perfect comfort, another zone and civilization, another fauna and flora, a new world. "It is now easy for us," says this modern Marco Polo, "to leave our homes in Indiana in a palace-car, and reach the city of Mexico within a week, and also to visit in the same manner eight or ten of the most interesting cities of the republic."

If it is magnificent scenery that you seek, here at hand, with no intervening ocean, no distant pilgrimage to Alpine valleys or Norwegian fiords, is the railway from Vera Cruz, two hundred and sixty miles, to the city of Mexico—a marvellous feat of scientific skill, crossing the mountains at a height of 8500 feet, and bearing you through every climate, amid unimaginable luxuriance and brilliancy of vegetation, changing into temperate hues of hardier growths, with awful mountain abysses between, and snow-clad peaks beyond against the deep blue sky. This is the land which has seemed to us so long politically, religiously, and socially hopeless, ruined at the very outset by the worst form of human degradation, the old Spanish oppression. But as you are lifted over the mountains, and swept along the teeming valleys and plains with a security, comfort, and speed which are themselves proofs of a radical change in the land, which within the century has doubled its population while it has lost two-thirds of its territory, it is pleasant to hear from Mr. Nelson, who is our authority, that Mexico will now remain a republic, that the injurious clerical influence is gone forever, that the political capacity of the people has been educated to the point of successful control of the situation, and that there is no disturbing question threatening the country.

Mexico was never before shown in a light so rosy. The country of mixed races, of ignorance and superstition, of revolutions and of earthquakes, appears in this reviving view to promise to be indeed a sister republic, and of this happy hope the railway seems to be the spring. These parallel lines of iron and of steel have worked many miracles, of which the United States are the witness. But the wonder of wonders, the greatest triumph of the railroad, will be the regeneration of Mexico.

This is the season for the annual charity sermon of the Easy Chair, which, like other sermons, elucidates a familiar truth and urges an ancient duty. The charity which it advocates is not, this time, that form which leads the literary critic to seek—as in the neighboring Study—the author's own purpose and to judge his work with sympathy, nor is it that charity which is the most uncommon, if not the greatest of all, which persuades us to be just and fair and reasonable toward a political opponent. Political charity, indeed, in the mind of a vehement partisan, is little less than treason or blasphemy. Camillus is the most

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generous and honorable of men in all private and personal relations, but in politics he holds that a man who does not suspect and withstand an opponent at every point, and insist upon the absolute rightfulness in every detail of his own side, shows a moral defect in his character which is greatly to be deplored. Camillus thinks that, as he wears the buff, charity toward the blue would be as misplaced upon his part as courtesy to a hyena. Camillus's family name is Legion.

No, it is not either of these forms of charity to which the sermon is to be devoted. Its text is the old duty of alms-giving, the duty which springs from the sincere answer to Cain's question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Most certainly you are. But the duty of alms-giving is to be discharged rightly only by careful consideration. The duty of secluding criminals from society is one of the oldest in human history, and jails are institutions as old as civilization. Even the gibbet, in the familiar story, was hailed as the sign of a Christian country. But although there have been always plenty of jails, it was not until John Howard and a noble company of English men and women within the last century protested and appealed to the conscience of the country that jails began to be really human institutions, and penal systems to be regulated by reason.

So alms-giving—helping the needy and succoring the suffering—is coeval with society, and the pictures in literature and painting of the monks in convents giving out food to the poor, and the ancient charitable foundations and customs in England, the open house at Christmas, and the Christmas distribution of coals and doles, are all romantic and pleasing to the uninstructed imagination. But the brightly bedizened beadle in the pictures of the old *Illustrated News*, who with a stolid face, a red nose, and an official staff marshals the alms of coals to the forlorn old men and women—her Majesty's poor beads-men—was not, after all, an angel of grace and mercy and consolation. It is unquestionable that the indiscriminate giving was a grievous wrong, and it is equally undeniable that the larger part of the money given for charitable relief in New York and in other great cities merely extends and perpetuates poverty and crime.

Elia with fond and delightful perversity asks why we should not give a sixpence to a beggar who feigns so well that we can not be sure that he is feigning, since we gladly give a crown to the play-actor who announces that he feigns. One reason is that we give him the means of getting drunk and maltreating his wretched family. Another reason is that by increasing the amount of crime and poverty we raise the taxes, and thereby the burdens of the hard-working, honest man, to provide public punishment and relief. Another reason is that we place a premium upon lying and laziness and the destruction of self-respect. The man or woman who hastens along the street and, seeing a pitiful beggar, yields to the humane and natural impulse to relieve suffering and gives an alms, forgets that shrewd knavery knows perfectly well that humane and natural impulse, and trades upon it for its own self-indulgence.

—But, dear Easy Chair, you said all this last month. Well, dear and gentle reader, have you remembered to profit by the lesson, or only remembered the exhortation? If the latter, surely you will not deny the necessity of the reiteration. If the former, you will be glad that others should have the truth urged upon them.

Perhaps you do not like the Easy Chair in preaching robes; or do you apply to it the retort of Charles Lamb to Coleridge: "Ever hear you preach? Why, I never heard you do anything else." Or you think the Chair not fitted for a friar? Nevertheless,

> "not in vain
> He wore his sandal shoon and scallop shell,"

if you refuse to give the passing alms in the street, and take care to ascertain, as you can by many agencies, that it is not a lazy toper whom you are "treating," but an actual need which you are relieving.

Editor's Study.

I.

IF there should happen to be among the million readers (*à peu près*) of this Magazine two or three young men who are presently

> "Waiting to strive a happy strife,
> To war with falsehood to the knife,
> And not to lose the good of life,"

we think we can tell them of a new book which will interest and help them. It is the *Life and Correspondence of Louis Agassiz*, of which Mrs. Agassiz modestly calls herself editor rather than author. They will find it a romance, full of the high joy of achievement; of youth, brilliant, vivid, glad with utter self-forgetfulness, kept beyond gray hair and fading eyes, to the very moment of death; in other words, the story of a man born poor in money, but incalculably rich in the impulse to know and to use knowledge to the highest end, and so happily framed that he could always prefer his object to himself, could attain his results without apparently leaving upon them any stain of egotism. This simplicity, this purity of motive, won not only brains and pockets to his service wherever

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he went, but all hearts. People saw that the sole aim he had in view was the truth, and that he was not pursuing it for his own sake, but for any other sake sooner. The secret of his success, which is the only sure and sovereign formula for the finest success, has been open from the beginning of time; but it has rarely been able to commend itself so attractively to the young imagination as in Agassiz's life. It has had so often to insist upon itself in spite of neglect, of obloquy, of martyrdom; but here it is the talisman of unbroken prosperity. We do not mean that Agassiz had not his early struggles and renunciations; the son of a poor Swiss *pasteur*, sensitively conscious that his home was cramped to open his path through the schools, could not be without these; but wide recognition came to him very early. "To do all the good you can to your fellow-beings, to have a pure conscience, to gain an honorable livelihood, to procure for yourself by work a little ease, to make those around you happy—that is true happiness; all the rest but mere accessories and chimeras," his mother tenderly, warningly wrote him, when at twenty-one his thoughts began to turn from the profession for which he was fitting himself, to the science that afterward engrossed his life, and he answered: "I wish it may be said of Louis Agassiz that he was the first naturalist of his time, a good citizen, and a good son, beloved of all who knew him." A year later, the value of his first work on fishes was acknowledged by Cuvier, and hard upon this came the cordial acclaim of Humboldt, who formed for the young naturalist an affection which strengthened through all his remaining years. The constantly recurring evidence of this in the letters of Humboldt now first printed is a lovely strain in the book, where at times one is tempted to complain that there is too little of Agassiz's personal life, till one remembers that his whole life was scientific, and rich and ample as his nature was, it must leave chiefly that record. We learn more about him by the letters to him than by the letters from him; these are the expression of his impassioned ambition as a naturalist almost from the first. We have only glimpses of his beloved home by the Swiss lake, but its sober peace and reasonable piety remain from these a light upon him through all the succeeding events.

After Agassiz came to America his life was no longer a romance; it was a fairy tale, whose incidents are known to all of us; for Agassiz, through his hold upon the sympathies and imaginations of men, became a public man here, as politicians and soldiers and divines are public men, but scientists never before. Private fortunes were opened to him as freely as if they had been the treasures of princes; money honestly amassed in commerce was offered as munificently as if it had been wrung from subject populations; legislatures gave as if they had been individuals, fascinated by the charm of high, unselfish intents. It is a great example, and much courage can be taken from it. Perhaps the time has really come in the history of our race when the man of grand aims, of purposes not even immediately beneficent, but wholly altruistic, may hopefully appeal to his fellow-men for their help in realizing them. Agassiz believed that he could do this, and his faith was justified, not only with millionaires and general courts, but with hard-working people of all sorts, like his enthusiastic students and assistants, like the carpenters at Penikese, who, when he called them together and told them that the Summer School there "was neither for money nor the making of money,.... it was for the best interests of education, and for that alone," took off their Sunday coats and labored from dawn till dark to finish his buildings for him on the Sabbath day.

II.

Agassiz found this new world of ours full not merely of vast physical activities, but of eager and thorough scientific work by men who, he tells his European friends, would be noted in science anywhere, and whom he found employed in public enterprises undertaken by popular governments. He had been used to the munificence of kings, as science may experience it; but this liberality of legislatures composed of farmers and country lawyers amazed him, at nearly the same moment when poor M. de Bacourt, Minister from France to these States, was asking his Maker what a person of his quality could have done that he should be forced to live among such people as the Americans, so sordid, so ignorant, so barbarous!

Madame la Comtesse de Mirabeau, who obliges us with the *Souvenirs of a Diplomate*, after they had remained unpublished in his private letters for nearly fifty years, prefaces them with a sketch of M. de Bacourt's life—a life passed in courts, near the persons of princes, and perfumed throughout, except for those odious years in America, with the odor of salons and the incense of a rehabilitated Church. M. de Bacourt was a gentleman of birth and fortune, a reactionary in politics and religion, who believed in himself and his king and his confessor, and adored the memory of the great and good Prince Talleyrand. Whether M. de Bacourt's Maker was ever able to justify to that gentleman his exile in this country there is now no means of knowing, but no reader of his amusing book can be ungrateful to the providence that brought him here to write these letters about the United States under Van Buren and Tyler. They show us not only how a man of his sort regarded us then, but how such a man must always regard us; for under our system the strong, rude native life will always be working to the top, especially in politics. Very probably it will come to the top now and then in society, and if this keeps on happening till we learn that no class of Americans

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is to be polished alone, but that we are all bound together, high and low, for barbarism or civilization, it will be perhaps no bad thing.

However this may be, few of our witnesses have been or will be able to dislike us so comprehensively as M. de Bacourt. The weather behaved almost as badly as an American statesman at the very moment of his arrival in the country; it turned in a single day of June from very cold to intensely hot. This was in New York, where everything, even in 1840, "is a weak imitation of the English, ... an England and Englishmen of second and third rate," and where, after twenty-four hours, he has "seen none of the much-talked-of American beauties" in the street. On the railway to Philadelphia "cinders penetrate the cars, and at the end of the journey one has the appearance of a coal-heaver. .... Then don't forget that all Americans chew tobacco, and spit continually around them, and it is difficult to keep out of this filth." From the very first, Washington is his "penitentiary," with its wide, dusty, broiling streets, its mean houses, and its life neither of city nor village. He begins to meet there the giants of those days, whose extinction we deplore in our moments of depression, and although Mr. Clay's "proclivities are very French, ... his exterior is that of an English farmer," while in the House and Senate our lamented publicists not only keep their hats on after the fashion "imported from England," but they "sit with their legs in the air, and others, stretched out, sleep as if in their beds; .... they all spit everywhere," and it is the sound of this spitting which most shocks M. de Bacourt. He finds no one but the President who is "exempt from this vice"; but "Mr. Van Buren, though the son of an innkeeper, and himself even trained to the family calling, has acquired to an astonishing degree the ways of the world." Mr. de Muhlenberg, formerly United States Minister to Austria, makes M. de Bacourt's blood run cold by saying: "You want to know what I think of Prince Metternich? Well, he is a hog." At a fashionable evening party in Washington, "the women, ridiculously dressed, stood around the room hanging on their husbands' arms. Perhaps it was very moral, but I assure you it was very grotesque. There are no young people in the French provinces who have not better manners." "The celebrated Mr. Webster is pompous to the last degree, and ill at ease" in company. "All the distinguished men in this country would be only second or even third class in England. They give themselves the airs of importance one sees in the brewers of London, with their vanity, vulgarity, and absurdity." At six o'clock in the morning—good heavens!—M. de Bacourt meets "Miss Meade, one of the beauties of Washington, alone in the street, going or coming from I do not know where. Free manners!" While he is calling upon a member of Mr. Tyler's cabinet, "three of his colleagues came in—Mr. Badger smoking a cigar, which he did not extinguish; Mr. Bell lay down on a sofa, with his feet over the arms, and thus presenting the soles of his boots to us; as to Mr. Crittenden, finding it too warm, he took off his coat, and pulled a great roll of tobacco from his pocket, put it in his mouth, and commenced chewing. They were very merry and facetious, and as I did not wish to hurt the feelings of men who were so influential in commercial questions, I joined in with them." One fancies the strain it must have been to M. de Bacourt, who is treated throughout by such people exactly as they treat one another, with no apparent sense of his quality, and who must bear it all, if he will keep them from levying duties on French wines and silks; and all in vain, for they levy the duties at last, and perhaps have chuckled in their shirt sleeves at the notion of his cajoling them. At a dinner in the White House our god-like Daniel embraces M. de Bacourt, and hiccoughs over him the professions of a very tender friendship, apparently unfelt before the third bottle of Madeira. He was forced to meet such persons as "a Mr. and Mrs. Bayard, who have the impudence to call themselves descendants of Chevalier Bayard," not knowing that he had never married. At Rockaway Beach he sees the gentlemen take off their coats and vests and join the ladies at a game of ten-pins. On a journey to Niagara he can not get a cutlet, or even an egg. At Boston, where he might otherwise have had a moment of happiness, he finds that "the inhabitants of this elegant and charming city hate the French, and what is worse, they despise them." In a prison at Philadelphia the stamp of crime is much more pronounced on the convicts' faces than in Europe. The American steamboats continually agitate M. de Bacourt by blowing up, and there is a mania for suicide among the few refined people in the country, which he can account for only by supposing them bored to madness by the social conditions.

It is impossible to rehearse all his griefs with us, and, so far as it goes, it is impossible to deny the truth of the portrait he draws. We may say it is not flattered, but in our hearts we can not deny that he saw all these terrible and ugly and ridiculous features in us. He saw nothing else, because he was M. de Bacourt, and was bred to believe that "politeness in social relations.... is the fundamental basis and the most indispensable element" of life. Rained down in the midst of a new people, each bent by so much of the divine purpose as was in him to help accomplish with tireless work of head and hand the destiny of the greatest free nation which had ever been, he saw—poor little diplomatic reactionary—nothing but the abundance of our bad manners, which, even after fifty years, might still strike him. He prophesied that a people with manners like ours must go to the dogs; he beheld us well on our way to the dogs; and so did some other prophets who

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visited us at the same time, and conspicuously the prophet Dickens, whom M. de Bacourt found made more of by the Americans than Fanny Elssler, Lafayette, and Prince de Joinville all put together. The caricaturist was right in his picture of us, as the diplomatist was; but their study is a faithfuler portrait of themselves even than of us.

Perhaps, indeed — the temptation to construct the theory rushes overpoweringly upon us—the foreign critic's measure of America is always the measure of himself. So far as he perceives that this is the opportunity of the whole human race, not merely to enjoy and ornament itself for the satisfaction of its higher vanity, but chiefly to work and to help itself unhampered by tradition—so far as he shows himself a man who has lived in realities, and not in bubbles, however iridescent, literary, social, or diplomatic—so far he will be consoled for our uncouthness. Occasionally even poor M. de Bacourt has a perception of magnitudes transcending "politeness in social relations," and it affords him a momentary comfort in the midst of suffering otherwise incessant. In one of these intervals he can say: "The Anglo-American race is, in my opinion, charged with a special providential mission—that of peopling and civilizing this immense continent; they are proceeding in the accomplishment of this work undisturbed by any obstacle, and this explains the anomalies so easy to observe and criticise. But it is not fair to judge from details; one must see the whole, and this whole is grand, majestic, and imposing.... The only fault of the Americans is that they will not rest satisfied with their success, but will always, in comparing themselves with European nations, claim superiority over them in everything. This is their great weakness, and encourages writers who come here to find fault."

We have now become so modest—partly from the chastisements of foreign critics, but chiefly, we must believe, through our native virtue—that it is incredible we should have ever had the fault which M. de Bacourt here imputes to us, and we hardly know how to yield, such is our present diffidence, even to the French, in a fine sense of national deficiencies and a generous habit of self-disparagement.

III.

It is some such reluctance, perhaps, which renders us sensitive to the compliment lately paid our poor American language by two English novelists. These writers have wished to reproduce the accents and expressions which we commended last month to the attention of our native authors, and they have imagined several American characters entirely for the purpose of having somebody speak American. Our foreign compatriots are not much like the fellow-citizens we know at home, but it can be honestly said of them that they are as like us as their talk is like our untutored speech. We believe it was Mr. Robert Buchanan who, feeling that the language of Shakespeare and Milton would no longer serve as a means of international *rapprochement*, was the first Briton to write in the New England dialect; at any rate he produced a poem in it which he was not able to tell from one of Mr. Lowell's; and now Mr. Black, in his *White Heather*, has a character who speaks perceptible American; only, he is a man, and he speaks young-lady American as often as masculine American. To us the two sorts are distinct enough, but Mr. Black, who has no doubt heard most of the former in praise of his agreeable books, is not so much to blame for getting them mixed. He makes Mr. Hodson say a London fog is "just too dismal for anything," but we feel that it was his daughter who supplied Mr. Black with that phrase; and when the young lady says, "You bet your pile on that," we suspect that Mr. Black really had the expression from her younger brother.

As for Mr. Grant Allen, who has made a country boy from northern New York the hero of his novel *Babylon*, we should not know exactly where or how he got his Americanisms. There are some tokens of a visit or sojourn here in his decorative use of our birds and flowers; but our phrases seem rather to have been studied from such widely representative authorities as Mark Twain, Dr. Eggleston, Bret Harte, Sam Slick, and Charles Dickens. A farmer in "Geauga County," New York, asks "Whar's Hiram?" as if he were in the heart of the blue-grass region; and this deacon of the church adds that he has an itching "to give that thar boy a durned good cowhidin'," as if he were a Pike accustomed to "exhort the impenitent mule." Hiram is in the blackberry patch, but Mr. Allen calls it the blackberry *lot*, because, as he understands, "lot" is the American for "field, meadow, croft, copse, paddock, and all the other beautiful and expressive Old-World names for our own time-honored English inclosures," though we believe Americans, when foreigners are not by, speak among themselves of meadows, fields, pastures, wood pastures, girdlings, loppings, clearings, intervales, and other features and subdivisions of the landscape as they have occasion to specify them. Mr. Allen, however, has heard of bottom-lands, and he tells us that in Rome his hero's thoughts turned fondly to the "old blackberry bottom"; and he has "cranberry-trees" growing in his cranberry marsh. His deacon addresses a group of trappers as "Gents, all"; and his talk is delicious with such native flavors as "Wal, this do beat all, really"; "He's progressin' towards citizenship now, and I've invested quite a lot of capital in his raisin';" "Wal, I should appreciate that consid'able;" "I dessay that thar boy;" and "It allus licks my poor finite understanding altogither why the Lord should have run this continent so long with nothin' better'n Injuns.... Why a lad, that's been brought up a Chrischun and a Hopkinsite, should want to go grubbin' up their

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knives and things in this cent'ry is a caution to me, that's what it is—a reg'lar caution." It all sounds amazingly American, and probably Mr. Allen could not be persuaded that it is not so. His people are Americans of the sort that the accurate English eye has seen and the delicate English hand has drawn ever since we were first portrayed in *Martin Chuzzlewit*.

IV.

Apparently Mr. Allen has not thought it a serious thing to write a novel, nor human nature worth that honest inquiry which has given him an honorable name in science. This is a mistake which we hope he will come to regret, and which will certainly cause his friends to grieve. It is not quite enough in itself, however, to make one despair of English novelists, and we have read within the year two English books by an unknown hand which may yet mark a new era in English fiction. We hardly know, indeed, whether to call them fiction, they carry so deep a sense of truthfulness to the reader, they are so far in temper from any sort of mere artistry, so simply and nobly serious. The books are the *Autobiography of Mark Rutherford* and *Mark Rutherford's Deliverance*, the one being the rather unsatisfying sequel to the other. Yet it is unsatisfying only as the incompleteness, the brokenness of life, which it perfectly counterfeits, is unsatisfying. There never were books in which apparently the writer has cared so little to make literary account of himself, cared so little to shine, to impress, wished so much to speak his heart plainly out to the heart of his reader. There is absolutely no study of attitude, no appeal to the dramatic or the picturesque, no merely decorative use of words. When you have read the books you feel that you have witnessed the career of a man as you might have witnessed it in the world, and not in a book. We could not give too strong an impression of this incomparable sincerity.

The history is that of an Englishman of the lower or lowest middle class, who is bred to the ministry, but who is constrained by lapses of belief first to abandon his evangelical pulpit, and then to give up a Unitarian parish, and who at the close of his autobiography is the clerk of an atheistical bookseller in London. *Mark Rutherford's Deliverance*, which appeared last summer, four years after the publication of the *Autobiography*, takes up his story at the point where he becomes the Parliamentary correspondent of two provincial newspapers, and follows him through the failure of this employment, his marriage with the woman to whom he had been betrothed in his youth, and his final toil at hateful work under a hard master, to his sudden death. There is no "incident" in the story; there is neither more "plot" nor less than there is in the experience of God's creatures generally, so generally ignored by "imaginative" writers in their "powerful" inventions. It can not, therefore, find favor with readers who like to be "amused," and to "have their minds taken off themselves." We warn them that the story of Mark Rutherford will fix their "minds" all the more intensely upon themselves, and will stir them deeply, without in the least "amusing" them. Or rather it will do this with readers who can think and feel; and the other sort had better go to the theatre and see a modern play.

Nothing of Mark Rutherford's error or weakness is concealed in these extraordinary books, and in him we have more distinctly got rid of that barbaric survival, the "hero," than in any other figure of fiction—if he is really fictitious. If you pity him, and even love him for his truth and purity and right endeavor, it is because you are sufficiently mature, sufficiently civilized, to see the beauty of these things in their union with tremulous nerves, irresolute performance, vague aspiration, depression, frequent helplessness, faltering faith. He is only one of ten or twelve other persons drawn with the same wise faithfulness, and presented to us with the belief that we shall have enough inconsistencies in ourselves to account for all the inconsistencies in them. When the author has to tell us that a certain man of clear, strong, disciplined mind is a journeyman printer, he seems not to feel bound to explain the fact that he can be both one and the other, and he has no excuses to make for asking us to be interested in the psychological experience of a waiter, a salesman, a porter, who are never at all romanced, but are considered simply in their quality of human beings, affected in due degree by their callings. But such a man as Marden, living and dying in gentle, serene, patient, agnosticism; such a man as McKay, groaning over the misery of London, and inventing out of his own poverty and helplessness a way to help it some little, however little; such women as Mary Marden, Theresa, and Ellen, taking quietly, strongly, unspectacularly, their share of the common burden of common life, have more of consolation and encouragement in them than all the "ideal" figures that ever "helpless fancy feigned" out of proportion to the things that are. The story where they move naturally, from real impulses and with genuine interests, is not gloomy, with all its unrelenting seriousness, and it would be very unjust to leave the reader with the notion that it is inimical to religion. It is very religious. We do not see how Christianity could be more subtly and profoundly comprehended, and throughout his doctrinal stumblings and gropings Mark Rutherford finds his happiness only in that highest good which Christ taught in the highest degree—good to others. This is the key-note of his story, touched throughout, but never with maudlin pathos or rhetorical flourish.

People who like genteel company in novels will not find him in it; there is not a "gentleman" or a "lady" in either of the books, and the plain, poverty-bound lives which

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they have to do with are considered as inapologetically in their struggles with real sorrows and troubles as if they were all so many gentlemen and ladies of leisure longing to get married or unmarried. If there is no false shame in depicting these common people and conditions, neither is there any boastfulness, or anything of the foolish superstition that there is merit in narrow circumstances of themselves. Perhaps the self-respectful attitude in regard to this material is kept so well because it is the inner life of these men and women that is portrayed — that experience so sweet, so bitter, so precious, of almost any human soul, which we should always be better and wiser for knowing, but which we so often turn from in the stupid arrogance of our cultures and respectabilities.

At times the author seems to have no art in presenting his facts, he does it so barely and bluntly, but he never fails to make you understand just what he means, and he never offends against that beautiful "modesty of nature" which, when one has once really valued it, one can not see offended in literature without a sense of outrage.

V.

A great master may sin against it as well as a bungling apprentice; and if the reader will turn from these books to Balzac's *Le Père Goriot*, of which a new translation has lately appeared, we think he will feel the truth of this painfully enough. In the atmosphere, sane if sad, of the English story, there is in high degree the quality of repose with which the Greeks knew how to console tragedy in every art; but the malarial restlessness of the French romance is as destitute of this as the theatre. After that exquisitely careful and truthful setting of his story in the shabby boarding-house, the author fills the scene with figures jerked about by the exaggerated passions and motives of the stage. We can not have a cynic reasonably wicked, disagreeable, egoistic; we must have a lurid villain of melodrama, a disguised convict, with a vast criminal organization at his command, and

"So dyèd double red"

in deed and purpose that he lights up the faces of the horrified spectators with his glare. A father fond of unworthy children, and leading a life of self-denial for their sake, as may probably and pathetically be, is not enough; there must be an imbecile, trembling dotard, willing to promote even the *liaisons* of his daughters to give them happiness and to teach the sublimity of the paternal instinct. The hero can not sufficiently be a selfish young fellow, with alternating impulses of greed and generosity; he must superfluously intend a career of iniquitous splendor, and be swerved from it by nothing but the most cataclysmal interpositions. It can be said that without such personages the plot could not be transacted; but so much the worse for the plot. Such a plot had no business to be; and while actions so unnatural are imagined, no mastery can save fiction from contempt with those who really think about it. To Balzac it can be forgiven, not only because in his better mood he gave us such biographies as *César Birotteau* and *Eugénie Grandet*, but because he wrote at a time when fiction was just beginning to verify the externals of life, to portray faithfully the outside of men and things. It was still held that in order to interest the reader the characters must be moved by the old romantic ideals; we were to be taught that "heroes" and "heroines" existed all around us, and that these abnormal beings needed only to be discovered in their several humble disguises, and then we should see every-day people actuated by the fine frenzy of the creatures of the poets. How false that notion was few but the critics, who are apt to be rather belated, need now be told. Some of these poor fellows, however, still contend that it ought to be done, and that human feelings and motives, as God made them and as men know them, are not good enough for novel-readers.

VI.

This is more explicable than would appear at first glance. The critics—and in speaking of them one always modestly leaves one's self out of the count for some reason—when they are not elders ossified in tradition, are apt to be young people, and young people are necessarily conservative in their tastes and theories. They have the tastes and theories of their instructors, who perhaps caught the truth of their day, but whose routine life has been alien to any other truth. There is probably no chair of literature in this country from which the principles now shaping the literary expression of every civilized people are not denounced and confounded with certain objectionable French novels, or which teaches young men anything of the universal impulse which has given us the books, not only of Zola, but of Tourguéneff and Tolstoï in Russia, of Björnsen in Norway, of Valera in Spain, of Verga in Italy, of the unknown Englishman who wrote *Mark Rutherford*. Till these younger critics have learned to think as well as to write for themselves they will persist in heaving a sigh, more and more perfunctory, for the truth as it was in Sir Walter, and as it was in Dickens and in Hawthorne. Presently all will have been changed; they will have seen the new truth in larger and larger degree, and when it shall have become the old truth, they will perhaps see it all.

In the meanwhile they are not such bad fellows with us, and though one might perhaps count our critical authorities upon rather less than the thumbs of one hand, we believe there is no country in the world where an author finds completer recognition at least. Our critics must still make each his manners, more or less comical, to the awful form of precedent;

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but when this is once done, they do collectively find out what is good in a piece of literature. In a thousand newspapers, scattered over the whole country, they utter so vast an amount of fresh and independent impression that every part of the author's work is touched, nothing of his intention or performance is lost. It will often be deplored as mistaken and of wrong direction or slighter value, but it will have been felt to the last, lightest insinuation.

This is another advantage of a literary centre distributed almost as widely as the Presidential patronage. There is no critical leadership among us. Chicago frankly differs from Boston about a book, and St. Louis can not do less than differ from Chicago; San Francisco has no superstition about the opinions of New York; Buffalo and New Orleans have each its point of view. Comment is almost coextensive with reading in our country; and from the newspapers the author may learn fairly well what this vast, sympathetic, eager people are saying and thinking of his book. This will always, however, be far less than he would have imagined.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 16th of December.—The first session of the Forty-ninth Congress was opened at noon on Monday, December 7. Mr. John Sherman was elected President *pro tempore* of the Senate, and Mr. J. G. Carlisle Speaker of the House. After some routine business both Houses adjourned out of respect to the memory of Vice-President Hendricks.

The most important recommendations in President Cleveland's first Message, read before both Houses December 8, were the following: increased appropriations for the diplomatic and consular service; abolition of tariff on works of art; reduction of the tariff on the necessaries of life; suspension of the compulsory silver coinage act; the building up of an efficient navy; appointment of six general Indian Commissioners; reforms in grants of public land; laws to suppress polygamy in Utah, and the prohibition of Mormon immigration; the pushing forward of civil service reform, and an increase of salaries of the Commissioners; and the enactment of a law fixing the Presidential succession.

In the present House there are 183 Democrats, 141 Republicans, and 1 Greenback-Democrat. Of the Democrats 110 were in the last Congress, and of the Republicans 84.

Two new United States Senators were chosen: Ex-Senator J. H. Mitchell, Oregon, and J. W. Daniel, Virginia.

The first Legislature of the State of Dakota assembled at Huron December 14.

The body of Vice-President Hendricks was buried in Crown Hill Cemetery, Indianapolis, December 1, with great honors.

The United States army now numbers 2154 officers and 24,705 men.

The public debt of the United States was increased during November $4,887,198 47.

The British Parliamentary elections began November 24. As far as known the result is as follows: Liberals, 334; Conservatives, 248; Nationalists, 81.

The German Reichstag was opened November 19. In the imperial Speech the foreign relations were declared to be peaceful and friendly. The Emperor confidently hoped that the Balkan conflict would not disturb the peace of Europe, and trusted that the signers of the Berlin Treaty would succeed in securing respect for the treaties by the people rendered independent by them.

Germany has acquiesced in the Pope's settlement of the Carolines question.

General Caceres has captured Lima, Peru. General Iglesias, the President, surrendered December 2, and Señor Eusebio was made provisional President.

The Servian army crossed the Bulgarian border in three divisions early on the morning of November 14, and marched in the direction of Sophia. After several victories on the way, they were defeated and driven back with considerable loss. On November 28 the powers proposed an armistice, which was accepted, and on December 14 a commission was appointed to mark an armistice line.

Italy has annexed Massowah, with the approval of Lord Salisbury.

Louis David Riel, the rebel chief, was hanged in the jail yard of the Mounted Police Barracks at Regina November 16.

The war in Burmah was quickly ended. The king's war vessel was captured November 15, and two weeks later General Prendergast entered Mandalay. On November 29 King Theebaw surrendered, and immediately embarked for Calcutta under guard.

Princess Mercedes, the five-year-old daughter of Alfonso, will be Queen of Spain under the regency of her mother, Christina.

DISASTERS.

November 13.—Ten miners killed by an explosion in the Bull Domingo Mine, at Silver Cliff, Colorado.

November 21.—Tornado in the Philippine Islands, killing twenty-two persons and destroying eight thousand buildings.

November 23.—Calcutta dispatch reporting that a cyclone in India had destroyed one hun-

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dred and fifty villages and drowned five thousand people.

December 4.—An earthquake in Algeria, nearly destroying the town of Msila, and killing thirty-two persons.

December 15.—Eleven persons killed in a collision on the Georgia Pacific Railroad.

OBITUARY.

November 14.—At Fordham, New York, Horace B. Claflin, merchant, aged seventy-four years.

November 22.—At Medford, Massachusetts, Elizur Wright, in his eighty-second year.

November 25.—In Indianapolis, Indiana, Hon. Thomas A. Hendricks, Vice-President of the United States, aged sixty-six years.—In Madrid, King Alfonso of Spain, aged twenty-eight years.

November 26.—In Madrid, Marshal Serrano, ex-Dictator of Spain, aged seventy-five years.

November 28.—In London, the Duke of Somerset, aged eighty-one years.

November 30.—At Ocala, Florida, Francis N. Bangs, a distinguished lawyer, of New York city, in his fifty-eighth year.

December 8.—In New York city, William H. Vanderbilt, in his sixty-fifth year.

December 15.—In London, Rev. Dr. John Saul Howson, Dean of Chester, aged seventy years.—In Washington, Georgia, General Robert Toombs, in his seventy-sixth year.

Editor's Drawer.

THE following correspondence, which is printed with regret, may need some explanation. Names, of course, are suppressed. The first note is from an official supposed to be very near the White House:

(*Confidential.*)

WASHINGTON, ——, 1885.

DEAR SIR,—The mission to Yank-e-Pank is vacant. I have some reason to believe that it might be obtained for you if it were known that you would accept the appointment.

Yours respectfully, —— — ——.

(*Not confidential.*)

BOSTON, ——, 1885.

DEAR SIR,—I am glad to hear that the mission to Yank-e-Pank is vacant. As it seems to be etiquette for the government not to offer an appointment unless it knows it will be accepted, I am obliged to inform you that it is a principle with me never to accept or decline anything before it is offered to me.

I have the honor to be

Yours, etc., —— ——.

WASHINGTON, ——, 1885.

DEAR SIR,—I am directed, in behalf of the President of the United States, to offer you the position of Minister to Yank-e-Pank. You will please report to Washington for instructions on or before the 26th inst.

Yours respectfully, —— — ——.

P.S.—The salary of the mission will probably be raised at the next session of Congress.

BOSTON, ——, 1885.

DEAR SIR,—Your note informing me that the President offers me the position of Minister to Yank-e-Pank is received, and I desire you to express my profound gratitude to the President for the honor he does me. I should like to accept the mission to Yank-e-Pank (after the salary has been raised), were it not that I determined early in life never to subject myself to official whims and insolence by taking a government appointment, and never to let myself be set up as a target for abuse by running for an elective office, and I have thus far been poor enough to keep my resolution. This will not seem to you unpatriotic when you reflect that I am the only man in the United States of this mind, so that there is no danger that any office will long be vacant.

I am willing to believe that you are actuated by kindly motives, but see what you propose to do to me. I have a family, and I have a business which gives me a moderate income, that with economy enables me to make both ends meet at the end of the year. You propose to tear me out of my pleasant relations, break up my business, and send me out of the country on a salary that you know is not large enough to enable me to live like my missionary associates at Yank-e-Pank, and is small enough to subject me to social mortification. You say that it may be raised. How do you know that it will not be discontinued entirely about the time I get established at Yank-e-Pank, and that the only notice I will have from the department that my services are no longer required is that my pay stopped a month before I received the notice?

You propose to break up my life, and you do not offer any permanent position or any career. How can you? You are not a permanency yourself. You represent nothing that is stable. You are not part of a system or an organization that is by its nature certain in its action or responsible. You are only an accident of a political chance that may disappear and leave me high and dry. And yet you call yourselves a government! I should hold this place only at the whim of you or some other equally transient official; and if I were turned out of it, I should probably have to sell my furniture and borrow money of my father-in-law to pay my passage home.

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I confess that I am amazed at your cheek, although I gratefully acknowledge your kind intention. You know, besides, that I am not qualified for Yank-e-Pank, that I never had a day's diplomatic experience, that I have not had the least training in your State Department nor in the consular or ministerial business. You know that you do not offer me a career, but only a risky excursion; that you do not propose to make me part of a permanent, well-organized service, with a certainty of continuance in it if I am worthy and able, with the chance of promotion, and an inducement to devote all my energies to the service of my country.

You cruelly ask me to take all these risks, and a still more serious one, that of the loss of my reputation. You know perfectly well that if my official master, who is not, remember, the head of a system, in a fit of indigestion or by reason of misinformation (which may be conveyed by an anonymous letter), chooses to turn me out and disgrace me, though I may be as right as right, there is not one chance in a thousand that I would get redress, there is no tribunal to which I could appeal, since my official position is purely arbitrary.

If I were rich and had nothing else to do, I might like to go to Yank-e-Pank and swell round for a year or two in an official position. But until you organize a regular diplomatic and consular service, I beg to be excused from encouraging by my acceptance the delusive so-called "best-men" policy.

Respectfully your ob't serv't, —— ——.

THE COLORED SEXTON.

The sexton of a Baptist church in a large Western city was a good colored brother, who rarely took part in the social religious meetings of the society; but when he did, all present held their breath, for it was well known that some one was to be "hit on the head," and great amusement was in store for the others. On this particular occasion the subject of the prayer-meeting was "Christian Humility." Mr. Bascom, one of the wealthiest church members, while leaning on his gold-headed cane and toying with his elegant watch chain, concluded his remarks, with great affectation of humility, by saying: "If I ever should be so favored as to reach heaven at all, it seems to me that a place in the most remote section, the most obscure corner, of that blissful region will be infinitely more than I deserve. And when the call comes to me to 'go up higher,' it seems to me I shall feel like putting my hand upon my mouth and my mouth in the dust, and crying out, 'Unclean! unclean!'"

When he was seated, the colored brother rose in the rear of the room, and slowly advancing, faced the audience, and thus addressed them: "Brudders an' sisters, when *I* hears de angel Gabri'l blow de trumpet a-callin' me home, it 'pears to me I'll be so powerful glad I'll just call out, 'Hol' on dar, Gabri'l; I hears de trumpet, an' I's comin' mighty quick!' An' it 'pears to me I'll be so bustin full ob joy I'll jest go shoutin', skippin', leapin' right up to de front ob de throne as fast as I kin git dar. An' dar I'll stan' wid de white robes on, a-wavin' de palm branches, an' a-shoutin' 'Glory! glory! glory! glory to de Lamb dat was slain!' For what do de Scriptures say? 'Who are dese in white robes?' 'Dey what came up through great tribulations.' Down here de black skin an' de great tribulations; up *dar* de white robe an' de joy for ebermore. Now, my brudders an' sisters, what do de Scriptures say agin? Dey say 'what though dey be black as ink' (or something to dat effec'), 'dey shall be whiter dan snow.' An' it 'pears to me I'll be so powerful happy up dar dat I'd like to shake han's wid all my brudders an' sisters, widout distinction ob age, color, or previous condition ob servitude—good many on 'em I hain't shook no han' wid here—but 'pears to me I'll be so occoopied a-wavin', an' a-praisin', an' a-shoutin' hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah! close up on de right side ob de Lamb, dat I won't hab no time to go peekin' roun' de dark corners ob heaven *to find Brudder Bascom.*"

LYNN BURDETTE.

The following lines were suggested by the unchanged cover of *Harper's Monthly.* Is there not a farce called *Old Friends and New Faces?* The Drawer could never see the advantage of having an old friend put on a new face, if the friend was loved, and his face was not too ugly. This old cover has come to represent a great deal to many thousands of people, who would be bewildered by a new face put upon their entertainment. There has been of late some inquiry as to who is represented by the cherub sitting on the world, blowing bubbles. The Drawer is free to say that it is not *this* department, but it will not undertake to defend some of the lighter pages of the Magazine from the charge of this iridescent pastime. Here are the lines:

Thy cover I have known since quite a child,
And with the years it seemeth not to change.
Within, how deep the thought, how wide the range
Of fact and fancy! It hath oft beguiled
Me with its well-turned wit, till I have smiled.
Love hath been told, by artist made more sweet;
Some long-lost link of history, now complete;
And charming by-paths, either sweet or wild,
Have been outspread. Art, music, tale, and song
One finds in thee—a never-failing store,
Like El Dorado old—and something more:
For with thy wealth thou hast—a most rare case—
Never put off thy old familiar face.

ALICE WOOD.

This simple little tale, a bit of realism, is founded on "Howells's Titles":

If not particular as to the chronological order, William Dean Howells's writings might be memorized as follows: At least it would be only "A Modern Instance," if "Dr. Breen's Prac-

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tice" in the "Three Villages" should lead to "A Chance Acquaintance" with "The Lady of the Aroostook;" and if he should take upon himself "A Fearful Responsibility," "Their Wedding Journey" would be "A Foregone Conclusion"; after which they would naturally take their "Italian Journeys"—through "Tuscan Cities," avoiding "The Garroters"—during the "Indian Summer," in "The Parlor Car" or "The Sleeping Car," of course using "The Register" at the hotel stopping-places, at each of which they would take "A Day's Pleasure." They might chance to meet their friends "Abraham Lincoln," "Rutherford B. Hayes," or "Colonel Silas Lapham." This would all be followed naturally enough by "Venetian Life," where the "Doctor," or the "Lady," or both, would make their "Suburban Sketches," and write their "Poems," or "Choice Autobiography Essays." All this would but prelude their farewell to earth, *vid* "The Elevator" to the "Undiscovered Country." Would this supposition be "A Counterfeit Presentment," or "Out of the Question?" How-ells could it be?

ELHEGOS.

THE CHRISTENING.

No, I *won't* forgive our parson—not down to my dyin' day.
He'd orter waited a minnit; that's what I'll allers say.
But to christen *my* boy, *my* baby, with such an orful name—
Why, where's the use o' talkin'? I tell you he *was* to blame.

You see it happened in this way: There was father an' Uncle Si
An' mother, an' each one wantin' a finger in the pie—
Each with a name for baby, as ef I hadn't no voice.
But the more they talked an' argied, the more I stuck to my choice.

"Semanthy"—this was father—"you'd best take pattern by mother,
For *she* named thirteen childern 'thout any such fuss or bother.
As soon as she diskivered that family names was too few,
Why, she jest fell back on the Bible, as perfessers air bound to do."

"Semanthy"—this was Reuben—"'most any one else could see
That, bein' as I'm his father, he'd orter be named for *me*.
You say my name's old-fashioned; well, I'm old-fashioned too,
Yet 'twarn't so long ago, nuther, that both of us suited *you*."

Then there was Uncle Silas: "Semanthy, I tell ye what—
Jest name him Silas. I'll give him that hundred-acre lot—
I'll make out the deed to-morrer—an' then when I've gone to my rest,
There'll be a trifle o' money to help him feather his nest."

But the worst of all was mother. She says, so meek an' mild:
"I'd love to call him Jotham, after my oldest child;
He died on his second birthday. The others are grown-up men.
But Jotham is still my baby; he has never grown since then.
His hair was so soft an' curlin', eyes blue as blue could be,
An' this boy of yours, Semanthy, jest brings him back to me."

Well, it warn't no easy matter to keep on sayin' *No*,
An' disapp'intin' every one. Poor Rube he fretted so,
When I told him the name I'd chosen, that he fairly made me cry;
For I'd planned to name the darling Augustus Percival Guy.
Ah! that was a name worth hearin', so 'ristocratic an' grand!
He might 'a held up his head then with the proudest in the land.
But *now*— Well, 'tisn't no wonder, when I look at that blessed child
An' think of the name he's come to, that I *can't* be reconciled.

At last I coaxed up Reuben, an' a Sabbath mornin' came
When I took my boy to meetin' to git his Christian name.
Jest as proud as a peacock I stood a-waitin' there;
I couldn't hardly listen to the readin' nor the prayer.
For of half a dozen babies mine was the finest of all;
An' they had sech common names, too. But pride must have a fall.

"What will ye call him?" says Parson Brown, bendin' his head to hear.
Then I handed a bit of paper up, with the names writ full an' clear.
But Uncle Si, 'stead of passin' it, jest reads it over slow,
With sech a wond'rin', puzzled face, as ef he didn't know.
The child was beginnin' to fidget, an' Rube was gittin red,
So I kinder scowled at Uncle Si, and then I shook my head.
"The name?" says Parson Brown agin; "I'm 'feard I haven't caught it."
"*Jee-hoshaphat!*" says Uncle Si, out loud, before he thought it.

The parson—he's near-sighted—he couldn't understand,
Though I p'inted to the paper in Uncle Silas' hand.
But *that* word did the business; an' before I got my breath
That boy was named JEHOSHAPHAT. I felt a'most like death.
I couldn't keep from cryin' as I hurried down the aisle,
An' I fairly hated Widder Green when I see her kinder smile.
I've never, *never* called him by that name, an' never will,
An' I *can't* forgive old Parson Brown, though I bear him no ill-will.

E. T. CORBETT.

Apropos of Irving's visit writes a correspondent:

"We were at the Lyceum Theatre one evening in London when *Romeo and Juliet* was on. A young lady of our party delighted us all between the acts by her *naïve* comments upon each situation in the progress of the drama. She was particularly charmed with the balcony scene, and her eyes reflected our admiration of Miss Terry's acting. When Romeo returned, however, at the impassioned call of his mistress, she grew puzzled at the peculiar sort of agitation shown by the famous actor who was playing Romeo. Translating his emotion

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most ludicrously for his art, in this part at least, she leaned forward and asked, in an eager whisper, 'Oh, what *is* the matter with him? Has some one stolen his horse while he was talking to Juliet? Can't he get away?"

M. C. S.

Some years ago a case for damages was being tried in the Circuit Court of M—— County, Illinois, wherein Mrs. Mary G——, an estimable, sharp-spoken, and hale old lady, was the plaintiff, and the Commissioners of Highways of her township were the defendants. The damage claimed was for opening a road through the orchard on the farm of Mrs. G——. The Hon. John C. P——, a precise and scholarly lawyer, was conducting the case for the old lady. He had a reputation with the bar and among the people for using elegant language, with great politeness in propounding questions to his clients or their witnesses. On the examination of the old lady he took occasion to prove the title of the property damaged to be in her, and in a very impressive manner addressed her the following question:

"Did your husband die seized in fee of the premises?"

To which the old lady promptly answered,

"No, sir; he died with the rheumatism."

"Mexican Peter" is something of a celebrity in his native county. He won his *sobriquet*, if not his laurels, when serving as body-servant to his young master, "Marse John," during the Mexican war. Now our hero is not free from some of the failings of his race, and the shrines of pious Mexicans, with their gold and silver ornaments, did prove a most special pitfall and temptation to poor Peter. In vain did "Marse John" instill into the African mind lessons of higher morality, with a wholesome blending of the terrors of the law when coming in the garb of strict military discipline; the fact remained the same: in the time of temptation Peter had to be closely watched. When the war was over, "Marse John" went on to Washington, and Peter was sent home to "ole marster." For a few short hours after his home-coming he stepped a hero, with many tales of the marvellous to tell. Having some suspicion of how matters stood, "ole marster," with a sly twinkle, said, "Now, Peter, what did you bring back from your travels to show us?"

This was touching a tender spot, and Peter's countenance fell as he said, "I 'clare, ole marster, Mars John didn't hab no conscience 'bout dat thing at all. Much as dar wuz to git, all I could fetch home wuz wun lil silber gord"—displaying with a mixture of pride and melancholy a little image of some saint that might or might not have been of the precious metal.

Time rolled on, and the proclamation emancipated Peter from "Marse John's" conscience (or want of conscience), and at various and sundry times he profited by his liberty of action, and finally found himself in limbo for unlawfully possessing himself of a neighbor's turkey, and was tried in the court where "Marse John" was a practicing attorney, and "Marse Peyton," another member of the family, the grave and dignified judge. The evidence was overpowering, and to plead "not guilty" impossible, so Peter could only request to be "'lowed to splain how he got in de trouble." Anticipating a treat, the request was granted, and solemnly the Court awaited the defense. Not without a certain dignity, the old man arose, and the explanation began: "Gentmun, I won't say I 'ain't got into dis trouble, 'cause I sholy is, and hit troubling me 'nough; but in jestice I mus' tell how it all cum upon me. Fust, sum blame lay at de door ob Marse John. He good man, good as gole; but he wun contrackted, not say wun stingy, farmer. He got de ole thrashin-machine he had 'fore de war, what leave mos' ob de wheat in de straw, and dat fack 'tice ole Mis' Simpkins's tuckeys to cum dar, an' scratch in de straw an' eat. Now dey come dar an' do dat so long tell dey jes *shine*, and, gentmun, when a tuckey shine, he fat, an' I look at dem shining tuckeys so long tell I 'gin to feel mor'lly bound to have one, an' I got one. Now dat's de fust reason, but chiefliest dis trouble come to me 'cause ole Mr. Simpkins wa'n't no gentmun. Ef I had been dealing wid a gentmun, things ud 'a bin diffunt; but he wuz pore white folks, an' ez I only knowed de ways of gentmun, I wa'n't no match for him. I *does* know a gentmun. Didn't me an' Marse John here an' Marse Peyton dar all come out de same estate, and who ever fetch de word *dey* wa'n't gentmun? Well, me an' de ole 'oman an' de chillun had jes dun eat dat tuckey, an', to sabe de scand'l ob de thing, I had pit all de feathers an' bones in de Dutch oven—my Dutch oven Mis' Sally gib me—when I hear somebody knock at de door. I went to de door, an' dar stan' ole Mr. Simpkins! Now some pore white folks is wus dan p'inter dogs, dey so peersome. Mr. Simpkins come in; he look round, an' walk straight to my Dutch oven Mis' Sally gib me. He peep in; he find de feathers an' bones, pull um all out, an' jes laff most outlandish! Wuz *dat* a gentmun? Now de Cote knows all, an' I couldn't set here quiet tell dey did." It is needless to say the ruling of the "Cote" was not very severe.

A singular case of kleptomania suddenly made its appearance in one of the best families of the beautiful city of D——, situated on the Mississippi, in Iowa. The unfortunate victim was a lady well known in social circles, and one who was a very active member in all the benevolent societies of the place. For a long time it was a profound mystery how, where, and who it was that succeeded in purloining from the best families in town watches, diamond rings, costly wearing apparel, and numerous other valuable articles. All at once, however, the mystery was solved, and the

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MISDIRECTED SYMPATHY.

MISS POPULAR (*to Professor Pfeffer, who is showing her the paper he is to read before the Scientific Club*). "And you have to read these long, long papers, and before an audience! How I pity you!"
PROFESSOR PFEFFER. "Oh, zat is not zo much ze pity as to haf to listen to ze ozzers!"

thefts brought home to the door of this kleptomaniac. I need not say how distressed the first families in town were when it became apparent that the intruder was one of their own set. Various were the opinions given, and at one of the regular meetings of the Ladies' Benevolent Society the case was being ventilated as only such a gathering can do it, when up spoke a lady friend, and said: "Ladies, draw the mantle of charity around this unfortunate woman. Last night she became a mother for the first time, and perhaps the kleptomania will leave her now." At the house where these good ladies were congregated the hostess had a quiet, pretty little daughter of six years, who, upon hearing the above announcement of the arrival of a baby, exclaimed, "Mamma, I'll bet Miss —— stole the baby—don't you?"

A great deal of time has been devoted to target practice in the army during the past four or five years, and, in fact, at many posts but little attention is paid to anything else during the months when it is carried on. How the "craze" has affected all parties can be inferred from the following: At the dinner table of an officer whose station is in a far Western Territory, on a late Sabbath, the conversation of the children turned on Scripture history, the particular portion under discussion being the attempt of King Saul to slay David (1 Samuel, xix. 9, 10). After hearing how little distance separated the intended victim from the would-be slayer, the "coming man" of the house remarked, in a disgusted tone, "Pshaw! he wasn't much of a shot—couldn't hit a man across a room!" But the want of accuracy was accounted for by the "coming woman." "*No; but they hadn't made him 'tend target practice all summer*"—without doubt a correct statement.

Little Tommy is acute, and his mind moves rapidly. Contrary to his mother's injunctions, he was recently caught by her in the act of playing on Sunday. When rebuked by her, he glanced up from his toy soldiers paraded on the floor, and said, "Why, ma, it's the army of the Lord."

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THE OPEN-AIR SACRAMENT.—From a drawing by A. B. Frost.—[See page 620.]

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXII. MARCH, 1886. No. CCCCXXX.

AN IRON CITY BESIDE THE RUHR.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

"IN olden times," as runs a parable of Krummacher's, "there dwelt on the banks of the Ruhr a rude and savage people. They worshipped cruel idols, and lived like beasts of the field. Their country was a wilderness, full of foul marshes, and covered with impenetrable thickets and noisome weeds. Wars of wild beasts and savage men alone broke the dreary silence of that desolate land. Thither came a man from a far country: he stood on a hill, and looked upon the land, and his heart yearned with compassion at the wretched sight. He was a man of noble mind, like the apostles, on whom rested the spirit of the Lord. And his name was called Alfried; for he said, 'I would gladly bring the peace of God to all the world.' Then he came to the savage inhabitants of the land, and they received him with confidence and respect, for his aspect was grave and kind, and the spirit of the Lord was with him. He taught them to root up the bushes, drain the swamps, and till the land; he gave them corn to sow, and planted fruit trees. Thus Alfried renewed the face of the land, and changed the wilderness to a lovely blooming garden.

"One day, when the people were gathered around Alfried on the height, they marvelled at the beauty of their land, its order and lovely aspect; and in their joy they were fain to worship Alfried, saying: 'Thou art thyself the God thou preachest; thou art come down to us from heaven. What profit is there in dumb idols?' Then Alfried smiled, and said: 'You may indeed rejoice in the beauty of the land, but enjoyment of the good and beautiful must lead you to knowledge of the truth.' And Alfried spoke to them of the everlasting love of the heavenly Father, of Jesus the Lord and Saviour, and of the eternal life. Thus he taught every one, and all who heard received his word, forsook their idols, and believed in the truth.

"After some time they came again to Alfried, and said: 'Thou hast given us the highest and best; how can we show our gratitude to thee?' Alfried answered: 'Give thanks to the Father who sent me to you. Even as your land, cultivated by your industry, gratefully yields flowers and fruits, so must your hearts become a field of God bringing forth fruits of faith, hope, and charity. If you do this, you will partake more and more of that peace which I have announced to you, and the hour of death will be to you as the evening of a spring day.'

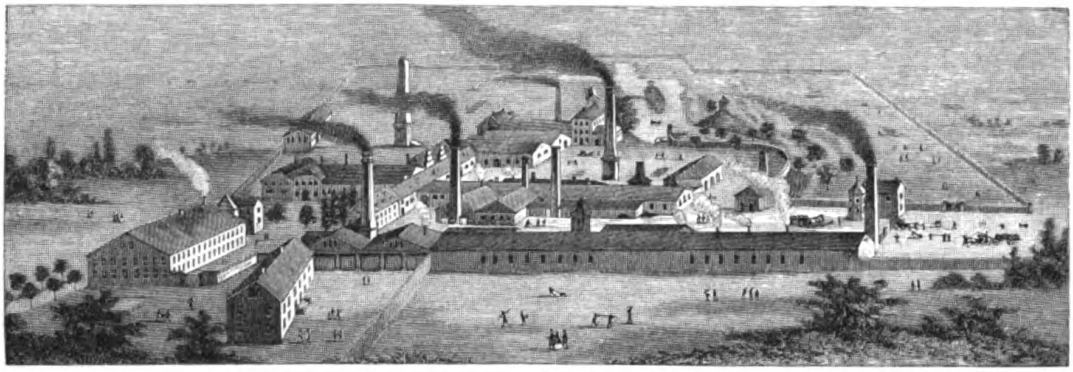
"After these words Alfried fell asleep, and his countenance in death was calm and placid. The inhabitants of the land wept for him as for their father, and buried him on the height whence he had first beheld their land. They planted a linden in his grave, and under it raised a cross to his memory. Thence is it called to this day the 'Krausen Baümchen.' The pious heart easily sees therein an image of the exalted mind which invests even earthly things with heavenly glory."

Krummacher's version of their early tradition finds favor among those who today dwell beside the Ruhr, and they still point out the spot on a hill near Essen as the spot where their saint was buried.

On the day annually observed throughout Germany as a day of prayer (Bettag) I drove through the district of Essen, observed its happy villages and colonies, remarked the peaceful populations enjoying the spring sunshine amid groves and gardens embowered with blossoms—nowhere any noise or drunkenness or squalor—and could not believe that their ancestors had ever been such brutal folk as pious tradition describes. The physician's glory is proportionate with the badness of the

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WORKS AT ESSEN IN 1852.

case he cures. It is natural to paint black backgrounds for the halos of missionary saints, but it is likely that Alfried was not a missionary, as tradition says, and in any case that his lines fell in pleasant, as they certainly did in picturesque, places. I was driving along the road whereby Alfried came, and paused on the hill where he is said to have first paused to contemplate the country, and where at last his body was buried in peace a thousand years ago (anno 877). The forest which stretched out under his vision is now a forest of tall chimneys, with dark foliage of smoke; for the Iron Age is with us, and Essen (which surely ought to be called Eisen) has been built by it as completely as yon Minster was built by the Age of Faith. In the beginning of this century only a town of 3480 souls stood where now dwell nearly 70,000. The surrounding district has also been made populous, chiefly by Essen. A wonderful and impressive scene! Around the many-storied edifices with their high chimneys that make the iron-works—there must be at least a hundred such—the vast plain is dotted as far as the eye can reach with buildings of the innumerable iron and coal mines, with chimneys floating white banners of smoke. The landscape is variegated with pretty hamlets, glimpses of rivers, endless poplar avenues along white highways, and everywhere moving lines of shining cloud where trains of the three great railways that encompass Essen speed perpetually and in all directions. And there amidst all are the old gray Minster towers, from which the eyes of Saint Alfried look across a millennium upon the realm of his successor and namesake—Alfried Krupp.

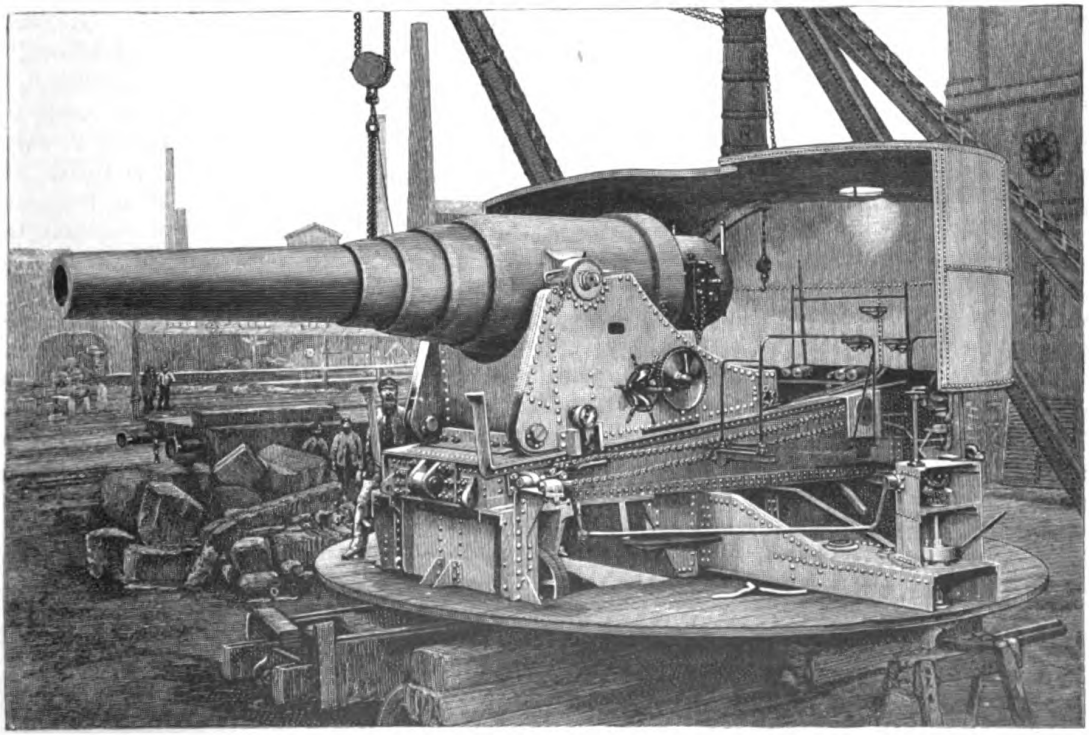
During nine of those ten centuries this whole region was under the rule of women. Essen is from Esche (ash-tree), and was known to the Romans as Assindia, its citizens being still called Essenders. Originally Esche was the name of the residence of Altfridus (as he is named in the early documents), a nobleman and magistrate, who became a Christian. He was made bishop, and in 874 built here a church, and a cloister of which his sister Gerswinda was first abbess. The monastery was gradually made into a fortified citadel, and this, with two square miles of land around it, became a realm of fair ladies like that described in Tennyson's "Princess" or Gilbert's "Princess Ida." The title of the ruler was Princess-Abbess.

In 1826 there died in Vienna Maria Cunigunde. She had been the sixty-eighth and last Princess-Abbess of Essen. In the same year a certain widow Krupp undertook to carry on a small iron forge which had been left by her husband as the support of herself and her only child, a boy of fourteen. This widow seems a sort of link between the feminine *régime* and the age of "blood and iron." Through all those pastoral centuries and idyllic scenes three mighty giants had slumbered unseen beneath the soft landscape—Coal, Steam, and Iron. The nineteenth century touched them and they awoke. Frederick Krupp, belonging to an old Essen family, started his works in 1810, but he suffered by a ten years' lawsuit, which, though won, burdened him with debt. After his death, in 1826, his widow barely managed to secure for her Alfred a good education, and when he was called to the works, in 1848, he found, to use his own words, "three workmen and more debts than fortune." It is he, now a hale and hearty gentleman of seventy-three years, who has built up the Krupp works to their

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present immensity. The firm name is still "Fred. Krupp," but the works do not belong to a company, nor yet, as some suppose, to the government, but to this one man, Alfred Krupp, who thus owns probably the largest business in the world dependent on an individual. The works within the town cover more than 500 acres, half of which are under cover. According to a census taken in September, 1881, the number of hands employed by Mr. Krupp was 19,605, the members of their families 45,776, making 65,381 persons supported by his works. Of the laborers, 11,211 were engaged upon the works in Essen, the rest being employed in the surrounding mines, the branch works at Neuweid and Sayn, and the mines in Spain (Bilbao), from which, though less extensive, the finest ores are brought. Mr. Krupp owns 547 iron mines in Germany. He owns four sea-steamers, and there are connected with his Essen works 42 miles of railway, employing 28 locomotives and 883 cars, 69 horses with 191 wagons, and 40 miles of telegraph wires with 35 stations and 55 Morse apparatuses. The establishment possesses a grand chemical laboratory, a photographic and lithographic atelier, a printing-office with 3 steam and 6 hand presses, and a book-binding room. The establishment even runs a hotel—an excellent one, as I have good reason to know—in Essen; and three years ago, for the advantage of the population he has gathered, Mr. Krupp erected a large central supply store, connecting with it many branches, extending its benefits to all parts of the town and to the colonies he has built for his workmen in the neighborhood. Of these stores and of the colonies more must be said presently. Although rumors have gone through the world of the vast extent of these works, it is difficult from mere printed statistics to estimate the impressiveness of this great industrial centre until one has looked upon it from some height, and attempted to wander through and around it.

To the general world the name "Krupp" has almost ceased to be personal; it signifies a particular implement of destruction. That it should be combined with "Allfriede," ancient Teutonic title for the godman, the bringer of peace, seems what even a hater of puns might call the irony of history. On my way from Cologne I read an account of a trial for murder going on in Essen. It was plain that this murder had produced a profound and painful sensation in that city and district. Such dismay at one violent death



A KRUPP GUN ON A NAVAL CARRIAGE.

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seemed somewhat droll among a people engaged in sending out death-dealing instruments into every part of the world, but it required only a brief acquaintance with Essen to perceive that the new Alfried has brought it as much peace and order as the old saint ever did, and that crimes of violence are indeed rare enough to be startling. Moreover, the reputation of the Krupp guns is rather misleading. Two-thirds of the work here are devoted to things belonging to the arts of peace—all the parts of steam-engines, locomotives, iron axles, bridges, rails, wheels, tires, switches, springs, shafts for steamers, mint dies, rudders, and parts of all varieties of iron machinery, are prepared here for manufacturers. That is, they are not combined here: all the iron parts of a locomotive may be obtained here, but not a locomotive, although nearly all of the locomotives and engines used in the works are made in them. Both Brahma and Siva are in the employ of Mr. Krupp, but the creative power preponderates, and if the destroyer is more famous it must be attributed to the world's keen interest in a fight.

Krupp is king. Iron is master of the situation. When an ancient king displayed his gold, a sage said, "But if another comes with more iron than you, he will be master of all this gold." The late Franco-German war is a modern instance. It has just been discovered that although M. Thiers declared proudly to the victorious Germans, "You may have all our money, but not a foot of our territory nor a stone of our fortresses," privately he had advised differently: "Better surrender our provinces than our money, for our money can buy back our provinces." He had to part with both, and Berlin has grown magnificent with French milliards. The French also find that money can not always buy iron. For no amount can they purchase Krupp guns. This patriotism is in notable contrast with the impartiality of Englishmen. Wherever Englishmen are killed, in Africa or in the East, it is with English guns. In the Indian Museum in London there is an organ representing a tiger devouring an Englishman; it was constructed by a Birmingham house for England's chief enemy, Tippoo Saib, who was wont to have it set going during his meals that he might listen with delight to the tiger's growls and the Englishman's groans. Mr. Krupp has no objection to selling guns to England, but is shrewd in that direction. Recently England wished to purchase one or two of his latest and best cannon, but Mr. Krupp said he would not sell them less than a million pounds' worth. Should they obtain one or two they would presently be copying them at Woolwich, just as the Russians have long been copying Krupp originals at Aboukhoff. If the English would give him a million pounds order, under condition that the guns supplied should fulfill every test at Shoeburyness, they might then reproduce them as much as they liked. England declined; and it must have been with curious sensations that its Ministry learned that Turkey has just signed a contract for £700,000 worth of Krupp guns.

On the great gateway to the Krupp works the following notice appears in large letters: "To prevent unpleasantness on both sides, it is kindly prayed that no one will ask permission to visit the factory, as it can not be allowed.—FRED. KRUPP." The manager who accompanied me said: "Many persons have applied for admission, among them Americans, who sometimes base their request upon their connection with similar works in the United States, which were the reverse of a recommendation, if anything. We have invariably refused. It has been decided, after careful consideration, that you should be admitted for a literary purpose. Such a thing has never occurred before." At the close of our first day's inspection this gentleman recurred to the subject, remarking: "You can now readily understand why we can not admit visitors. It is commonly supposed that it is because we have secrets; but it would be easy to reserve any processes we might desire to conceal, while opening the works generally to inspection, were there no other objection. The real reason is that our work is of a very responsible kind, most of it of a fine kind, requiring minute and constant attention from every workman. Some of these men are dealing with delicate weights and measures, the thousandth part of an inch or grain; it is everywhere head-work and hand-work combined with machinery; any interruption might cause a mistake, a flaw, and who can say with what consequences?" I was conducted through each department by its manager, in each case a gentleman of culture, and able to speak fair English. Every day I met a company of these managers and

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VIEW OF THE WORKS AT ESSEN.

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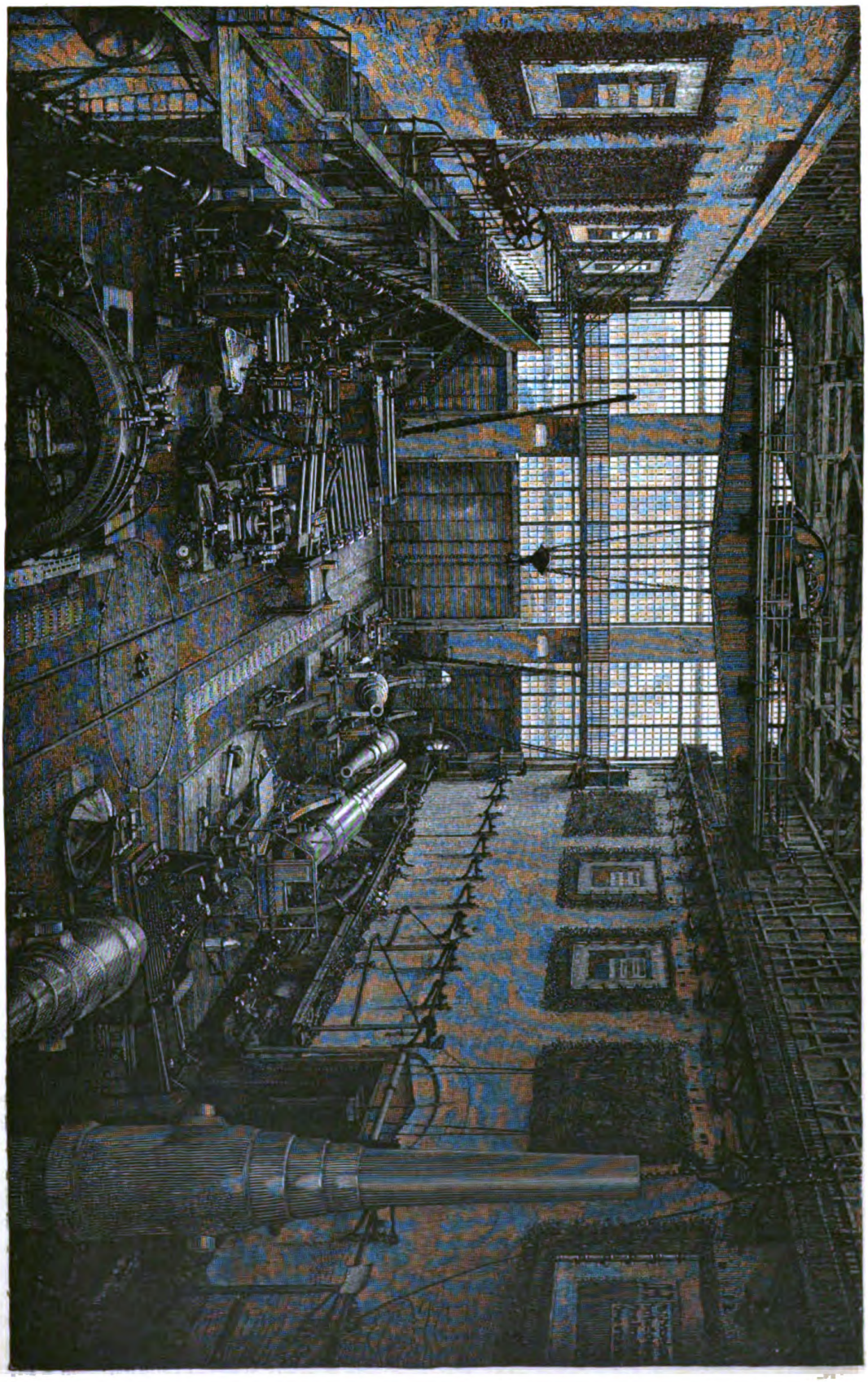
men of science at dinner, and shall never forget their large hospitality. I may here mention that my request to visit the works was conveyed by my friend Mr. Kasson, then United States Minister at Berlin. Mr. Krupp replied that although such a concession had not been made before, such was his respect for his Excellency that it would for once be allowed. It was not grudgingly that I was admitted, nor with reserve that I was treated, but with frankness as to explanations, and even with the painstaking illustrations necessary for one unfamiliar with gun-making.

I once visited the Cyfarthfa Iron-Works in South Wales in company with Emerson, who, after gazing upon the lurid scene, said, "Surely Milton must have drawn his pandemonium from some such place." In these vast and weird halls at Essen all the Infernos ever imagined by man—save Shakespeare's "thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice"—seem collected and seething together. Fiery Phlegethon darts its flood past every path, Gehenna from ash-covered embers radiates a still insufferable heat, and the eyes of Dante would have to be shielded from some of the Sheols with their burning lakes. A huge fiery serpent uncoils, leaps out hissing: it is only fifty feet of red-hot railway iron, but one is satisfied to see its crested head cut off and its snaky form chopped into bars. The whir of these rollers is terrific; one machine has rollers fifteen feet long, and the steel comes through it a foot thick; one is so fine that it rolled me out a plate, now before me, thin and light as tissue-paper. In the process of rolling plates of iron, slag is removed from the surface by repeatedly casting on it handfuls of sand; this the rollers grind to powder with a fearful shriek, after which the steel comes out again like a great red tongue, hissing horribly. Everything seems instinct with some half-conscious life, and the glowing steel masses to be waging some mad war of resistance against their swart masters. The Bessemer converter is an ideal behemoth. There is one room here, large as the biggest railway depot, with no fewer than sixteen of these monsters, nearly all of which were simultaneously vomiting flame and gas from mouths raised against the black ceiling.

The work of a Bessemer converter is a fascinating thing to watch. The fused iron that pours into its belly must there be transformed, but not too far; it must be arrested at a certain point, for steel is midway between pig iron and wrought iron. It is an archæological problem how the ancients made wrought iron, such as the Delhi Pillar, and the still older piece found in one of the pyramids, and now in the British Museum. But wrought iron is too soft and ductile for many important purposes. The exact point where the iron becomes steel is indicated by the hue of the fire breathed by the Bessemer converter, and it requires an observation so delicate, not to say artistic, that it is said a foreman may be unfitted for it by a bilious attack. The observing eye must possess an instinctive perception of the way in which colors may be affected by a cloudy day or by twilight. If the iron poured into the converter be specially impure, the fact is revealed by a white smoke mingling with the sparks that shoot out when the mouth is opened. If the iron be fair, the normal process goes on: first a violent eruption of sparks; in four or five minutes a dull flame appearing in the midst of the sparks; in two more minutes this flame changing to soft moonlight; next brightening to a dazzling sunlight, which leaves its image on the closed eye; and finally the end of the task announced by a flame of purest violet. The liquid iron has been searched by a blast of all-penetrating air, the interstitial dross has been consumed and cast out as slag without destruction of the carbon and silicon necessary for the bloom of steel; and in one hour after its creation this may pass to the rolling-mill.

There is a better steel, perhaps, made by the Martin-Siemens process, but it is more expensive. And there is a best, made by crucibles, which is as much more expensive than the others as hand-work generally is as compared with machine-work. The English—nearly the only nation that considers expense in making ordnance—need so many plates for their ships that they use the Martin-Siemens steel for their cannon, for economy. But in a Krupp gun nothing is ever allowed but crucible steel, which, by the perfected methods of this establishment, can be so made as to secure a tensile strength of nearly 80,000 pounds to the square inch. This steel is attended at every stage with personal and tender devotion. Human sacrifices are required at its foundation, for in making the 1500 or more plumbago crucibles required daily—since most of them can only

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INTERIOR OF MECHANICAL SHOP.

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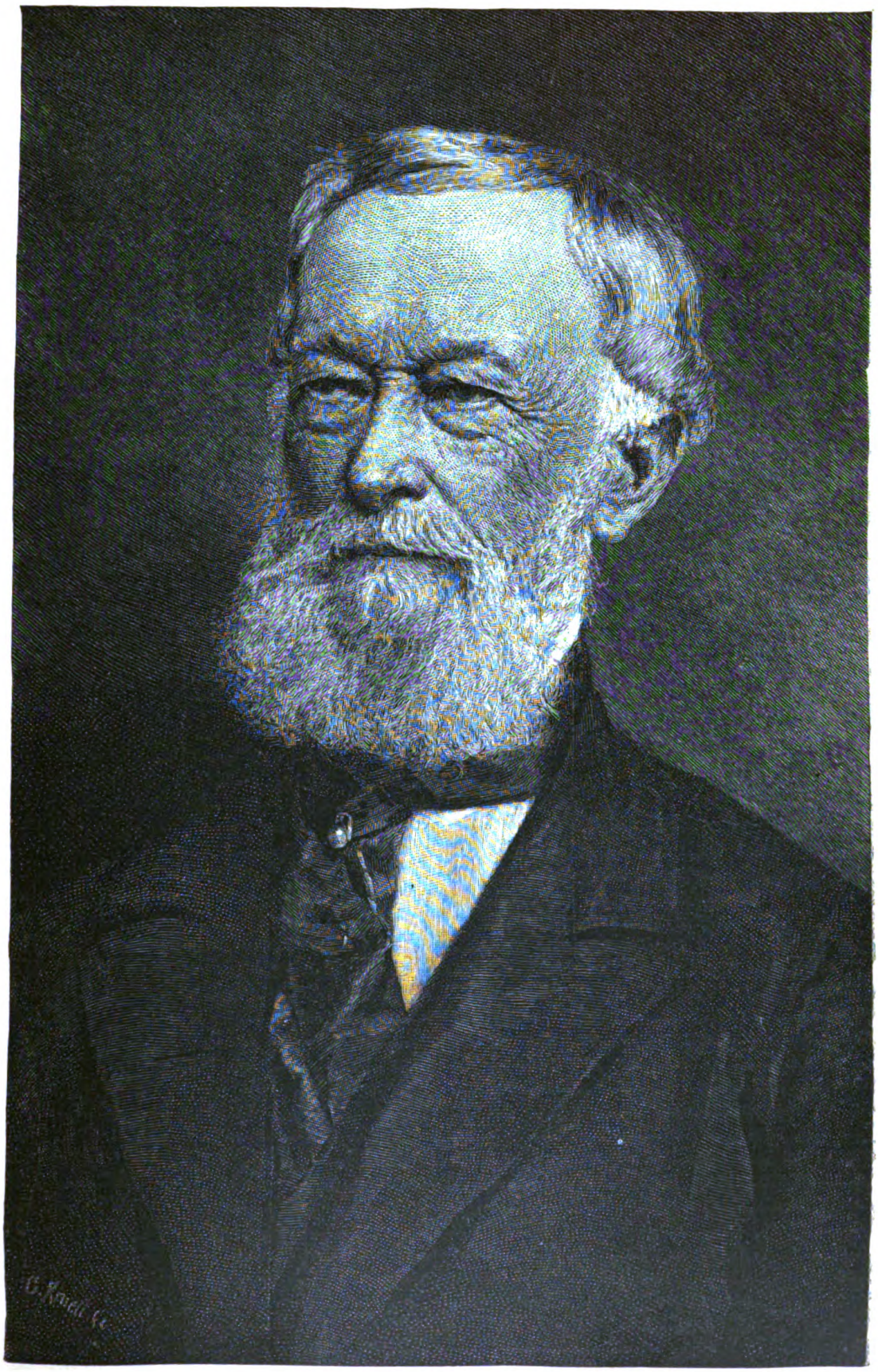
be used once—the men who make them are under sentence of premature death. They are doomed to breathe a thick dust by which their lungs are blackened and gradually clogged, and their lives shortened. In the rooms where these crucibles are made I saw a rolly-poly of dark mud, plumbago, and fire-clay, seven or eight inches in diameter, oozing out, from the end of which a pallid, half-naked lad divided off section after section, about the length of the diameter, weighing each, and rarely needing to subtract from or add to it. Another, older and more pallid than the boy, and like him half naked —the heat was oppressive—received the soft mass and placed it in a mould beneath a revolving pestle which pressed down the interior, raising the sides, and made it a jar of some eighteen inches in height. This is set upon an elevator to be lifted to the baking-room, which, when I saw it, impressed me as a mausoleum filled with funereal urns holding the ashes of boys and men.

These crucibles, when used, are filled with small bars of puddled metal, no space being lost, with which are mingled fragments of marble brought from Villmar, on the Lahn. They are then shovelled into large furnaces whose floors are raised three or four feet above the ground, in which lie the flasks awaiting the molten mass. Thus the workmen do not have to lift the crucibles above the level where they are heated. In the earthen floor of the vast room are two lines of pits, one set to receive the metal, the other the burning crucibles emptied of their contents. The scene of emptying the crucibles was wonderful. The master-manager stood in the centre of the room and uttered a cry; more than five hundred men echoed the cry; in an instant all furnace doors flung open, and the swart army with their long tongs were soon bearing the red-hot jars and emptying them in the pits. They did not walk, but rushed. The empty crucibles were tossed into holes where they were lost to view, to be examined next day, and used once more if unbroken, or else ground up to make new ones. I wondered how the workmen could stand the heat, and expected to see them using wet sponges and defenses for their eyes. The manager told me that twenty years ago the men used to take precautions, and rush frantically from the fiery pits, but they have now become inured to the heat. They wore slight clothing, which is wet with their sweat. Only after one or two efforts could I look down into the glowing wells—the metal being three or four feet down—and the effect was like a concentration of Turkish baths. In this room, during the last winter, 850 hands were at work, using 1800 crucibles daily. The work is expensive, unhealthy, involves a good deal of responsibility, and no doubt is highly paid.

I pass with some relief from this hot and poisonous room, with its uncanny sublimities—after which a strong potation is advised and offered—into the rooms where steel is fashioned into shapes. There is a curious personality in hammers, and workmen like to give them names. There are 82 steam-hammers in the Krupp works, of from 400 pounds weight to 50 tons. The largest is "Fritz," whose 50 tons fall on an anvil and anvil-block weighing together 1250 tons, these resting on a foundation 100 feet deep. The next in size is named "Max." It would require a poet like him who sang the "Song of the Bell" rightly to describe the action of "Fritz," and I do not wonder that the Emperor, on his visit here, presented the worker of this hammer with a watch. I observed "Fritz" for some time at work upon the steel stem of an Austrian iron-clad, the *Ferdinand Max*. The metal was from one casting, without seam or weld, 45 feet long and of 25 tons weight. Four men with long clamps managed this red-hot mass, swung over the anvil by a crane. They turned it readily this way and that, the foreman at each pause uttering a signal which "Fritz" understood, answering with a soft tap, or a gentle pressure, or with an earthquake. I was curious to see the anvil-block which supplemented the ability of the earth to sustain such shocks through a length of time, and was presently shown one which, after twenty-one years of thumping, had cracked straight through from top to bottom—possibly beneath some gentle stroke which was the last feather to break its huge back. Krupp does not make plates for iron-clads, but only such parts as might be needed for ordinary ships.

Having lit our cigars on the Austrian iron-clad, we proceed to observe the operations of "Max" and other hammers. One of these I saw giving 300 tremendous strokes a minute. "Max" was engaged in welding "hard" iron (though this is more ductile

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ALFRED KRUPP.

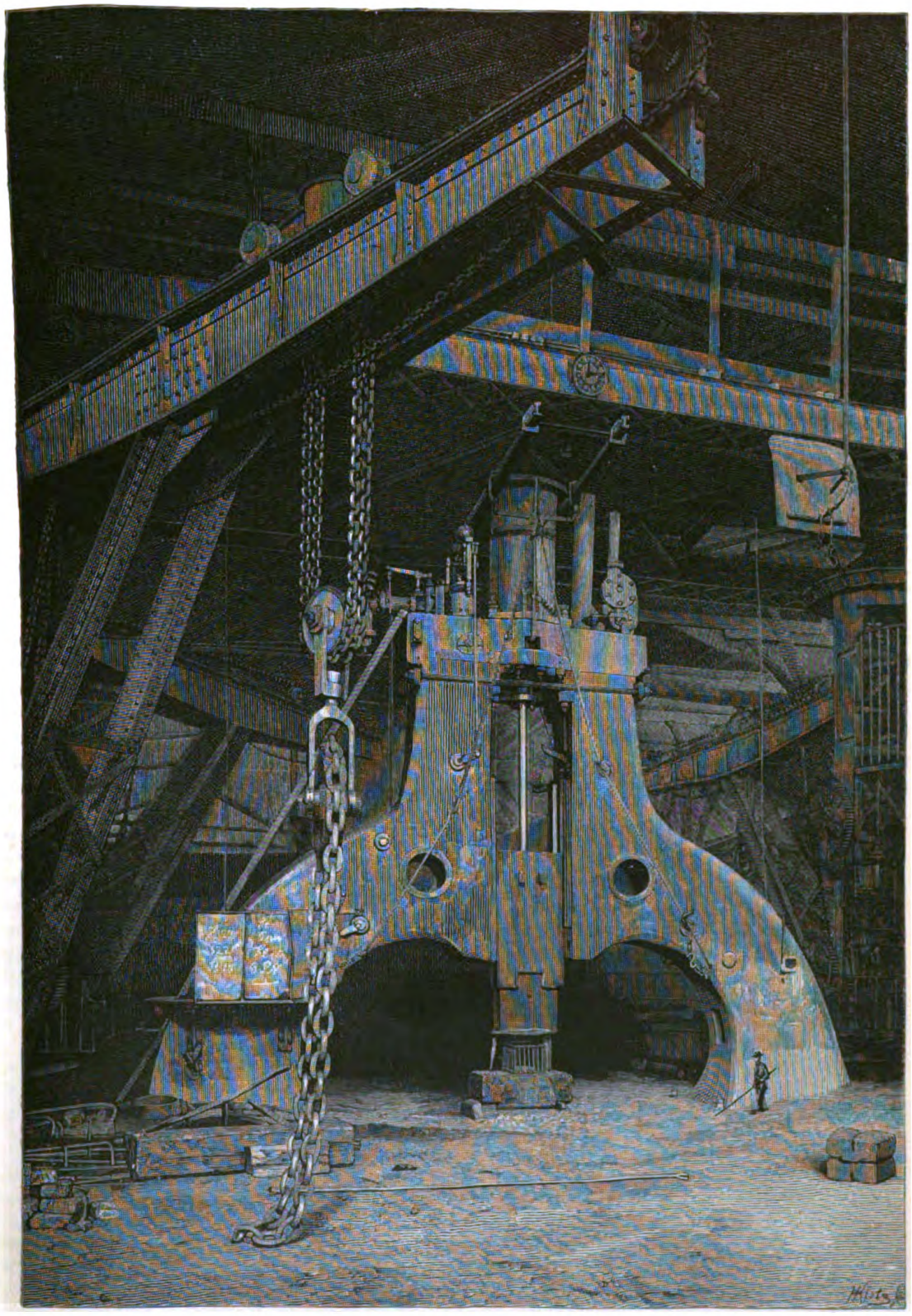
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than the other). To nice distinctions between iron and iron "Max" is indifferent; his big bow-legs arch above a tower of pieces built on his anvil, and with crushing blows of his mighty fist he makes a hundred plates one. However, though they seem one and act together, in the end it will be proved that they are not one; no conceivable force can weld into one different organizations of atoms. To be thoroughly united they must be filtered and refined in the crucible. The central part of railway wheels is made by welding, but the tires are made without welding. The nave of the wheel is of wrought iron, which is placed beneath a hammer of suitable shape, and at the third blow the wheel is shaped. The tire is cut from a long round mass of steel—6 or 8 from one casting—when it is called a "cheese"; it is flattened, punched in the centre with an eight-inch die, strung on a horse-anvil, and there beaten until it becomes a tire, and ready for the fluting process which adapts it to the rail.

The tests applied in the Krupp works to all material used are exact and infallible, and constitute an almost transcendental illustration of the law of means and ends. If a load of iron is found to have one bad piece, the whole load is rejected: offending in one point, it is pronounced guilty in all. Under the extreme powers that can be brought to bear, all iron and all steel will break at some point. The standards are fixed with reference to the purpose for which the metal is required. That which the gun-maker rejects, the railway-wheel maker may find excellent, or, if he rejects it, the steel may serve the man of axles. Tests are applied at every stage, and even after iron or steel has been half evolved into some machine, tapping may bring a suspicious response, causing its condemnation. I saw some plates from metal meant for boilers, of from one to two inches thickness, bent double like cloth. The test was for ductility. That which cracks at the bend is rejected; the adequate specimens showed but faint marks of the tremendous force applied to tear the atoms apart. Mr. Krupp has always been extreme in his tests; in 1864, during the war with Denmark, the hinder part of the breech of his cannon was, in a few cases, blown off. The officers mistrusted the steel, but Mr. Krupp knew it was no fault of the steel, and concentrated himself upon improving the construction. I believe no fault has ever been discovered in any piece of metal he has sold. He has lately declined an order from America to supply steel blocks for cannon, for the reason that he can not feel sure that added metal or inferior work may not involve his metal in bad results. Krupp steel must remain above suspicion. This establishment is credited with the possession of secrets, and a mysterious intimacy with iron; but no doubt the main secrets are the cumulative perfection of its plant, its infinite capacity for taking pains, its power to prefer genuineness to gain, and its willingness as well as ability to invest money to any extent in experiments that promise improvement, in securing the very best ores, and in employing capable managers and men of science. These are Krupp's "open secrets."

As one reads on paper the figures of a great establishment it is much the same as reading a catalogue of fossils. Suppose all the saurians and mastodons that look so innocent on paper were suddenly to creep and splash and roar around the paleontologist! In the Essen works there are 1553 big ovens, 439 steam-boilers, 450 steam-engines (representing together 18,500 horse-power), 1622 machine tools, 82 steam-hammers, 21 rolling trains—involving a daily consumption of 3100 tons of coal and coke by the 1648 furnaces, whose draught is through chimneys of which one is 280 feet high, with a diameter of 30 feet at the bottom. The daily consumption of water—brought from the Ruhr by an aqueduct—is 24,700 cubic meters. There are 1778 steel lamps, and 7½ cubic meters of gas have been used annually, though this quantity has just been diminished by the introduction of electric lights. The work ceases only on Sunday and on two or three holidays. The production is enormous. When the Emperor William visited the place in 1877, Mr. Krupp caused to be set before him the productions of a single day: 1800 rails, 160 wheel tires, 120 axles, 160 railway wheels, 430 railway wedges, 1000 bomb-shells. The daily capacity of the works is much more: 2700 rails (two and a half miles), 350 tires, 150 axles, 180 wheels, 1000 wedges, 1500 bomb-shells. In a month they can produce 250 field-pieces, thirty 5.7-inch cannon, fifteen 9.33-inch cannon, eight 11-inch cannon, one 14-inch gun—the weight of the last being 57 short tons, its length 28 feet 7

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A KRUPP HAMMER.

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inches. It is one thing to read these figures on paper, decidedly another to travel among the objects they represent, and witness their extent, their vomitings of flame, their harnessed immensity, and to hear their voice. And yet this voice is by no means so loud as one might expect, and it is least where the force is greatest. The engines, in power, represent something like a Niagara turned to steam and steel: probably they have motive power enough for every factory in Germany: yet are they wonderfully quiet in their work. In a single room there are eight huge engines and steam-compressors, of which only a moiety are required for the works, the others being kept in full heat, ready, like the viper's superserviceable teeth, for instant service in case any accident should happen to the others. In another room there is an engine apart by itself, strong enough to carry on all the works; it is over fifty feet high, and quite beautiful. It was doing no work when I saw it, but in constant motion, generally quiet, though now and then snorting and revolving its huge wheels swiftly, merely to work off its energy and keep from bursting. A man stood perched half-way on its side who evidently understood the intimations of his afreet's varied needs, and responded with relieving touches. Never did I see a more im-



ON THE WAY TO THE TESTING GROUND.

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pressive type of restrained and soft force. Shakespeare's line might have been engraved on it,

"Let gentleness your strong enforcement be";

or, perhaps more appropriately, the lines from Schiller's "Song of the Bell,"

"When gentleness with strength we find,
The tender with the stern combined,
The harmony is sweet and strong."

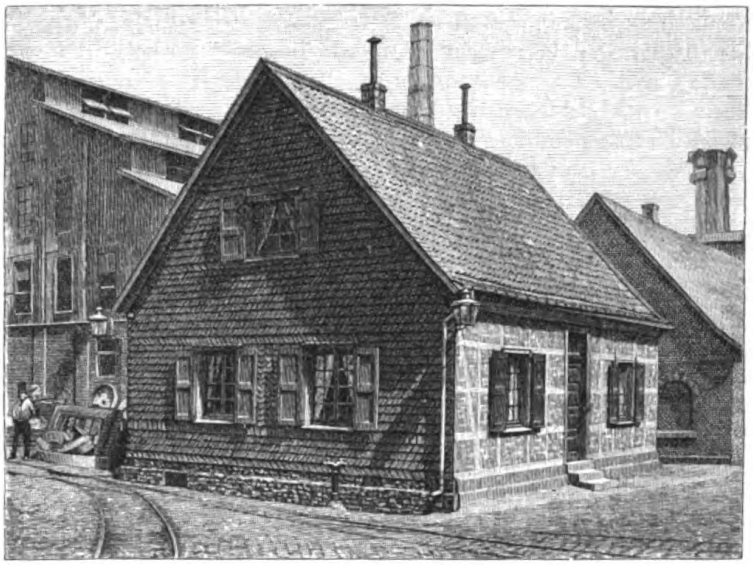
What strange lullabys were these for the child born amid the works, and now their owner! He slept here peacefully enough during the many years of struggle, and says he never could sleep well on Sunday mornings, because the works stopped. The small house in which Mr. Krupp was born still stands, and though the space might be in one sense better utilized, he preserves it with a sentiment like that of Whitworth, who still keeps up his first small shop and the sign, "J. Whitworth, Tool-maker." The little house has been photographed, and the pictures distributed among the workmen, with an inscription which, written in a palatial mansion, reminds one of the paternal horseshoe strung as a lyre over the door of Goethe's birth-place at Frankfort. The inscription is as follows:

"Fifty years ago this primitive dwelling was the abode of my parents. I hope that no one of our laborers may ever know such struggles as have been required for the establishment of these works. Twenty-five years ago that success was still doubtful which has at length—gradually yet wonderfully—rewarded the exertions, fidelity, and perseverance of the past. May this example encourage others who are in difficulties! May it increase respect for small houses, and sympathy for the larger sorrows they too often contain! The object of labor should be the common weal. If work bring blessing, then is labor prayer. May every one in our community, from the highest to the lowest, thoughtfully and wisely strive to secure and build his prosperity on this principle! When that is done, then will my greatest desire be realized.

"ALFRED KRUPP.

"ESSEN, *February*, 1873.
"Twenty-five years after my taking possession."

The splendid Krupp villa, several miles out of Essen, standing amid its park, and commanding one of the finest views in this part of Germany, borrows much of its picturesqueness from this small house amid the works, and more from the knowledge that its wealthy owner, steadily refusing offered titles, has preserved his humility of character, his long years of poverty being represented by sympathy and charity for all who suffer in the struggle for existence.

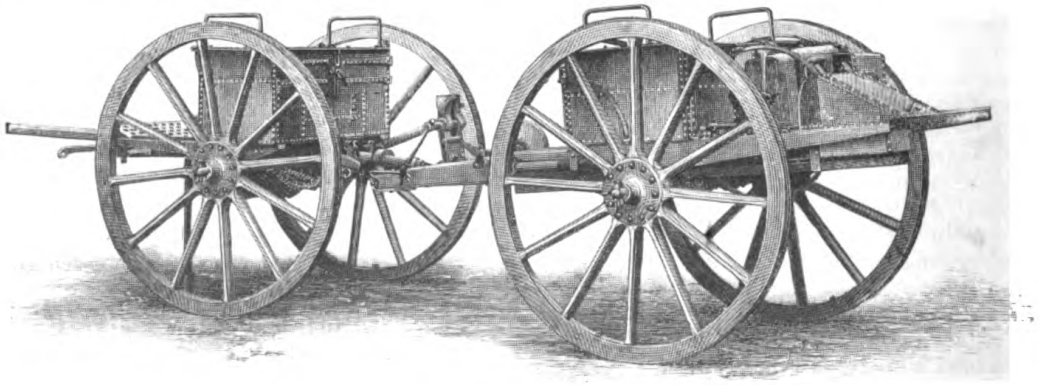


HOUSE WHERE ALFRED KRUPP WAS BORN.

A student of the laws of evolution, however peacefully inclined, can not fail to be fascinated by instruments representing the development of the art of destruction. The extinction or survival of animal species is determined by the relative nicety of their weapons. Michelet was scandalized by the pains which nature has taken to perfect the viper's fang, but by it the bird's wing has been developed. I have seen an Australian savage hurl his boomerang before him, as if at a man thirty yards off; after reaching that point it began an oblique ascent; steadily it rose hundreds of feet into the air, flew along like a hawk, whose beating wings my field-glass turned to spinning revolutions; turning, it flew backward a hundred yards, then swooped

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downward to alight near the thrower. Nothing could have been more beautiful, and one could not help feeling that the tribe which gradually produced such an instrument, to vanquish a tribe without it, must have represented an intellectual advance beyond the reign of mere brute force. In the Pitt-Rivers collection at Oxford there is a series of curved sticks, gathered from among various tribes, showing the long succession of experiments which led to the perfect and quasi-miraculous boomerang. When one enters the domain of civilization, this art of killing has to be regarded retrospectively; it seems belated. Survival of the fit can no longer be identified with survival of the fighting. Germany can not be accorded a high place among civilized nations so long as the students in her universities are proud of their disfigurement by gashes received in duels, no professor or preacher daring to denounce the custom, because military law demands that officers shall settle their quarrels by single combat. Moltke is the one public man in the civilized world who has upheld war as an ideal. Odin, god of war, is still worshipped among the Teutons, and beside Odin with his Sword must always be Thor with his Hammer. Whatever the cause—whether present vital necessities of a newly united people, or the surviving potency of an instinct formed by ages of inevitable struggle for national existence—it is in Germany that the military spirit is most alive, and there alone that warriors can still be produced equal to those of warlike ages in the past. Kindly Mr. Krupp is therefore representative of a vast constituency; he is an organic part of the empire; he has come by the structural development of his nation. This great manufacturer is not spoken of as a private individual, but as a sort of institution. Under these circumstances it is in Germany that we naturally find the greatest perfection and development of the instruments of war. The vast wealth surrounding similar works in England, and the wonderful machinery at Le Creusot (with its hundred-ton hammer) and other places in France, can not make up for the lack of such organic qualities as those embodied in Alfred Krupp. A club committee having applied to a lady whose breakfast table was noted for buckwheat cakes for her cook's method of making them, she returned a careful statement, adding, "If your cook will follow this recipe he will succeed, provided he has a genius for making buckwheat cakes." That genius which has been described as an infinite capacity for taking pains presides over every piece of work in Essen; it knows no great or small, finishing off a little screw as neatly as a steam-engine. Every machine seems to represent enthusiasm. The question whether it is best, or even safe, for a nation that its *matériel* of war should so largely depend upon a private individual can hardly arise in Germany during Alfred Krupp's life—probably not during that of his only son, Frederick Alfred, now childless. I have no doubt that Mr. Krupp would rather die by one of his own guns than sell it to be used against his Fatherland, love for which has largely animated his work. He has been steadily, one may say religiously, engaged for over thirty-seven years, devoting time, wealth, and exceptional powers of invention to perfect the means of building up and defending the power of his country, to him representing civilization, and every advance in his art



A SMITHY ON WHEELS.

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THE KRUPP VILLA.

during those years is registered in German victories.

Patriotism and loyalty of the old-fashioned kind are gradually becoming exclusively German characteristics. When M. Renan, in his imaginative *brochure* entitled *Caliban*, represented the scientific men as mining the kingdom with explosive substances, and gaining supremacy by threatening to blow up the whole country unless they had their way, Louis Blanc expressed in my hearing his regret that such a notion should have been published. "There are plenty of people in France," he said, "who will take it seriously, and will suspect scientific men in consequence." And why not? Many Europeans have shown themselves ready to ruin where they can not rule. But they have never been Germans. Although in the single instance in which Alfred Krupp was candidate for the Reichstag he was defeated by a Social-Democrat, mainly through the suffrages of his own workmen, none of these ever ascribed to him any personal ambition. He is popular among his work-people, but they were on the side of the Social-Democrat, because they have aspirations and ideals in the direction of more complete solidarity of interests.

The ores that make the protoplasm of the best steel at Essen are red hematite (Fe_2O_3), and spathic ($FeCO_3$) ore, to which spiegeleisen adds the necessary manganese. The crucible steel destined to be made into a Krupp gun is at first a huge ingot. How big may it be? At the Exhibition in London, 1851, an English firm exhibited a block of crucible steel weighing about half a million pounds, labelling it "The Monster Block." Krupp sent one weighing about two and a half millions, and not long after was able to write with some contempt of "that little block of crucible steel," having far surpassed it. He can now make blocks of seventy-five tons if required. It is amazing that the ingots formed from the contents of a thousand or more small crucibles, each holding from 50 to 100 pounds, should be so homogeneous throughout. In this uniformity of quality the Krupp ingot is matchless. His 21-ton ingot (9 feet high, 44 inches in diameter) exhibited in London, 1862, when broken across revealed no seam or flaw even under the lens.

It is this ingot of most pure and refined steel, made from selectest ores, and with perfect combinations of carbon and silicon, that the swart artists are to bend and mould to their will. In the hands of these men, with their ideal pattern before them,

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steel becomes tractable as spermaceti. The weight of the planet is their humble servant. When Gordon, having mined the approaches to Khartoom, threatened the Mahdi with an "earthquake," the latter thought it a pretension to Solomon's fabled power over the genii and demons whom he made build the Temple. The fable is fulfilled at Essen in this mastery of terrible and crushing forces by science and art. They utilize steam explosions to clean metal. Darwin said that he found it the most difficult thing for the majority of minds to understand the enormous results of ever-recurring agencies, however small, working through practically unlimited time; but the swiftness and power of these mechanical agencies apply in an hour more force for a particular end than nature would apply in centuries, unless, indeed, as Ignatius Donnelly says, nature should bring on a comet occasionally to crystallize gravel into marble, or burn up Chicago. When these huge hammers, "Fritz" and "Max," are at their Titanic play on hot steel, and meteoric flakes are flying, one might, indeed, suspect Krupp of having got a comet or two in his employ. The demand of nations, the command of the Iron Age, is that this huge cylindrical ingot shall be made into a wielder of thunder-bolts that are not blind, but obedient to intelligent purpose. As Michael Angelo saw an angel in the paving-stone, Krupp sees a destroying angel in that mass of steel. It must be forced out and coaxed out. For that it is lifted by a crane, like a feather, to its anvil-couch, there to be tortured. Myriads of blows are to fall on its never-cooled sides —blows ranging from a hand's pat to the fall of fifty tons—while it is deftly moved by tongs held in the hands of artists. For a Krupp gun is a work of art. Under the hammers the forming tube acquires the utmost condensation. In the lathe it gains lightness and mathematical perfection of axis and circumference. By losing weight it is evolved, so to say, from a mastodon to a shapely saurian, its burnished scales smoothed into one; its fatal coil will be developed within at a later stage. First it must have a long bath in oil, and thence pass to the boring-lathe. The interior bored to the right calibre, the chamber reamed out at the bottom of the bore, the inner coil of thirty rectangular ribs carved —one turn in twenty-five feet—and the tube is complete.

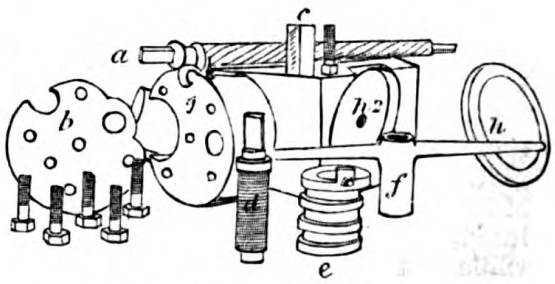
A gun is a series of rings. As the human skull is vertebrated — its vertebræ curved and flattened — so the tube, cylinder, hoops, of a gun are more or less narrow or elongated rings. In America, and in other countries where gun tubes are made of welded metal, these are at first coils round a mandrel. With rare exceptions the Krupp tube is forged out of a single ingot, and in every case without any weld at all. Formerly he made the entire gun from one ingot. This plan, however, was abandoned after experience, and the Krupp gun is now "built up." But the hoops of steel are forged and rolled, without weld, and shrunk on the tube, with initial tension, in single or double layers, according to the size of the gun. The mass around the most damageable parts of the tube, where the force of the explosion is severest, is large, and looking down on a room full of these guns, they seemed like reclining giants with big shoulders and chests.

Military professors are accustomed to illustrate the utility of curving grooves in guns by a spinning top: so long as it spins rapidly it remains upright. The spinning cannon-ball or shell similarly holds its direction, and where there is a percussion fuse attached to a projectile, such precision is essential. It is also demonstrated that the shallower these rifled grooves, the greater the accuracy and the less the range. Rifling has several times varied in Germany since 1861, when the first field-gun, a 6-pounder, was rifled there. At present the grooves in Krupp guns are generally shallow, and they widen toward the breech, so the leaden coat of the projectile is compressed gradually, therefore with least expenditure of force. The chamber has a slightly larger diameter than the tube, which is of uniform calibre. Why? That is a question one soon ceases to ask, in a theoretical way, in the domain of Krupp. The reason for a thing there is that experience has shown that it is so, and not otherwise. The enlarged Krupp chamber originated here, but is now generally approved. I devoted a good many hours to the study of the breech arrangements of Krupp guns, following a line of structural evolution as definite and necessary as any traceable in the organic world. The whole cylindro-prismatic block, or plug, is as complex as a watch, and its history an illustration of development from simple to complex.

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In our diagram of the breech analyzed, copied from Captain Cooke's *Naval Ordnance*, by his permission, *a* is the "transporting screw," which carries the whole charged block into the breech, *c* the nut by which it works into its hole above the breech, *f* the crank by which it is turned. The "locking plate" *b*, screwed on the block *g*, forms a lock, the key being the nut *e*, smooth on one side, the threads on the other fitting into interior grooves; into these the screw threads are turned by the "locking screw" *d*, which runs through the nut *e*, and is the key-handle.

The "gas check" now used differs from the Broadwell Ring (*h* and h^2) here shown. Everywhere there is shown survival of the fittest for purposes of destruction. Since Alfred Krupp became master of the works in 1848 the years have been registered in tests and modifications summed in solid results. Nearly four years (1861–4) were largely given to experiments with gas checks. An inventor named Dreyse invented a paper obstructor to prevent the gas from exploded powder escaping into the breech, where its erosive power is injurious. This paper check had the advantage of accommodating itself well to the bore, and the disadvantage of having to be too frequently changed; *i. e.*, after every nine or ten shots. An American inventor substituted copper for paper in the gas check that bears his name, the "Broadwell Ring," and it is generally stated in treatises on ordnance



THE BREECH ANALYZED.

(*e. g.*, Cooke, Brooke, Maitland, etc.) that this is used in Krupp cannon. Such, however, is not now the fact. The gas check used is a combination of copper and very elastic steel, made into a ring narrower than the Broadwell, the thin rim of which is almost hermetically sealed by the explosion upon the nose of the breech. It is somewhat lighter than the



GARRISON AND SIEGE GUN.

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"cup gas check," which has largely superseded the Broadwell in America, and acts on much the same principle. It is easily removed and cleaned after every shot. Another series of experiments was made on "sights." Here are guns with sights at various points of breech and barrel, the verdict since 1864 being in favor of the short line of sight—the forward one on the trunnion. The touch-hole has gradually veered round to the back of the breech.

The experiences of 1864, when the Prussian war with Denmark occurred, were particularly fruitful in suggestions for Mr. Krupp. Some of the guns made by him had their hinder part blown off, and while this was ascribed by many to faulty steel, he knew that this could not be the true cause, and came to the conclusion that the breech was faulty in construction. After experiments lasting through two years, he and his scientific cabinet reached the conclusion that the back part of the plug abaft the chamber is stronger when not angular. This tenon-and-mortise arrangement has now no sharp corners. By the same series of experiments the conclusion was reached that the single is better than the double plug (in the latter the upper and under parts being distinct, so that, after being shut into the gun, they could be expanded apart a little by an external screw, for the purpose of increased tightness). The single plug, or breech-block, is more simple, requires less care, and is held tightly enough by the female screw inside, as already shown. In 1861 Krupp had adopted the single-plug breech-loading gun invented by Wahrendorf, a Swede, and rifled it for the Austrian service, but the double arrangement was made for Prussia until 1865, when it was discarded. Probably it was realized about the same time that re-enforcement by hoops was necessary. At any rate, improvements went on till no more Krupp guns burst. Out of 18,000 guns made here and used, 22 have burst, in all. Of these, 17 were from 6400 guns constructed on a system abandoned in 1870. Of those made after, only 1 in 2300 have burst. During the late Franco-German war, when such vast numbers of his field-guns were used—many of them having been subjected to a strain of nearly 3000 discharges—not one burst, and only one accident occurred, this being to a field-gun whose breech-block was not tightly closed before firing. This must have been through some fault in the chain which regulates the extent to which the breech-block can be drawn out or thrust in. After the explosion of an old 9½-inch gun in 1879 its breech was found uninjured.

The subject of recoil has engaged a good deal of attention at Essen, and it is a wonder that Mr. Maxim's method of utilizing recoil was not discovered there. The force of recoil in the Krupp gun is drawn aside from the gun-carriage by two cylinders of glycerine, with pistons perforated at the edges. The shock drives the pistons against the glycerine, which is forced through the perforations. In the similar contrivance in English guns, water is used, and in American, petroleum. The reason for the use of glycerine is probably because, in case of a leak, the glycerine would ooze out too slowly to lose its effect at once. Moreover, glycerine is less likely to freeze than water, and it is more elastic.

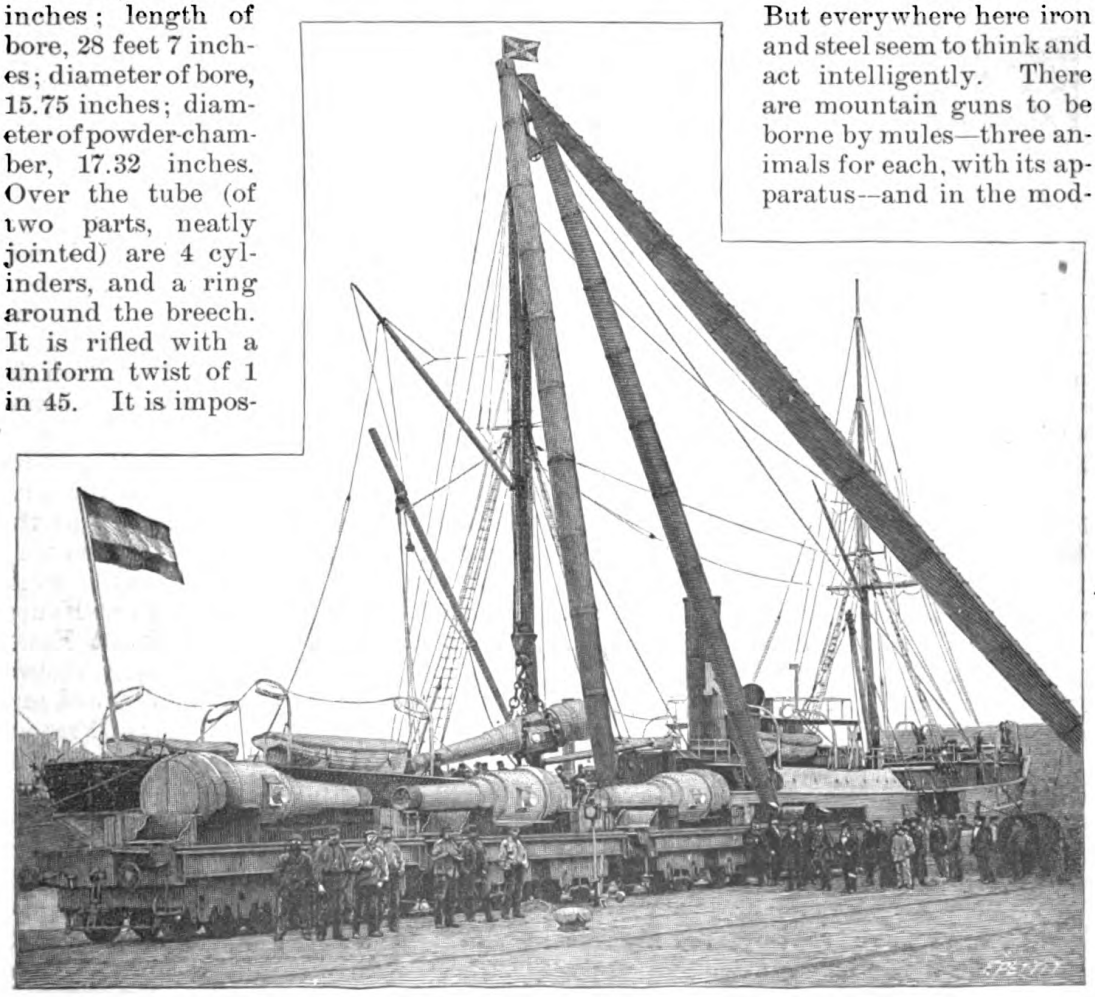
The collection of guns chronologically arranged in a large room connected with the works, from the rudest to the most perfect, is of extreme scientific interest, especially when connected with the results of each improvement. These are recorded in careful reports, and in many cases illustrated, not merely by diagrams, but by perforated plates. As in nature an infinitesimal change of form may result in an immeasurable change of function—a grain-weight more or less in a wing bone deciding whether an animal shall be earth-bound or soar in the sky—so have the slight changes already referred to, as the rounding of a tiny angle or use of a rim of copper, been represented in vast results. In most cases such results have been reached gradually, one modification drawing on others, until a total of increased power is attained, but in other cases there appear to have been leaps. The exclusive use of crucible steel for cannon, leading to perfection of means for making it, has been followed by an increase of lightness in gun organization, which renders possible an enormous increase of calibre. Here is a 10-inch gun, calibre 35—*i. e.*, 35 times as long as the diameter of its bore—which weighs only 21 tons. There was shown me a plate combined of 12 inches of iron, 2 inches wood-packing, and a second iron plate of 8 inches thickness, making a compact mass, which had been pierced by shot

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from this gun. The 9.4 shot was propelled by 165 pounds of powder; the distance was 491 feet, and after passing through the treble plate, the shot actually went 1 mile and 642 yards beyond. An old wrought-iron gun would have had to be unmanageably large, thick, and heavy to do anything like that, and would never have fired another shot. In modern gun-making mere bulkiness is got rid of, as in nature the megatherium has been got rid of, the increased size of guns representing an increase of power rendered possible by refinement of material, and the humanization of horse-power in machinery for managing and moving large masses.

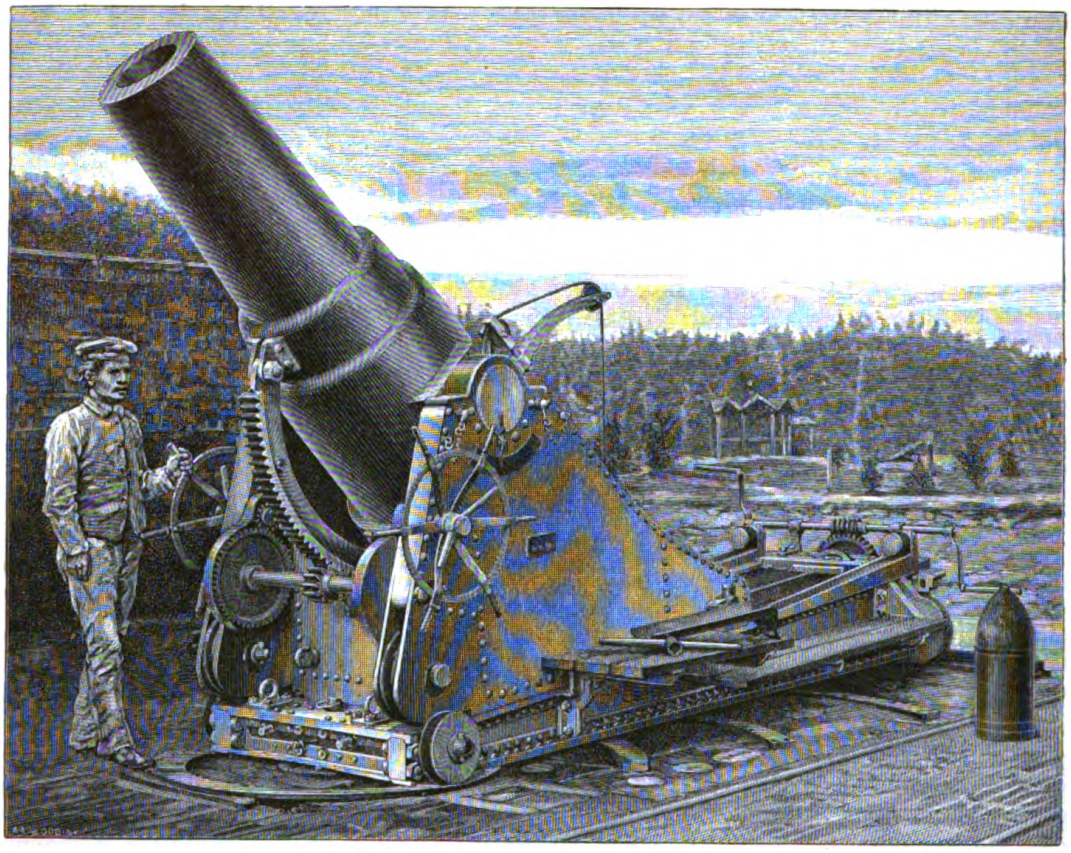
Chief-Engineer King, in his *War Ships and Navies of the World*, pronounces the 71-ton Krupp gun "the most powerful breech-loading gun ever constructed on the continent of Europe," and holds it superior to the 100-ton Armstrong. The 71-ton is 32 feet 9 inches long, greatest diameter, 5 feet 6 inches; length of bore, 28 feet 7 inches; diameter of bore, 15.75 inches; diameter of powder-chamber, 17.32 inches. Over the tube (of two parts, neatly jointed) are 4 cylinders, and a ring around the breech. It is rifled with a uniform twist of 1 in 45. It is impossible to fire it until the breech is fully closed. The back of the breech-block is rounded like the letter D. It holds a maximum charge of 485 pounds of powder, carrying a chilled iron shell of 1708.8 pounds. This is the gun that fossilises so many fortresses. It is quasi-miraculous that this mass can be so easily moved.

The huge rock at St. Petersburg on which the statue of Peter the Great stands had to be moved by a regiment of men, because horses were not intelligent enough to combine and concentrate their force at a signal; heavier masses are easily moved in modern establishments by machinery which answers a touch. A whole essay might be written on the machinery in Krupp's works for raising and transporting heavy masses. One they called by an English name, the "lifting-jack," which I respectfully wrote down "L. John, Esq.," so neatly did this small machine, weighing some 25 pounds, lift its 25,000. It could not be done without brains. But everywhere here iron and steel seem to think and act intelligently. There are mountain guns to be borne by mules—three animals for each, with its apparatus—and in the mod-



TRANSPORTING CANNON AT BREMERHAVEN.

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GUN ON COAST CARRIAGE.

els cannon and mule seem one organism. The larger guns wear their jackets like gentlemanly barbarians, and their hoops like ladies. One beauty modestly screens herself from observation—a gushing young siren of 40 centimeters, created by Mr. Krupp to stand on a coast behind her blinds (of hardened iron), while darting fatal glances from her dark eye at the unhappy voyager she may wish to captivate. And what shall be said of the time-fuses? These burly projectiles look like business men, hard and punctual, watch in hand. They mean business, and if they are engaged to visit a ship at a certain second, and load it with iron fragments, they will not fail.

Lately I sat in the Reichstag gallery at Berlin beside a young lady who was eager to identify the members. "Who is that death's-head man sitting near Bismarck?" she inquired. It proved to be Moltke. The description was perfect, notwithstanding the intelligence that fills the fleshless face. About the same time that Indo-Germanic Siva answered a Peace Association which had addressed him, "Your dream is not merely unpractical, it is not even beautiful." Reading his vigorous statement of the advantages of war, one could concede some of it, and add that war has recently crushed Cæsarism in France and slavery in America. I saw that same most accomplished commander of Europe at the head of his armies gazing upon the battle which was transforming the King of Prussia beside him into the Emperor of a united Germany. On every hand were armies advancing to the work of death and destruction, and these Krupp guns strewn about the works at Essen were there visible as glittering vertebræ of mighty serpents creeping onward and breathing fire upon the villages of France. They were, in a sense, as much forces of nature as the thunder and lightning they seemed to organize. Yet were they the monster saurians of a national development to be attained only through their extinction. They are rude pioneers of a civilization whose peaceful abodes shall be paved with their fossil bones. These can not be the final arbiters between cultured races and nations, any more than

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the bowie-knife and revolver can be arbiters between man and man, home and home, in society. While they last, they possess phenomenal and scientific interest. They are the instruments that make contemporary history, and are moulding the future of humanity. Meantime the friend of peace may find satisfaction in the reflection that this vast progress in the instruments of war is steadily reducing the warrior to extinction. France has in one of her gun-foundries a hundred-ton hammer, but where is her Bonaparte? A Frenchman in London, irritated because England did not help his country against Germany, said to an English lady, "Ah,



MOUNTAIN AND DESERT GUN.



MOUNTAIN AND DESERT GUN.

this is still, as the great Napoleon said, a nation of shop-keepers!" "But, monsieur," returned the English lady, "one must not take such sayings too seriously; for instance, we used to be told that France was a nation of soldiers." Facts permitted monsieur no retort, but a century hence Frenchmen may rejoice in a transformation of their character by which, for the moment, they are humiliated.

However satisfactory it may be that the warrior should disappear in the machine, it is not pleasant to reflect that the workman who makes the machine may possibly disappear in the same way. The industrial age largely inherits the habits of the military age, and these are encouraged by the immense pressure of over-grown populations on the means of subsistence. The struggle for existence daily assumes more and more the character of war; Labor and Capital have become camps; and the Trade-Union brings men under laws almost as arbitrary as those of the battle-field. On the other hand, the alliances between Labor and Capital in some large



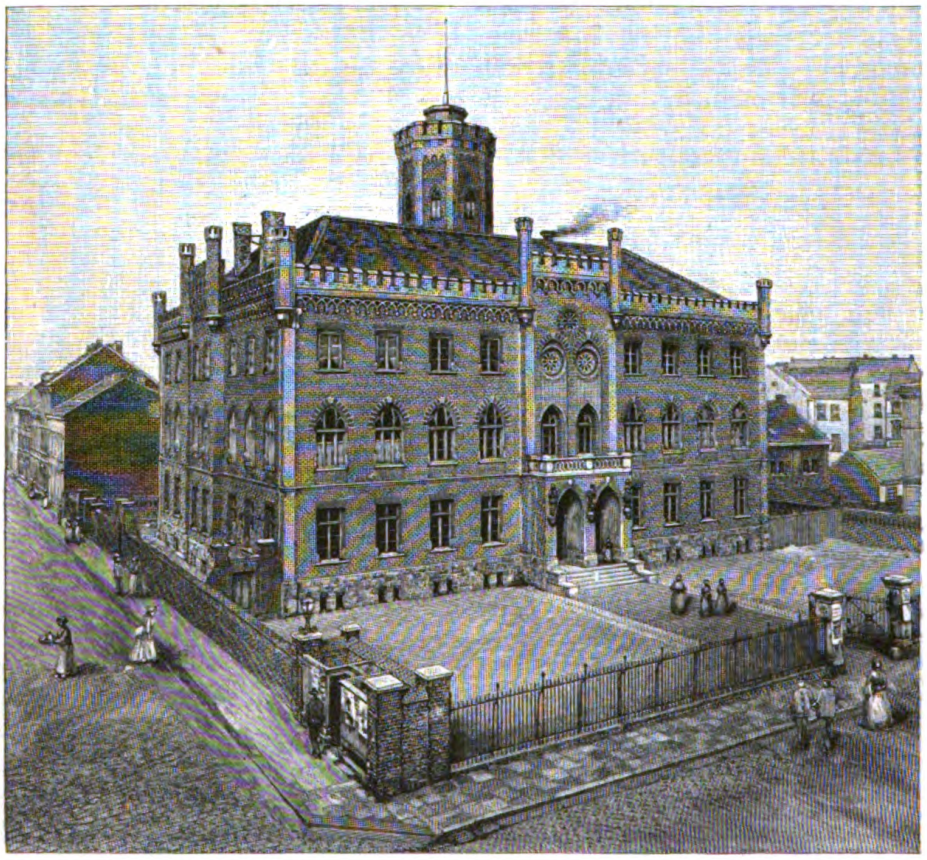
MOUNTAIN AND DESERT GUN.

establishments seem to be equally questionable as to their effect on the laborer. The system of this kind which has been established by Mr. Krupp interested me very much, but it would require more

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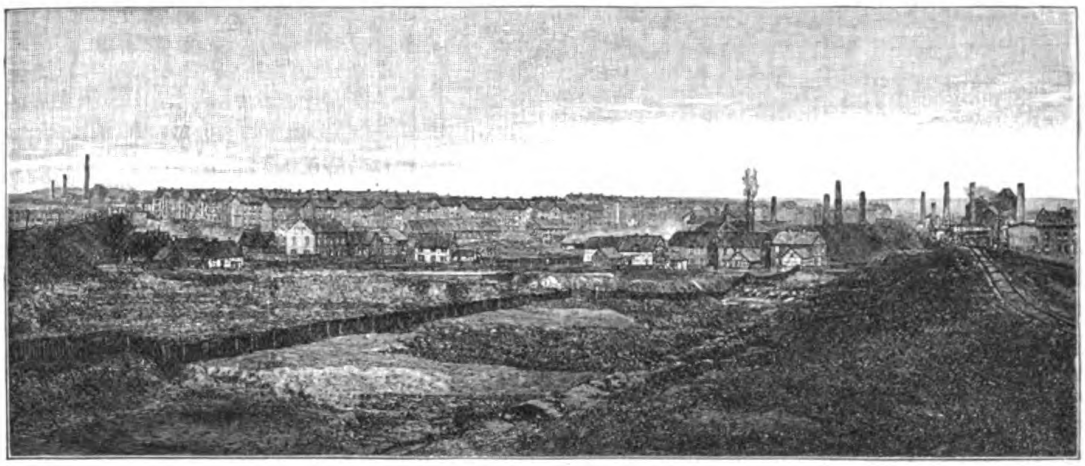
study than I was able to give it to make confident generalizations.

In 1863 Mr. Krupp found that the accommodations of Essen were insufficient for the increasing number of workmen demanded by his establishment, and built 140 dwellings suitable for their needs. From year to year other "colonies" were formed, and to-day there are around Essen nearly 4000 family dwellings, in which more than 16,000 individuals reside. In addition, boarding-houses have been erected for unmarried laborers, about 2000 of whom are thus accommodated. One of these is of a superior kind, for the better class of skilled workmen. There are also 150 dwellings for officials in the service of the firm. The colonies possess little pretension to architectural beauty, but the streets through them are wide, well kept, and well lighted. The dwellings are in suites of three and four rooms, not large, but comfortable, and with good water arrangements. The annual rent of these suites is from $16 50 to $45. In the bachelors' boarding-house the cost per man is twenty cents, and in the special boarding-house mentioned, twenty-seven cents, per day. Each edifice of "flats" has a garden large enough for the children to play in. The women living in the "flats" which I visited seemed cheerful, and said they found their dwellings healthy and comfortable, though I was puzzled to think where all the children I saw could be stowed away. Mr. Krupp has provided one or two bathing establishments, though the arrangements for bathing are far from complete, and, especially, I could discover none for women. There are two hospitals, one reserved in case of epidemics. There is an unsectarian free school and six industrial schools (one for adults), two for females, the fee being fifty cents a month, of which the poor are relieved. Mr. Krupp has built several churches, Protestant and Catholic, for the use of his workmen and their families.



INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FOR WOMEN.

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THE KRONENBERG COLONY.

There is a "Sick and Pensions Fund," of which every foreman and workman is required to be a member. Each pays half a day's pay as entrance fee, and an annual fee proportioned to his wages. But Mr. Krupp pays half of every member's contribution. In case of illness or accident each has free medical or surgical treatment, and at death his funeral expenses are paid. Excellent physicians and surgeons, among them an oculist, are kept at fixed salaries, and there are three large surgeries connected with these brick ambulances for the fallen soldiers of Toil. For an additional fee of one dollar, each workman may secure free medical treatment for his wife and children. The annual surplus of this fund averages about $250,000, the administration of which sum is in the hands of a committee of six, chosen (as I understand) by the workmen, the chairman being appointed by Mr. Krupp. Pensions are paid to men who have been permanently disabled in the works, and temporary support given to those whose inability to work is certified by two of the physicians. The highest pension is $25 monthly, the average being $14 monthly. The average pension given to widows is about $8 50. Mr. Krupp is personally liberal, and never hears of a faithful workman or his family in distress without sending him a substantial gift. He has also secured at low rates arrangements with a number of life-insurance companies, of which the workmen may avail themselves, each selecting the company he prefers. To this Life-insurance Union Mr. Krupp presented in 1877 capital for a reserve fund, $12,500, which by this time amounts to $15,000, from which indigent members are supported by payment of the premium in case of sickness or urgent need.

The most important institution established by Mr. Krupp is the "Supply Store." There is a great central building, and connected with it are twenty-seven shops in places convenient to the "colonies," by which, on a rigidly cash system, nearly all articles desired by any individual or family may be bought at cost price. There is a vast bakery, a slaughter-house, and stores of every kind of clothing, iron-wares, furniture—everything. One may buy here good cigars and wholesome beer. There are seven beer-houses, with skittle-grounds, a turn-hall, a gymnasium. The advantages of all these establishments are not limited to persons connected with the works, so that it is difficult to see how any trade can flourish at Essen apart from the supply stores of Krupp.

I was surprised at finding that there is no regular theatre in Essen. There are two orderly and respectable beer-saloons in which theatrical representations are given from time to time by peripatetic players. The performances I witnessed in both were remarkably good, and witnessed by uncomfortable crowds, but among these I saw few that appeared to belong to the workmen's families. Perhaps it would have been otherwise on a Sunday evening. However, one of Mr. Krupp's friends told me that he would no doubt build a theatre if one were desired by the work-people. It was, he thought, pretty certain that they would not attend

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any such entertainments that could be provided. I can account for this only in one way. The Krupp works never pause entirely except for Sunday. The night workmen are comparatively few, however, and have only to keep the furnaces, engines, etc., in readiness for the next day's labor, and watch the pieces requiring continuous heating and attention. The furnace hands work twelve, all others thirteen, hours per day. One hour and a half is allowed for three meals, and for the ration of whiskey which the workman regards as essential to his life under such conditions. Even if such hours allowed any time for amusement, weariness would forbid it on any day except Sunday, even if that can be excepted for a man who has worked seventy-two or seventy-eight hours of the week amid heat and soot. It is to be feared that such continuous toil must foster a mental torpor hardly consistent with keen interest in the drama. On Sunday and on holidays the tired laborer recovers for a little what individual humanity is left him. The stern mandate for him is: "Six days shalt thou be a rolling machine, and on the seventh a man with wife and children." He accepts his orders passively; he does not know what it is to strike; when his holiday comes he lights his pipe, walks in the fields with his family if weather permit, and spends the evening with comrades at the beer-house. The Essender workman is not brutal; he does not, like the provincial English laborer, stimulate his jaded energies with cock-fights or dog-fights; at the same time he does not seem to have that inward hunger which leads the English workman to demand his elaborate Sunday paper and his variety entertainment.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER;

OR, THE MISTAKES OF A NIGHT.—A COMEDY.

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

ACT FOURTH.

Enter HASTINGS *and* MISS NEVILLE.

HAST. You surprise me; Sir Charles Marlow expected here this night! Where have you had your information?

MISS NEV. You may depend upon it. I just saw his letter to Mr. Hardcastle, in which he tells him he intends setting out a few hours after his son.

HAST. Then, my Constance, all must be completed before he arrives. He knows me; and should he find me here, would discover my name, and perhaps my designs, to the rest of the family.

MISS NEV. The jewels, I hope, are safe?

HAST. Yes, yes. I have sent them to Marlow, who keeps the keys of our baggage. In the mean time I'll go to prepare matters for our elopement. I have had the Squire's promise of a fresh pair of horses; and if I should not see him again, will write him further directions. [*Exit.*

MISS NEV. Well, success attend you! In the mean time I'll go and amuse my aunt with the old pretense of a violent passion for my cousin. [*Exit.*

Enter MARLOW, *followed by a* Servant.

MARL. I wonder what Hastings could mean by sending me so valuable a thing as a casket to keep for him, when he knows the only place I have is the seat of a post-coach at an inn door? Have you deposited the casket with the landlady, as I ordered you? Have you put it into her own hands?

SER. Yes, your honor.

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MARL. She said she'd keep it safe, did she?

SER. Yes, she said she'd keep it safe enough; she asked me how I came by it; and she said she had a great mind to make me give an account of myself.

[*Exit Servant.*



"GIVE ME JOY, GEORGE!"

MARL. Ha! ha! ha! They're safe, however. What an unaccountable set of beings have we got amongst! This little bar-maid, though, runs in my head most strangely, and drives out the absurdities of all the rest of the family. She's mine, she must be mine, or I'm greatly mistaken.

Enter HASTINGS.

HAST. Bless me! I quite forgot to tell her that I intended to prepare at the bottom of the garden. Marlow here, and in spirits too!

MARL. Give me joy, George! Crown me, shadow me with laurels! Well, George, after all, we modest fellows don't want for success among the women.

HAST. Some women, you mean. But what success has your honor's modesty been crowned with now, that it grows so insolent upon us?

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MARL. Didn't you see the tempting, brisk, lovely little thing that runs about the house with a bunch of keys to its girdle?

HAST. Well, and what then?

MARL. She's mine, you rogue you. Such fire, such motion, such eyes, such lips! but, egad! she would not let me kiss them though.

HAST. But are you so sure, so very sure, of her?

MARL. Why, man, she talked of showing me her work above-stairs, and I am to approve the pattern.

HAST. But how can you, Charles, go about to rob a woman of her honor!

MARL. Pshaw! pshaw! We all know the honor of the bar-maid of an inn. I don't intend to rob her, take my word for it; there's nothing in this house I sha'n't honestly pay for.

HAST. I believe the girl has virtue.

MARL. And if she has, I should be the last man in the world that would attempt to corrupt it.

HAST. You have taken care, I hope, of the casket I sent you to lock up? It's in safety?

MARL. Yes, yes. It's safe enough. I have taken care of it. But how could you think the seat of a post-coach at an inn door a place of safety? Ah! numskull! I have taken better precautions for you than you did for yourself. I have—

HAST. What?

MARL. I have sent it to the landlady to keep for you.

HAST. To the landlady!

MARL. The landlady.

HAST. You did?

MARL. I did. She's to be answerable for its forthcoming, you know.

HAST. Yes, she'll bring it forth with a witness.

MARL. Wasn't I right? I believe you'll allow that I acted prudently upon this occasion.

HAST. (*Aside.*) He must not see my uneasiness.

MARL. You seem a little disconcerted though, methinks. Sure nothing has happened?

HAST. No, nothing. Never was in better spirits in all my life. And so you left it with the landlady, who, no doubt, very readily undertook the charge.

MARL. Rather too readily. For she not only kept the casket, but, through her great precaution, was going to keep the messenger too. Ha! ha! ha!

HAST. He! he! he! They're safe, however.

MARL. As a guinea in a miser's purse.

HAST. (*Aside.*) So now all hopes of fortune are at an end, and we must set off without it. (*To him.*) Well, Charles, I'll leave you to your meditations on the pretty bar-maid, and—he! he! he!—may you be as successful for yourself as you have been for me! [*Exit.*

MARL. Thank ye, George: I ask no more. Ha! ha! ha!

Enter HARDCASTLE.

HARD. I no longer know my own house. It's turned all topsy-turvy. His servants have got drunk already. I'll bear it no longer; and yet, from my

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"I NO LONGER KNOW MY OWN HOUSE. IT'S TURNED ALL TOPSY-TURVY."

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respect for his father, I'll be calm. (*To him.*) Mr. Marlow, your servant. I'm your very humble servant. (*Bowing low.*)

MARL. Sir, your humble servant. (*Aside.*) What's to be the wonder now?

HARD. I believe, sir, you must be sensible, sir, that no man alive ought to be more welcome than your father's son, sir. I hope you think so?

MARL. I do, from my soul, sir. I don't want much entreaty. I generally make my father's son welcome wherever he goes.

HARD. I believe you do, from my soul, sir. But though I say nothing to your own conduct, that of your servants is insufferable. Their manner of drinking is setting a very bad example in this house, I assure you.

MARL. I protest, my very good sir, that is no fault of mine. If they don't drink as they ought, they are to blame. I ordered them not to spare the cellar. I did, I assure you. (*To the side scene.*) Here, let one of my servants come up. (*To him.*) My positive directions were, that as I did not drink myself, they should make up for my deficiencies below.

HARD. Then they had your orders for what they do? I'm satisfied!

MARL. They had, I assure you. You shall hear from one of themselves.

Enter SERVANT, *drunk.*

MARL. You, Jeremy! Come forward, sirrah! What were my orders? Were you not told to drink freely, and call for what you thought fit, for the good of the house?

HARD. (*Aside.*) I begin to lose my patience!

JER. Please your honor, liberty and Fleet Street for ever. Though I'm but a servant, I'm as good as another man. I'll drink for no man before supper, sir, damme! Good liquor will sit upon a good supper, but a good supper will not sit upon—hiccough—upon my conscience, sir.

MARL. You see, my old friend, the fellow is as drunk as he can possibly be. I don't know what you'd have more, unless you'd have the poor devil soused in a beer-barrel.

HARD. Zounds! he'll drive me distracted, if I contain myself any longer. Mr. Marlow—sir; I have submitted to your insolence for more than four hours, and I see no likelihood of its coming to an end. I'm now resolved to be master here, sir; and I desire that you and your drunken pack may leave my house directly.

MARL. Leave your house! Sure you jest, my good friend! What? when I'm doing what I can to please you?

HARD. I tell you, sir, you don't please me; so I desire you'll leave my house.

MARL. Sure you can not be serious? At this time o' night, and such a night? You only mean to banter me.

HARD. I tell you, sir, I'm serious! And now that my passions are roused, I say this house is mine, sir; this house is mine, and I command you to leave it directly.

MARL. Ha! ha! ha! A puddle in a storm. I sha'n't stir a step, I assure you. (*In a serious tone.*) This your house, fellow! It's my house. This is my house. Mine, while I choose to stay. What right have you to bid me leave this house, sir? I never met with such impudence, curse me; never in my whole life before!

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"ZOUNDS! HE'LL DRIVE ME DISTRACTED."

HARD. Nor I, confound me if ever I did. To come to my house, to call for what he likes, to turn me out of my own chair, to insult the family, to order his servants to get drunk, and then to tell me, "This house is mine, sir." By all that's impudent, it makes me laugh. Ha! ha! ha! Pray, sir (*bantering*), as you take the house, what think you of taking the rest of the furniture? There's a pair of silver candlesticks, and there's a fire-screen, and there's a pair of brazen-nosed bellows; perhaps you may take a fancy to them.

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"PRAY, CHILD, ANSWER ME ONE QUESTION."

MARL. Bring me your bill, sir, bring me your bill, and let's make no more words about it.

HARD. There are a set of prints, too. What think you of the Rake's Progress for your own apartment?

MARL. Bring me your bill, I say; and I'll leave you and your infernal house directly.

HARD. Then there's a mahogany table that you may see your own face in.

MARL. My bill, I say.

HARD. I had forgot the great chair for your own particular slumbers, after a hearty meal.

MARL. Zounds! bring me my bill, I say, and let's hear no more on't.

HARD. Young man, young man, from your father's letter to me, I was taught to expect a well-bred, modest man as a visitor here; but now I find him no better than a coxcomb and a bully. But he will be down here presently, and shall hear more of it. [*Exit.*

MARL. How's this? Sure I have not mistaken the house? Everything looks like an inn; the servants cry, Coming; the attendance is awkward; the bar-maid, too, to attend us. But she's here, and will further inform me. Whither so fast, child? A word with you.

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Enter Miss Hardcastle.

Miss Hard. Let it be short, then. I'm in a hurry. (*Aside.*) I believe he begins to find out his mistake. But it's too soon quite to undeceive him.

Marl. Pray, child, answer me one question. What are you, and what may your business in this house be?

Miss Hard. A relation of the family, sir.

Marl. What! a poor relation?

Miss Hard. Yes, sir, a poor relation, appointed to keep the keys, and to see that the guests want nothing in my power to give them.

Marl. That is, you act as bar-maid of this inn.

Miss Hard. Inn! Oh, law! what brought that in your head? One of the best families in the county keep an inn! Ha! ha! ha!—old Mr. Hardcastle's house an inn!

Marl. Mr. Hardcastle's house! Is this Mr. Hardcastle's house, child?

Miss Hard. Ay, sure! Whose else should it be?

Marl. So, then, all's out, and I have been damnably imposed on. Oh, confound my stupid head, I shall be laughed at over the whole town! I shall be stuck up in caricatura in all the print-shops. The *Dullissimo Maccaroni.* To mistake this house, of all others, for an inn, and my father's old friend for an innkeeper! What a swaggering puppy must he take me for! What a silly puppy do I find myself! There, again, may I be hang'd, my dear, but I mistook you for the bar-maid.

Miss Hard. Dear me! dear me! I'm sure there's nothing in my behavior to put me upon a level with one of that stamp.

Marl. Nothing, my dear, nothing. But I was in for a list of blunders, and could not help making you a subscriber. My stupidity saw everything the wrong way. I mistook your assiduity for assurance, and your simplicity for allurement. But it's over. This house I no more show my face in.

Miss Hard. I hope, sir, I have done nothing to disoblige you. I'm sure I should be sorry to affront any gentleman who has been so polite, and said so many civil things to me. I'm sure I should be sorry (*pretending to cry*) if he left the family upon my account. I'm sure I should be sorry people said anything amiss, since I have no fortune but my character.

Marl. (*Aside.*) By Heaven! she weeps. This is the first mark of tenderness I ever had from a modest woman, and it touches me. (*To her.*) Excuse me, my lovely girl; you are the only part of the family I leave with reluctance. But, to be plain with you, the difference of our birth, fortune, and education makes an honorable connection impossible; and I can never harbor a thought of seducing simplicity that trusted in my honor, of bringing ruin upon one whose only fault was being too lovely.

Miss Hard. (*Aside.*) Generous man! I now begin to admire him. (*To him.*) But I am sure my family is as good as Miss Hardcastle's; and though I'm poor, that's no great misfortune to a contented mind; and, until this moment, I never thought that it was bad to want fortune.

Marl. And why now, my pretty simplicity?

Miss Hard. Because it puts me at a distance from one that, if I had a thousand pounds, I would give it all to.

Marl. (*Aside.*) This simplicity bewitches me, so that if I stay, I'm un-

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"BY HEAVEN! SHE WEEPS."

done. I must make one bold effort, and leave her. (*To her.*) Your partiality in my favor, my dear, touches me most sensibly; and were I to live for myself alone, I could easily fix my choice. But I owe too much to the opinion of the world, too much to the authority of a father; so that—I can scarcely speak it—it affects me. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Miss Hard. I never knew half his merit till now. He shall not go, if I have power or art to detain him. I'll still preserve the character in which I *stooped to conquer*, but will undeceive my papa, who, perhaps, may laugh him out of his resolution. [*Exit.*

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EAST ANGELS.

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MARGARET HAROLD was sitting on a bench at the East Angels landing.

It was sunset. Little rose-colored clouds, dappled with pale lilac, stretched in flaky waves from the zenith far enough down the sky for her to see them without raising her eyes higher; between their last soft edges and the horizon extended a broad band of that clear green which belongs to Southern sunsets, and in this emerald space shone brightly the evening star.

She was in walking dress; her slender figure was outlined in a long, closely fitting garment of dark silk. Her large hat, with its drooping plumes, made her face look like that of a Gainsborough portrait. A bunch of ferns which she had gathered had slipped from her lap to her feet. Carlos Mateo, very stiff, with his breast feathers puffed out, stood not far distant on the platform of the landing surveying the water.

Somewhere near, a mocking-bird was pouring forth a flood of notes, rioting in melody; it was marvellous to realize that such a little creature could produce from his tiny throat matchless music like this, now a soft strain sweet as love, now a flight of high clear notes darting up higher and higher until they seemed to end in heaven itself; and then, while the listener was still there, where the little bird had left him, there began a second time the sweet half-melancholy song of love, and down came the hearer to listen again to that, when suddenly the small musician paused, and, as if in wildest haste, began to imitate the songs of all the birds he knew, one after the other, pouring them forth in such rapid succession that it seemed as if he must end by choking himself; but he did not; he ended with a burst of wild little cries, like a laugh, and then darted up to the empyrean again, throwing out trills, as he went, like a shower of musical spray.

Coming down the live-oak avenue now appeared the figure of Celestine.

"If you please, Miss Margaret, Mrs. Rutherford has sent me to look for you."

"Yes, I know; I am very late to-night. I will come in now."

"There's no occasion for haste," Celestine answered, bestowing a short glance of general inspection upon the lagoon, the tinted sky, and the stiff figure of the crane. "What a pagan bird that crane is!"

"You hear, Carlos?" said Margaret.

But Carlos was never conscious of the existence of Celestine; he kept his attentions—his occasional nippings, sentinel-like mounting guard, and followings—exclusively for his Southern friends, the only exception being Margaret, whose presence he was now beginning to tolerate.

"You don't call that mocking-bird a pagan, do you?" Margaret asked. The little creature had burst forth again.

"I don't care much for mocking-birds *myself*," Celestine responded, when he paused again.

"Well, these great live-oaks and these ferns, you must care something for them?"

"Give me an ellum-tree, Miss Margaret! As for them leaves you've got there—all the sweet-smelling things in Florida, and I don't deny there's a plenty—I'd give the whole for one sniff of the laylocks that used to grow in our back yard when I was a girl."

"Why, Minerva, you're homesick."

"No, Miss Margaret, no; I've got my work to attend to here, and I shouldn't know how to get on without it now, nor without your aunt—I've ben used to seeing to her so long. No, I ain't homesick: you get home knocked out of you when you've staid about in such places as Nice, Rome, Egypt, and the dear knows where. But if anybody was really going to *live* somewheres (I don't mean just *staying*, as we're doing now), talk about choosing between this and New England—my!"

"But your pupils—they interest you, don't they?"

"Please don't call 'em pupils, Miss Margaret; there isn't one of 'em that can read a word yet."

"That isn't your fault."

"I wish I could think that it warn't. But Looth says (I asked her; she's got more sense than some)—Looth says the trouble is, I ain't lively enough. It's true, I can't dance. I don't fling myself round without stockings, as *she* does. I really

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believe Telano would have learned his letters a sight quicker if I'd set 'em to the tune of 'Zip Coon.'"

Margaret turned up the avenue toward the house.

"There's no occasion for haste, if you don't want to go in just yet," Celestine went on; "she isn't alone: I saw Dr. *Kirby* ride up just as I came away. Well —she's got on that maroon silk wrapper."

"Nobody has such taste as you have, Celestine," said Margaret, kindly. "My aunt is always becomingly dressed."

There was a little movement of the New England woman's mouth, which drew down for an instant the corners of her lips. This was the pride and pleasure she was repressing—swallowing; it was the only acknowledgment she made.

"It can't be true, can it, Miss Margaret," she resumed, as they walked on, "that there are Injuns down in the Everglades that have negroes still, and are holding them as slaves?"

"Yes, I believe it is."

"Well, now, but they're *freed!*" said Minerva Poindexter, loudly, stopping short in the middle of the path.

"Yes—if they knew it. I suppose it is difficult to get there to let them know."

"I'd go to-morrer, I'd *wade*, if it wasn't for your aunt," said Celestine, with fierceness.

Dr. Kirby was sitting with his esteemed friend when Margaret entered.

His esteemed friend's feeling for Margaret now seemed to be always a tender compassion.

"My dear child, I fear you have been out too long, you look so pale," was the present manifestation of it.

"I have often thought what a variation it would make in the topics of my friends," said Margaret, as she drew off her gloves, "if I should take to painting my cheeks a little. Think of it—a touch of rouge, now, and the whole conversation would be altered."

"I am sure that, for purposes of decoration at least," said Dr. Kirby, gallantly, "rouge would be totally misapplied. We all know that Mrs. Harold's complexion has always the purest, the most natural, the most salubrious tint; it is the clear whiteness of Diana."

"Pray give those—those green things to Looth," Aunt Katrina went on, languidly. "I hope they are not poison-ivy?" (Aunt Katrina lived under the impression that everything that came from the woods was poison-ivy.) "And do go to my room, dear child, and sit down there awhile before the fire—there's a little fire—and let Looth change your shoes, and make you a nice cup of tea—do, now. Later—*later*," Aunt Katrina went on, more animatedly, "we'll have some whist." She spoke as though she were holding out something which Margaret would be sure to enjoy.

There were very few evenings now when Aunt Katrina did not expect her niece to make one at the whist table drawn up at her couch's side, the other players being Dr. Kirby, Betty, or occasionally Madam Ruiz or Madam Giron. The game had come to be her greatest pleasure, she had therefore established and set going in her circle of friends the idea that it was an especial pleasure to Margaret also. Aunt Katrina was an adept in these small household tyrannies.

"How is Mr. Moore to-day?" Margaret inquired, not replying to the change of shoes or the cup of tea.

"He improves every hour. He is getting well in half the time that any one else would have taken, and he will walk as lightly as ever before long—or almost as lightly. He is rather uncomfortably comfortable just now, however," the Doctor went on, laughing; "he doesn't know how to adapt himself to all his new luxuries; he took up an ivory-handled brush this morning almost as though it were an infernal machine."

"I should hardly think Mrs. Moore would approve of *useless* luxuries," said Aunt Katrina, not with a sniff — Aunt Katrina never sniffed—but with a slight movement of the tip of her very well shaped nose. She followed the movement with a light stroke upon that tip with her delicate embroidered handkerchief.

"Penelope nowadays approves of everything for her Middleton," said Dr. Kirby, laughing again. "I believe she'll deck him out with pink silk curtains round his bed before she gets through. She's frightened; she told me the other day that she was afraid she had encouraged in him too much of the spirit of a Stoic. So now she's trying Epicurus."

"Yes—but ivory-handled *brushes*," said Aunt Katrina, confining herself, as usual, to the facts; "and his hair is so thin, too."

"I must confess I roared—if you will

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permit the rather free expression. But the brushes came with all the other things that nephew of yours sent down. I believe he's trying to corrupt the dominie."

"I am very glad to hear that Mr. Moore is going on so well," said Margaret. Carrying her plumed hat in her hand, she left the room.

"He is an excellent man, Mr. Moore—most excellent," observed Aunt Katrina, a little stiffly. "Of course we can never forget our obligations to him."

"I should think not, indeed," answered Reginald Kirby, for the first time losing some of his gallantry of tone.

"I am sure we have shown that we do not forget them," Aunt Katrina went on, with dignity. "Margaret has shown it, and Evert; between them they have made Mr. Moore comfortable for life."

"There wouldn't have been much life left in any of you without him," said Kirby, still fierily.

"I beg your pardon: I am not so dependent upon my niece, dear as she is to me, as *that;* I think *such* dependence morally wrong. You must remember, too, that I have already been through great sorrows—the greatest; my life has *not* been an easy one." The fair gemmed hand was gently raised here; then it dropped with resignation upon the maroon silk lap. "I esteem Mr. Moore highly—haven't I mentioned to you that I do? Surely I have. But I *can not* be deeply interested in him. Mr. Moore is not an interesting man; he is *not* an exciting man. I am afraid that when I care for a friend," said Aunt Katrina, frankly, "when I find a friend *delightful*, I am afraid I am apt, yes, *very* apt, to make comparisons." And she glanced at the Doctor with a charming smile.

"Pardon my ill temper," murmured the Doctor, completely won again. He bowed, with his hand on the expanse of immaculate linen that covered his well-expanded chest. "After all," he said to himself, with conviction, "she's a deucedly fine woman still."

Three months had elapsed since the burning of the house on the river.

It was now thought that Margaret had set it on fire herself; she had wakened, feeling somewhat chilled, and had gone across to a store-room in the main building to see if she could get a blanket; having no candle, she had taken a box of matches from her travelling bag, and had used them to light her way, and probably some spark or burning end had fallen among the stored woollens, and the fire had smouldered there for some time before making its way out.

Mr. Moore had remained for three weeks in the neighboring hotel, his wife and Dr. Kirby constantly with him. They had then decided to take him on a litter to Gracias. They crossed the St. John's in safety, and came slowly over the pine-barrens.

As they approached the town, Dr. Kirby, who, with Winthrop, was accompanying the litter on horseback, a little in advance, saw a number of people in the road.

"They have come out to meet him," said the Doctor, angrily. "How senseless! how wicked! In his present state the excitement will kill him. I shall ride forward and tell them to go back."

"No, don't," said Winthrop; "I think you're mistaken. I think it will do him good. He has never in the least understood how much they care for him; he has always been kept both mentally and physically too low. What he needs now is a richer diet."

"Are you turning into a doctor yourself?" inquired Kirby, still with impatience, yet struck, too, by the suggestion. "It is true that I have always said he'd be twice the man he was if he had a glass of port with his dinner."

"This will be the glass of port."

Mr. Moore's litter had curtains, which were down; he had not yet seen the assemblage. His improvised couch was swung carefully across a large wagon, which was drawn by Winthrop's horses on a walk, a man leading them. Penelope followed in a carriage, which Winthrop had also provided.

"I declare—it's all Gracias!" exclaimed the Doctor, as they came near the assembled groups. "Not only our own people, but Our Lady of the Angels' people have come also—there's Father Florencio at the head of them."

Penelope had now discovered the assemblage, and had bidden her coachman hasten forward. Descending with her feeble step, she herself fastened back the curtains of the litter. "Dear," she said, tenderly, "they have come out to meet you—the Gracias people. I know you will be glad."

She kissed him, and re-arranged his pillows. Then she let Winthrop help her

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back into her carriage, which fell behind again. Penelope agreed with him, it was evident, in thinking that excitement would do the injured man good.

Winthrop, who had dismounted, gave his horse to Tom, who was behind, and walked himself beside the now open litter. The Doctor rode on the other side, and thus they went on their way again toward the waiting people.

These people were showing more sense than the Doctor had given them credit for; they had drawn themselves up in two even lines, one on each side of the narrow pine-barren road, on the right the congregation of St. Philip and St. James, with their senior warden at the end of the line, and, opposite, the flock of Our Lady of the Angels, led by their benign, handsome old priest, Father Florencio. Then, further on, at a little distance, came the negroes, drawn up also in two lines.

The whites were very still; they did not cheer; they bowed and waved their hands. Mr. Moore looked from one side to the other, turning his head a little, and peering from his half-closed eyes, as his litter passed on between the ranks of friends. It had been agreed that nothing should be said—he was too weak to bear it. But all the people smiled, though many of them felt their tears starting at the same moment, as they saw his helpless form; they smiled determinedly, and winked back the moisture: he should see none but cheerful faces as he passed. At the end of the line the senior warden, in their name, stepped forward and pressed the rector's hand, and then from the other side came Father Florencio, who heartily did the same.

Penelope, looking from the open carriage behind, was crying. But Mr. Moore himself was not excited. He thought it very beautiful that they should all have come out in this way to meet him; it was the sign of a great kindness.

It did not occur to him that it was the sign of a great admiration as well.

When the litter came abreast of the two long lines of blacks, they could not keep back their demonstrations of welcome quite so completely as the whites had done. The Baptist minister of their own race, who was the pastor of most of them, stood, in his Sunday clothes, with his hand up warningly, in order to check their exuberance. One broad gleam of white teeth extended down the entire line, and, "He's come back fum de gold'n gate!" "*Bless* de passon!" "Blow, Gaberl!" were murmured in under-tones as the litter passed. And then, behind it, there were noiseless leaps and hats (most of them battered) in the air; next, they all ran forward over the barren in a body, in order to precede the procession into Gracias.

"Don't shout—do you hear me?—no shouting," said Dr. Kirby, imperatively. He had been obliged to leave his place beside the litter; there was no room for his horse between the close-pressing ranks, and now he rode forward in order to keep a control, if possible, over the joyous throng. "If you shout, it will be very bad for him," he went on, threateningly. He had stopped his horse and was addressing them from the saddle; the litter was some distance behind.

"But we gotter do *sumpen*, marse," said one of the men, protestingly.

"Dance, then! But make no noise about it. When he's safely in his own house again, *then* go down to the pier, if you like, and shout as much as you please."

This was done. The negroes preceded the litter through the streets of Gracias, and waited in sympathetic silence until Mr. Moore had been carried into the rectory, and the door was closed behind him. Then they adjourned to the pier, and danced and shouted there as if, old Mrs. Kirby declared, with her hands over her little ears—"as if they meant to raise the dead."

"No, ma, no; they mean to raise the living if they can," said her son, when he came in.

He had been more affected than he would confess by that welcome out on the barren. He had not known himself how much attached he was to the mild-voiced clergyman until it had become probable that soon they should hear that voice no more. The danger of death was now averted, he hoped, though the illness might be a long one. In his own mind he had registered a vow never to call any one "limp" again. He had called Mr. Moore that (he had even called him "simp" as well) about once a week for years. "There's a kind of limpness that's strength"—thus he lectured himself—"and you, Reginald Kirby, for all your airs and talk, might not, in an emergency, be able even to *approach* it. And spread-

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ing out your chest won't save you, my lad; not a whit."

"I have never felt so completely like an alien as I did while marching beside that litter," said Evert Winthrop, describing these events, later, to his aunt. "They're too kind-hearted to hate any one, I suppose. And yet I felt sure that half of them did hate me, and wondered what in the world I was doing there. In some way they regarded me as the cause of his injuries. You may rest convinced of one thing, Aunt Katrina, we shall never be really welcome in Gracias again; we are all Northerners, and between us we have managed to burn up their parson."

"How ridiculous!" said Aunt Katrina, disdainfully. "I don't suppose it will trouble us much whether we're welcome or not, will it? It won't trouble me."

Fond as she was of the position of patroness, of great lady, she was not altogether pleased with her nephew's later course. "I think you have done too much," she said. "A proper acknowledgment is all very well, but you and Margaret have given Mr. Moore a really comfortable little fortune, and you have put it entirely into his own hands, too."

"Whose hands would *you* have put it into?"

"A lawyer's, of course," Aunt Katrina answered.

"I am afraid Margaret and I are not always as judicious as you are, Aunt Kate."

Aunt Kate was not quick (it was one of the explanations of the charming preservation of her beauty). "No, you are not, but I wish you were," she responded, comfortably.

Mr. Moore knew nothing of the increase of his income. It was Penelope who had been won over by Winthrop's earnest logic —earnest in regard to the comfort of the poor sufferer lying blinded, voiceless, helpless, in the next room. What Winthrop was urging was simply that money should not be considered in providing for him every possible alleviation and luxury. His illness might be a long one (at that stage —it was while Mr. Moore was still in the river hotel—no one spoke of the danger of death, though they all knew that it was near); everything, therefore, should be done to lighten it. If the rectory was gloomy, another house in Gracias should be taken—one with a large garden; two trained nurses should be sent for immediately; and, later, there must be good horses, and some sort of a low, easy vehicle, made on purpose to carry a person in a recumbent posture. Many other things would be required; these he mentioned now were but a beginning. Mrs. Moore must see that neither his aunt, Mrs. Harold, nor himself could take a moment's rest until everything was done that could be done, and they should all feel extremely unhappy, miserable, if she should refuse them; if she would but stop to think of it, she must realize that.

Penelope agreed to this.

She had cried so much that she was the picture of living despair; she was thinking of nothing but her husband and his pain; but she forced a momentary attention toward Winthrop, who was talking so earnestly to her, trying to make some impression.

He could see that he did not make much.

"Your husband gave his life — it amounted to that — to save Margaret's. She was nothing to him—that is, no relative, not even a near friend; yet he faced for her the most horrible of deaths. If it had not been for him, that would have been *her* death; and think, then, Mrs. Moore, think what *we* should be feeling now." He had meant to say this steadily, but he could not. His voice became choked; he got up quickly and went to the window.

Penelope, who, tired as she was, and with one hand pressed constantly against her weak back, was yet sitting on the edge of a hard wooden chair, ready to jump up and run into the next room at an instant's notice, tried again to detach her mind from her husband long enough to think of what it was this man was saying to her; she liked Margaret, and therefore she succeeded sufficiently well to answer, "It would have been *terrible*." Then her thoughts went back to Middleton again.

"Don't you see, then," said Winthrop, returning, "that standing as we do almost beside her grave, your husband has become the most precious person in the world to us? How *can* you hesitate?" he said, breaking off. "How can you deny us the pleasure of doing everything possible—so little at best—to help him in his great suffering?"

"Oh yes—his suffering! his suffering!"

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moaned the wife, the tears dropping down her white cheeks without any distortion of feature. Her eyes looked large; singularly enough, though she was so exhausted, her countenance appeared younger than he had ever seen it. Under the all-absorbing influence of her grief its usual expressions had gone, and one could trace again the outlines of youth; her girlhood face—almost her little-girl face—had come strangely back, as it does sometimes after death, when grandchildren see, with startled, loving surprise, what "grandma" was—"dear grandma"—when she too was only sixteen.

Winthrop took her thin worn hand and carried it to his lips; her sorrow was very sacred to him, and Death, he knew, was hovering over that couch in the next room. "For you too," he urged—"you who are so tired and ill—let us help you all we can. Do not refuse us, Mrs. Moore; *do* not."

The door into the next room now opened softly, and Dr. Kirby entered, closing it behind him. "No, sit still," he said, as Mrs. Moore started up. "There's nothing to be done for him just now; he's asleep." He called it "sleep," to pacify her. "I came in to say," he went on—"I knew you were here, Mr. Winthrop—that there must *not* be so much noise on this floor. I have no doubt the people of the house are as careful as they can be—in fact, I know they are; but there are others here."

Winthrop turned to Penelope. "*Now* will you consent?" he said.

(She looked at him; she was thinking only of the blessed fact that Middleton was asleep.)

"You hear what Dr. Kirby says?—the house must be kept more quiet. I can clear it immediately of every person in it. The noise is bad for your husband—don't you understand? It will make a difference in his—in his recovery."

"Oh! do anything, anything!" said the wife, wringing her hands.

He pursued his advantage. "You are willing, then, that I should do everything possible—for his sake, you know? You consent. And I shall not ask you again; I shall simply go on and do my best."

"Yes, yes," she answered.

"By—all—means," said Dr. Kirby, impressively. "Consent? Of course you consent, Penelope." He had never called her Penelope before in his life. After that he never called her by any other name.

It seemed to Reginald Kirby a natural thing (and a small one too) that these Northerners should wish to do everything they could for the dying hero in there. At that time the Doctor thought he would die.

Twelve hours later, with the exception of the proprietors and their servants, there was no one save Mr. Moore and his friends in the river hotel. And the house was held empty as long as he remained there.

Aunt Katrina never could find out how much those weeks—there were three of them—cost her nephew.

But she did find out that her nephew and Margaret together had given the Moores that "comfortable little fortune," though it was not in Mr. Moore's hands, as she supposed; it was in Penelope's.

Penelope herself knew but little about it even now, save the fact (a great one) that where she had once had a dollar to spend in a certain time, she now had ten. They had lived on six hundred a year; they now had six thousand.

Mr. Moore noticed his new luxuries; he knew that Evert Winthrop had sent many of them down from New York, and he felt very grateful. He asked Penelope if she had sufficiently thanked him.

"Why, Middleton dear, he's grateful to *you*," Penelope answered.

She never confessed that it was she herself who had asked for the ivory brushes. Once let loose on that track, her imagination had become wildly lawless. She had not considered the rectory gloomy, as Winthrop had suggested; but there was no doubt but that she would have suspended pink silk curtains round Middleton's bed if the idea had once occurred to her. She had always had a secret admiration for velvet coats—which she associated in some way with King Charles the Martyr—and she now cherished a plan for attiring Middleton in one (when he should be able to be attired), and had even selected the color—a dark wood brown. It would not do for church services, of course; but while he was still an invalid, now— And she lost herself in dreams of satin linings. Her fancy, however, did not tinge her own attire; she was still clad in the green delaine.

On the day after the fire Margaret had left the river.

Though otherwise unhurt, she was suf-

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fering from nervous shock, and knew that she should be of no use as a nurse, at least for the present. Dr. Kirby and Mrs. Moore had reached the hotel, and Winthrop was to remain there with them. She could not travel far, so she crossed over to East Angels.

When she reached the house, late in the evening, Aunt Katrina's tearful eyes and suffering voice greeted her: "Oh, Margaret! Margaret! what a shock you *have* given me!"

Celestine, however (there were certain emergencies when Celestine did not scruple to interrupt Aunt Katrina), appeared promptly upon the scene from somewhere, took Margaret up in her arms as though she had been a child, and carried her off to her bedroom.

"Oh, Miss Margaret!" she said, weeping over her one or two big tears as she laid her down on the bed — "oh, Miss Margaret!"

"There's nothing the matter with me, Minerva, except that I am tired," Margaret answered.

And she did look tired. She was so tired that she had not laughed over Celestine's idea of taking her up and carrying her; she was glad to be carried.

But having shed her tears, Celestine was now the nurse again. "Don't speak another word," she said, peremptorily. And then, with careful hands, she undressed Margaret and put her to bed.

At the end of the third day Margaret was able to present herself again in Aunt Katrina's sitting-room.

"Well, I suppose you've got to get it over *some* time," was Celestine's reluctant assent.

"But how in the world, Margaret, did you ever come to go back to that house all alone, *late* at night, and without letting any one know?" demanded Aunt Katrina, in the course of her cross-examination. "I've tried to conceal what I thought of such a wild freak—from Betty, for instance. But it has been hard work."

The unfailing Betty was at East Angels again. She had wished very much to go over to the river to assist poor Penelope; but Kate had sent for her—Kate had been so much affected by the shock—and so, of course, she had given up her own desire, and come down to stay with her friend.

"It was not late," Margaret answered; "it was early. I changed my mind about sleeping at the hotel; I thought I should rather sleep in my own house, after all, so I went back. Then when I found that Mr. Moore had already gone to bed, early though it was, I decided not to disturb him."

"What a piece of craziness, the whole affair! And to think, too, that at your age you should have gone wandering about with lighted matches! Well, I am glad that *I* at least have no such tastes. When I say I am going to sleep in a place, I sleep there, and you have no idea what sacrifices I have made sometimes, when travelling, to keep my word — keep it merely to myself: it *is* so much better to do what you say you're going to, and not keep changing your mind. I can never be thankful enough that Lanse was not there; *he* could never have escaped so easily as you did, poor fellow, because he can not walk well even now. It really seems almost providential, his having gone off on that journey just at that time. And as to the wandering about with matches, Margaret (for it all comes back to that), it's an excellent rule for people who have those manias never to allow themselves to get out of bed (until the next morning, of course) after once they're in. Now do promise me that you will make it yours, at least as long as you are staying here. Otherwise I shall be so nervous."

"I wasn't in bed at all," said Margaret.

"A lounge is the same thing: don't quibble," said Aunt Katrina, severely.

Here Betty, hurrying in, fell on Margaret's neck and kissed her, holding her closely in her affectionate arms. "Oh, my dearest child! restored to us from that *dreadful* danger, thank God! To think how near you came— Oh, my dear, dear girl!" She kissed her again, and got out her handkerchief to dry her brimming eyes. "We're going to have prayers in the church, my dear—*thanksgiving*."

"What a pity it is, Betty, that you are so demonstrative! You can be glad to see Margaret without boohooing, can't you? And when I have such a headache, too."

"I am very sorry, Kate, I'm sure," Betty answered. She sat down on the sofa beside Margaret; as there was a table in front of her which concealed the movement, she put out her hand furtively and took Margaret's in hers, holding it with tenderness, and giving it every now and

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then a gentle pressure. This was the first time she had seen her (Celestine had allowed no one to cross the threshold); she could not restrain the expression of the motherly affection she felt for this sweet, pale woman who had been so near death.

In the mean while she talked as usual, or rather listened as usual, to her dear Kate. This was not duplicity on Betty's part; on principle, she never opposed Kate now—she was such an invalid, poor dear! In Betty's secret heart lurked the settled conviction that if Kate would only "let her figure go," and be just "natural," as she (Betty) was, it would be "so much better for her." People's figures altered as they grew older; it was useless to say they did not. Betty's opinion was that no one, without recourse to art, could retain a good waist after forty-five. Dear Kate was over sixty (though she did not look it); really it was scarcely seemly to be so girted in.

If dear Kate could have suspected these opinions, there is no doubt but that she would have risen from her couch, figure and all, and turned her uncinctured Elizabeth bodily from the room.

On the fourth day Winthrop came over from the river.

Learning from Celestine that his aunt was in fairly comfortable condition (in spite of her "shock"), he had fifteen minutes of serious conversation with her. He told the truth about Lansing Harold's relations with his wife, as well as his relations with another person.

Aunt Katrina was much overcome: this time the "shock" was real. She cared more for Lanse than for any one. Much as she cared for him, she had always admired him even more. She cried—really cried; her handsome face became reddened and disfigured, and she did not think of it. "He was such a *dear* little boy—my own dear little boy," she said, sobbing bitterly. Then she rallied. "If he had had another sort of wife, he would have been different."

"That's what is always said about such men. In any case, there's nothing gained by going back to that now."

"*I* think something is gained: justice is gained—justice for Lanse. And plenty of men make their wives horribly miserable through long years—a whole lifetime—and never desert them: the wives would be glad if they would! I think Lanse is better than *that*. And, mark my words, Evert, Margaret *Cruger* has not suffered."

"Whether she has or not, she is going to leave us, she tells me."

"What?" said Aunt Katrina, quickly, turning toward him her altered countenance. He scarcely knew it, with its reddened eyes and slightly spotted look. Aunt Katrina's eyes were always so serene, her fine complexion was always so white and smooth.

"She thinks of going north; she talks of opening that old house of hers in the country, and living there."

"And *me*?" said Aunt Katrina, in angry amazement. "Does she cut herself free from *me* in that way? In *my* state of health?"

"It appears so."

Aunt Katrina remained speechless. Pure dismay was now conquering every other feeling.

"The truth is, Aunt Katrina, you have not been kind enough to Margaret, ever."

"Kind!" ejaculated the lady.

"No. She has done everything for you for years, and you have constantly ill-treated her."

"Ill-treated! Good heavens!"

"She has therefore decided—and I am not much surprised—that she would rather have a home of her own."

"And you abet her in this?"

"Not at all: I think she had much better stay with you. I am only explaining to you how she feels."

"I don't know that I care to understand Margaret *Cruger's* feelings."

"Exactly; you don't. And therefore she is going."

Aunt Katrina was evidently struggling with her own thoughts. He left her to the contest.

At last, "Poor child!" she said, sighing, as she gently pressed a handkerchief to different parts of her disordered countenance—"poor child!"

Winthrop waited for further developments: he knew they would come.

"It is natural that I should have been cold to her, perhaps, feeling as I did so keenly how unqualified she was to make a congenial home for Lanse. But, as you say, probably she can not help it; it is her disposition: she was born so. And now, to think what she must be feeling. She has, in her way, a strict conscience, and to-day she faces the fact that, by her own utter want of sympathy (which I suppose

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she really can not help), she has driven him away a *second* time, sent him a *second* time into bad courses. I realize, indeed, that it is the moment when I ought to do everything I can for her, when I should stifle my own feelings, and treat her with the greatest tenderness. Don't you agree with me?"

"Fully. But even then I don't know that you can induce her to stay."

"Really—the more I think of it, the more sorry I feel for her. She is deeply to be pitied. I can imagine how crushed *I* should have felt, how humiliated, if Peter had deserted me. But if he *had* done so, I should have gone immediately, of course, to stay with some older relative—it is the only proper way. You might represent to Margaret how much better it would look if she should continue, as before, to reside with me. To be sure, she isn't a beautiful woman at all—she's by far too pale and thin—but she's rather young, all the same, to live quite by herself."

"Perhaps this time she won't take so much pains about the 'look' of anything; perhaps she will let people know the real facts. She has always concealed them heretofore."

"They would only be her own condemnation, in any case; everybody would perfectly understand that it was some lack in *her*," answered Aunt Katrina, with decision. "But I think you had better speak to her, and immediately. It is so much more desirable, on her own account, that she should remain with me. I don't fancy she cares much for *you*, or she would never have tried to engage you to that odious Garda Thorne; still, you are a relative, after a fashion, and she ought to listen to you. You might tell her," she added, her voice falling into a pathetic key, "that probably I shall not be left to her *long*."

"My dear aunt, you will outlive us all," said Winthrop, rising. "I will see her, and do what I can," he added, as he left the room.

At first he could not find Margaret. She was not in any of the usual places. He began to fear that she was in her own room, and that he should not find her at all. At last he met Celestine. "Do you know where Mrs. Harold is?" he said.

"Well, Mr. Evert, she's in the garden," Celestine answered, with some reluctance. "I've fixed her up there nicely in an easy-chair on a rug, and I've told everybody to keep away, so that she can just rest—that's what she most needs. I've let her have *one* book—an easy-looking story in good print that didn't seem exciting. And I'm going out after her in about an hour, to bring her in."

"I won't be any more exciting than the easy-looking story, Minerva; I promise you that."

Celestine watched him go: she was not pleased, but she could not help herself. She shook her head forebodingly, with her lips pursed up. Then she went about her business—as she would herself have said.

Margaret was sitting under the great rose-tree, in the easy-chair Celestine had mentioned, a rug spread under her feet. She had a parasol beside her, but the tree gave a sufficient shade. Over her head Celestine had folded artistically a black lace Spanish veil. Celestine could not help being artistic.

"I thought perhaps we should see you to-day," Margaret said.

"Yes; it has not been possible to come before. But of course you have had my letters?—I mean about Mr. Moore. I have written twice a day. Is that the book Minerva said was an easy-looking one, not exciting—*Adam Bede*? What do you suppose she calls exciting?"

"The *Wide, Wide World*, I presume."

He sat down on the bench near her. Carlos Mateo stalked out of the bushes at a little distance, surveyed them, and then, with great dignity, secluded himself again.

"He misses Garda," Margaret said.

"I suppose Garda is still pursuing her triumphant career over there?"

"I don't know what you mean by triumphant. She is very happy."

"That's what I mean; it's extremely triumphant to be so happy, isn't it?"

"I am sure I don't know."

"You mean you have never been either?—Margaret, I have come out here to speak about your going away. Are you still thinking of going?"

"Yes; as soon as I am a little stronger."

"Aunt Katrina has sent me to plead with you: of course that's the last thing she calls it, but it's pleading all the same. I don't make any plea for her, because I don't think that, as far as you are concerned, she deserves the least fragment of one; but I will say that I have told her the whole truth about Lanse at last, and that

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it has been a great blow to her. I have never seen her so much overcome. But she has rallied, and has taken her line. Her line is the tenderest pity for you, *because* you must feel it all to be so entirely your own fault! You see how much that allows her? But she is so exceedingly anxious, abjectly anxious, to keep you with her, that I think you need fear no unpleasant manifestations of it."

"Aunt Katrina does not need me in reality. And for myself a change is indispensable."

"But it is so safe for you here—so quiet and protected. It is a species of home, after all. I like to see you, as you are at this moment, sitting in this old garden; it seems to me so much pleasanter for you—with this lovely restful air to breathe—than that bustling, driving New York."

"It may be so. But I need change."

"You cling to that." He paused. "I believe you simply mean freedom."

"Yes, I do mean it. But we are going over the same ground we have already been over once; that is quite useless."

"Everything is changed to me since then," said Winthrop, abruptly. "I have seen you brought back from the very threshold of death. I can not pretend to be the same."

"I am the same."

"Yes; you didn't see *yourself*—"

"Don't talk about it, please. It is true that, personally, I do not realize it at all. But when I think of Mr. Moore I do, and it makes me shudder."

"I am a beast!" said Winthrop.

She had put her head back against the cushions of the chair, with her face turned from him. He could see the deep blue shadows under her eyes.

"It is nothing; it is over now."

"Why shouldn't you begin the freedom? Yes; but begin it here," he went on, returning to his argument. "Aunt Katrina has taken a new line about you. Why shouldn't you take one about her, and about everything? The people here are tiresome, of course; but people are tiresome everywhere, sooner or later, unless one leads a life of just dipping in, never staying long enough in any one place to get much below the surface. You could set up your own horses, your own servants, your own rooms; you could rearrange half the house to please yourself; you could carry it all out calmly, and, as regards Aunt Katrina at least, with a high hand. She wouldn't make a murmur, I'm confident. And you could easily take some pleasant trips too from here—to New Orleans, to Key West, and Cuba. There's a great deal to see. And if you are tired (as I should think you might well be) of always saying where you are going and where you have been, how long you have staid or intend to stay, and why, you could lay down a rule that no one should ask you a question. If they should continue to do it, you might throw something at them, and not reply." His plan seemed to him so good as he unfolded it that it made him jocular.

She returned no answer of any sort.

"You don't care at all for what I think or wish."

"No, I do not."

He looked at her as she sat there with face averted. His expression was that of angry helplessness. "All I want," he went on, trying to curb his irritation, "is to feel that you are safe."

"I shall be safe wherever I am."

"No, you won't; a woman like you can not be alone. Of course you will do all that is best and proper. But you are far too beautiful to be knocking about the world by yourself."

"Aren't you confusing me a little with Garda?"

"Your sarcasms have no effect; if I were as innocent in other matters as I am with regard to that effulgent young person, I should be almost perfect. But don't let us speak of her; I wish to speak of you."

"I am tired of the subject." She looked toward the distant gate as if in search of Celestine.

"She won't be here for some time yet. Bear with me a little, Margaret; don't be so impatient of the few minutes I have secured with you. What we're deciding now is important—your whole future course."

"It is already decided."

He dashed his hand down upon his knee. "There's no use trying to argue with women. A woman never sees the force of any argument, no matter how strong it may be."

"Like our soldiers at the beginning of the war, she doesn't know when she's beaten, I suppose," Margaret answered. Her face had a very weary look. But there were in it no indications of yielding.

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"You appear to be determined to go," he began again, after a pause. "If you do go, Aunt Katrina will have the mental exercise of learning to get on without either of us."

She looked up quickly; his eyes were turned away now, straying over the tangled foliage of the vine-clad crape-myrtles.

"I am sick of everything here," he went on — "East Angels, Gracias, the whole of it. If you are tired of seeing the same few people always day after day, what must I be, after the busy life I have led? There are two cousins of Aunt Katrina's who might come down here for a while; and I dare say they would come if I should ask them. With these ladies to manage the house, with her excellent Dr. Reginald and her devoted Betty, with Celestine and Looth, Aunt Katrina ought to be tolerably comfortable. For myself I shouldn't go abroad again—I leave such luxuries to Lanse; I should probably take up to a certain extent some old business interests, and employ myself in that way. In addition I have a plan for setting up a—I hardly know what to call it—a scientific school, if you like, on a small scale; it should be for students who haven't much money. But I should be a student with them myself."

Margaret had listened with keen attention. But she did not answer immediately; when she did reply, she spoke quietly, almost indifferently. "Yes, I should think you would be glad to go north again, you have been tied down here so long. I am sure we can assume now that there is no present danger in Aunt Katrina's case. Both of us certainly were not needed for her, and therefore, as you did not speak of going, I thought I could. But now that you have spoken, now that I see you do wish to go, I feel differently; I give *you* the chance. The change I wished for I will create here. I will create it by buying this house from you; that will be a change; I can amuse myself restoring it—if one can say that, when it's not a church."

"You *would* do that?" said Winthrop, eagerly. Then he colored. "I see; it means that you will stay if *I* will go!"

"It means, I think, that both of us can not go—that is, ought not; and as you are the man, and therefore more tired of the dullness than I am, probably, I give you the opportunity. I shall do very well here if I have the place to think about; I shall have the old fields cultivated; perhaps I shall start a new orange grove. Of course I shall lose some money; but I can employ the negroes about here, and I shall like that. As to the household arrangements, Aunt Katrina would be staying with me, not I with her; that would make everything different."

"Yes; I could not come here as I do now, bag and baggage."

"I should not ask you," she answered, smiling. "I believe in your heart you like no woman to lead a really independent life."

"You're right, I do not. They're not fitted for it."

"Oh—"

"And they're not happy in it."

"It's so good of you to think of our happiness."

"All this is of no consequence, Margaret; it's quite beside the mark. The real issue is this: if I stay, you go; if I go, you will stay."

"I thought you didn't like repetitions; you're always so severe on poor Aunt Betty when she indulges in a few."

"You've got the upper hand, and you know it, and are glorying," he said, sullenly.

"Glorying!" said Margaret, with a sudden drop in her voice.

"I am always the one to tire you, and use you up; and I never mean to; it's a fatality."

"If you would mind your words, you wouldn't tire me. I *am* tired; let us say no more about it; let us call it finished."

"You mean my going?"

"Yes; and my having the house."

"I would do a great deal to keep you here, there's no doubt of that. If I must, I must, I suppose; you may have the place, though I'm fond of it still."

"It must be quite fair?" she said, looking at him hesitatingly.

"You mean that I am not to come back here and hang about in the neighborhood? Oh, rest content; I've had enough of the Seminole to last me a lifetime. And De Torrez would not let me in at Madam Giron's."

"How is he?"

"He's well; he has taken to farming; he is trying to make some money for his aunt. He will make no money. But possibly his responsibilities—he takes them

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very seriously, though he stands about the fields in the same tight polished boots—possibly they may help him to forget Garda."

"He will never forget her, I fear."

"You are not going to allow me the least delay, I am already sure of that," he went on, giving no more thought to the poor Ernesto.

"I should rather that it would be soon."

"Of course." He got up. "How you hate me!" he said, in a low tone. "You wouldn't do me an injury; but you can not forget. I don't wonder at it; you've been a martyr to a bad husband, to your own ideas of loyalty to him, and I for years have done everything I could to make your life harder, more desolate, even than it was."

Margaret looked steadily down, her eyes were fixed upon the fringe of the wrap thrown round her.

"But you will let me try to atone?" he went on.

The gate clicked; Celestine was coming toward them.

"It shall be as you have decided," he said, hastening his words. "And it *is* wiser; I know that better than you do. For myself, I shall go to work; a man can always do that. I won't stop longer now."

He walked toward the gate with rapid step; it closed behind him. Celestine, coming up, found her patient looking anything but rested. The next moment she put her hand over her eyes; physical weakness had conquered her.

"Just what I expected; men haven't a spark of gumption," said Celestine, indignantly. "He might have seen you weren't fit for talking; anybody could have seen. There, Miss Margaret, there; don't feel so bad, you'll soon be stronger now." And Celestine put one arm round her charge tenderly.

The touch made Margaret's tears flow faster; leaning her head against her faithful New England friend, she cried and cried as if her heart would break.

"You're clean tuckered out, I declare," said Celestine, half crying herself. "Everybody plagues you—I never see the like! And they all seem to think they've got a right to. Just get real mad, now, Miss Margaret, for once; and *stay* so. My! wouldn't they be surprised?"

Margaret began at length to dry her eyes.

"Well, now, it done you good, after all, I expect, just to let it all out," said Celestine, encouragingly. "Come in, now; come in to the house, my lamb, and let me put you to bed; you're fit for no other place *this* day, or my name's not Poindexter." It was the only time Minerva had been known to use a term of endearment.

Winthrop went back to the river early the next morning, and remained there with Mr. Moore until the return to the Gracias rectory. Then he went north.

Soon afterward Aunt Katrina announced that he had begun to interest himself again "in iron."

"The last thing I should have suggested for him," remarked Dr. Kirby, dryly. "Why didn't he try oil?"

"Oh, but oil is so disagreeable, it has such an odor," said Aunt Katrina, remonstratingly. "And they say it's going all over the world, too, in those blue barrels, and the odor is known as 'the American smell'—dreadful!"

"I was alluding to disposition, my dear madam."

"Oh—iron? yes; disposition? What has that got to do with it? You are so clever that it is sure to be something good," said Katrina, in her agreeable, if somewhat thick-headed, way.

"Should I send *you* to the Graces, madam, to learn anything? Mr. Winthrop seems to me to possess already quite enough firmness, without recourse to the firmest of our metals as a background."

"Background?—excellent. I shall tell him that. His mine, you know," said Katrina.

This was three months before. Margaret was now the owner of East Angels.

On the evening when she had returned from the landing with her ferns, and had found Dr. Kirby talking with Aunt Katrina, she went to her own room; here she threw off the long, closely fitting overgarment of dark silk, and gave it and the Gainsborough hat to her maid. She had a maid now.

"If you please, Mrs. Harold, there are seven letters for you to-night; they are on the dressing-table."

"Very well; you need not wait, Hester; I shall not need you at present."

The woman went out with noiseless step. Margaret turned over the letters, glancing at the superscriptions rather languidly. Three of them she was sure, from

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the look of the handwriting—a professional hand, not a private one—contained circulars, probably appeals for some charitable object. Not infrequently, too, she received letters from those desultory but ardently occupied persons who write letters to all sorts of people they do not know, a branch of the mania being writing to newspapers—one of her remaining letters she thought belonged to this class; her name, as subscriber, on the books of many charitable and educational societies drew down upon her this correspondence. She did not care much for what the mails brought her at present, excepting Garda's short and rapturous notes with various foreign headings. Winthrop had ceased to write of late, as she did not answer his letters.

But the last envelope of the pile—it is always the last letter that strikes the blow—was inscribed in a handwriting that made her heart stop beating. "Mrs. Lansing Harold" was scrawled there, in rather large, rough letters. And within, at the end of the second page—there were only two filled—the same name was signed without the "Mrs."

Lanse had come back to America. He was coming back to Florida. He was on his way at that moment to Fernandina, having selected that place because he had learned that she had "burned down the house on the point," which, he thought she would allow him to say, was "inconsiderate." He had made up his mind not to take her by surprise. He would go to Fernandina, and wait there. He was a cripple, indeed, this time, and forever. No hope of a cure, as there had been before. It wasn't paralysis; it was something with a long name, which apparently meant that he was to spend the rest of his days in bed, with the occasional variation of an arm-chair. This last journey of his abroad had been a huge mistake from beginning to end (the only one he had ever made—he must say that). But he didn't suppose she would care to hear the particulars, and he should much prefer that she should not hear them; it wasn't a subject for *her*. He had come home this time for good and all. It would never be possible for him to run away again; she might depend upon that. In such afflictions a man, of course, counted upon his wife. But he wished to be perfectly reasonable, and therefore he would live wherever she pleased—with his nurses, his water-pillows, and his back rest; yes, he had come to that. At present it wasn't at all clear to him what he was going to do to amuse himself. He could use his hands, and he had thought of learning to make *fish nets*. But perhaps she could think of something better? And then, with a forcible allusion to the difficulties of his present progress southward, and a characteristic summing up of the merits of the hotel where he, with his two attendants, was resting for a day, the short two pages ended, ended abruptly with his name.

His wife had sunk into a chair; she sat staring at it.

CHAPTER XXVII.

It was a week later. Margaret had gone out to walk on the pine-barrens.

She had walked far, though her step had been slow. It seemed to her that her step would always be slow now; her effort must be to keep it steady. At length she reached a point where there rose on the broad green level a little mound-like island of a different growth. Its top was covered with palmetto-trees; they were leaning forward, looking about, and tossing up their beautiful plumes against the sky after their usual fashion. She made her way to the summit. Though the height of the little hill was low, the view one obtained there was extensive, like that from a small light-house in the midst of a wide salt-marsh. Where she stood there was a cleared space—the ground had been burned over not long before. On this brown surface the crosiers of new ferns were shooting up gayly and unrolling themselves; and when tired of the broad barren, her eyes rested on their little fresh stalks, green and woolly, though she no longer stooped to gather them. She did not come home now laden with flowers and vines to plant in the old East Angels garden. The life she had been trying to build up there, to make in some degree interesting for herself, as well as beneficial to the freed, rather mystified, and wholly idle negroes, whose cabins stood near the old fields which were now her own—this life had been suddenly stopped. A completely different one was demanding her. She had been very free, but now she was called back—called back to the duties of a wife whose husband is an invalid; one

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who did not require, it was true, the personal ministrations of a nurse, but who expected a constant presence, a peculiar obedience and deference, which kept a hold upon all the hours, and most of the little hopes and tastes as well, and virtually blighted them.

Oh, blessed, twice blessed, are the women who have no very deep feelings of any kind! they are so much happier, and they are also better! This was what she was saying to herself over and over again, as, with one arm round a slender tree, so that she could lean her head against it, she stood there alone on the palmetto island, looking over the plain. Not to care in reality very deeply, too deeply, for anything or any one, and with that to be kind and gentle—this was by far the happiest nature for women to have, and of such the good were made. Mothers should pray for this disposition for their daughters. Anything else led to bitter pain.

She thought of her own mother, of whom she had no recollection. "If you had lived, mother, perhaps I should have been saved from this; perhaps I should not now be so wretched." This was her silent cry.

She heard a sound; some one was coming through the high bushes below. A moment more, and the person appeared. It was Evert Winthrop.

"*You?*" she said, breathlessly. "When did you come? And how could you know where I was?"

"For once I've been fortunate; I have never been so before where you were concerned. I reached East Angels an hour ago; Celestine said you were out on the barren somewhere, and Telano happened to know the road you had taken. Then I met some negro children who had seen you pass; and, further on, a boy who knew you had come this way: he brought me here. But I saw you a mile off myself; you are very conspicuous in that light dress on the top of this mound."

"We had no idea you were coming," she began, trying to collect herself.

"I couldn't let you know beforehand, because I came myself as quickly as a letter could have come. As soon as I knew you would need help, I started."

"Help?"

"Yes; about Lanse."

"Lanse is not here."

"Oh, I know where he is; he is in Fernandina; established there in the best rooms the hotel affords, with three attendants, and everything comfortable. But this time he did not tell me all his plans, confidingly, as before; he arrived in New York, staid there a few days, and then came on southward, without letting me know a word of it. I heard of him, though, almost immediately, and I started at once."

Margaret did not reply.

"You will need help," he went on.

"No, I think not."

"Then he has not written to you?—has made no demands? I shall think better of him than I had expected to think, if that is the case. I supposed, from his coming directly south, that he had intentions of molesting you."

"It would not be molesting."

"*Has* he written to you?"

"Yes."

"What demands, then, does he make—is it money?"

"He wishes me to come back to him, as I did before. But he will live wherever I prefer to live. He is quite willing to leave the choice of the place to me." She spoke slowly, as though she were repeating something she had been trying to learn.

"Very good. I suppose you told him that wherever you might prefer to live, there would at least be no place there for Lansing Harold?"

"I haven't told him anything yet. He was willing to wait—he wrote that he would give me a month."

"A month for what?"

"For my answer," she said, drearily.

"It won't take a month. That is what I have come down for—to answer in your place."

She now began to look for the best way to descend.

"I sent the boy who brought me here to East Angels for the phaeton; it will come before long; you won't have to walk back. Now, Margaret, let us have no more useless words; of course you do not dream of doing as Lanse wishes?"

"Yes, I think I shall do it."

"Do you mean to tell me that you wish to go back to that man—after all he has done?"

"I do not wish to. But I must."

"You *shall* not!" he burst out. His face, usually so calm, was surprisingly altered; it was reddened and darkened.

"Nothing you can say will make any

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difference," she answered, in the same monotonous tone. Even his rage could not alter the helpless melancholy of her voice.

"Do you think he deserves it—deserves anything? You actually put a premium on loose conduct. You reward him for it, while—while other men, who are *trying*, at least, to lead decent lives, are thrust aside."

"He is my husband."

"So good a one!"

"That has nothing to do with it."

"*Nothing?*"

"No; not with my duty."

"I believe you have lost your wits; you are demented," he said, violently.

"Oh, I wish I *were* demented! Then my troubles would be over."

The despair of these words softened him. She had turned away; he followed her. "Margaret, listen to reason. In some cases it *is* right that a wife should go back to her husband, almost no matter what he has done. But yours is not one of them. It would kill you."

"No more than it did before." She began to walk about the space of open ground restlessly.

"But it's worse for you now."

"It's exactly the same."

"He left you a *second* time."

"I have only to thank him for that, haven't I? I am so much happier when he is away. Over on the river—when I found that he had gone, that it was really true—I could scarcely hide my joy; I had to hide myself to do it. It was the rapture of being free."

"The law, you know, would free you forever."

"I shall never take advantage of it."

"Do you think you know better than the law?"

"Yes; the law only knows part of the truth. The plea would not do for me."

"This is pure excitement. Womanlike, you have wrought yourself up to this new view; but it is without a grain of foundation in either justice or commonsense."

"It isn't a new view. I have always known what I should do. That was the reason I wished to keep the house on the river—so that it could be ready in case he should come back. For I felt that he might come at any time. I was never deceived about his getting well. I have thought it all over again and again; there isn't a loop-hole of escape for me. Let us say no more."

"I shall say a great deal more."

She put out both hands toward him, with a desperate repelling gesture. "Oh, *leave* me!" she cried.

"I shall not leave you until you have given me an explanation that is reasonable; so far, you have not done it. Time and time again you have put me off. To-day you shall not."

Her own cry had seemed to restore to her her self-control, and his words strengthened it. "Very well," she said. She folded her arms in her mantle. "What explanations do you wish?" she asked, coldly.

"Why are you going back to Lansing Harold, when you are not in the least forced to go?"

"I am forced; my marriage forces me."

"Not after the ill treatment you have received from him."

"He has never ill-treated me personally; in many ways he has never been unkind; many men called good husbands are much more so. He does not drink. If he drank, that would be an excuse for me—an excuse to leave him; but he does not. I have never had a fear of that sort. He has never struck me or threatened me in his life. And I have no children to think of—whether his influence over them would be bad. That too would have been an excuse; but it can not be mine. He leaves me my personal liberty, as he left it to me before. In addition, he is now hopelessly crippled—he has sent me his physician's letter to prove it; his case is there pronounced a life-long one; he will never walk, or be any better than he is now. Are these explanations sufficient? or do you require more?"

"No explanations can ever be sufficient," Winthrop answered. He stood looking at her. "Oh, Margaret, it is such a fearful sacrifice!" He had abandoned for the moment both his anger and his efforts at argument with her.

"Yes; but that is what life is, isn't it?" she said, her voice trembling a little in spite of herself.

"No, it's not. And it shouldn't be. Why should an utterly selfish man of that kind, who has forfeited every claim upon you a hundred times over — why should he be allowed to dictate to you, to wither your whole existence? Yes; I am beginning again, I know it; but I can

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not help it! It is true that I have always talked against separations—preached against them. But that was before my own feelings were brought in, and it makes a wonderful difference! When a woman you care for is at the mercy of a bad man, you take a different view. And you want to seize your old preaching-self, and knock him against the wall! It is *not* right that you should go back to Lanse; it is wicked, as murder is wicked. He does not strike you—that may be; but the life will kill you just as surely as though he should give you every day, with his own hand, a dose of slow poison. You have an excessively sensitive and nervous disposition—you pretend you have not, but you have; you would not be able to throw it off—the yoke he would put upon you; you would not be able to rise above it, become indifferent to it. You are not physically strong—it would wear upon you, wear you out at last; you would die, and *he* would live on! And, besides, remember this: it isn't as though he really depended upon you for personal care; he doesn't need you, as far as that goes; he says so. Give him your money, if you like; give him houses and nurses and servants, every luxury, all you have. But do not, do not give him yourself."

She remained silent. She had steeled herself, so it seemed, against anything he could say.

"You are counting the minutes before the phaeton comes," he went on; "that is your only thought—to get away. Very well, then, you shall have the whole, which otherwise I would have kept from you: I love you, Margaret; I have loved you for a long time. If it is horrible to you that I should say it, and force you, too, to hear, bear this in mind: though I say it, I ask for nothing, I do not put myself forward. I tell you because I want you to understand how near your best interests are to me—how I consider them. I deserve some mercy. I have tried hard to hold myself in check—did I say a word all that night in the swamp? You may imagine whether I am happy, loving you hopelessly as I do. It began long ago; when I thought I disliked you so bitterly, that was the beginning; it was a dislike, or rather a pain, which came from your being (as I then supposed you were) so different from the sweet woman it seemed to me you ought to be—ought to be with that face and voice. I watched you; I was very severe in all I said of you; but all the time I loved you: it was stronger than I. I feel no shame in telling it; it has made me a better man—not so cold, not so hard, not so sure of my own infallible perfection! And now, if you will only tell me that you won't go back to Lanse, I will go. And I will stay away, too. I will not try to see you. I will not even write. And this shall last as long as you say, Margaret—for years; even always, if it must be so. What can I do or say more?"

She had stood perfectly still, looking at the ground, while he poured forth these urgent words: she might have been a statue.

"There's an icy stubbornness about you," he began again. "What is it I ask? One promise, and for your own good too, and then I go out into the world again, bearing my pain as best I can, leaving you behind, and free. I don't believe you know what that pain is, because I don't believe you know, or can understand even, how much I love you. I am almost ashamed to put it into words—I am no longer a boy; and yet it is very beautiful to me too. I had no idea I could love in that way—an unreasoning, headlong feeling. There's no extravagant thing, Margaret—such as I have always laughed at—that I would not do at this moment. And to feel your cheek against mine—I would die to-morrow."

He had not moved toward her, but she shrank back even from his present distance. White-faced, with frightened eyes, she turned; she looked as if she were going to rush away like a hunted hare.

"Don't go. I will not say another word. I only wished you to know how it was with me; it is better that you should know. Don't try to go down on that side; this is the best way."

He wished to help her, but she would not allow it. She pushed the close bushes aside herself with trembling hands, and made her way through them alone. They reached the barren and stood waiting; the phaeton was in sight.

"I can not bear to see you so frightened," he said.

"I believe you are sorry for me," he went on—his voice was gentle now. "And that is why you are afraid to speak—lest you should show it."

She gave him one quick glance; her eyes were full of tears.

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"That is it, you are sorry. I thank you for that; and I shall think from it that you have forgiven me those years when I made your life so hard—that, at least, you no longer hate me."

The phaeton was rapidly approaching now.

"I am going to trust you, Margaret; and I believe that I can. You will not speak. You think I ought not to have spoken. But if I leave you—go away and do not return—perhaps you will do—at least it will be showing you that I am in earnest, that I will, and *can*, keep my promise."

The phaeton drew up before them; Telano, and the little black boy who had acted as messenger, jumped out.

"You must not come with me," she murmured.

"You are to drive, Telano," Winthrop said, as he helped her take her place; "I shall walk."

He stood there; the phaeton disappeared among the pines. The little darky was perched, in some way best known to himself, on the seat with Telano, behind; take it altogether, the two drives and the dimes he had received, it was the happiest day of his life.

Winthrop walked northward.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"I SAID I would not write. And I will not, after I once know that your definite refusal has been sent. It does not seem to me that I am asking much; it can not long be kept a secret in any case, and, in my opinion, should not be. I wish you would let Aunt Katrina write me all that has happened; she won't do *you* any too much justice—you can be sure of that. I left Gracias that same day, as I said I would. I have come back here and am going on with all my usual occupations. It's dull work, but I can keep at it."

This letter of Winthrop's was from New York. He had been there two weeks, and there were now but ten days left of the month which Margaret had said her husband had allowed for her answer. He did not speak of this in his letter. But it occupied all his thoughts.

On the day when he could have had a reply from East Angels, there was no letter from the South. He waited twenty-four hours to allow for delays or accident.

Still nothing.

Margaret did not then intend to reply; it was a case where she would have written immediately (or asked Aunt Katrina to write), if she had intended to reply at all.

"I am not worthy even to be spoken to, it seems; I am the mud under her feet. But it shall not be so easy as she thinks!"

He took the next train bound for Washington, Richmond, and the St. John's River. It was the third time he had made the long journey within the space of four weeks.

He was in such a fever now—fever of irritation and anxiety—that he did not any longer try to keep up his trust in her, to be certain, as he had endeavored to be during the intervening time, that she had been influenced by what he had said, or by her own more deliberate reflections, and that in any case, whether he was to be informed of it or kept in ignorance, she was not going back to Lanse. It now seemed to him possible that, in her strange self-sacrificing sense of duty, she might go. And he ground his teeth at the thought.

The leisurely train was crossing the pine lands of North Carolina, making such long waits at grassy little stations to take on wood that those passengers who had a taste for botany had time to explore the surrounding country for flowers. A new thought came to him: it was that he need not have counted so carefully the days of the month, or depended upon that. Perhaps she had not waited for the whole time to pass; perhaps she had gone to Fernandina, was already there.

"But in that case Aunt Katrina would certainly have written; she would have been delighted to tell it," was the instant mental answer of his more individual self.

"She might have been afraid to; you have been sufficiently plain with her lately with regard to your own ideas of Lanse," was the response of the first voice, which, though part of himself also, was not quite so near; in opposition, if the phrase may be used.

Winthrop felt that he should like to strangle both mute speakers. And the train also, because it crept.

"Oh, can you tell me—will I reach Fayetteville before dark?" said a girl behind him. He knew it was a girl by the

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voice. She was speaking, apparently, to some one who shared her seat.

This person, an older woman (again judging by the tone), was well informed as to the methods of reaching Fayetteville, the trains, and the hours. This matter settled, they went on talking.

"I have been up in the mountains teaching," the older woman presently remarked.

"Oh," said the girl, sympathetically (falling inflection).

"I have been there a year, and I *think* when I came away I left light behind."

"*Oh* yes."

"At present I have no situation, though I have one in view. I am a Georgian, but I am not going directly home. I am going to make a visit not far from here. This new situation—they are most anxious to have me, but I say to myself, 'Will I do the most good there? Is it a place where my influence will carry the most weight?' For we should all do the best we can with our talents; it is a duty. I do the best I can with mine."

"Oh *yes*, I reckon so. And you speak so beautifully too. Perhaps you've spoken? I mean before people?"

"Never in public," answered the other voice, reprovingly. "To my pupils, but never in public. I think a woman should always keep her life secluded; she should be the comfort and the ornament of a purely private home. *We* do not exhibit our charms—which should be sacred to the privacy of the boudoir—in the glare of great lecture-rooms; *we* prefer to be, and to *remain*, the low-voiced, retiring mothers of a race of giant sons whom the Muse of History will immortalize in the characters of soldier, statesman, and divine."

"Oh yes," said the girl's voice again, in good-natured, if inattentive, acquiescence.

Winthrop glanced back. The young girl was charmingly pretty, with a sweet indifference in her eyes which seemed to come partly from indolence. The older woman—she was over fifty—was of a martial aspect, broad-shouldered, large-boned, and tall. Her upper lip was that of a warrior, her high cheek-bones and abbreviated nose had an air of resolute determination. Comfort and ornament of a purely private home, as she had just proclaimed herself, it seemed almost as if her powers would be wasted there. She was a woman to lead an army through a breach without flinching. The giant sons in her case were presumably imaginary, for she gave her name to her companion as they parted: "Miss Louisa Mearns—they *call* me Lulette." Her voice was very soft and sweet.

"Southerner, of course, with those lovely tones," was Winthrop's mental comment as she passed, stepping rather delicately, and, tall as she was, without any stride. "But she's got a thorough soul of Maine, though she doesn't dream of it, and a genuine New Hampshire body too. There must have been transmigration somewhere among her ancestors." And then from sheer weariness and restlessness he went into another car.

"I say, Hawks, let's get out and push behind. It will be good exercise for us—'spand the chest, and we'll get our trunks to Wilmington a sight quicker," was called across the aisle by one commercial traveller to another.

This specimen of Northern humor was evidently despised by all the Southerners present. In the first place, they considered the train quite fast enough, and they were not accustomed in any case to listen to jocular remarks from people they did not know; they still belonged, in fact, most of them, to the era of travelling in private carriages. The few Northerners in the car, exhausted by the dawdling progress across the green pretty country, by the desultory methods of the negroes who threw on wood, by the inexplicable backings and halts, appreciated the drummer's jest. They did not smile—not they; two of them turned and gave a dry look in the direction of the irreverent youth, during which moment their set facial wrinkles were somewhat relaxed; then, exchanging a brief returning glance with each other, which probably, though not in the least visibly, conveyed sympathy, they returned to their morning papers.

Winthrop's feeling was that this train would be in North Carolina a week. But it got on. It traversed South Carolina and Georgia; it passed through the cotton country; it crossed beautiful rivers rolling slowly toward the sea; then it made a wide detour round Okefinokee swamp, and at last brought him again to the margin of the broad St. John's. It seemed to him that half a lifetime had passed since he left it.

He reached East Angels in the afternoon. The old gray-white house was no longer

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his own; though the lower door stood open, he knocked. Cindy appeared. Yes, Mrs. Rutherford and Mrs. Harold were both at home; they were in Mrs. Rutherford's sitting-room upstairs. But when she had preceded him and opened the door of that apartment, only Aunt Katrina was there.

"Mercy, Evert! where did you come from?" she exclaimed, in a key rather higher than her usual calm tones. It seemed to him that she looked frightened.

"From New York, of course. You are alone? Where is Margaret?" He spoke abruptly.

"Oh, she's *here*," responded Aunt Katrina, quickly, in a re-assuring voice.

But her emphasis told him that it might not be "here" long; it might be some other word. Would that word be "Fernandina"?

At any rate, Margaret was not yet gone.

"What do you mean by 'here'? She's not in the room."

"She doesn't spend every moment with me; I want *some* time for my own reading and meditation. She's in the garden, or the drawing-room, I suppose—somewhere about."

"Aunt Katrina, tell me in so many words—is she going back to Lanse?"

"Why—er—why, yes, I believe so." Aunt Katrina's voice fairly faltered.

"You have had a hand in this; you have urged her."

"Well, Evert, she's Lanse's wife, you know."

"Where is she?"

"I have told you already that I don't know."

"Not gone?" he said, with quick-returning suspicion.

"Oh dear no! What are you thinking of?"

"I'm thinking that I can not trust either of you. When is she going, then?"

"Well, there has been a good deal about that. Back and forth, you know; letters and—"

"*When*?" he repeated, imperatively.

"To-morrow," answered Aunt Katrina, in almost the same tone as his own. "How you do storm about, Evert!"

But he had left the room almost before her words were finished.

Margaret was not in the drawing-room; she was not in the garden. He met Pablo. "Do you know where Mrs. Harold is?" he said.

"She's in der yorrange grove, sah. I ben dar myse'f lookin' arter der place a little, as I has ter, en I see her dar." Pablo meant the old grove—his grove; the new grove was on the other side of the house, and was as ugly as a new grove always is.

Down to this hour old Pablo had never become satiated with the delight of working in the old grove at his own pleasure and according to Southern methods alone. Poor little Melissa Whiting's voice had long been stilled, but Pablo was rioting yet.

The old grove was in bloom. It was not so productive now as it had been in Mrs. Thorne's day, but it was much more beautiful. Pablo's rioting had not included steady labor of any sort; there had been no pruning, and very little digging; the aisles were green and luxuriant, the ground undisturbed. The perfume of the blossoms filled the air; on some of the trees blossoms and ripe fruit were hanging together.

Winthrop walked on under the bright foliage and bride-like bloom. But there was no sign of Margaret.

"Of course she would not be here," he thought, "or at least she would not stay; it's far too sweet."

At length he saw her light dress. She was just beyond the grove's border. Here there was an old nondescript pillar, crowned by a clumsy vase; as both were made of coquina, there was not much shape left in either of them. She was leaning against this ornament, with her back to the grove; one arm lay across the top. She wore no gloves, and he could see her pretty hand with its single ring, the band of plain gold. In front of her there was a little glade, green and quiet; in its centre was the low curb of an old well, overgrown with jasmine. She appeared to be looking at it.

His footsteps had made no sound on the soft earth; he came upon her before she discovered him.

"I don't think you can be much surprised to see me," he said. "You have waited here to the last hour of your allotted time. You might have gone days ago, and then I should not have seen you at all; but you have waited. It looks quite as if you expected me to come; as if you wished to give me one more final thrust before you joined your excellent husband. Of course I deserve nothing better; I appreciate that."

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AFRICA'S AWAKENING.

BY DAVID KER.

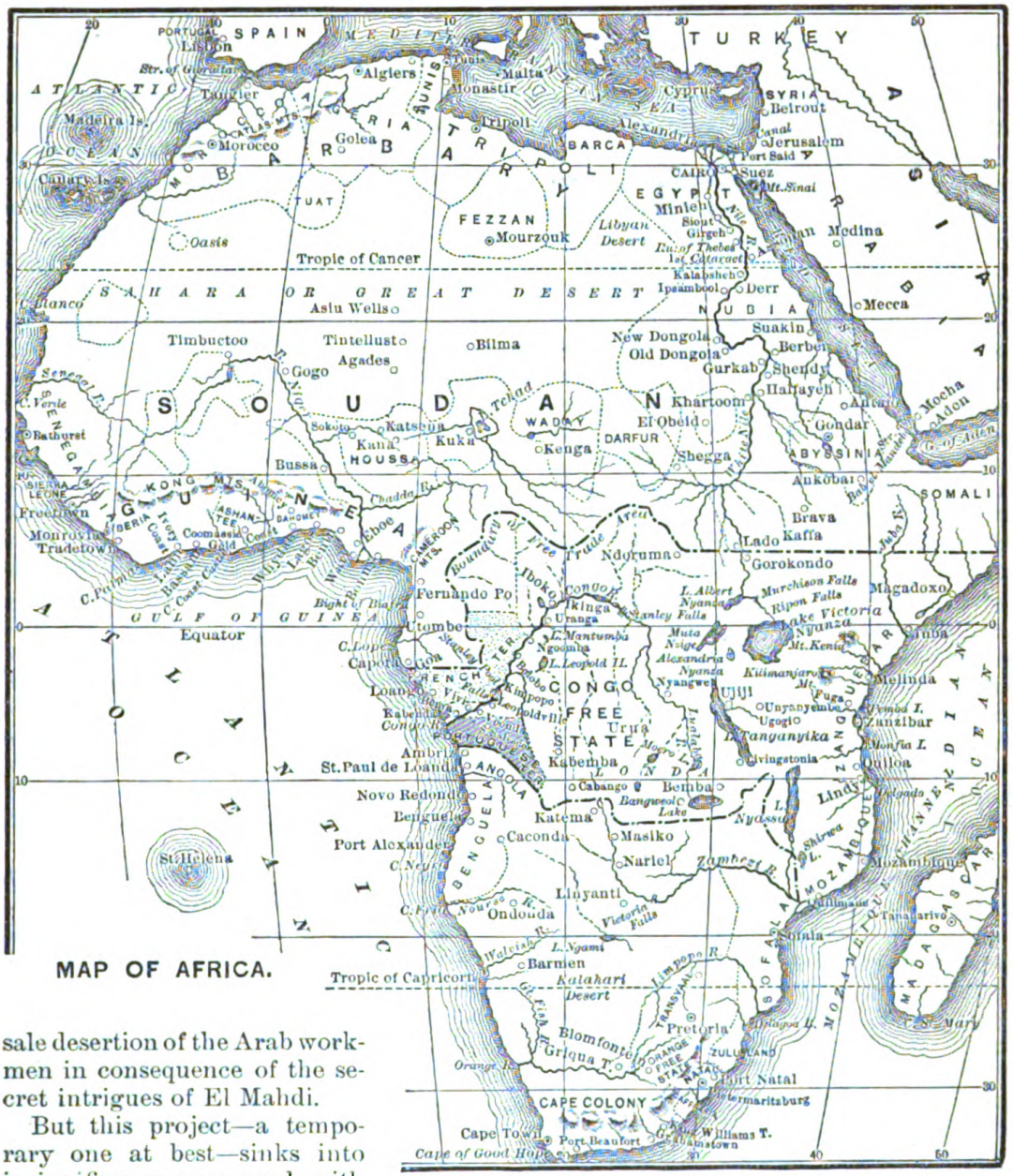
THE prospects of African civilization are aptly summed up in the elder Prince Gortschakoff's terse definition of the equally undeveloped vastness of Siberia as "a good bill payable at a long date." Vast as are the results achieved during the last few years, they are as nothing to the work which still remains to be done; but the outer world is at all events beginning to learn for the first time what Africa really is, and what she really needs. As lately as 1830, civilization hailed as a great discovery the announcement that "John and Richard Landor, having voyaged down the Niger from Yauri to the sea, have satisfactorily ascertained that it is *not* the Congo!" Even after this amazing revelation, and, indeed, almost up to the date of Stanley's famous "finding of Livingstone," the few Europeans who thought of Africa at all thought of it as a vast sandy desert, with a floating population consisting chiefly of hungry lions and robbers more ferocious still, the latter being in the habit of "careering over the waste" on swift horses without any obvious cause for their hurry, living comfortably where there was nothing to eat, and amassing stores of ill-gotten wealth where there was no one to rob.

But the great tidal wave of civilization which is now bursting into the Dark Continent has swept away these delusions at once and forever. The supposed "desert" proves to contain wide tracts of alluvial soil as fertile as the Cashmere Valley, forests vast enough to swallow up all the woods of northern Russia, lakes to which Ladoga and Onega would be mere pools, mountains as high as the stateliest peaks of the Alps or the Caucasus, and rivers forming a series of watery high-roads as magnificent as those of Siberia itself, with the additional advantage of having no winter to impede them. Indeed, the future history of Africa will be written along the lines traced by the Nile, the Niger, and the Congo, as certainly as that of Central Asia has followed the course of the Syr-Darya and the Oxus; and with these three great natural highways any survey of Africa's development must necessarily begin.

Among the countless blessings of war must be reckoned its power of teaching geography and its aptitude for developing railways. Thousands who but for the Afghan frontier quarrel would have gone to their graves ignorant of the very existence of Penjdeh, Bala Murghab, or Pul-i-Khisti, are now as familiar with those civilized and interesting spots as with Central Park or Coney Island, while the Soudan war has set on foot two railroads (the Suakin-Berber and the Upper Nile Valley), which the historian of the twentieth century will class among the most important achievements of the nineteenth. The first of these undertakings, however, is intended not to supersede, but to assist, the navigation of the Nile, which matches its two great brothers, the Niger and the Congo, in the number and violence of the rapids that obstruct its course. Its commencement was interwoven with the dreams of Soudanese conquest and traffic which haunted the ex-Khedive of Egypt, Ismail Pasha, who, growing impatient at the slow progress of the railroad that he was pushing along the left bank of the Nile through upper Egypt into Nubia, resolved, like the Irish novel-reader, "to begin in the middle, and finish the beginning at the end." The new departure was made from Wadi Halfa, a Nubian town 550 miles below Berber by the winding river route, and upward of 600 from the Mediterranean in a straight line. Thence the track was completed as far as Sarras, when some new caprice diverted the attention of its volatile patron, who left the work unfinished.

It was recommenced by England in 1884, a few months after Gordon's arrival at Khartoom, and fifteen miles out of sixty-two were completed on the Ferket section, which avoids the perilous Dal rapids. The work was vigorously pushed on during the summer by order of General Wolseley, who asserted that by constructing tramways around the cataracts of Fatmeh and Khaibar, and laying about 220 miles of track along various parts of the upper Nile, a line of communication available at all seasons might be established between Wadi Halfa and Korti, the future headquarters of the British army during the Soudan campaign. But the works at Ferket came to an abrupt halt in the early fall from lack of material, while the construction of the higher sections was stopped short on the 28th of October by a whole-

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MAP OF AFRICA.

sale desertion of the Arab workmen in consequence of the secret intrigues of El Mahdi.

But this project—a temporary one at best—sinks into insignificance compared with the rival enterprise advocated more than twenty years ago by no less an authority than Sir Samuel Baker. At first sight, indeed, the deliberate announcement of a scheme for raising the level of the Nile so high as to annihilate all its cataracts by burying fathoms deep the obstructions that cause them, while fertilizing with the rich deposit of its waters a desert as large as the combined area of France and Germany, might well appear startling even to a generation which has hewed its way through the isthmus of Suez and has begun to pierce that of Panama. But its feasibility is obvious to any one who remembers that although the actual feeders of the Nile are the two great equatorial lakes which are now famous as the Victoria and Albert Nyanza, the real sources of its yearly overflow are the great tributaries sent down into it by Africa's Switzerland, Abyssinia.

In order to appreciate the full significance of this fact, let us suppose ourselves standing beside the Atbara, near Collodabad (160 miles southeast of its junction with the Nile), on a hot, cloudless June morning, when the sultry air and the cracked, parching earth seem alike heavy with the torpid silence of utter exhaustion. Long weeks of drought have done

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their work, and in the channel through which the splendid river flowed swift and deep only a few months ago the dry sand now glares white in the scorching sunshine. All around, far as the eye can reach, the stony grimness of the great Bishareen Desert, stretching unbroken up to the Blue Nile on the west and the Red Sea on the east, wearies the eye with its hideous sameness; and miles away to the southeast the four pyramidal bluffs of granite around Gozerajup, marking the southernmost limit of the Nubian wilderness, loom distortedly through a quivering film of intense heat, like the reek from the mouth of a furnace.

Suddenly a hollow rumble, like distant thunder, blends with the warning shriek of "El Bahr! el Bahr!" (the river! the river!) from the Arabs who are rushing frantically up the crumbling sides of the gully; and we have barely time to draw breath when the whole valley around us is one whirl of foaming, leaping, roaring waters, 500 yards wide by 20 feet deep, and black as ink with the rich soil which, washed down from the slopes of the Abyssinian hills, gives to the Atbara its Arabic name of "Bahr el Aswat" (the black river). The tributaries of the Nile come down in their might to re-enforce her wasting stream with the free mountain torrents which no sun can dry. Away, away rushes the life-giving flood on its long journey toward the swarthy Egyptian husbandmen, who are watching for its coming a thousand miles to the northward. Ten leagues above the spot where the white, flat-roofed houses of Berber look out from a garland of living green* over the hot, brassy yellow of the Nubian Desert, this last affluent bursts into the shrunken Nile. The bare, rocky ridges behind Abu-Hamed, the high, steep bank whence Korti peers through its clustering trees at the perilous shoals below, the great red cliff that sentinels the crumbling and half-ruined hovels of Old Dongola, are one by one left behind. Onward still, past the tall, white, spear-pointed minarets that rise above the dark green palms of New Dongola, beneath which, forty years ago, played a bare-limbed Arab boy who was one day to call himself El Mahdi; past the mighty crags of basalt, more than 200 feet in height, which start up out of the thick coffee-brown stream beside Wadi Halfa; past the stern cliffs of red granite beyond it, and the brown huts of Korosko, where the black loam of the river seems divided by a ruled line from the tawny sand of the desert—till at length the slender masts of the white-winged Arab boats are seen bristling around the muddy landing-place of Assouan, and the rushing river pours itself in a fertilizing deluge over the interminable plains of Egypt.

Is it possible, then, to strike a balance between these alternate extremes of lavish abundance and bitter scarcity, or to convert to their proper use these countless tons of fertilizing deposit which the Nile sweeps down into the sea, to form there a line of sand banks along the whole Egyptian coast, and gradually block up not only the mouths of the great river itself, but the entrance of the Suez Canal likewise? Sir Samuel Baker, the greatest living authority upon the Nile and its capabilities, declares that all this can be done, and his plan is too characteristically bold and simple to be stated in any words but his own:

"The Nile is a powerful horse without harness; but with a bridle in his mouth the fertility of Egypt might be increased to a vast extent. With a river that supplies an unlimited quantity of water and mud at a particular season, having a fall of 1500 feet in 1000 miles, a supply could be afforded to a prodigious area, which would be fertilized not only by irrigation, but by the annual deposit of soil from the water being allowed to remain upon the surface. The establishment of a series of dams across the Nile would raise its level at certain points, whence the water might be led by canals into the natural depressions. These would form reservoirs, from which the enormous volume of water heavily charged with soil (which now rushes uselessly into the sea) might be conducted through the deserts of Nubia and Libya, to transform them into *cotton fields that would render England independent of America.* This great work might be commenced by a single dam above the first cataract at Assouan, at a spot where the river is walled in by granite hills. Here the water could be raised to an exceedingly high level, which

* This eight-acre garden of date-palms, citrons, and lemons, still fresh as when first planted by wise old Halleem Effendi many years ago, is the most striking possible proof how much may be achieved by culture and irrigation even in a seemingly hopeless desert.

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would command an immense tract of country. Similar dams might be constructed at convenient intervals, and by raising the level of the Nile sixty feet at every dam, the cataracts would no longer exist, as the rocks forming the obstructions would be buried in the depths of the river. Stone being plentiful throughout the Nile Valley, the engineering difficulties would be trifling, while sluice-gates and canals at the various dams would conduct the shipping either up or down the stream."

Gigantic as the scheme may appear which thus aims at the fertilization of the whole Soudan at one blow, it is merely the repetition on a magnificent scale of what the Egyptians themselves have already achieved on a small one. The barrage constructed between Cairo and Alexandria by the first Viceroy, Mehemet Ali Pasha, had precisely the same effect in raising the level of the Nile and pouring its waters into the irrigating canals of the surrounding country. Any traveller who has ascended the upper Nile by boat from Berber to Khartoom within the last two or three years must have seen at almost every mile of his voyage the huge, clumsy, creaking *sakyeh* (water-wheel) thirty feet in diameter, and worked by two oxen, which, as it turns, fills with the soft river water the buckets hung to its frame-work by ropes of dried grass, and then empties them again into the hollowed palm trunk which serves as a conduit pipe to carry the stream into the irrigating trenches around. Higher up the Nile Valley he would find this rude contrivance replaced by one even more primitive, viz., the traditional *shadoof*, or earthen pitcher, raised and lowered, like an ordinary well bucket, by a cord attached to a stout horizontal spar. The rule, or rather misrule, of the Egyptian government is sufficiently characterized by the one fact that instead of aiding and encouraging these feeble attempts at improvement, it has actually laid a heavy impost upon the irrigation which is the very life of the land, each *sakyeh* paying a yearly tax of 760 Egyptian piastres (nearly $35), and each *shadoof* 330 ($15). But the effect produced even by these puny and barbarous methods amply proves what mighty results may be expected from a regular and universal system of culture, armed with all the resources of science, and supported by all the wealth of civilization.

Sir Samuel's bold prophecy of the conversion of the Nubian and Libyan deserts into cotton fields is no poetical exaggeration. At Assouan, at Port Said, at Berber, along both sides of the Suez Canal, luxuriant vegetation may now be seen growing upon soil brought from a distance, and spread over the parched and lifeless sands of the great eastern desert. During the late American war, Egypt supplied England with a vast quantity of excellent cotton, the only drawback being the inevitable diminution of the corn crop by the sudden withdrawal of so large a surface from the limited area of lower Egypt for purposes of cotton raising. But when the cotton plantations of the Nile shall extend from the border of upper Egypt to that of Abyssinia, middle and lower Egypt will be left free for the exclusive rearing of those splendid harvests which fed the Roman republic 2000 years ago.

The cotton culture which succeeded so well at the mouth of the Nile twenty-three years since has an equally promising field at the opposite extremity of the main stream, in the wide plain through which its two great branches rush to join each other at Khartoom. The tributary streams of the Rahad and the Atbara, diverging from the same point of the great Abyssinian mountain wall, inclose a triangle of rich level prairie, which any one who has travelled in northwestern Afghanistan may picture to himself by recalling the triangular plain of Badgheis similarly flanked by the Murghab and the Heri-Rud, with Herat at its apex instead of Gallabat. The whole southern part of this district—which farther resembles the Badgheis province in forming a kind of "debatable land" between Abyssinia and the Egyptian Soudan—is one vast alluvial flat, with a regular rain-fall every year from June till the middle of September, and a soil as admirably adapted for cotton growing as that of the finest plantation on the Mississippi. True, that wretched Eastern misgovernment which regards every fine province as a butcher regards a fat ox has done its utmost to ruin this splendid region, the ill-fated inhabitants of which have long been used to raise just enough produce for their own subsistence, knowing that any surplus would be instantly seized by the rapacious government. No one who has seen the Egyptian soldiers carrying off the daughters of the Arab peasantry, tearing down their huts for fire-wood, extorting black-mail

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from them over and above the grinding official taxation, can wonder at the success of El Mahdi's rebellion. A very few years ago the bare rumor of Egyptian troops approaching sufficed to make all the inhabitants of a Soudanese village gather their families, their live stock, and whatever they could most easily carry away, and fly to the hills or the desert, leaving their unreaped corn and deserted homes at the mercy of the Khedive's blood-hounds. But despite all that the Gallabat Plain has suffered and is still suffering from human crime and human folly, the long trains of camels which one meets on the Rahad and the upper Atbara, each bearing 400 or 500 pounds of cotton or tobacco to the Abyssinian markets, show what may be expected of it when freed from the double burden of native barbarism and Egyptian tyranny. The duty of removing this burden lies at present between England, as the holder of Suakin, and Italy, as the holder of Massowah. Both have set their faces inland, and England has already taken her first stride toward the promised land of the eastern Soudan by commencing the second of the two great Nile railways, viz., that from Suakin to Berber.

The preference originally given to the northernmost of the two routes from the Red Sea coast to Berber, as "better watered" than the southern route *viâ* Sinkat, can not but sound ironical to those who remember how many of the eleven "wells" that dot its dreary 239 miles of desert are mere mud-holes, the liquid scooped from which is far more like anchovy sauce than water. But a very slight effort of scientific boring would remedy this drawback, and the line itself presents only two engineering difficulties worth mentioning. After the crossing of the first low ridge at Tambouk, twenty-seven miles west of Suakin, the ground slopes gradually upward to its highest point at the Haratri Pass, forty-two miles farther on. This rocky defile, rising steeply to a height of 2850 feet, will undoubtedly require some labor, but beyond it the ground descends again by a tolerably easy slope of sixty miles to the Ariab Oasis. Beyond Ariab comes the only other obstacle of any consequence, viz., a perfectly waterless tract of fifty-three miles, followed by a five-mile belt of that deep soft sand which all Egyptian and Anglo-Indian engineers know to their cost; but this once passed, a tolerably level plateau stretches unbroken all the way to Berber.

Were Sir Samuel Baker's projected dams across the Nile supplemented by a similar dam on the Atbara, the whole Bishareen Desert from Gozerajup as far north as Berber (a distance of more than 200 miles) might be made as fertile as the Gallabat Plain itself, and might load every freight-car on the Suakin-Berber Railway with first-rate cotton and corn. But it is perhaps reserved for Italy to build another railway of even greater importance—from the Red Sea harbor of Massowah due west across the 215 miles of hill and valley between it and Kassala, the greatest trading centre of the Soudan after Khartoom, and the capital of the Hadendowa Arabs, who have been held at bay there for nearly two years by a handful of brave men behind a mud wall which one well-served battery could level in a day. The possession of Massowah itself, the natural outlet of Abyssinia, is an incalculable advantage. The settlement of Assab Bay, immediately to the northwest of the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, purchased by Italy from the Danakil chiefs in 1870, and transformed ten years later into something like a commercial station by the enterprise of Messrs. Rubattino and Co., is too remote and too completely shut in by deserts ever to become a great gateway of African commerce. But Massowah, the Venice of the Red Sea, built on an island at the northern end of the spacious bay of Arkiko, protected against storms by the Dhalak islets, and linked to the mainland by a causeway a mile long, has capabilities far beyond the apparent promise of its rabble of circular mud burrows thatched with corn stalks, and huddled around a few larger buildings of stone or coral. The 5000 Greeks and Italians who now people its narrow, crooked, dirty lanes are the germ of a mighty future. Abyssinia, cut off from the sea, like her European counterpart, Montenegro, by a small strip of foreign territory, has long looked as wistfully at Massowah, and the Bogos Plateau which divides it from her, as the Black Mountaineers once looked at Antivari and the adjacent coast of Dalmatia; and the establishment of safe and speedy communications thence into the heart of the country would increase a hundredfold the already promising local traffic. As long ago as 1862, when the Abyssinian tributaries of the Nile were fully explored for the first time, the mar-

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ket rates at Kassala were as follows: Cotton, $1 the *kantar* (100 pounds); gum-arabic, ditto; coffee, 5 cents per pound; corn, 8 piastres (40 cents) the *rachel* of 500 pounds. At Gallabat,* the other great centre of the border trade between Abyssinia and the Soudan (about 180 miles due south of Kassala), a fat ox could then be had for $7, a fine fowl for two cents, and eggs at the rate of nine for two cents and a half. Such a country is surely worth opening to civilized commerce, especially when coupled with the possibility of converting the now useless and desert tract between Kassala and Khartoom into one great crop of that magnificent *dhurra* (corn) which grows to a height of ten, twelve, or even fifteen feet, and in which I have more than once lost my way as completely as in an actual forest. Once freed from the nightmare of Egyptian extortion which has paralyzed it ever since Turkey ceded it to the Khedive in 1866, once brought into direct contact with the most productive regions of the interior, Massowah's prosperity will advance with giant strides. The mountains to the south of the Tacazze will give up their hidden treasures of copper and malachite, and the huge gray peak of Allatakoora will look down upon long trains of freight-cars bearing to the Massowah warehouses the gum-arabic of Kordofan, the beeswax of Abyssinia, the coffee of the border foot-hills, the senna gathered in the Bishareen Deserts, the corn and cotton grown on the plain of Gallabat, and the hides and ivory brought down by the bold hunters of the Hamran.

But even this does not exhaust the glorious possibilities which are now dawning upon eastern Africa. The same raising of the Nile's level which can achieve these splendid results will also make the great river navigable from its mouth right up to Gondokoro (within a short journey of the great equatorial lakes which form its actual source), sweeping away at one blow the multiplied obstacles that broke Romolo Gessi's heart, and baffled for a whole year even the iron will and indomitable perseverance of Gordon. When this vast watery highway of more than 2000 miles shall be open into the very heart of equatorial Africa, European civilization will pour in a full tide over the barbarous regions upon which it has hitherto fallen only drop by drop. And now another overland high-road is fast advancing from the south to meet this great avenue of the north. The establishment of steam navigation on the Zambezi, on its tributary the Shiré (which connects it with Lake Nyassa), and on the great lake itself, has formed a line of communication which, when supplemented by the completion of the wagon road that has already traversed more than 160 of the 200 miles between Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika, will open a direct and easy route from the Mozambique coast to within a comparatively short distance of Lake Victoria Nyanza, and the starting-point of the Nile. This final gap once bridged over, Africa will be spanned by an unbroken highway from the mouth of the Zambezi to the roadstead of Alexandria, and across fifty degrees of latitude the Indian Ocean will clasp hands with the Mediterranean.

Let us now glance at the Niger, which, although passingly mentioned by Herodotus, and located with tolerable correctness by Strabo and other classic geographers, is a mere infant in African history as compared with the hoary antiquity of the Nile. Up to a comparatively recent date it was confounded by some with the Congo, by others with the Senegal, and by not a few with an affluent of the Nile itself. Not till 1869 were its head-waters fully explored by Winwood Reade, a relative of the famous English novelist, whose vivid picture of African life in one of his later works probably gained much of its force from the graphic details of his younger namesake. Reade's explorations, combined with the previous researches of Major Laing, Caillé, Barth, and the Landor brothers, gave the outer world a tolerably clear idea of the length, course, and navigable capabilities of this great tropical artery, in which lies the future of western Africa, M. De Lesseps's imaginative scheme for flooding the whole Sahara into a smaller Atlantic having apparently but one drawback, viz., that of being impossible.

The course of the Niger—which flows northeastward toward the Sahara Desert as far as Kaabra (the river port of Timbuctoo), and then slants downward again with equal suddenness to the southeast, forming the exact figure of a gigantic V turned upside down—spans the whole

* Gallabat is one of the many towns surnamed "El Metemmah" (the capital), the constant recurrence of which title (frequently but erroneously written "Metemneh") is a fruitful source of confusion.

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breadth of the fertile tract between the Sahara and the Gulf of Guinea. This tract has an average width of 800 miles, over the whole extent of which the vast tropical rain-fall has spread that rank and riotous luxuriance of vegetation which is the only too certain home of that deadly malaria that the hardiest foreigner can not face unharmed. Rising on the eastern slope of Mount Loma, 1300 feet above the sea (which divides its source from that of its great western rival, the Senegal), it traverses the territories of several ferocious and utterly barbaric tribes, by whom it is called simply "the river," its various names of Joliba, Mayo, Eghirreou, and Quorra being merely the same word in different dialects. The craggy mountains gradually melt into long wave-like ridges, giving place in their turn to gentle slopes, which will be eagerly utilized by the coffee-planters of the future. About 200 miles from its source the broadening river passes Sego, the capital of the Bambarras, a kind of African Rotterdam, divided into four nearly equal parts by canals, across which ferry-boats are constantly plying. Beyond this place the ground becomes appropriately flat and swampy, stray tobacco plantations mingle with the long grass that fringes the banks, and isolated clumps of trees begin to dot the northern horizon—the outposts of the great army of forests behind them. Those two huge gray towers away to the northeast, around which hundreds of swallows are fluttering incessantly, must belong to the great mosque of Jenné, another thriving seat of west African business, situated on a large wooded island in mid-stream. This is the first of a long train of green islets of considerable size, and in many cases thickly dotted with native huts, which stud the whole middle course of the Niger. Beyond Jenné we pass from the Bambarra to the Masina country, the woods on either side growing thicker and higher with every mile of our advance, till at length Lake Debo is left behind, and amid a perfect cobweb of streams and water-courses, half buried in tamarind-trees and wild grass, the small grayish-white houses of Kaabra are seen curving around the bend of the river, with great piles of corn and dried herbage stacked on their flat roofs. Five miles to the northwest of this primitive port a vast triangular patch of dark gray upon the glaring white sand of the great plain beyond the river marks the spot where Timbuctoo, the Palmyra of western Africa, stands looking northward into the voiceless, lifeless desolation of the eternal desert.

The greatness of Timbuctoo, although attested in some degree by the crumbling remains of its once formidable rampart, is emphatically a thing of the past, and the pillared galleries of its great mosque are the sole vestige of taste and refinement that still lingers amid these countless hovels of dried mud or intertwisted straw and reeds, which, starting up amid unsightly heaps of filth and rubbish, represent the great city that once possessed its own scientists and its own philosophers, as well as a library of 1600 manuscript volumes. Here the contrast between the two sides of the river becomes absolutely startling in its intensity. To the south of it lie clustering trees, matted thickets, bristling maize fields, deep still pools fringed with long rank grass, over which clouds of water-fowl are circling with shrill cries. To the north stretches a grim waste of bare, scorching sands, upon which nothing can grow save a few stunted, skeleton trees, the cruel spikes of the mimosa. Like the Styx of Grecian legend, this dark stream parts the world of life from the world of death; and when, not many miles farther on, it turns suddenly round to commence its long journey back to the south, one might well imagine it to be shrinking away in horror from the accursed spot, and flying for refuge to the life-brimming forests and the everlasting sea.

With every mile of increasing distance from the terrible Sahara the river seems to gather fresh strength and life. From Bammakoo down to Kaabra it is barely a mile in breadth, and flows at the rate of about five miles an hour, while its low banks, constantly flooded in the rainy season, are as flat and uninteresting as a "society novel." But as it speeds southward it grows wider, stronger, deeper, while the surrounding jungles of thorn bushes and wild grass give place to mighty forests, in whose shadowy aisles even the burning African sunshine is toned down to a rich summer gloom of purple twilight. By the time it reaches Yauri—once the greatest city of western Africa, encircled with a wall twenty miles in circumference—it has attained a breadth of two miles, and rushes along with a swiftness and violence that already give the adventurous voyager a foretaste of the perilous rapids that

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await him near Boossa, where poor Mungo Park was treacherously murdered in 1805. And now the soil grows softer and deeper, the rank abundance of vegetation more and more overwhelming in its deadly fullness of life, as the great river nears the point where its noblest tributary, the Benooweh (the "Blue Nile" of western Africa), rushes into it from the northeast. Only 250 miles now remain to be traversed, and the mighty stream, hurrying onward as if impatient to reach the end, terminates its weary journey of 2500 miles by pouring itself through countless channels into the Bight of Biafra.

The position of the Niger's head-waters within 200 miles of the Sierra Leone coast—whence Winwood Reade's expedition actually reached them in 1869—naturally suggested the possibility of carrying a railway thither from Freetown, in order to connect that port with the still important though decaying commercial centre of Sego, and to draw into this new channel the great internal trade of which Timbuctoo is the centre. Others suggested that the proposed railway should run due northward up the Assini River to one of the Niger's tributaries, while others still preferred the idea of a line slanting northeastward from the coast to Yauri, thereby avoiding the formidable Boussa Rapids. This last plan (which was warmly approved by several veteran explorers, including Mr. Stanley himself) was much talked of after the Ashantee war of 1873–4, and again after Captain Burton's famous assertion of the existence of extensive gold fields in those regions—a statement amply borne out by the abundance of gold ornaments found in Coomassie (the Ashantee capital) by its British captors, and the name of "Gold Coast" applied to a large section of the Guinea sea-board. But while this project was serving the purpose for which such schemes are apparently created, viz., that of giving to many worthy people the pleasure of talking over a thing instead of doing it, the restless ambition of a rival power anticipated it by a counter-stroke.

The French possessors of the lower Senegal had not overlooked the fact that only a single mountain range lay between its head-waters and those of the Niger, and the same idea of "tapping" the local commerce of the great river by a railway from the coast had occurred to *them* likewise. The proposed route was fully surveyed in 1880–1 by an expedition from St. Louis, the French station at the mouth of the Senegal; and in December, 1882, the first few miles of the new railroad were actually opened for traffic. But even this small success could not be achieved without a passing exercise of that truly French mode of persuasion which was employed not many months later to conciliate the "barbarians" of Tonquin and Madagascar. The King of Kayor—a small principality bordering the French possessions on the right or northern bank of the Senegal—having been perverse enough to object to the passage of the railroad through his territory, a detachment of infantry was sent to enlighten the "insolent savage" by burning his village and carrying off his horses and cattle.

But even should this enterprise realize all the high-flown expectations entertained of it, England will still have a rich and spacious field of commerce in the lower Niger and its famous tributary the Benooweh, which, rising in the unexplored heights that tower nearly 8000 feet above the sea along the ridge of Mount Atlantika, flows westward to the Niger through a vast tract of fertile country, capable of magnificent development. Although the belief which gave to the Benooweh its other name of Tchadda, as being an outlet of the African Caspian, Lake Tchad, has proved erroneous, both French and English steamers have found it navigable up to the city of Yola (400 miles above its junction with the Niger), where it has a width of 800 feet. By this route commercial relations might be established between the Guinea ports and Kouka, the capital of the vast inland territory of Bornou. Farther to the northwest the great local market of Sokoto (Sackatoo), past which a river of the same name flows into the Niger, might be similarly linked to this ever-growing net-work of internal communication. Moreover, the British policy of forming a native gendarmerie in West Africa out of the bold and warlike Houssas, who inhabit the seven provinces lying between Sokoto and the Bornou frontier, offers an excellent means of forming closer and more friendly connections with these Frenchmen of the tropics. The four Houssa chiefs who landed at Liverpool on the 5th of last May, in order to learn the drill and discipline of the white men, will carry back to their homes beyond the Niger tales of the latter's power and splen-

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dor which will fall upon ears well prepared to receive them. Compared with the ferocious Tuaregs to the north of them, and the brutal Dahomians of the south, the Houssas may almost be called civilized. Their country is well cultivated, many tracts producing two crops a year. Their ordinary habits of life and the appearance of their two-storied houses are as vastly superior to those of the surrounding tribes as the Houssas trim white cotton jacket and loose trousers are to the greasy and far too well peopled blanket which forms the ordinary wear of his ruder neighbors. Sokoto, the nominal capital of the Houssa provinces (signifying literally "halting-place"), is laid out in regular and well-built streets along a sloping ridge, surrounded by a wall more than twenty-five feet high, the twelve gates of which are always closed at sunset. Even more striking is the appearance of Kano (the New York of Houssa as Sokoto is its Washington), which, despite its unhealthy situation in the midst of an enormous swamp, ranks as one of the greatest commercial centres of equatorial Africa. Its thirty-foot wall, fifteen miles in circuit, has fifteen gates of wood covered with sheet-iron. Its inhabitants, who are estimated at 40,000, follow the Moorish fashion in their houses, which have store-rooms and a central hall of audience on the ground-floor, while the sleeping apartments occupy the upper story. The slaves, who form a full half of the population, are treated with comparative kindness, many of them being even set free at the Ramadan festival, or on the occasion of their master's death. The great market, despite its primitive currency of cowrie shells at 200 to the dollar, is clean and well kept, and presided over by a special officer, who lets out the stalls and fixes the price of the merchandise, which comprises live stock of every kind, fruit and provisions, salt from the pits of Bhilma in the northern Tuareg Desert, and miscellaneous goods from Barbary, Egypt, and even Europe.

Through the Houssa warriors who have taken her pay and visited her shores England has now an admirable chance of establishing commercial relations with this splendid country, and organizing a direct route of traffic from Sokoto to the coast *viâ* the lower Niger. The possible advantages of such an enterprise can hardly be overrated. It would be grossly unfair to judge of West African commerce as a whole by the statistics of so exceptionally unfavorable a year as the present one, which I therefore forbear to quote; but facts are not wanting to show what science and capital might achieve in this great store-house of unused treasures. The Sokoto Valley itself, and the adjacent tracts of Houssa territory, already rank as one of the finest corn-growing districts in western Africa, and may become tenfold more productive under an improved system of drainage and cultivation. The sloping hills between Sokoto and Kano offer a field for coffee-planting unsurpassed even by the famous Coffee Mountains to the east of Mocha. The tobacco plantations along the middle course of the Niger already give promise of future abundance. Indigo, though still poor and scanty, appears to be so rather from the want of proper culture than from any unfitness for the soil of the Niger basin. The ground-nuts, which are so abundant on the upper Gambia, yield an oil equal to the finest olive oil of southern Europe. Gum is equally plentiful and equally excellent. The "Ivory Coast" still deserves its name (as the traders of Sierra Leone and Liberia can bear witness) by the number of splendid tusks brought down to it from the interior. But more important than all is the precious palm oil for which the west coast of Africa has been celebrated for generations past, the supply appearing to be literally inexhaustible, inasmuch as the oil palm stretches across the whole breadth of the great central forest zone already mentioned, extending as far south as the tenth parallel of southern latitude. All these various sources of traffic will be developed, and supplemented by the scientific cultivation of the rice which already grows abundantly in the swampy Niger delta and the adjacent districts.

The third of Africa's great watery highways—the Congo—has one advantage at the very outset, which many critics appear to have quite overlooked. Among all the countless ports that stud the vast stretch of sea-board between Sierra Leone and St. Paul de Loanda, the only safe and convenient anchorage is that afforded by the inlet just within the mouth of the Congo, where, according to Stanley's friend Mr. Johnston, who inspected it three years ago, "a whole navy might ride at anchor in water deep enough for large vessels

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within fifty yards of the shore," and completely sheltered by the peninsula of Banana Point. This advantage is not likely to be wasted, one glance at the map being sufficient to show how unmistakably the great river is the natural outlet of all South Africa. The possibility of connecting the Congo with the Nile, and thus laying open the whole continent from the South Atlantic to the Mediterranean, can not be fairly considered till it shall be fully ascertained whether the Wellé (which Schweinfurth in 1870 found flowing westward within 100 miles of the White Nile's nearest affluent) is a tributary of the Congo or not; but the German scheme of bridging South Africa from east to west by connecting the Congo's head-waters with Zanzibar is not only admitted to be feasible, but actually commenced. The cession to Germany by the International African Association of all the territory east of the upper Congo bordering on Lakes Tanganyika and Victoria Nyanza has lately been supplemented by the announcement that "the first stage route from the Congo to Zanzibar will be laid out by Germany through a company in eastern Africa, established under an imperial charter." In a word, everything seems ripe for the "tramway" which Mr. Stanley himself declares to be "the one thing that is needed for Africa," and his own evidence is conclusive as to the magnificent results which may be expected from the adequate development of such a region as Zanzibar: "Cloves, cinnamon, tortoise-shell, pepper, copal gum, ivory, orchilla weed, India rubber, and hides have been exported for years; but this catalogue does not indicate a tithe of what might be produced by the judicious investment of capital. The cocoa-nut palm flourishes at Zanzibar Island and on the mainland, the oil palm thrives luxuriantly in Pemba, and sugar-cane will grow everywhere. Caoutchouc remains undeveloped in the maritime belts of woodland, and the acacia forests, with their wealth of gums, are nearly untouched. Rice is sown on the Rufiji banks, and yields abundantly; cotton would thrive in any of the rich river bottoms; and then there are the grains, millet, Indian corn, and many others, the culture of which (though only in a languid way) the natives understand. The cattle, coffee, and goats of the interior also await the energetic man of capital and the commercial genius."

Germany's new overland high-road will cross at the southern end of Lake Tanganyika the route already mentioned as being carried northward by England from Lake Nyassa and the Zambezi, and will then, in all probability, run either due west to Lake Moero, or southwest by south to Lake Bangweolo, on the southern shore of which died, twelve years ago, with only a few trusty native followers around him, a gaunt, gray-haired, weary old man whose name was David Livingstone. On that wild mountain plateau, 3688 feet above the sea, where the life of the veteran explorer found its end, that of the great river takes its rise. Leaping down from the northern slope of the Chibalé Mountains, it plunges into the broad bright lake, to re-issue with new strength and a new name, like Spenser's transformed knight from the holy well. Thence it rushes down to Lake Moero, nearly 700 feet lower, where it assumes a third alias, changing from the Luapula to the Luvwa, while a subsequent dive into Lake Ulengé transforms this harlequin of a river for the fourth time, under the now famous title of Lualaba.

About fifty miles below Lake Ulengé the river is joined by the Luama, which Stanley and his little band of heroes, after struggling along its bank for 220 weary miles, saw from the crest of a low ridge pouring a stream 400 yards wide into the pale gray current (more than three-quarters of a mile broad at this point) of the magnificent Lualaba. And now for many a mile to come the river bears out the lucid description given of it to Stanley by Abed Ben Jumah: "It flows north and north and north, and there is no end to it." It passes the town of Nyangwe—the westernmost station of the Arab traders from Zanzibar, 338 miles west of Lake Tanganyika—built on a high reddish bank forty feet above the river, in two distinct sections, between which lies a swampy hollow thickly planted with rice. It turns away from the green sloping hills of Uzura and Manyema into a black mass of dismal forest, rank with a foul and hideous abundance of vegetable life, the perfect embodiment of that tremendous inertia of untamed nature against which all the energies of man are as nothing. It sweeps by the gloomy mouth of the Ruiki and the banana-planted slopes of Vinya Njara, where it "rained poisoned arrows all night" upon the great explorer in a series of fights

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worthy to be classed with Thermopylæ or Bunker Hill. It eddies among countless wooded islands, which stud more and more thickly the ever-widening stream. Onward, onward still, over the seven successive cataracts of Stanley Falls, past the mouth of the Aruwimi (identified by some with Schweinfurth's Wellé), where the worn, half-starved, fainting pioneers fought against overwhelming numbers a three days' battle of which America may well be proud; and then westward to the memorable spot where the old chief of Rubunga answered Stanley's question as to the name of the river with "Ikutuya* Congo" (it is called the Congo).

No one who knows what an African forest really is will be likely to undervalue either the obstacles already overcome on the Congo, or those which still remain to be encountered. The African explorer has no deadlier foe than these dreadful jungles—too dense to be passed through, too full of moisture to be burned up, and too quick of growth to be cut down—all through which, the moment the sun sets, you see the white fever mist begin to curl venomously upward from the rank spongy soil below, like vapor from a boiling caldron. "Ferns, spear-grass, water-cane, and orchidaceous plants," says Mr. Stanley, "mixed with wild vines, cable thicknesses of the *Ficus elastica*, mimosas, acacias, tamarinds, llianas, palms of various species (the wild date, the oil palm, and the fan), rattans, and a hundred other varieties, are all struggling for every inch of space, and swarming upward with a luxuriance and density that only this extraordinary hot-house atmosphere could nourish. Gloom, slopping moisture, unhealthy, reeking atmosphere, monotonous scenery; nothing but the eternal interlaced branches, and the tall aspiring stems, rising from a tangle through which one has to burrow and crawl, like a wild animal, on hands and feet." This gloomy labyrinth is represented by a mass of rudely drawn tree-tops on the quaint old English map of 1626 (attached to John Ogilby's curious and now very rare work upon Africa), which, singularly enough, locates with tolerable exactness not only the upper Nile and its great parent lake, the Victoria Nyanza, but also the course of the Congo itself, which is marked as issuing from "Lake Zaire"—evidently a confusion of Lakes Moero and Bangweolo with Tanganyika—making an enormous bend to the northward, and flowing down to the sea in one unbroken stream, called from first to last "the Zaire or Congo River."

But a river 2900 miles in length, swollen by affluents to which the Seine and the Hudson would be mere brooks, and pouring itself into the sea through a mouth seven miles wide, with a current of six knots an hour, must one day take rank among the great commercial highways of the world, whatever its forests and cataracts may do to obstruct it. To give a full summary of the Congo's commercial future would be to write Mr. Stanley's latest work over again; but the results already achieved and those which are now in process of achievement may be briefly stated in his own words:

"From the mouth of the Congo a steamer drawing fifteen feet of water can steam up the river 110 miles, and opposite to this point (the head of the estuary) we have built stations on both sides of the river, that on the north or right bank (*i. e.*, Vivi) being the principal. Hence, in order to avoid the Yellala Falls, we take a land journey of 52 miles to a point where we have built another station. We then take boats, and steam or row 88 miles to a point opposite which there are stations constructed on each side of the river. Then comes another land journey of 95 miles to reach our lately built town of Leopoldsville, at the entrance of Stanley Pool. Hence we steam up uninterruptedly a distance of 1060 English miles. With a short road past Stanley Falls, we could proceed 350 miles farther up the river, and then a portage of two miles would give us 650 more. In addition to these distances upon the Congo itself, its larger affluents make up a total navigable length of more than 2000 miles. Along the main stream we have constructed thirteen stations in the most likely places, among peaceful tribes, with whom we are on terms of familiar intercourse, and who have welcomed us as brothers."

* Curiously enough, this same word, with precisely the same meaning, figured prominently in a Zulu translation of the *Pilgrim's Progress* shown me by the late Bishop Colenso when I visited him at Ekukanyené, on my way back from Zululand. Moreover, the dialect of the lower Congo contains several Zulu words (*e. g.*, "kulu," old, "dizulu," sky or heaven, etc.) identical with those used by Cetywayo's spearmen on the opposite side of the continent, thousands of miles away—a coincidence which I leave to the consideration of better philologists than myself.—D. K.

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The importance of these measures, which practically bridge over the gap dividing the inland trade of the upper Congo from the coast trade of its lower course, can hardly be overrated. Even in 1883 the annual value of the local traffic was estimated at $14,000,000; and now that the Berlin Conference of 1884 has disposed of the absurd claims of Portugal, and established freedom of trade throughout the entire basin of the Congo, it may reasonably be expected to develop apace. Bounded on the north by the water-shed of the Nile, on the south by that of the Zambezi and the Logé, on the east by Lake Tanganyika, and on the west by the Atlantic Ocean, this vast tract comprises almost the whole southern portion of Central Africa, having a length of 1400 miles by a breadth of 1200, and an area of 1,300,000 square miles. Its population, though a mere nothing to that which it may support with ease at no very distant date, is already very considerable. In one section of the upper Congo Mr. Stanley counted fourteen tolerably large villages within a very limited space; and the most reliable among the many estimates of the total population rates it as high as 40,000,000.

The lower Congo enjoys the priceless advantage of traversing an intermediate zone admirably fitted for cultivation, separating two opposing tracts, in one of which cultivation is rendered impossible by absolute want of water, and in the other by a permanent excess of it. The great mass of forest and swamp covering the basin of the Niger and almost the whole of the west coast stretches southward as far as the mouth of the Ogoway River, about fifty miles south of the equator. Here it gradually begins to melt away, the rivers being still thickly wooded, while the open country assumes the form of wide green savannahs, dappled with clumps of trees, and representing the "park-like region" so often and so enthusiastically referred to by Mr. Johnston. This in its turn gives place by degrees to the scantier vegetation of the Portuguese provinces of Benguela and Mossamedes, growing thinner and ever thinner as it recedes from the limit of the oil palms at the tenth parallel of south latitude, till the last trace of vegetable life vanishes on the border of the great Kalahari Desert, which lies immediately north of the Orange River and Cape Colony.

It is through the great natural park above mentioned that the Congo flows downward to the sea, with all the commercial advantages that can be given to it by a magnificent climate and a soil of unexampled fertility. Among the products of the Congo basin enumerated by Mr. Stanley are palm oil, cassava, plantains and other fruits, palm wine, copper, iron, vermilion, camwood, tobacco, sugar-cane, beans, maize, millet, sweet-potatoes and other vegetables, mats of palm fibre, nuts, fish, eggs, pigs, goats, India rubber, and ivory. The last article is so abundant on the upper Congo that in one of the villages of the savage region near the mouth of the Aruwimi an "ivory temple" is said to exist, formed of a light roof supported by thirty-three entire tusks, many of which are of enormous size. The chief local imports are cotton, hardware, cloth, salt, crockery, guns, and powder, the three first-named articles being in especial demand, and forming in some districts the actual currency of the country, so far as it can be said to have any. "At the present time," says Mr. Stanley, "the quantity of cheap cottons sold every year in the Congo markets amounts to 6,250,000 yards; and supposing every inhabitant of the Congo basin to have just one Sunday dress every new year, 320,000,000 yards would be required."

Stanley Pool, 346 miles from the river's mouth, 24 miles long by 16 broad, studded with islands of considerable size, completely sheltered by hills varying from 1000 to 3000 feet in height, and itself 1147 feet above the sea-level, is as fine a haven of local traffic as Adam Smith himself could have desired. Not without reason did the same observant eye which singled out the hill-top now crowned by the neat little station of Vivi select the western gateway of Stanley Pool as a fit site for Leopoldsville (the virtual capital of the new Congo State), at which its would-be rival, Brazzaville—rashly built in an unhealthy and inconvenient spot on the right bank, some years ago, by the French pioneer De Brazza—looks gloomily through its clustering trees across the broad brown current of the river. The proposed connection of Leopoldsville with Vivi by a railway 235 miles long, avoiding the formidable rapids of Yellala, Isangila, etc., will practically unite the upper and lower Congo, and will undoubtedly give an enormous impetus to the commerce of the whole basin, the yearly value of which, when fully de-

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veloped, is estimated by Mr. Stanley himself as high as $350,000,000.

But these splendid results are not to be achieved (as many who ought to know better appear to think) by a single determined effort. "You can not expect to civilize a whole continent at one blow," said Mr. James Irvine, of Liverpool, with whom I had a very interesting talk shortly before my departure for the Congo, and who, having lived for years on the west coast of Africa, and had abundant experience of the natives and their ways, is fairly entitled to speak with authority on this point. "I give this African undertaking twenty-five or thirty years to get into what you might call proper working order. There can be no doubt whatever that the establishment of fair trade is the right way to put an end to these tribal wars that do so much mischief, for when once the natives can get what they want by trading, they'll have nothing to fight about. But to regard Africa as a second Peru, where fortunes are to be picked up like pebbles, is simply absurd. Africa will unquestionably be enormously remunerative by-and-by; but in the mean while there is one great stumbling-block in the way, which nothing but time can remove."

"You mean the climate, I suppose?" said I.

"Well, the climate counts for something, of course. You know what the old song says:

'Beware, beware of the Bight of Benin;
For one that comes out, there were forty went in.'

However, the Congo's nothing like so bad as the Niger. Johnston, as you remember, was there for sixteen months, and only had one touch of fever worth mentioning. The main difficulties lie not so much in the climate as in the natives themselves. Folks at home are apt to fancy that you have only to show a black man something better than what he's already got, in order to make him accept it gladly; but they forget that you must first convince him that it *is* better, which can't be done all in one moment. But apart from the fact of the natives having so few wants that, until they develop a bit, your profits must be small and your expenses great, there are two great obstacles to Africa's development. The first is (as Stanley and Burton both said when I talked it over with them) the difficulty of getting rid of rum and the slave-trade, which are the curse of the whole continent. The second is that you have to deal with men as hasty and capricious as children, who will run away from the very sight of you to-day, and swarm round you like flies to-morrow. The goods which are snapped at by one tribe are of no use whatever among the next. Then, too, this universal eagerness for trade draws them away from agriculture, and so adds a fresh hinderance to the development of the country."

All this is perfectly true; but when once these preliminary obstacles shall have been swept away, the great work will advance with ever-increasing rapidity. Many men are still alive among us whose fathers could remember a time when pathless forests, haunted by murderous savages, covered the whole of that beautiful region through which passenger trains now run safely and smoothly from Lake George to Albany and New York. So, too, it may be with Africa. The close of the twentieth century may find King Luteté the Fourth "running" for the postmastership of Manyanga, and King Kamrasi the Fifth practicing as a hotel-keeper a more extended and remunerative system of robbery than that which his great ancestor carried on as a brigand. Some Ki-Nshasha Motley will then write the last volume of his *Rise of the Congo Republic* amid an admiring circle of Watwa subscribers. Sir Cannibal Longknife, the President of the Nyangwe Board of Trade, will receive deputations of Arab "drummers" from the great business houses of Timbuctoo and Gondokoro, while every newspaper of the Congo basin, from the *Lake Bangweolo Daily Canoe*, to the *Banana Point Evening Caravan*, will teem with descriptions of the latest fashionable arrivals at the hotels of Vivi and Isangila, the unveiling of a famous Ba-Ngala sculptor's statue of President Stanley, or the show of British and American manufactures at the Leopoldsville Industrial Exposition of the year 2001.

NOTE.—The present summary makes no attempt at a survey of the sugar-cane culture and other industries of the British colonies at the Cape, which, cut off from the great overland route by vast deserts, and hampered in their development by excessive drought in the case of Cape Colony, excessive rain in that of Natal, and the rooted indolence of the Kaffir population in both, can not claim any leading part in the advance of Africa as a whole, despite the local importance of the Natal railways as the natural outlet of the Transvaal.—D. K.

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CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.—[See Page 582.]

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VIEW FROM THE VIADUCT.

THE CITY OF CLEVELAND.

BY EDMUND KIRKE.

TRAVELLING in 1796 was not what it is to-day. A journey which now is accomplished in a few hours, then occupied as many days, and in thinly settled portions of the country was often attended with hardships and dangers that led the stoutest-hearted to prefer a seat by their own firesides. This was, at least, the experience of a young New Hampshire farmer, who in the year I have mentioned set out to find for himself a home a thousand miles or more nearer to the setting sun. He was named James Kingsbury, and though born in Connecticut, had been reared among the granite hills, where the annual crop of stones is so large that the sheep's noses are said to be sharpened to enable them to nibble the thin grass that grows between them. He had heard of a country around the Great Lakes where the climate, being tempered by vast bodies of water, was mild and genial, and the soil so fertile that it only needed to be "tickled with a hoe to laugh into a harvest," and he determined to cast his lot in that delightful region.

The Revolution had left the country in poverty, and Kingsbury was no better off than the most of his neighbors, but though not yet thirty years of age, he had

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already attained to the rank of Colonel in the militia—a position which in those days implied character and a certain degree of social consideration. But he had a young family growing up around him, and it was probably more on their account than his own that he left the security of a settled district for the unknown hazards of a new country. Whatever may have been his motive, it is certain that in the early spring of 1796 he set out from Alstead, New Hampshire, with his wife and three children—the oldest not four years old—to find a home in what was then the far distant West.

He travelled by "private conveyance," taking with him a young brother of his wife to aid him on the journey. His outfit was a stout farm wagon drawn by a yoke of oxen, and laden with household goods and provisions; a horse to carry his wife and two younger children; a cow to supply milk during the journey; and for defense a rusty Queen's-arm musket, with which an older brother had in 1777 done effective service at Bennington. His first destination was Oswego, and after leaving Albany his route lay through a wild forest, where the road was merely a bridle-path blazed through the woods—the trail used from time immemorial by the Indians. Here no inn or friendly farm-house invited the traveller to lodge overnight, and the little company was forced to camp out among the trees, the woman and children sleeping in the wagon, while the man and the boy took turns in watching the fire, which had to be kept in a constant blaze to frighten away the wolves and panthers with which the forest was infested. Thirty days they journeyed in this manner, travelling perhaps ten miles in a day, before they came in sight of the little collection of log huts which then composed what is now the important port of Oswego.

Here Kingsbury found a scanty array of shipping, from among which he sought to find a craft suitable to navigate a lake subject at this season to violent storms, and at all times unsafe for any but skillful seamen. Nothing better presented itself than an open flat-bottomed boat, rigged with a single sail, and capable of carrying his family and household goods, but sure to have its gravity upset if freighted with animals ignorant of the science of equilibration. In this, however, Kingsbury embarked, closely hugging the land, and never venturing out in threatening weather, the young lad meanwhile mounted upon his horse, and making his way through the woods along the shore with the cow and the oxen. At night the boat would be drawn up on the beach, and the camping-out experiences would be repeated. In this slow and toilsome way he journeyed another thirty days, when he arrived at Fort Niagara, which was the end of his route on Lake Ontario. Here the order of proceeding was reversed. The boat which had carried the wagon was now to be carried by that vehicle over the thirty miles of portage to Lake Erie. Here the little craft was again launched—trundled from the wagon into the lake—and here, at the future Buffalo, Kingsbury fell in with a gentleman who was to decide not only his destination, but his worldly destiny.

This was General Moses Cleveland—the Moses that was to lead a considerable part of Connecticut into the Ohio wilderness, and to come down to us as the founder of one of the most beautiful cities in the Union—Cleveland, Ohio. He was agent and director of the Connecticut Land Company, which had recently bought of that State the Western Reserve—a tract of about 3,500,000 acres, extending westward from Pennsylvania along the shore of Lake Erie, and "reserved" to Connecticut by the United States as its portion of the public domain. Cleveland was travelling in the wake of a surveying party of fifty, who had but recently gone forward to survey and lay out into townships and cities this immense tract, in readiness for the tide of emigration which was expected to follow. He had never seen his wide possessions, and they had never been explored; hence he could have given Kingsbury no reliable description of the country; but it is certain that he induced him to locate upon the reservation. In doing so, Kingsbury became the first white settler in northern Ohio.

Cleveland's first destination was Conneaut, a future village, near the junction of the lake and the line of Pennsylvania. Here Kingsbury selected a piece of ground on which the surveyors had already erected a cabin, and then broke up the soil and planted a few acres to serve his family for another season. During the winter that was approaching he expected to subsist on the provisions he had brought with him, eked out by what could be spared from the stores of the surveyors,

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whom he found at Conneaut, but who were soon to leave for a larger and more important town which was to be laid out at the westward. To the site of this town, which had been fixed upon by the company in Connecticut as the capital of the reservation, Cleveland made an ex-



MOSES CLEVELAND.

cursion with a small party soon after his arrival at Conneaut. The location had been determined on without any knowledge of the topography of the country, and merely because it was at the mouth of the Cuyahoga River.

The little party coasted closely along a shore everywhere overhung by a dense green forest, which was beautifully mirrored in the waters below, and before many hours came upon a narrow opening between two low banks of sand. Pushing their canoes into this opening, they found a narrow channel, widening gradually to the south, and bordered on the east by wooded bluffs, and on the west by broad flat marshes overgrown with reeds and coarse grass. Near the entrance the beach was a miry sponge, and they had to proceed some distance up the muddy stream before they could find a patch of solid

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ground large enough to sustain a landing. While they were doing this, the squarely built, swarthy man who held the tiller of the leading boat had time to reflect upon the folly of locating a town without knowing something of the topography of the country. As the bow of his boat touched the land he sprang on shore, and clambering up the wooded slope at the east, looked off upon a broad level expanse rising gently from the lake, and stretching away as far as his eye could reach to southward. At a glance he saw that this was the true site for his future city, and the low ground along the river merely the water gateway that should admit to it the vast commerce of the future. Of this future he had great expectations, but he did not live to see them realized. Dying within ten years, and while Cleveland was still a mere hamlet of log houses, he beheld its future greatness only from the Pisgah of a somewhat active imagination.

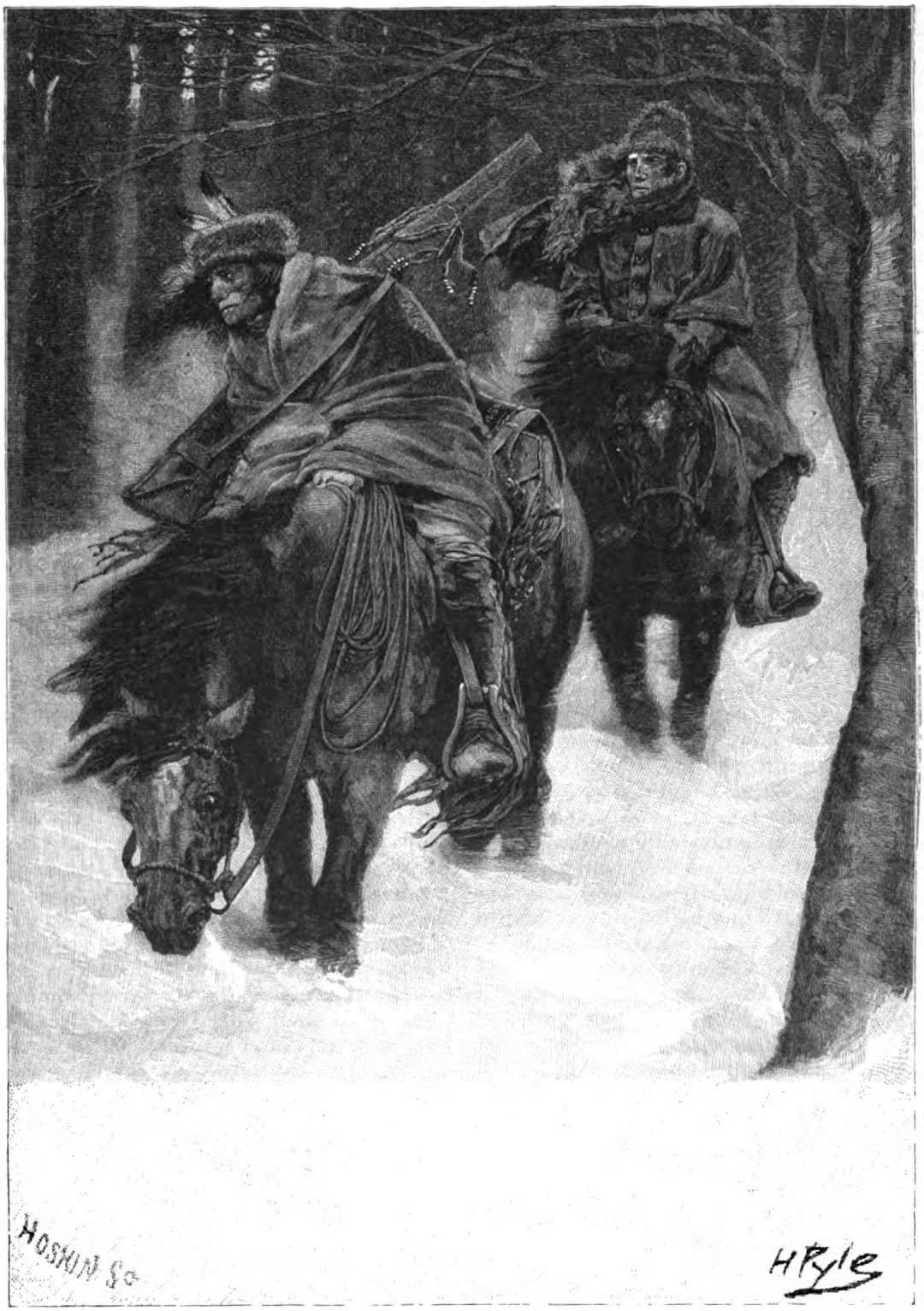
Leaving a few men to erect a storehouse and cabin for the coming surveyors, Cleveland returned to Conneaut; and in the course of a short two months the city which is to bear his name to a late posterity came into existence—on paper. The map which was then made on the ground, by pasting together several sheets and parts of sheets of foolscap, was found a few years ago among the papers of ex-Governor Holley, of Connecticut, a son of one of the Cleveland surveyors. It is dated October 1, 1796; but the streets indicated upon it bear the same names and have the same locations as those now in existence.

Soon after the surveyors left Conneaut, Kingsbury was called by important business to return to his former home in New Hampshire. It must have been necessity which took him away, for he had to leave his wife and little ones, with only a lad of thirteen, exposed to the hazards of a wide forest frequented by roving bands of savages. Going on horseback by the shortest route—overland from Buffalo to Albany—he expected to return by the 1st of December; but the time came without him, or any tidings of him, for no mails as yet travelled west of Fort Stanwix, near Utica. The winter set in early with great severity. Snow fell deep late in November, and well-nigh blockaded the lonely cabin, and soon the little family ran short of provisions, and the cattle of fodder. Till the snow came, the Indians had brought the family game; but with the first very cold weather they had fled, with the birds, southward, and now the lone woman and her children seemed left to perish there in the heart of the wilderness. To add to her trials, another child was then born into the household. But even then, thus sick and alone and shut out from all human succor, this heroic woman did not lose hope or courage, for she trusted in a Providence who hears even the cry of the ravens. She knew that, if alive, her husband would soon come to her rescue; but day after day she watched and waited for him, measuring carefully her scanty store of food, and listening with anxious ear to every sound that broke the stillness of the forest; but the days lengthened into weeks, and still he did not come.

She ministered to herself as well as she could, and at the end of a fortnight managed to drag herself about the cabin; and during this time another furious storm broke over the little cabin, lasting, without intermission, twenty-one days, and piling still higher the heavy drifts that everywhere covered the forest. Could her husband survive, exposed to such a frozen tempest? or if he did, was there hope he could reach her, buried as she was under drifts as high as the roof of her dwelling? Terrible and desolate was the outlook to the lonely woman; but her faith and trust and courage did not even then forsake her, and at last her patient waiting was rewarded. It was Christmas Eve when the storm cleared away, and a gleam of sunshine broke at last through the long overhanging clouds. She went to the window to watch the welcome light, and then she caught sight of her husband, struggling painfully through the heavy drifts on his way to the cabin. He was on foot, and only an Indian guide was with him. Slowly he came on, but at last he reached the house, and, scarcely able to speak, fell exhausted in the opened doorway.

The reason of his long delay was soon made known to the overjoyed woman. He had no sooner arrived at his old home than he was stricken down with a fever, the seeds of which he had carried from the malarial swamps of Conneaut. As soon as able to mount his horse he had set out to return; but the heavy snows in western New York had so impeded his progress that he did not reach Buffalo till the 3d of December. There, though scarce-

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TRAVELLING IN THE OLDEN TIME.

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ly able to sit his horse, he had halted only long enough to secure an Indian guide—for the snow had obliterated the trail, and none but a native could find the way through the forest in such weather. They had set out together on the following day; and thus he had been exposed, day and night, for three long weeks, to the storm that she had heard howl so furiously around the little cabin. The drifts in many places had been higher than his horse's head; in one of them the animal had perished, and he would have shared its fate but for the fidelity of the faithful Indian.

The rest of this "winter's tale" may be briefly related. The revulsion of feeling consequent on the return of her husband prostrated Mrs. Kingsbury. She was herself now attacked with the fever, and unable to give her child its natural nourishment. The life of the infant then hung upon that of the half-starved cow, whose sole subsistence was the small twigs of the linn, elm, and beech, which had been gathered for the winter's fodder. It was a fortnight before Kingsbury was enough recovered to move about, and then he had to face another journey. The stock of provisions had now become all but exhausted, and no supply could be obtained nearer than Erie, twenty-five miles distant. The intense cold which had succeeded the storm had thickly incrusted the snow, and over it, on foot and alone, he dragged a hand-sled laden with the precious eatables. Flour could not be procured, and only a bushel of wheat; but on this, cracked and boiled, they managed to keep their souls and bodies together.

But a great calamity soon befell the lonely household. Among the browse for the cattle, the young lad had gathered some twigs of the oak, not knowing that they were poison to dumb creatures. Of these the cow had eaten, and died; and thus the little child was doomed to starvation. Day after day, and night after night, the little thing wailed its life away, and that father and mother, powerless to help, were forced to listen. At last its wailing ceased; and then the man and the boy made for it a rude coffin from a pine box which had been left by the surveyors, and scooped for it a narrow bed amid the snow. Lifting it upon his shoulder, the father bore the little body from the house, and the mother lifted herself up in her bed to catch a last glimpse of it as he laid it away in a little mound not far from the dwelling. She watched him as he lowered it into the ground, and then she heard falling upon it the frozen sods that were to hide it from her eyes forever. With that sound she fell back unconscious, only to awake a fortnight later ignorant of all that had happened. Now the strange thing that we call life was in her only a flickering flame, which, if not quickly fed, would soon burn out in its socket. This the husband saw, and loading the old Queen's-arm, which is still a sacred relic in the family, he gathered up his little remaining strength and went out to secure some of the animal food that was necessary to the saving of his wife's life.

The severe weather had relaxed, and now, instead of cold blasts from the frozen lake, had come milder breezes from the south, bringing with them a few lonely birds into the forest. But the birds were shy, and Kingsbury would be fortunate to get within shooting distance. He trudged wearily on into the woods, but he saw no game, and at last, almost despondent, he sat down upon a fallen tree in the midst of a snow-bank. Soon a solitary pigeon came and perched itself upon the topmost branch of a tall tree at the utmost range of his musket. It seemed a hopeless chance; but he lifted his weapon and fired, and the bird fell, and he went home with it rejoicing. When he gave the broth to his wife she revived, and opening her eyes, asked, in a feeble tone, "James, where did you get this?" They were the first words she had spoken for a fortnight.

Such was the first winter of the first white settler in northern Ohio. It is not strange that, when the surveyors, coming to complete their work in the spring, told him that some of them intended to locate at the new city they had laid out at the westward, he should have decided to leave that desolate wilderness and build his cabin where he could occasionally see a human face of his own complexion. He did this, and thus became, in June, 1797, the first permanent settler in Cleveland, Ohio.

But he did not again make the mistake of locating near a marsh-bordered stream where the air was laden with malarial palsy. He moved back a mile and more from the Cuyahoga to a deserted cabin left by some Indian traders, who are supposed to have been there in 1786. This

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he occupied till he could build a cabin of his own, which he soon did, on a spot directly east of the public square, and not far from the present site of the Post-office. On the ground near by—now occupied by the City Hall and Catholic Cathedral—he planted a crop of corn, and thus provided against a repetition of the experiences of the previous winter.

Kingsbury's first neighbor, and the second settler at Cleveland, was one Lorenzo Carter, who soon afterward built a cabin at the mouth of the river, near the hut and store-house of the surveyors. These two families, in all nine persons, comprised the total population of Cleveland in 1797. In the following year four families were added to the settlement; but after that date the town increased very slowly, numbering in 1810 only fifty-seven persons, and as late as 1820 not more than one hundred and fifty. This snail-paced progress, due to a sterile soil and a malarial atmosphere, was, however, not shared by the adjacent country. More healthy and productive, this grew with amazing rapidity; and the consequence was that Cleveland, though small in itself, soon came to be of some importance as the mart and port of entry of a thriving farming region. This fact may justify a brief reference to the character, habits, and manner of life of its early settlers.



LORENZO CARTER.

In 1800, Governor St. Clair appointed Kingsbury Judge of the Court of Common Pleas and Quarter Session of the county; and in the following year there came to reside in the place Samuel Huntington, a nephew of Governor Huntington, of Connecticut, and himself soon afterward Governor of Ohio. He was a man of cultivation, well descended, and eminent at the bar, and Kingsbury was a man highly esteemed; but in local influence they were both overshadowed by Lorenzo Carter, who had built his rough log cabin at the mouth of the river. This man was a genuine type of the pioneer. Though rude and uncultured, he was generous, kind-hearted, and neighborly. He had a shrewd, active intellect, great physical strength, and a keen though crude sense of justice; and these qualities, combined with a somewhat aggressive and domineering temper, gave him great ascendency over the simple-minded settlers and rude aborigines. As early as 1798 a whiskey distillery had been put up by a man named Bryant near the mouth of the river, and the Indians flocked to it in crowds for supplies of fire-water. Carter's house was near by, the Indians met him, and he soon acquired an influence over them greater than that of their own chieftains. His word became law among them, and so it soon was with the white settlers. Where there is no regular administration of justice it is natural that the strongest should rule; but what was known as "Carter's law" had control in Cleveland long after a regularly organized court existed in the county. But the court sat at Warren, fifty miles away, and was not at first attended with such a degree of state as was calculated to impress very much awe upon the community. The first session is said to have been held in the open air, between two corn-cribs, Judge Kingsbury occupying a rude

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bench beneath a tree, the jurors sitting around on the grass, and the prisoners looking on from between the slats of the corn-cribs. On other occasions court was held in a barn, as being the most commodious building in the town.

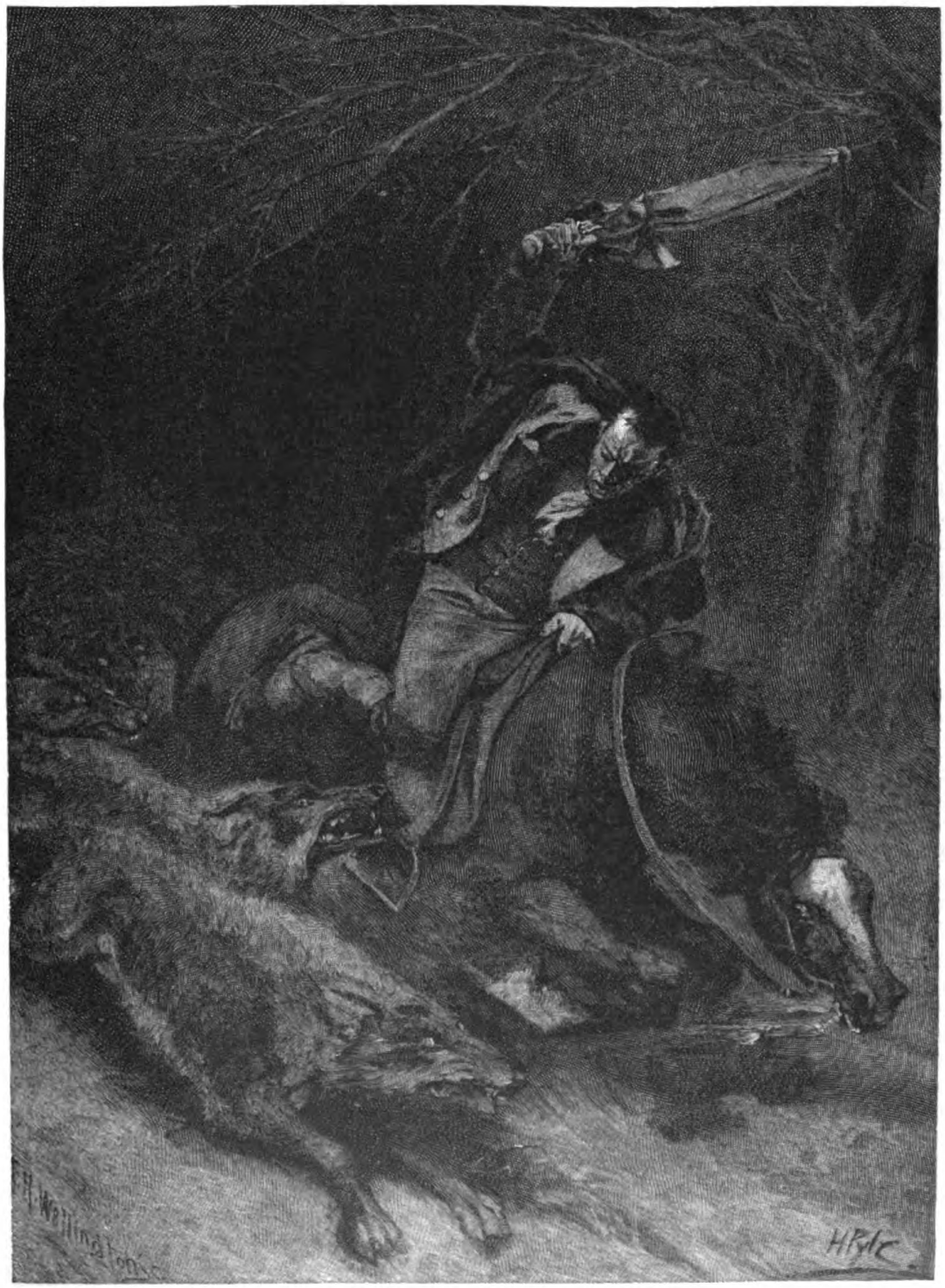
Carter's law was administered with quite as little state, but it had the advantage of being more accessible and of much speedier execution. One or two instances will serve as illustrations. In 1807 a farm hand who had been working for a neighbor suddenly decamped, and his disappearance was reported to Carter as a strange thing, for he had stolen nothing, and had left behind some unpaid wages. "No man can leave this town in that manner," said Carter, at once mounting his horse and going after the runaway. Overtaking him, he bade the man return to the settlement; but he declined, protesting that he owed no one anything, and had a right to go and come as he pleased. Upon this, Carter poised his rifle, and gave the runaway his choice between returning peaceably, or being shot and left in the road, a prey to the turkey-buzzards. The man knew that Carter had a way of suiting his actions to his words, and he sensibly returned, received his wages, and continued a good citizen.

But Carter's law produced its most salutary effects among the Indians. On one occasion a large band of Ottawas and Chippewas had gathered on the west shore of the river, while a smaller gang of Senecas were encamped on the eastern bank, and in their mingling together a Seneca had killed an Ottawa. The deed was done at night-fall, and early on the following morning the combined Ottawas and Chippewas were seen arrayed in war-paint, and about to descend in vengeance upon the little band of Senecas. This being reported to Carter, he went among them, and by the promise of a gallon of whiskey, succeeded in compromising for the offense of the Seneca. Unfortunately the distillery was not in operation at the time, and the whiskey could not be delivered before the day following. But the Indians were impatient, and not disposed to wait the slow movements of the distiller. Again they put on their war-paint, and now they threatened extermination to both the whites and the Senecas. For a time it seemed as if nothing could appease their wrath, and that Cleveland was about to be sacrificed for the lack of a single gallon of corn whiskey. But, at the risk of his life, Carter went again among the infuriated savages, and again they took his word —this time, however, insisting upon two gallons of fire-water. Carter took good care that the distiller was not again tardy, and so the town, which had been kept awake by fear for a couple of nights, went again to peaceful slumbers.

Whiskey in the hands of Carter was a powerful persuader with the red man, as was shown on still another occasion. Cleveland had been made a county-seat in 1809, and this brought courts and justice nearer than fifty miles, and would be naturally expected to abolish Carter's law altogether. It did do this in a measure, but the sturdy pioneer had still so much influence as to be called upon in every sudden emergency. In 1812, an Indian was tried and condemned to death by the regular tribunal. Before being led to execution he boasted to Carter and others that he would show the white people how an Indian could die. He seemed to enjoy the ceremony of being drawn through the streets, to the sound of music, amid a crowd of people; but when he had ascended the scaffold, and the black cap was being drawn over his head, his fortitude forsook him, and he refused to be executed upon any consideration. In vain the sheriff appealed to his sense of manhood, and reminded him of his boast that he would die like a brave Indian. "Me will not die," was the only answer. Before resorting to unseemly force, the sheriff turned to Carter, who now ascended the scaffold, and said a few words to the Indian in his native language. Instantly the fellow wilted, and promised to die like a gentleman if Carter would give him just one-half pint of whiskey. The whiskey was sent for, but having imbibed it the Indian again refused to be executed. The sheriff was about to resort to force, but Carter suggested another glass of whiskey. The Indian accepted it, and then leaped fearlessly into eternity.

Whatever may be thought of his mode of conciliating the Indians, there is no question that Carter's popularity among them was a principal means of securing to the early settlers of Cleveland a freedom from savage molestation that was not enjoyed by other frontier settlements. There were among the early settlers men of greater cultivation and far higher character than Carter; but when he died, in

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GOVERNOR HUNTINGTON ATTACKED BY WOLVES.

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1814, he was universally regretted. Every one felt the community "could have better spared a better man."

More dreaded than the savages were the numerous wolves, bears, and panthers with which in those early days the woods were infested. They prowled about the highways, and often invaded the farm-yard of the settler. No one thought of going out at night unarmed, and though the dwelling-house was always unfastened—there being no fear of human intruders—a loaded musket hung constantly over the door as a defense from wild animals. As late as 1813 a large part of the town was covered with trees, and a forest of huge chestnuts skirted Superior Street, so dense as to completely shut the lake from the view of passers-by on the road. Near the corner of Euclid and Willson avenues was an extensive swamp, which was a favorite resort of wolves, and here, on one occasion, Governor Huntington was attacked by a pack of these hungry animals. He was mounted on a swift horse, and was returning from a circuit after dark, with no weapon but an umbrella, when in the midst of this swamp he was set upon by a score of these ferocious beasts. He laid about him right and left with his umbrella, and thus succeeded, not in beating off the attack, but in so frightening his horse that the latter outstripped the wolves and bore his rider off in safety.

But the panther was more dreaded than the wolf. He lurked everywhere about the wooded paths to spring upon the unwary traveller. Stretched along the overhanging branch of some tree, or concealed in the bushes by the way-side, he sought to take his prey unawares, and woe to the wayfarer who, after dark, had not both his eyes and his ears about him. In 1805, one of these creatures was killed in Euclid Avenue which measured nine feet from his nose to the tip of his tail. The bear, however, though less ferocious, was more troublesome than the panther. In broad daylight he entered dwellings and lapped up the housewife's cream, and at night he invaded barn-yards and pig-sties, and made a feast of the calves and young porkers. If detected and pursued on such occasions, he would quietly walk off with a juvenile swine in his mouth, every now and then turning back and eying his pursuers with a cool impudence that defied everything but a well-loaded rifle. The passer to-day along Euclid Avenue, who witnesses everywhere about him the evidences of culture, refinement, and the highest civilization, finds it hard to realize that within three-fourths of a century it has been a lair of wild beasts, when a steady arm and a trusty rifle were the settlers' only safeguards.

But we shall mistake if we suppose that in such a condition of things the settler's life was not one of comfort and enjoyment. When danger has grown familiar to us, it has lost half its terrors. Men are known to walk unconcerned into a powder mill with a lighted candle. The settler carried into the Western wilds the same free, elastic spirit he had known in his old home in New England. In fact, his life was the same, modified only by his primitive surroundings. But it was not the life of the rural New England of this generation. He wore no broadcloth, and she was not clad in silks, satins, and laces. His coat and trousers were of homespun gray, and she was arrayed in a cottonade gown, somewhat scant in the skirts, but hermetically sealed across the bosom, and adorned with an unaffected modesty that enchanted the beholder.

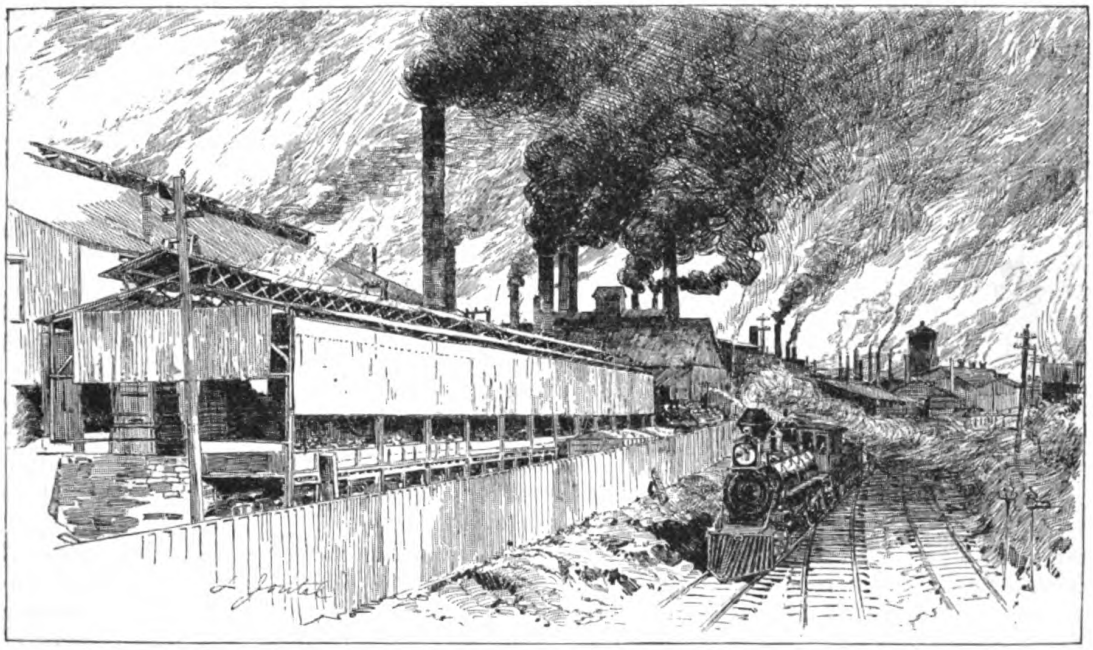
And this was their best apparel, in which they went to balls, attended meeting, and now and then listened to a Fourth of July oration, wherein the eagle expanded his wings and screamed in the most approved fashion. Balls were frequent, and to them the lads and lasses gathered from all the country round, mingling in the "mazy dance," and cutting the "pigeon-wing" to the tune of "Hi! Betty Martin," played by the old-fashioned fiddle, till the stars faded away in the morning. "Billing and cooing," it is said, filled up the intervals of the dance; but there being of that no positive testimony, it can not be stated as a historical fact. That interesting exercise is more likely to have occurred in some more secluded quarter—under green boughs, with an overhanging moon, or in the chimney-corner, while the old folks were snoring soundly in the adjoining apartment. That it did actually occur may, however, be safely affirmed, not only on good circumstantial evidence, but from the positive testimony of a white-haired veteran who not long ago related his own experience of those old days, at a gathering of the early settlers of this part of Ohio. The old gentleman gave so good a picture of those primitive times, which will never again be repeated in any section of this

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country, that I am tempted to transcribe a portion of his experiences.

Said the old gentleman: "The boys and girls who were predisposed to matrimony used to sit up together on Sunday nights, dressed in their Sunday clothes. They occupied usually a corner of the only family room of the cabin, while the bed of the old folks occupied the opposite corner, with blankets suspended around it for curtains. About eight o'clock the younger children climbed the ladder in the corner, and went to bed in their bunks under the garret roof; and about an hour later father and mother retired behind the blanket-curtains, leaving the 'sparkers' sitting, at a respectful distance apart, before a capacious wood-fire-place, and looking thoughtfully into the cheerful flame, or perhaps into the future. The sparkers, however, soon broke the silence by stirring up the fire with a wooden shovel or poker, first one and then the other, and every time they resumed their seats, somehow the chairs manifested unusual attraction for closer contiguity. If chilly, the sparkers would sit close together to keep warm; if dark, to keep the bears off. Then came some whispering, with a hearty 'smack,' which broke the cabin stillness and disturbed the gentle breathing behind the suspended blankets, so as to produce a slight parental hacking cough. All this accords, in a great degree, with my own experience."

Then the ancient patriarch related his own courtship, told how he courted a girl of the "true Plymouth Rock stamp," who lived twenty miles away. As the course of true love never did run smooth, her mother objected to the match, and though he pleaded with her most pathetically, she refused to melt "worth a cent." Then he went about for a time "sighing like a furnace," and then he sent his father to the court of the old lady to contract an alliance, offensive and defensive, but with no better success. He, however, kept on courting the girl till he loved everything on her father's farm, and at last his perseverance was rewarded, and the wedding day was fixed. The ague and fever was on him, and now, as the "day of days" approached, he often detected himself feeling his pulse, in fear that the disease might increase, and add to the fever already consuming him. But he was married without accident, and election soon coming off, he offered his vote at the polls. It was rejected because of his youthful appearance, and this his wife took much to heart. On the morning of the next election day she presented him with a small counterpart of himself. The news had



ROLLING-MILL.

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preceded him at the polls, and his vote was not again questioned, though he was not yet of the legal age.

They were a stalwart race of men, and a glorious race of women. All of New England blood, they had the Yankee's adaptedness to circumstances, and his universal genius. The men could repair a plough, build a house, or drive a sharp bargain, and at the same time chop logic, discuss theology, or deliver a Fourth of July oration; while the women could brew and bake, turn a spinning-wheel, and make their children's clothes; or entertain guests, execute embroidery, or sing Watts's hymns in a way to set the birds a-listening. And all these things they did with equal ease, as if born to the vocation. What would be thought nowadays of a young maiden who, single-handed, should worst a bear in a deadly encounter, or who, in her father's absence, should shingle the roof and nail the clapboards upon his unfinished dwelling, and all the while be as much of a lady as any countess? But such were the Ohio girls of 1800 to 1820, and they were the mothers of the men who built the city of Cleveland—for the town was built by men, and not made by nature. Other places on the south shore of Lake Erie have as great natural advantages; but no other has had its men, and hence Cleveland has outstripped them all in commerce, wealth, and population.

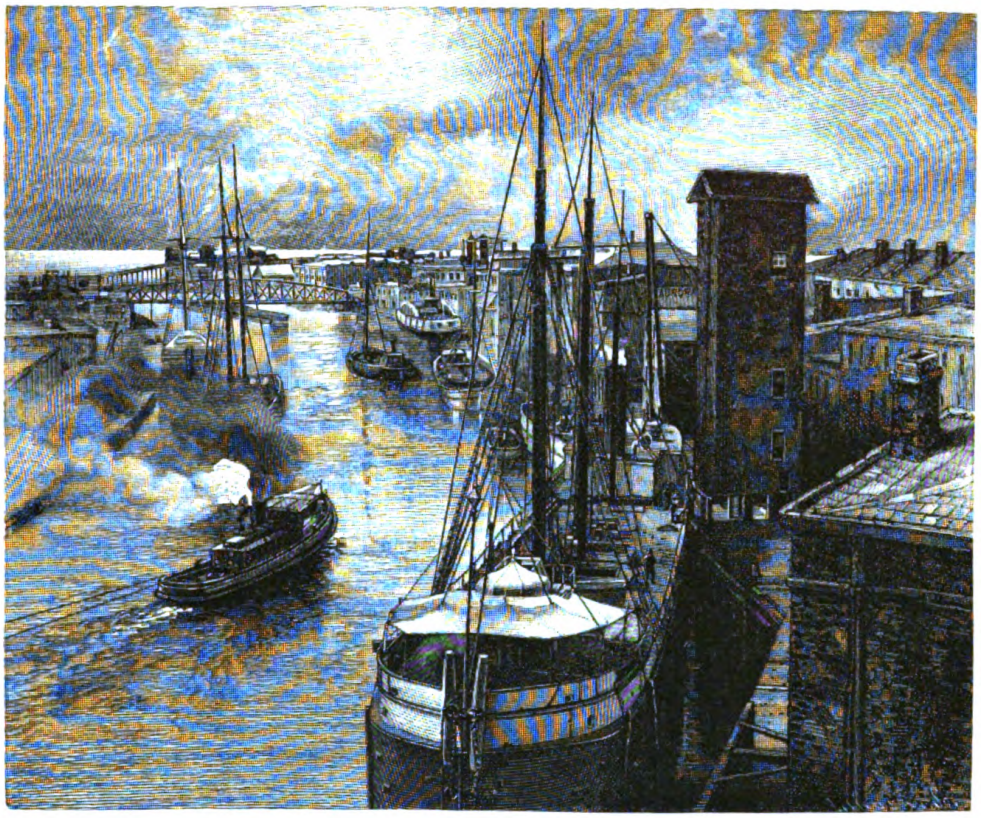
In 1817 New York began the construction of the Erie Canal, and soon afterward Ohio conceived the idea of a similar work to connect Lake Erie with the Ohio River. Cleveland was then an insignificant village of about one hundred and fifty people; but its leading men had the foresight to see the advantage of making it the northern terminus of the great waterway, and they planned and worked to that end until it was accomplished. In 1827 the canal was completed as far as Akron, and this opened to Cleveland a rich farming section, already thickly settled and overflowing with surplus products. This surplus was brought to Cleveland, and merchandise was wanted in exchange; and thus sprang up a business which in a little more than one decade amounted to the annual sum of twenty million dollars. The lake commerce of Cleveland, which began in 1808 with Lorenzo Carter's sloop *Zephyr*, of thirty tons, now aggregates an annual tonnage of one and a half millions. In the second year after the opening of the canal it brought to the city 500,000 bushels of wheat, 100,000 barrels of flour, 1,000,000 pounds of butter, and of other produce a like proportion; and in the second year following (1830), the United States census found in the town 1075 people.

Among the earliest receipts by the canal was a boat-load of coal, for which an enterprising mine owner hoped to find a market in Cleveland. A wagon-load of it was hawked about the town, and attention called to its superior quality and great



ON THE RIVER.

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THE RIVER FROM THE VIADUCT.

value as fuel. But the towns-people eyed it with disfavor. It was filthy, inconvenient to handle, emitted an offensive smoke, and not a few questioned if "stone" could be made to burn at all. With wood growing at their very doorways, what sense would there be in going a long distance for a fuel neither so clean nor so pleasant as the old-fashioned oak or hickory? All day long the wagon went the rounds without a single buyer; but after a time a good-natured innkeeper did consent to try a small quantity at two dollars per ton. This was the beginning of the coal trade of Cleveland, which now exceeds one million tons annually.

In 1832 the canal was finished to the Ohio River, and about the same time the advance-guard of that New England exodus which set in with the opening of the Erie Canal began to reach Cleveland and the outlying country. Its commerce grew with amazing rapidity. It numbered, in 1846, 10,135 people, and in 1852, 25,670; and this rapid growth was altogether due to the foresight of the man who conceived the idea of making it the northern terminus of the Ohio Canal. His name, I think, was Alfred Kelley, the first president of Cleveland village.

But about 1852 the commerce of Cleveland received a check, and its lake supremacy was threatened. The opening of through lines of railway had now begun to carry past its doors the produce on which its leading men had expected it to grow into a great commercial city. But these men were equal to the emergency. It occurred to them that the town was located about midway between the iron mines of Lake Superior and the coal fields of Ohio and Pennsylvania. They would bring the two together, and convert Cleveland into a great manufacturing city. This project resolved upon, they went about it with surprising energy. They erected foundries and factories, and set on foot a railroad down the Mahoning Valley, which should connect their furnaces with the immense coal fields of that region. This road was completed in 1857, and ever since the position of Cleveland has been assured as the great iron centre of the West. There is not here space to note the successive steps by which the place has since risen from a small town

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to a great city, but its progress is clearly indicated in the following figures from the United States census tables. In 1860 it had a population of 43,838; in 1870, 92,829; in 1880, 160,146; and by the best estimates it numbers at the present date upward of 200,000.



CHARLES F. BROWNE ("ARTEMUS WARD").

If we stand on the precise spot where General Cleveland landed on that summer day in 1796, and look about us for a moment, we shall be able to form some idea of the great wealth and immense activity of this teeming hive of human industry. At our feet is an irregular valley, from a half to three-fourths of a mile wide, and following the windings of the river, which here doubles on itself several times, thus affording a long line of dock front within the city limits. The outer edges of this valley are flanked by high bluffs, on which are built the main portions of the town; but here, along the bed of the river, is the industrial heart of Cleveland. Looking up the valley, we see hundreds of acres, stretching from the lake shore to the southern boundary of the city, which are covered by ship and lumber yards, planing and flouring mills, iron foundries and factories, oil and chemical works, brick-yards, and other manufactories impossible to enumerate. Here ten thousand machines move night and day in ceaseless hum, sending away, upon the numerous rail tracks which everywhere interlace the district, iron in its various forms to the value of $70,000,000, and other products amounting to $30,000,000; that is to say, a total value of $100,000,000 yearly—an amount equal to the whole taxable property of the city. Six great lines of railway dip into this valley, bringing to it uncounted tons of raw material, and bearing from it, in thousands of cars, its immense manufactured product, ready for use and consumption. The spectacle is confusing. The frequent scream of the steam-whistle, the ceaseless whir of the heavy machinery, the constant coming and going of the loaded trains, with the harsh grating of their iron wheels, all this gets into one's head, till it turns around, and if he is a quiet man, and somewhat given to day-dreaming, he longs to be wafted back some three-fourths of a century to a seat at the hospitable board of Major Carter in the old

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log cabin that stood just yonder. If the old pioneer comes down here now, and has eyes to see what is going on about his old home, what must be his sensations!

Branching from this valley to the right is another valley skirting a narrow stream, which for a mile and a half is crowded with woollen factories, slaughter and packing houses, and similar establishments; and farther up the Cuyahoga, along the margin of another brook, is still another valley which pours a ceaseless tide of manufactured products into the immense commerce of Cleveland. This last stream is called Kingsbury Run, and it is the only memorial that I know of which has been dedicated to the worthy first settler.

Here, at the mouth of Kingsbury Run, are the works of the Standard Oil Company, covering several acres, and turning out, when in full operation, 10,000 barrels of oil daily. This concern is a marvel of commercial enterprise. Starting about the time that petroleum was discovered in Pennsylvania, as a private firm, with a capital of only $20,000, it has grown into a mammoth corporation having branches in half a dozen States, employing thousands of men, and handling nine-tenths of the oil product that goes to Europe. It is said to have bought out and frozen out a hundred rival establishments, to have made its own terms with railroads and yet enriched them by its traffic; and to now control the crude oil market of Pennsylvania, and the refined oil market of the world. Its blue barrels are to be seen all over Europe. It is stated that the profits of the company up to 1883 had been $77,105,322. Some of its business methods have been criticised; but however unscrupulous they may have been, the company is a wonderful exhibition of what business energy and sagacity may accomplish in this country.

Another gigantic business that has its home in this valley is that of the Cleveland Rolling-Mill, which owes its origin and wonderful success to the almost unaided efforts of the late Henry Chisholm, who came to America from Scotland, at the age of twenty, with scarcely a dollar in his pocket. By industry and energy he had, at the age of thirty-five, accumulated about twenty-five thousand dollars, and with this in 1857 he laid the foundation of this establishment, which is now one of the largest of its kind in the world, owning mines and mills in several of the States, and having, all told, a working force of 8000 men, 5000 of whom are employed in this valley. The rolling-mill has a capacity of 100,000 tons of steel rails per year, with four furnaces for the production of Bessemer metal. The aggregate business of the establishment amounts to $25,000,000 per annum.

Spanning this busy valley, and connecting the eastern and western halves of Cleveland, is a gigantic work, which has no parallel in any Western city. It is a stone causeway sixty-four feet wide, three-



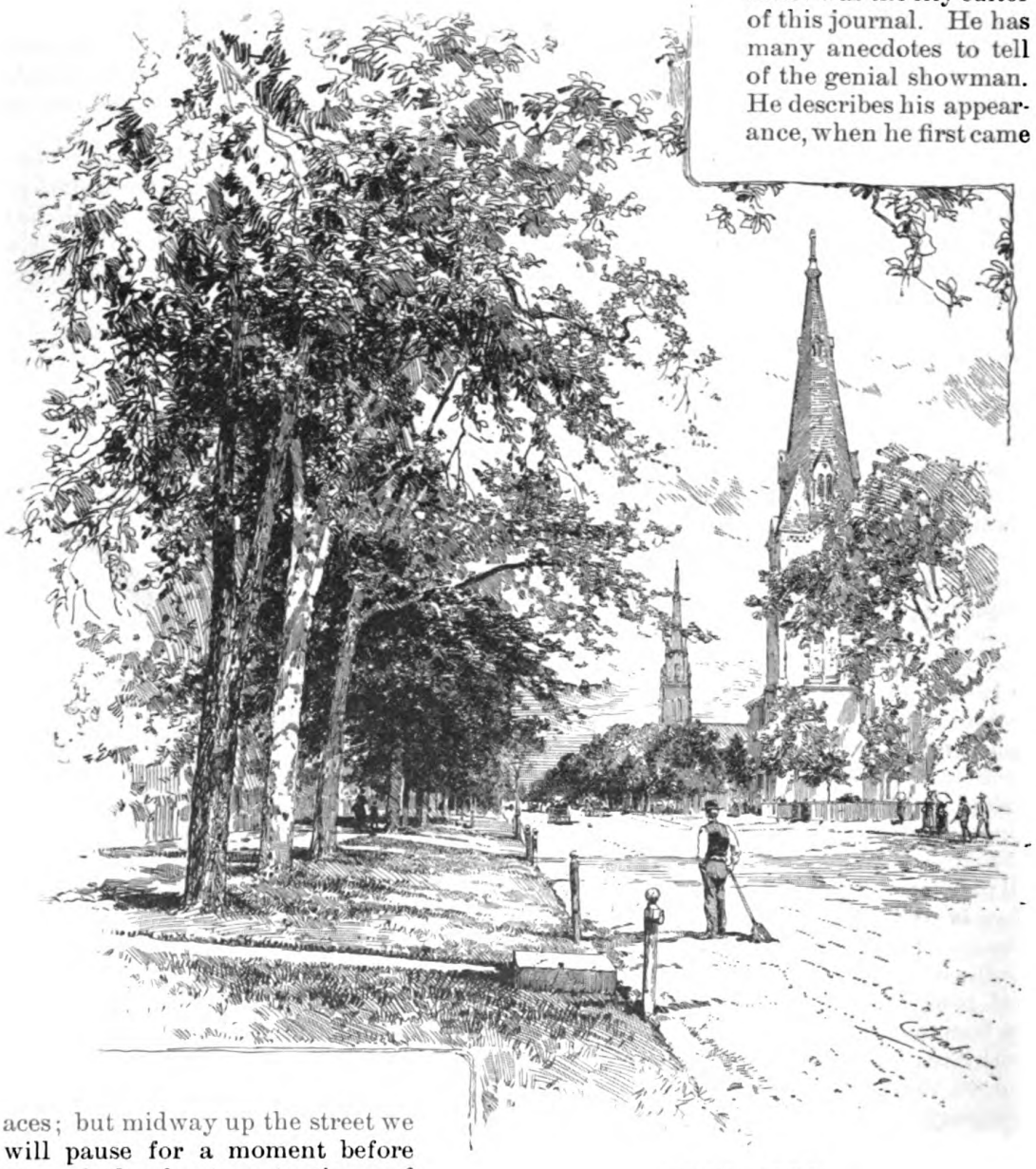
LEONARD CASE.

fifths of a mile long, and carried over the Cuyahoga at a height of sixty-eight feet above the water. Its cost has exceeded two million dollars—an expenditure, in proportion to population, larger than that upon the Brooklyn Bridge.

If now we retrace our steps to the heart of the city, we shall see where the men live and transact their business who give life and movement to this busy hive of in-

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dustry. Superior Street, the principal business thoroughfare, was laid out when land here was a drug in the market at one dollar an acre, and hence it is not surprising that the original surveyors made it a hundred and thirty-two feet wide. It is lined with stores, banks, and warehouses, some of which are business palaces; but midway up the street we will pause for a moment before one of the least pretentious of these buildings.



EUCLID AVENUE.

Calling upon Mr. Lincoln on one of the darkest days in the late war, I was surprised to see upon his mantel-piece a couple of volumes—one a small Bible, the other, *Artemus Ward, his Book*. "Do you read Artemus Ward?" I asked him. "I don't read anybody else," he answered, with a smile on his care-worn face; "he is inimitable." In the plain building before which we are standing the inimitable showman first set up his "wax figgers"; and if we enter here we may encounter the assistant editor of the *Plaindealer*, who was the associate and intimate friend of "A. Ward" when the latter was the city editor of this journal. He has many anecdotes to tell of the genial showman. He describes his appearance, when he first came to the office, as decidedly rustic. He was, he says, long and lank, with flowing hair, and loosely fitting coat, and trousers too short in the legs and bagging at the knees. His humor was irrepressible, and always

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bubbling over, and he kept all about him in a constant state of merriment. He was a wag—nothing but a wag—but in that line a genius. He could see only the ludicrous side of a subject. Going away once on a short vacation, he engaged this gentleman to perform his work during his absence. He carefully instructed him as to his duties, and in doing so drew from his pocket a tow string about a foot and a half long, and told him he must furnish that amount of copy per day, leaving on his desk the measure as a reminder of the quantity. About this time he was called upon to respond to a toast to the Press at a Ben Franklin festival held in Cleveland. He rose to his feet, hung his head for a few moments in silence, and then sat down, having said nothing. In his account of the festival in the next day's *Plaindealer* his speech was reported by a blank space of about half a column of eloquent silence.

This gentleman remembers that soon after "A. Ward" entered the lecture field he was invited by a theatrical manager in San Francisco to deliver a course in California. The season being close at hand, the manager asked him by telegraph: "What will you take for forty nights in California? Answer immediately." Ward answered immediately, by telegraph, "Brandy and water." The joke was noised throughout the State, and the result was, when Artemus went there to lecture on his own account, he was met everywhere with overflowing houses. While engaged in lecturing in the West, he wrote this gentleman the following epistle:



JOHN HAY.

"MY DEAR GEORGE,—I want you to do me a favor. I relied on one of my men to save me the press notices. He didn't. Will you collect them for me at once, and send them to me at the Bates House? Now this is taxing your good-nature, but you'll do it for me—won't you, George? Do you know that you remind me more and more of the noble Romans? I don't know who they were, but you remind me of them; you do, indeed. And could I have appealed to one of those noble Romans to cut out some press notices for me in vain? I guess not. Go on, young man, go on. Deal kindly

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with the aged. Remember that we are here for only a little while, and that riches take unto themselves wings and fly away. Intoxicate the shunning bowl. Support your county paper. Love the Lord, and send me those notices. Write likewise. And now, kind sir, farewell. Farewell.

"'When other lips and other hearts—'

"Your'n, my pretty gazelle,

"A. WARD."

Passing along Superior Street, we soon come to the public square laid out by the original surveyors. It is now called Monumental Park, from the fact that in one corner of it, on a high pedestal, stands a statue of Commodore Perry, in the attitude he is supposed to have occupied when about to charge upon the British squadron. The battle took place at Put-in-Bay, some miles to the westward, but it is said that the day before it was fought the fleet lay to off Cleveland, and was boarded by Judge Kingsbury, who had been engaged to furnish it supplies. Having told him that he was in hourly expectation of encountering the enemy, Perry added, "What would you do, judge, if he should heave in sight before you leave the ship?" "Do, sir?" answered the judge, already venerable for his gray hairs—"I would fight. I can do it as well as the best of you." The enemy did not heave in sight, and so the judge missed being one of the heroes of Lake Erie, and died peacefully in his bed at the great age of eighty.

It is said that the monument stands on the precise spot where Major Carter administered his last glass of whiskey to the refractory Indian, and where, too, in 1808, occurred the first sham fight and general training ever witnessed in Cleveland. The company numbered about fifty rank and file, and the men were arrayed in all sorts of costumes, and armed with all kinds of weapons, from a peeled club to a rusty musket. The captain wore a gaudy uniform, and a cocked hat surmounted by a rooster's tail. He gave his commands in a stentorian voice, and with a pompous stride in pace with the martial music. After putting his men through all sorts of evolutions, he bade them to charge upon the enemy. They did so. It was a whiskey barrel. And when the encounter was over, not one of them was able to tell whether he was dead or wounded.

The Park as originally laid out was a square plot of ten acres, but by the extension through it of two streets it has been divided into four smaller parks, one of which is occupied by the monument, another by a stone oratorium for Fourth of July and other orators, and the two others are ornamented with fountains and small lakes, tastefully fringed with flowers and flowering shrubs. It is in the heart of the business portion of the city, and near it are the Post-office and other buildings.

Before the present Post-office was erect-

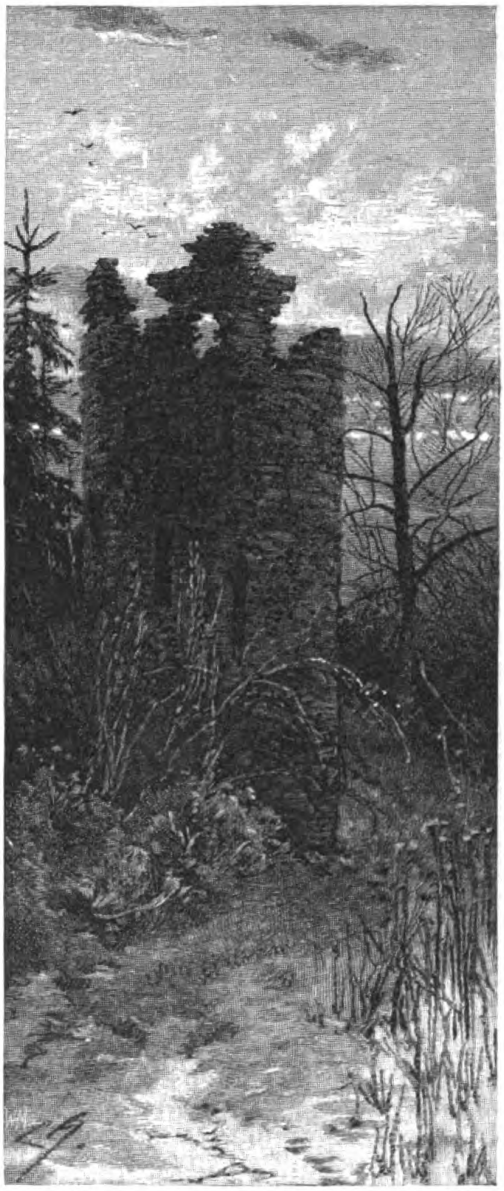


A PICTURESQUE RESIDENCE.

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ed, its site was occupied by a low wooden building, which was the meeting-place of perhaps the most unique club existing in this country. All may remember the story of "The First and Last Dinner," in which it is related how twelve friends of about the same age agreed one day, when met together at the Star and Garter Inn in Richmond, to institute an annual dinner among themselves, which each one should yearly attend until he was removed by death. The club should never admit any but the original members, and when one should die, his plate should be laid and his vacant chair be set at the table as if he were still with the remaining eleven. And this should go on, as one after another dropped out of his place, till the last one, the sole survivor of the twelve, should take his solitary seat in the silent room, and with the eleven empty plates and vacant chairs around him, should quaff his lonely glass of wine to the memory of his departed associates. This weird fancy of a fictitious story-teller has been rendered into actual fact in the intensely practical and prosaic city of Cleveland. Thirteen of the prominent citizens of the town met in 1836—nearly fifty years ago—in that old building, and formed a club, to include none but themselves, and to go out of existence with the life of the last member. There, in a quaint, old-fashioned room, furnished with a dozen or more chairs and a large round table, and ornamented with a few pictures, an old-fashioned fender and andirons, and a huge mantel, on which stood a couple of second-hand bottles doing duty as candlesticks, they came together week after week and year after year to play whist and chess, discuss important subjects, and talk over the news of the day. In 1858 all of them were living. The old building was christened "The Ark," and this name was transferred to the club, its members being called "Arkites." When the old house was demolished to make room for the Post-office, Mr. Leonard Case, one of the members, deeded rooms in Case Hall for the free use of the club till its last survivor should be no more. One of the members, an infirm, white-haired man of seventy-five, not long ago said to me, with a tremulous shake of the head, "We are all old men now; Mr. Case and five of the rest have gone, and very soon the last one of us will sit here alone."

From Monumental Park the leading streets ramify, not with the regularity of the Detroit avenues, but in somewhat the same manner—branching off from a central hub like the spokes of a gigantic half-wheel, and spreading over the whole eastern part of the city. The most attractive of these streets is Euclid Avenue, which starts diagonally from the southwest corner of the square, runs to the city limits, and for many miles beyond through a most beautiful country. The portion nearer the Park is occupied generally for business purposes, and here are the Academy of Music, in which Clara Morris made her first appearance before the foot-lights, and other noticeable buildings. Beyond



RUINED TOWER IN WADE PARK.

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the business quarter the avenue is lined with private residences of such elegance as to well entitle it to its reputation of being the most beautiful street in the country. For a distance of fully three miles it is finely paved, level as a floor, and bordered by lawns of velvety softness. Each house stands at a distance from the street, and all have grounds more or less spacious, which are ornamented with shrubs and beds of flowers, and every here and there dotted with stately trees which stood there when the bear and the panther crouched amid their branches. No sameness wearies the eye, for there is everywhere variety both in the architecture and the treatment of the landscape.

Beyond these republican palaces is an exquisite private park, on which large sums of money and great skill in landscape gardening have been expended. It occupies a deep ravine and the adjoining uplands, and is threaded by walks and drives under wide-spreading trees, or amid a dense shrubbery whose fragrance perfumes all the air. The public-spirited projector of this park, Mr. J. H. Wade, the well-known electrician, is to convey it to the city as soon as a few preliminary conditions are fulfilled by the municipality.

Opposite this park, and overlooking the lake, is Lake View Cemetery, where Garfield's body is laid, and where the monument is to be erected to his memory. It occupies a tract of rather more than three hundred acres of beautifully diversified surface, and is being developed with so much taste and judgment that it will eventually be the equal of any cemetery in the country.

Abreast of the business portion of the town, and on the shore of the lake, the city has recently converted a strip of waste ground into a most attractive park, which is also called Lake View. It was an unsightly bluff, seamed with gullies, and covered with wretched shanties; but the city took it in hand, planted trees, piled up rock-work, converted springs into fountains, and ragged gullies into beautiful ponds, and now it is one of the most attractive spots of the kind to be found anywhere. Every pleasant evening it is crowded with people who come here to inhale the cool breeze from the lake, and to watch the white sails and smoking steamers as they come and go on the blue water.



LAKE IN THE CEMETERY.

Of the western portion of the city, on the opposite side of the Cuyahoga, I can speak but briefly. The part nearest the river was originally the farm of Lorenzo Carter, and by his son was in 1830 sold to a company of speculators, who laid it out in streets, and here built what was called Ohio City. In 1854 it was annexed to Cleveland, and it now contains 60,000 inhabitants. Here is located a new city park, and the distributing reservoir of the Water Department. This is fed by a tunnel five feet in vertical diameter, which, sunk ninety feet below the surface, runs a mile and a quarter into the

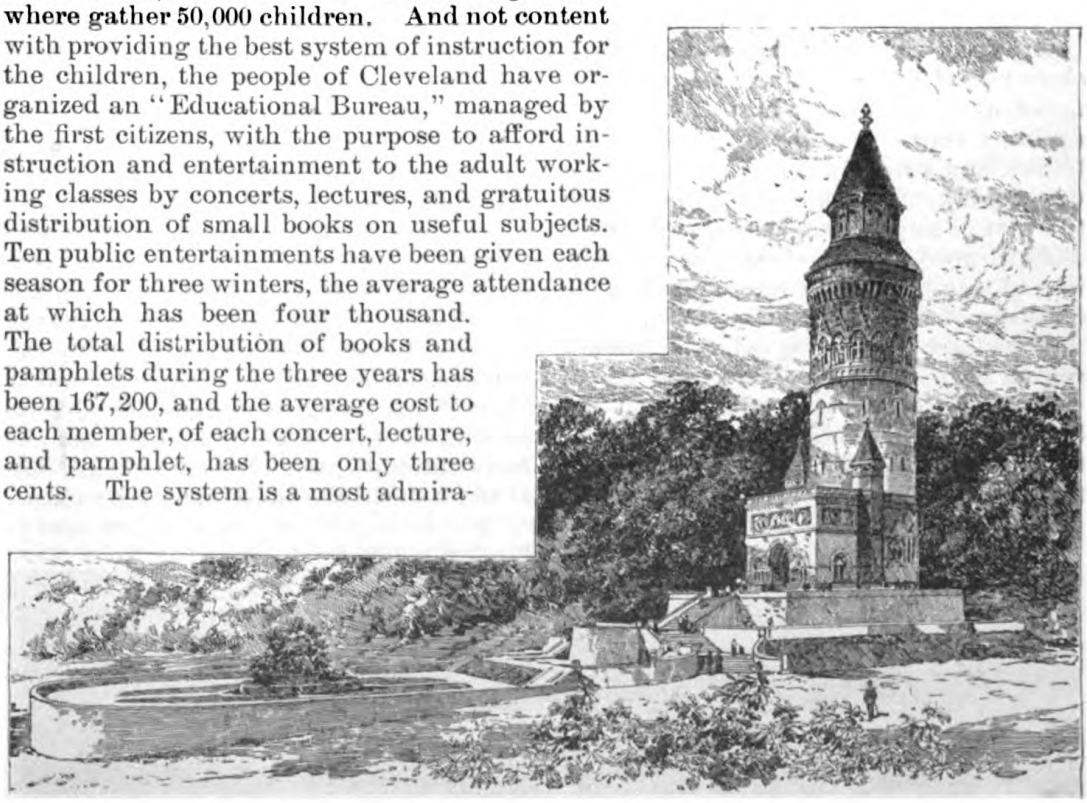
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LAKE VIEW PARK.

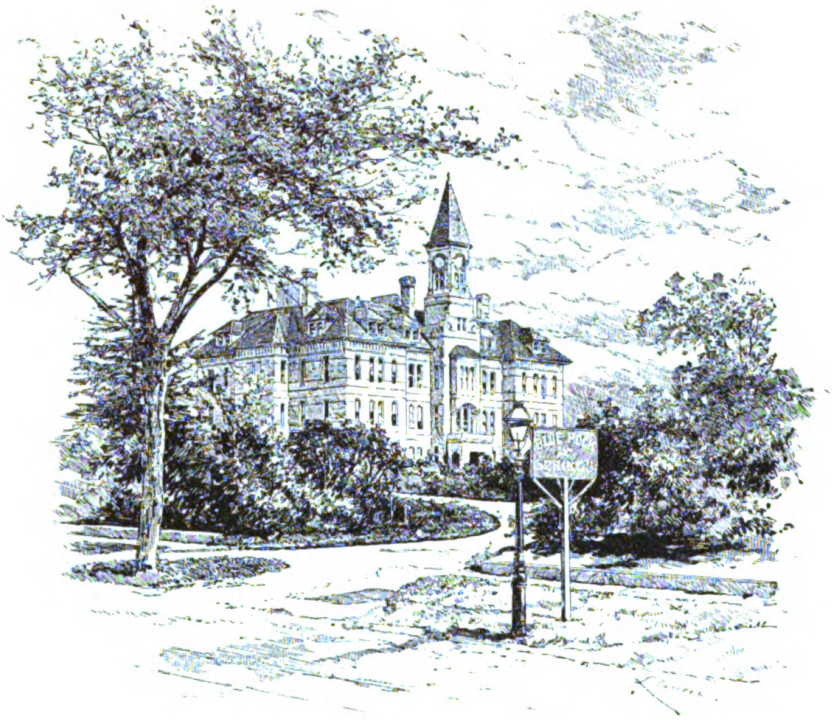
lake to obtain water free from the impurities which are brought down by the river. The capacity of the reservoir is six million gallons, and the total length of pipe laid, one hundred miles. The entire cost of works and pipe, from the crib in, has been nearly two million dollars.

As was to be expected of pilgrims from Connecticut, the first thought of the first settlers was for churches and schools for themselves and their children. Accordingly we find that as early as 1800 they invited here from their native State the Rev. Joseph Badger, a Congregational missionary, who went about among them, and preached in the open air or in the settlers' houses; and that two years later, Anna Spofford, the daughter of one of the first comers, gathered the little ones of the township into the "parlor" of Major Carter's log cabin, and taught their young ideas how to shoot in the right direction. This open-air church has grown into one hundred and fifty sacred edifices, some of them of the highest architectural beauty; and that one improvised school, into scores of educational palaces, where gather 50,000 children. And not content with providing the best system of instruction for the children, the people of Cleveland have organized an "Educational Bureau," managed by the first citizens, with the purpose to afford instruction and entertainment to the adult working classes by concerts, lectures, and gratuitous distribution of small books on useful subjects. Ten public entertainments have been given each season for three winters, the average attendance at which has been four thousand. The total distribution of books and pamphlets during the three years has been 167,200, and the average cost to each member, of each concert, lecture, and pamphlet, has been only three cents. The system is a most admira-



THE GARFIELD MONUMENT.

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SCHOOL OF APPLIED SCIENCE.

ble one, and it deserves to be copied in other cities. The School of Applied Science is another of Cleveland's educational features.

Growing naturally out of the many churches of Cleveland are a host of benevolent institutions—hospitals, orphan asylums, retreats for the aged, children's homes, and Friendly Inns, in which latter the poor may find free reading-rooms, with the best of papers, magazines, and books; and also good meals and comfortable lodgings at a cost of merely enough to pay the expenses of the establishment.

Cleveland can not be called a literary centre, its men being of the class not of writers, but of workers; and yet it has been the home of several authors who have achieved distinction. Beside Artemus Ward, of whom I have spoken, it was at one time the residence of William Dean Howells, the most popular among living American novelists. Constance Fenimore Woolson, the author of "Anne" and "East Angels," was born in New Hampshire, but Cleveland has been the home of her girlhood and early womanhood. Here too resides John Hay, the widely known author of "Little Breeches" and "Castilian Days."

As every man is different in form, feature, and character from every other man, so in all these respects every town is different from every other town. In the youth of towns this individuality is more marked and observable than when, in their older years, foreign elements have blended with the native, and they have become more cosmopolitan. But even then, down at the root, in the inner spirit, the native



THE CRIB.

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element controls, and gives its peculiar characteristics to the engrafted branches. So it is with Cleveland. A large foreign element has blended with the native, and somewhat modified its surface character, but the prominent features are still Yankee, and Connecticut Yankee at that. As Connecticut was sown with culled grain from Massachusetts, so northern Ohio was sown with culled grain from Connecticut, and this seed has produced a crop the like of which can be found nowhere else in this country. None of the first settlers are now living, but hundreds still linger on the Western Reserve whose memories go back to the time when Cleveland was an inconsiderable hamlet of not more than twenty houses. Some of these old worthies I have met, and one needs to meet them to realize what kind of men sprang from the loins of the New England of the year 1800.

Such a race accounts fully for the present generation which has builded Cleveland. If one were asked what is the prominent characteristic of these men of to-day, I think he would have to say, A large-minded and large-hearted liberality that does not stop to count any expenditure which may result in public good or benefit Cleveland. Scores of living men might be mentioned who would justify this remark. I may not speak of them; they are too many; but I may refer to two or three who are not living. One of these was Leonard Case, whose benefactions were simply princely; another was the late Henry Chisholm, whose benevolence flowed in a constant but unobtrusive stream, and who cared for the interests and studied the improvement of his army of 8000 workmen as if they had all been his own children; another was Joseph Perkins, who has recently died, mourned by the whole community; and still another was Amasa Stone, who while living gave half a million to Western Reserve College, and in dying left immense sums to educational and charitable institutions. And such men are still left in Cleveland. Now and then they are to be found in other cities, but here they are numerous enough to give character and tone to the whole community. With such men, and with its population increasing, its manufactures growing, and its trade expanding year by year in an almost unprecedented manner, it is not hazardous to predict that Cleveland will number five hundred thousand people by the close of this century.

DOGS AND THEIR MANAGEMENT.

BY HUGH DALZIEL.

THE dog stands in a closer relationship to man, in social life, than does any other of our domestic animals. Like the cat, the dog is admitted to our dwellings; and developing much stronger personal attachment than the former (in which affection is anchored on locality), and also being more demonstrative, he, for these and other reasons, is made a companion of, and in this way the mutual liking, which rests on the solid foundation of mutual interest, grows into something higher —into sentiments of esteem, involving on both sides sacrifices which strengthen the bond of union, and in the process slowly but surely raises the dog nearer to our own intellectual status, as he is led more and more to exercise those mental faculties with which he is more than any other of the lower animals endowed.

I think it will be admitted by all who reflect that self-interest first led man to adopt the dog. His usefulness as an assistant in the chase still remains the same as when savage man first subjugated to his purposes this fleet and cunning hunter, although now regulated by elaborate laws, established that our pleasure in his hunting qualities may be increased. In the management of our flocks and herds, the protection of person and property, and even as the mere object on which to lavish an exuberance of affection, we are still indebted to the dog, and in return it is a plain duty devolving on us that we should take some pains to understand his nature, physical and mental, that we may fairly, justly, and in the light of knowledge make him the return service which is his due.

A new phase of selfish appropriation of the dog has been developed in recent years by the establishment of exhibitions of these animals. These institutions have called into being, or have brought to the front, a class of men who keep dogs, often

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LADY GIFFARD'S MALTESE TERRIERS.

spending much money upon them, but with no love and but little understanding of the animals, the sole object being to secure to themselves a fame or a notoriety through their dogs that they appear instinctively to know it would be hopeless for them to seek in channels opened up by their own merits. To use so noble an animal to pander to human vanity is indeed to rate the dog very low, and as I have never seen other than harm from the existence of the class of men referred to, I sincerely wish they could be eliminated, and the business left to those who are capable of appreciating the dog, and whose desire it is to improve each breed and ameliorate the condition of the whole race by spreading far and wide a true knowledge of his nature and requirements.

There is another class to which I must briefly refer, and that is the people who dislike dogs from fear and other causes. I regret the existence of this class, but I neither wonder at nor blame them for their objections to my favorite animal. In the vast majority of cases dog haters have been made so by self-styled dog lovers of the order—of the very large order—who, resting satisfied if their dog gives them pleasure, ignore the eternal law of duty to their neighbor, and through selfishness, ignorance, or idleness, leave their dogs untaught and undisciplined to exercise their worst instincts, and consequently to be a common nuisance, and frequently a source of serious danger.

If I could persuade those who have a nervous dread of dogs to get a puppy and bring it up, and educate it to good habits and proper behavior, they would lose all fear of dogs in general, and find in their pet and scholar a rich return for the investment of that affection and sympathy with animal life, as a part of nature, which grows with exercise, and is its own reward.

Before entering upon details of treatment, I wish to repeat and emphasize the lesson I so earnestly desire to inculcate:

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that the man who makes a dog his own undertakes duties and responsibilities which he can not discharge himself from except by performance, and that can only be properly done by intelligent study of the animal's nature and requirements, and the adjustment of his conduct to these; and fortunately for the dog owner, in this as in most things, pleasure waits upon and rewards the performance of duty. Our duties to the dog may be described as threefold, and for convenience of treatment in this paper I will so arrange them.

First, there are the physical wants of the animal to be provided for, from the time the little whining creature is taken from its dam, whimperingly protesting against the enforced separation, till the end of his short life comes, and the question has to be decided, shall nature be allowed to slowly and painfully close the scene, or shall man in mercy use his prerogative and anticipate the end? Heartlessness is often in a hurry in the latter respect, and is quaintly rebuked in the old rhyme:

"Bowusky Bright was a sharp little cur;
He always would bark if a mouse did but stir;
But now he's grown old, and no longer can bark,
He's condemned by the parson to be hanged by the clerk."

The second division of the treatment refers to the training to orderly habits and to the higher education of the dog. The puppy does not take quite so kindly to this as to his breakfast and the rare fun of chasing the chickens, and if, as I hope, some American boys read this, they will acknowledge they could find a similar disposition not far from home; for if not, I shall think American boys as objectionable little prigs as Sandford and Merton. The education of the dog is a duty the owner owes to himself and his neighbors, and is a remunerative investment.

Third and last, it is incumbent upon us to use our knowledge and our care to save the dog from the sufferings of disease as far as our power permits.

The variation in the number of puppies in one litter is necessarily very great, and is accounted for by the vast difference in size of the several varieties. Tiny little toys seldom produce more than two or three at one time, whereas in the large breeds over twenty in a litter has frequently been recorded; four to ten, varying with the size of the breed, may be taken as the average. The period of gestation is sixty-three days, and that is important for every one to know who breeds dogs, for by noting the date when puppies are due, much suffering and probable loss and disappointment may be prevented by giving the bitch a little laxative medicine and food, and preparing for her a comfortable bed in some secluded place. There should be no hurry in feeding the dam, but, as soon as she will take it, strong meat broth, thickened with stale bread, alternately with bread and lukewarm milk and a portion of cooked meat, forms the most suitable diet. Some mothers refuse to leave their young for days, but if after twenty-four hours she refuses to be coaxed, she should be gently forced out for ten minutes' exercise, and from that time forward twice a day, increasing the time of her absence from the pups each day.

It is usual to wean the pups at about five weeks, and that is done by the simple process of removing them to some place where the dam can not gain access to them, and in many cases the pups are at that age distributed to purchasers or friends who propose rearing them. When the secretion of milk is profuse, it is dangerous to take all the pups away at once, for milk fever may be produced, or the milk ducts may get dammed up, local inflammation follow, and ultimately an ugly and troublesome tumor result. In such cases, and when the puppies die, the milk should be drawn off regularly, cooling saline aperients in small repeated doses given, and the external milk organs freely hardened with vinegar and water, or rubbed three times a day with a liniment made of equal parts of camphorated oil, spirits of hartshorn and whiskey, or other spirits of equal strength. On the other hand, some mothers get so exhausted by suckling that very severe and sometimes fatal fits attack them. Those of such a constitution should have their pups taken away to be fed by hand or put to a foster-mother, and the dam should be made warm and comfortable, kept quiet for a few days, and frequently fed, the diet including a portion of lean raw meat.

We will now suppose that one of the interesting little strangers, having had his little milky blue eyes opened on the world for about three weeks, finds himself away from his little nest-fellows, with whom he struggled and fought with puppyish growlings to secure more than his share

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or other warm material, and well supplied inside with hay, which is warmer than straw.

It is far better not to chain a dog, but in some cases there is no choice. Keeping on the chain spoils the shape of a dog, and it also in most cases spoils his temper; there is also the objection that his exercise is apt to be neglected, and without that few dogs will long remain in good health. Those who keep only one or two house dogs, and let them have pretty full liberty, seldom need to trouble about exercising them, as, unless of indolent natures or getting overfed, they will take enough for health; in the latter cases, however, exercise should be enforced, and a spin of ten miles with a horse is not too much for any dog in health, except mere toys or very heavy animals, and to these the speed of travel must be adapted and the distance somewhat reduced. Even lap-dogs should have regular exercise for health's sake, and a carriage drive is not a proper substitute for a good run. It is unkind to a pet dog to have it constantly carried and nursed till it partially loses the use of its limbs, and the toe-nails grow like those of a caged canary, and have to be cut to prevent them, as they curl round in their growth, from piercing the pad, rendered soft by want of use.

As the small pet dogs favored by ladies require special treatment, I will enumerate a few of the varieties, and refer to the proper means of keeping them in good order and condition. Of the long-haired ladies' pets the two principal ones are the Maltese terrier and the Yorkshire terrier; the first-named a pure white, with long, soft, silken hair touching the ground as the dog stands or runs about; so long is the hair on the head that when brushed out it falls over eyes, nose, and the whole face in a thick veil, but it is usually kept neatly plaited and tied with ribbon.

The Maltese are very scarce, and in England for some years back Lady Giffard, Brightley, Surrey, has invariably taken all the prizes at our shows. These beautiful little creatures are very intelligent and most obedient, as well as affectionate, as I can vouch for from an intimate acquaintance with them; indeed, I know no dogs better trained to good behavior than Lady Giffard's Maltese terriers, and that is a great charm in a pet dog. They are also strong in constitution and long-lived; one named Becridoline, now living, is eighteen years old. The weight of these dogs is from four to five pounds.

The Yorkshire terrier seems to be well known in New York, and when in good coat he is a very handsome little dog, the various shades of blue of the body color contrasting well with the rich warm tan of the head and legs. These dogs are bred and reared by the cotton and woollen operatives of Lancashire and Yorkshire, and are with much time and patience brought to a state of beauty of coat really wonderful. The secret of growing the coat is in keeping the hind-feet of the dog incased in chamois leather boots, so that in scratching he can not break the hair, as he would do with his claws if they were bare. Add to this treatment the frequent application to the hair and skin of cocoa-nut oil, and the constant careful brushing with specially made brushes of thin, long, and rather soft bristles, and it will be seen how difficult it is for any one not in the trade to keep dogs of that kind in really good form. Toy spaniels—of which the Blenheim (red and white) and the King Charles (black with tan markings) are the best, are flat-coated, with finely feathered ears, legs, and tail—are much more easily kept nice, and I think only require to be better known to be the prime favorite pet dog with American ladies. We have them the smooth-coated white, blue and tan, and black and tan terriers of small size, often objectionably bare of hair about head and neck. These are often of delicate constitution and very sensitive to cold, requiring to be clothed except in the warmest weather.

All of these, and others that might be enumerated, require to be washed regularly; once a week is generally sufficient. Carbolic acid soaps and all containing poisons should be avoided, the only soap I know of fit to be used on delicate dogs such as now referred to is that made by Spratt's patent, as its insecticide properties are due to a vegetable extract innocuous to the dog. Water about blood heat should be used, and the drying should be thoroughly done in a warm room, and the long-haired ones at once combed and brushed, and then allowed to play and roll on a carpeted floor.

Such dogs should be fed twice a day, with a varied diet of bread and milk, a little meat, gravy, bread, and green vegetables; sweets, of which most dogs become very fond, they are better without, but a

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rough bone that they can not break up is very beneficial, or chicken bones that they are able to break small may be given, as they aid digestion. The grooming of the larger and stronger, or, as we may call them, the out-of-door dogs, must be of a much more vigorous character. When a dog returns to the kennel from his exercise he should at once have the dirt brushed off with what stablemen call a "dandy" brush, and if there is dirt in the feet, it is better to wash and carefully dry them, for if grit is left between the toes it not merely annoys the dog, but is likely to set up local inflammation, difficult to subdue because of constant excitement in using the feet. Long-coated dogs, such as St. Bernards and collies, ought not to be combed, except where the hair from neglect may have become matted, for these dogs are provided with a thick under-coat of soft woolly hair, which the long outer hair hides, and the comb tears out this under-jacket, thereby greatly damaging the utility and the beauty of the coat as a whole.

Nothing is better for dressing dogs, rough or smooth, from fox-terriers up to mastiffs, than a hard swab of straw such as grooms often use to rub down a horse; after applying this with unsparing "elbow-grease," the dog may be polished off with a hound glove, which is simply a flesh glove of horse-hair or less harsh material, the softer selected to suit fine, delicate-skinned dogs—a feature in which dogs vary very much. The grooming should in all cases follow the lines of the principal muscles. Having carefully wiped the head well from nose to occiput with a soft towel, the harder glove or swab of straw should be applied steadily along the muscles of the neck, then down the shoulders and fore-legs, next vigorously along the muscles of the back, along the sides of the spine, never bearing on the centre of the back; give special heed to the muscles connecting the ribs and hind-quarters, and also to those of the thighs. In large dogs especially the thigh muscles are apt to be weak, partially atrophied, and giving that appearance known in kennel parlance as "cat-hammed." In such cases, before used in conjunction with the dry rubbing, the brisk application of a mixture in equal parts of soap liniment and compound camphor liniment daily often proves of great benefit in developing muscle. After grooming, feed; and after feeding, let the dog rest.

Two more phases of the treatment of dogs remain to be considered. These are, training to good behavior, and the prevention and treatment of the more common diseases from which the dog suffers, and which so often carry him off at the most promising part of his life.

Those who would rear dogs to be something more than mere consumers of food, and to be, as chance may direct, cleanly or uncleanly, a nuisance or a pleasure, a protection or a danger, a sagacious and bold defender of person and property or an unreliable and ferocious brute—in fact, useless or useful for the various purposes to which they may wish to apply him—must take the trouble to study the mental character of the species in general, and still more narrowly the bent and capacity of the individual. It is a mistaken opinion I have very often brought under my notice—and its popular adoption is easily to be accounted for—that because certain breeds have become noted for possessing certain qualities in a high degree, therefore it is only necessary to buy a mastiff to have a safe defender, a collie to protect and in every way tend a flock of sheep, or such a tricky dog as a poodle to stand on his head or dance a polka, without trouble being taken to teach either of them his special duties. All such expectations are doomed to disappointment, for although from a breed or a strain of dogs which have been long used for certain work and instructed and practiced in it, and with the additional immense advantage that generally only those that had displayed the greatest cleverness are bred from, a special aptitude for that work is inherited, and becomes a secondary instinct, which we see exemplified when a young pointer of good parentage stands to game the first time he is taken into the field, or when a young collie runs around a flock of sheep, whereas a dog of another breed would run at them, yet these dogs will not become proficient in their duties without teaching. Indeed, if untrained, it often happens that other habits, natural to the dog and representing a stronger and primary instinct, will develop, and obliterate the one we expected to grow.

Dogs admitted to breakfast or dining room should never be fed or given pieces during the meal, for if so indulged they become troublesome, and are apt to be specially so to visitors, for they are sharp

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enough to know with whom they may take liberties.

Another fault of ill-mannered dogs, and pet dogs in particular, is the habit many have of yelping at and even snapping at strangers, so that a visitor may feel much disposed to give Floss or Pompey a kick, when he with more politeness than honesty lavishes praises on its beauty. To prevent these annoyances and many others caused by the conduct of a pet or companion dog, one thing must be deeply fixed in the dog's mind, for it is the basis of all lessons, and that is that he must at all times render at command prompt and absolute obedience. In teaching this you may at the same time be giving initiatory lessons in duties he may have to learn when a little older. Take the young scholar into a room where you can be alone with him (you will thereby have the best chance of monopolizing his attention); place a cloth or mat at one side of the room, and placing him on it, and with menacing hand and gesture, order him to "lie down," walk backward to your seat at the other side of the room, still menacing and repeating your order. Of course Master Puppy will not lie still; he does not want to lie still, and does not yet see why he should. He must, however, be taught; so with patience and perseverance the lesson must be repeated time after time; but it is *most important* that this lesson, or any other, should not be so prolonged as to disgust the dog. Go back to the lesson daily, three times a day if you can, until the stronger will prevails, and the dog will lie still watching your every movement till you call him to you, and when that success has been reached, praise him without stint, and give up the lesson for the time; but return to it again and again until he is steady and reliable in obedience to order.

Now the lessons of obedience may be extended—one at a time—to such as "lie down," when he must be taught to drop or crouch wherever he may be, and when he does not, the hand must be used to press him down, always gently but firmly. Next give him something to lie by and take charge of, and when he obeys, pay with praise as surely as you censure disobedience. As soon as, by means of these simple lessons, he has mastered the idea that he *must* do what he is told, teaching him to carry, to fetch, to seek lost, and to watch over property given into his charge, even when you are absent, together with much more I need not enumerate, will become comparatively easy.

I will now very briefly refer to the dog's behavior out-of-doors, and to the correction of a few practices he is inclined to, but which do not meet the approval of many masters. I am presuming the dog has been thoroughly taught to come to call, and to lie down to order; but a dog much confined is under a strong temptation, when first let out, to have a gallop on his own account, and in his wild career, barking as he goes, regardless of voice or whistle, frightening old ladies, chasing cats, or perhaps getting chased himself by a bigger dog, and turned over and worried in the mire. All this can be prevented by letting him have a preliminary scamper, and if that is impossible, as it often is in towns, take him in leash for a time. The dog that is vexatiously noisy when let out can be managed by a little manœuvre, for as he has been already taught to carry, he has only to be employed in that way when first let out, as he manifestly can not bark with his mouth full.

A dog should not be allowed to pick up and eat anything in the street or at home that is not given to him, and that he has not distinct permission to eat. The enforcement of such a rule is no hardship on a well-fed dog, and it is a safeguard against poison, to which so many fall victims through the carelessness or maliciousness of people.

As I object to the whip being used except in the most extreme cases, I recommend marching the delinquent straight home, treating him to a good douching and a term of solitary confinement. All dogs are by nature predaceous, although in some, from long disuse, the instinct appears to be lost; it is, however, only dormant; and the timid toy dog that would run away from a sheep will chase and kill a chicken or a young rabbit. Some breeds are strongly disposed to worry and kill sheep and goats. The havoc a couple of dogs thus disposed (they usually hunt in couples) will cause is terrific, as, like ravenous wolves, they kill sheep by the score, as though for the mere love of slaughter, as they can not devour what they kill. The habit, once established, is seldom cured, and such dogs should be destroyed. Even dog-fanciers, often unrea-

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soning and unreasonable men, should see this, for it would be a mistake to breed from animals that had so far reverted to a savage state. Often in sheep and fowl killing the young dog begins in play and ends in earnest; he means to have a romp, but in the excitement of the fun the latent demon of destruction is roused, and he indulges it. There are many heroic measures for the cure of these habits paraded with loud trumpetings from time to time in the sporting papers. The dog, having been taught to come "to heel" at call of voice or whistle, take him repeatedly where poultry, sheep, and goats are, and keeping strict watch on his movements, looking well to the excitement he will probably display, give the order "to heel," and use sternly the warning, "ware sheep" or "ware fowls," as the case may be, as he shows a disposition to give chase. If the dog has previously offended, take him through the flock in leash a few times, impressing on his memory the warning words.

Another bad habit of some dogs is to run barking and snapping at the heels of horses; and it is utterly astonishing how complacently some dog owners look on while their untaught curs indulge in this practice, fraught as it is with great danger to property and life. Such people are not fit to be trusted with a dog. The cure for this habit will be evident to those who have read thus far, and in this and all cases of bad and dangerous habits the incurable dog should be killed without hesitation.

Turning now to a subject totally different from the physical and mental and, we may say, moral development of the animal, we come face to face with another class of difficulties that beset the dog owner—the diseases that give so much trouble and cause so much loss. It is, of course, impossible to do more in the limits of this paper than name a few of these ailments, selecting the most common, and to briefly describe the most easily recognized symptoms that indicate them, and to hint at the methods of prevention and cure.

To preserve continuity, and also for convenience, I will begin with the ailments of puppies. First, we have the feverishness and fretfulness incident to teething, and that lasts, or rather recurs at intervals as the deciduous teeth give place to the permanent ones, up to about the age of six and a half months, at which age the dog should have the whole set of permanent teeth, of which articles—that he knows so well how to make use of—nature has allotted him forty-two. It often happens that when the longer milk-teeth are being replaced by the stronger and permanent ones, the deciduous ones do not give place readily, and the local excitement becomes general and so great that the puppy has a fit; there is little danger in these fits, and a dose of castor-oil and such laxative food as well-boiled bullock's liver will prevent a return; it is, however, necessary, if both milk-teeth and the corresponding permanent ones are showing together, to extract the former. Having referred to fits, it may be as well to finish the subject, as, although not confined to puppyhood, it is during that stage of life they are most common.

With few exceptions fits are more alarming than dangerous. To see the lively, playful young dog, overflowing with health and exuberance of spirits, in a moment thrown on its side by an unseen force, and lying convulsed, the limbs moving involuntarily, the jaws champing, and the mouth filled with froth, often tinged with blood from the tongue being lacerated, is certainly alarming, and yet there need be no fear. Nothing more should be done than to gently place the sufferer in a position in which he can not hurt himself in his struggles. In a minute or two the dog will probably be quite well. But it sometimes happens that he recovers his physical powers before complete consciousness, and makes a bolt of it, running without definite object, and exhibiting a wild and dazed look. This is a most dangerous time for the poor dog, for persons ignorant on the subject are much given, under the circumstances, to raise the cry of "Mad dog!" and that generally means another canine victim to ignorance.

It can not be too widely known—and the humane dog lover should spread the knowledge—that fits, as usually understood by the populace, are not merely not a sign of rabies, or dog madness, but that mad dogs are not subject to fits, although they suffer from recurrent paroxysms of rage, and become paralyzed. Many a dog has been cruelly done to death because a fit of temporary duration has been interpreted as evidence of madness. When the dog has recovered he should be taken home, a dose of castor-oil administered,

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and, a few hours after, bromide of potassium in water, six grains to a forty-pound dog. The cause of the fit should be investigated, and with few exceptions that will be found to be teething, distemper, or intestinal worms, and in the vast majority of cases the last.

Distemper is one of the diseases incident to puppyhood, and is the most difficult for the dog owner to manage, from the fact that it assumes several very distinct forms, according to which of the organs is most directly and strongly attacked. It would be out of place here to attempt to deal with the subject fully and in detail. I will therefore briefly notice the more common symptoms and phases of the disease, and suggest what I consider the best home treatment. When the dog is first seized he shows it by want of appetite for food, but considerable thirst, disinclination to play or exercise, and general lassitude; the eyes are dull, the nose hot. These feverish symptoms are succeeded by running at the nose and eyes; as the disease proceeds, the discharge becomes more purulent, the dog rapidly loses flesh, and is reduced to helplessness; added to this the bowels are affected, diarrhœa of a severe character often sets in, and the dog becomes very offensive. In some cases the liver seems to be the principal seat of the disease. and in this case the dog is generally costive rather than purged. The eyes, inside of the ears, and the skin of the thighs and belly are yellow. When the brain is affected, the fact is generally indicated by fits, and this form is a very dangerous one, for even if the dog recovers, he is generally left with chorea, or, in kennel language, "the trembles." Distemper should, in the first instance, be treated as a catarrhal fever, and my own plan is to give a mild dose of purgative medicine, preceded by an emetic of ipecacuanha wine, and following these measures some such febrifuge medicine as the following: chlorate of potash, sixty grains; sweet spirits of nitre, two drams; Mindererus spiritus (solution of acetate of ammonia), two ounces; tincture of henbane, one dram; syrup of squills, two ounces; water, two ounces—mixed. The dose for a pointer dog six months old is a tablespoonful every four hours, and dogs of a different size and age in proportion. When the dog is violently purged, the ordinary household remedies may be used, half the adult dose being given to a six-months-old pointer. When fits occur, shave the hair from the back of the head and apply a strong blister of vinegar and mustard; and when the liver is affected, as shown by the yellowness of the eyes and skin, give a strong purge and apply the blister to the right side.

In a majority of cases, if a keen watch be kept on the health of the dog, and the fever medicine recommended at once resorted to, the more dangerous complications will be prevented. Far more than medicine, good nursing helps to pull dogs through distemper. Keep the patient warm, in an equable temperature not under sixty, where there is plenty of fresh air without draught, let the most scrupulous cleanliness be observed, and support the strength with strong food in small quantities often administered.

Dogs suffer much from both external and internal parasites. Of the former the flea is the most common, and may be destroyed by washing the dog in a weak decoction of quassia-wood, made by boiling half a pound in two gallons of water for ten minutes, afterward rinsing the dog with pure water. Puppies and sometimes old dogs suffer from lice and ticks. These disgusting-looking creatures cause their hosts great annoyance; but they are easily destroyed by rubbing into the roots of the hair dry white precipitate (ammonia chloride of mercury), and brushing it out in two hours afterward. There is no danger in using it.

A still more troublesome external parasite is the mange insect, which burrows in the skin, denudes the dog of hair, and, by the intolerable itching it causes, gives him no rest, so that he becomes lean, gaunt, filthy-looking, and an offensive object to our senses of sight and smell. There are endless advertised remedies for this truly loathsome disease, and some of them are very good. In my own treatment of dogs afflicted with it I generally use a lotion made by boiling half a pound of quicklime with two pounds of flowers of sulphur in two gallons of water down to one gallon. When cold, the clear liquid should be poured into vessels and kept well corked. The mangy dog being well rubbed with it night and morning for three days will generally be found cured.

The internal parasites, which embrace from thirty to forty varieties of worms, are a far more serious evil in the kennel than the external parasites. Those often-

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KENNEL BELONGING TO DR. J. SIDNEY TURNER, UPPER NORWOOD, SURREY, ENGLAND.
From a photograph by T. Holloway, Anerley, S. E.

est met with are the tape-worm and round worm, and they are the source of many evils and the cause of a large percentage of deaths. Some writers, including those who at the present time are often quoted as authorities, attribute the presence of worms to feeding with cow's milk, and have gravely recommended goat's milk to be substituted, that, it is asserted, being, unlike cow's milk, free from the ova of worms. Five minutes' consultation of the works of Dr. Spencer Cobbold would show these people that the theory is wholly imaginary, and that would be a quicker and cheaper way of solving their difficulty than experimenting with a herd of goats and a kennel of puppies. It also happens, in disproof of the above too popular theory, that pups appear to be born with worms in their intestines; at least it is a well-known fact that at an age when they have had no other sustenance than the milk of the dam, of those that die, on being dissected, some are found with the smaller intestines blocked with coils of worms. Breeders should take a hint from this fact, and administer vermifuges to their brood bitches.

The most ordinary symptoms indicating worms are irregularity of the appetite and also of action of the bowels, hot, dry nose, and harsh standing coat. The results produced by these parasites are various and generally serious—irritability of temper, emaciation of body, not infrequent paralysis of hind-quarters, and very often an annoying skin disease, difficult to manage, which, as it differs in its cause from other skin diseases, further differs in not being contagious. It may be as well to say here that several forms of skin disease—nearly all except those due to the action of external parasites—have their origin in disturbance of the digestive and assimilative organs, and it is in that way worms are often the primary cause of eczema. The same result may of course follow, worms not being present, and in such cases a saline purge of Epsom salt and an entire change of diet for a week will often effect a cure. If the dog has been chiefly fed on bread or biscuit, give for a week little else than lean raw meat, or *vicè versa*. In the state of the skin referred to the following lotion invariably allays the irritation: pure crystallized carbolic acid, one and a half drams; glycerine, one and a half ounces;

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laudanum, two ounces; carbonate of potash, three drams; water, one quart. The skin should be well wetted with it twice a day or oftener.

Remedies for expelling worms are legion. Every kennel man and every dog-breaker has an infallible cure, which is, of course, a profound secret; but such men, alike ignorant of diseases and of drugs, should not be allowed to ape the veterinarian, for great evil is often done by the injudicious use of medicines, which is not immediately apparent.

One of the safest and best vermifuges is the Arica nut; but a sound, heavy nut must be selected, for unsound, worm-eaten nuts are inert; give after keeping the dog without food for from six to twenty-four hours, according to age; the dose is, for young puppies, one grain, to two grains for mature dogs, per pound weight, up to a maximum dose of two drams for the largest dogs.

Another very troublesome disease is known generally as canker of the ear. It is easily recognized by the dog pawing his ear and violently shaking his head. As the disease proceeds, a dark and offensive exudation from the meatus is observed, and the pain and discomfort give the dog no rest. The best treatment is to give a dose of saline aperient every third day for a fortnight, and keeping the ear clean by bathing freely with warm water. Pour into it twice a day a tea-spoonful of this mixture: Goulard's extract (liquor plumbi subacetatis), half an ounce; olive oil, two and a half ounces.

It was my intention in this article to consider at length that dreadful disease rabies, or canine madness, but I have only room to refer to it in a few brief remarks.

A mad dog on the rampage, frothing at the mouth and covered with foam, is a creature of the imagination.

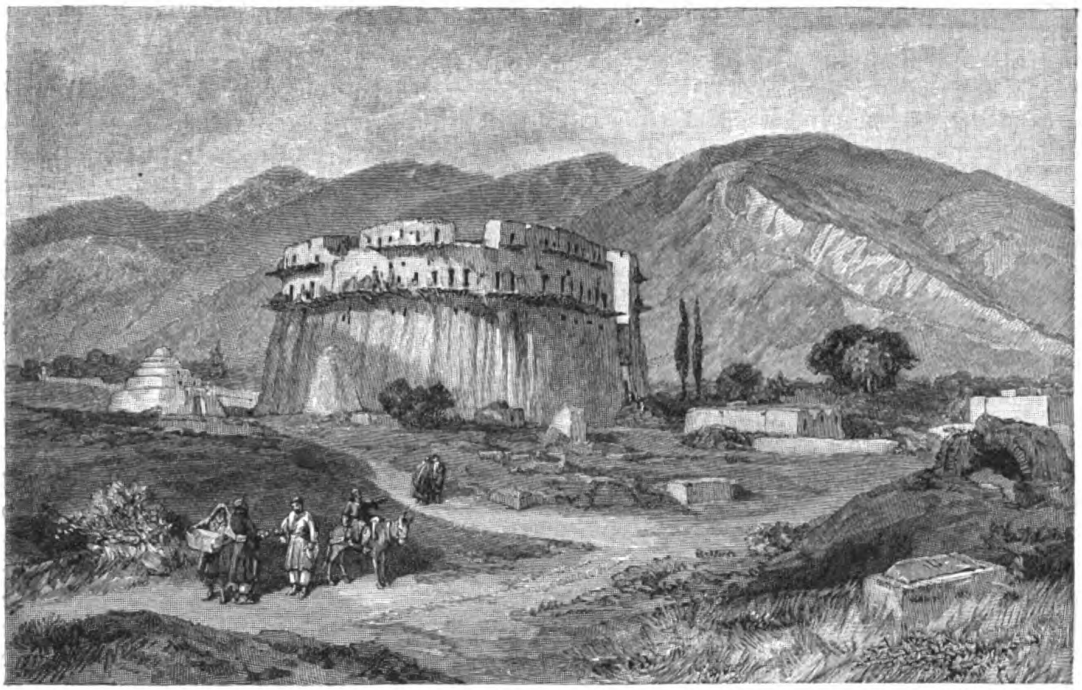
Mad dogs are not afraid of water; under the influence of the disease they will plunge their mouths into water to cool the burning fauces. The term hydrophobia is therefore a misnomer applied to this disease in the dog, although correctly describing a symptom in the disease communicated to man by the bite of a mad dog. The bite of a healthy dog, even should he become rabid the week after, can not possibly produce hydrophobia in the person bitten. Nothing but the virus of rabies can communicate the disease to man. Seizure with a fit of an epileptic character, convulsion of the body, kicking with the whole or some of the limbs, champing of the jaws, and frothing at the mouth are not only not symptoms of rabies, but may in nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand cases, if not in every case, be considered as proof that the dog is not mad. I have neither seen, heard of, nor read of a mad dog suffering from such a fit except in the very last stages of the disease.

The true and unerring symptoms are: change in the natural disposition and temper; excitement on seeing anything bright and glistening, such as patent-leather, polished metal, etc.; a disposition to retire behind dark objects; a peculiar gleam in and unsteadiness of the eye; disposition to gnaw inedible things, such as straw, stones, carpet, wood, his own chain, etc.; snapping at imaginary objects; unusual excitement on hearing strange or sudden noises; indiscriminate attacks on every other dog (in a usually quiet, well-behaved dog this conduct should alone excite strong suspicion); change in the tone of voice, the bark becoming harsh, husky, and hollow in sound.

Even one of these symptoms should put the owner on his guard and on the *qui vive* for others, and a combination of several or all of them may be considered certain evidence of his madness. The first duty, then, is to isolate the dog, and keep him confined, waiting the development of other symptoms and examination by a veterinary surgeon; and if the services of the latter are not obtainable, keep the patient supplied with food and water, and watch the progress of the disease. If he howls dismally, persists in gnawing inedible bodies, is seized with paroxysms of rage, or becomes paralyzed to any extent, although death would certainly ensue within twelve days or so, probably less, from the time the seizure was first observed, it will be most merciful to the animal to end his sufferings by killing him.

There is no known cure for this terrible malady, and it is fortunate that it is comparatively rare. Under these circumstances it is pleasant to record that a gleam of sunshine on this dismal subject comes to us from France, where M. Pasteur has been prosecuting researches into the nature of this disease, which has baffled the learned of every country for more than two thousand years.

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LASGIRD.

WITH THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

BY WILLIAM SIMPSON.

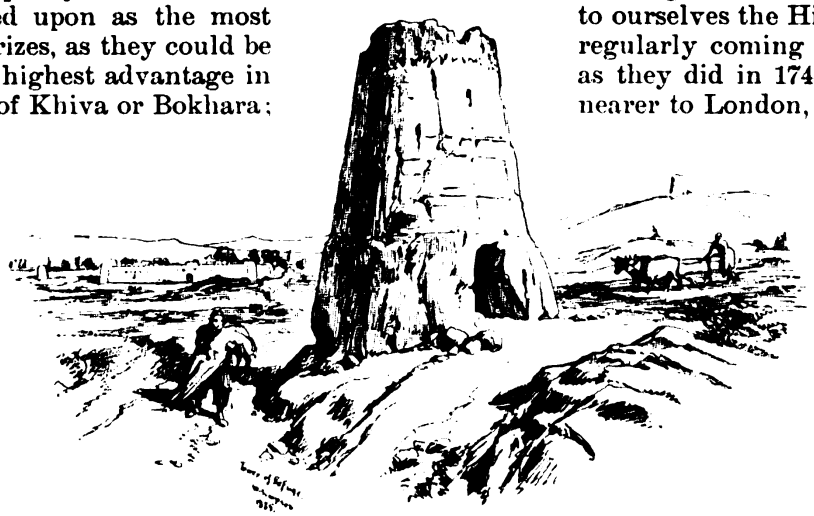
THE present condition of Central Asia, as well as of the countries around it, can scarcely be understood without giving some account of the Turkoman raids. For a long period of time this raiding system has gone on, but, owing to the out-of-the-way position of the region, the people of the West knew little or nothing of what was taking place. It is only lately that a few daring travellers have ventured, at great risk to themselves, into the Dasht-i-Turkoman, as the great plain of Central Asia is called, and revealed to us a slight knowledge of its present condition. Having gone with the Afghan Frontier Commission through Persia to the banks of the Heri-Rud and the Murghab, I thus passed over one of the favorite raiding grounds, and had the opportunity of seeing the results which it produced, and of realizing to a certain extent the appalling character of the system. The raiding of the Turkomans was essentially a slave-dealing system, founded on the assumption of a right of property in human flesh and blood. Men, women, and children were carried off to Khiva and Bokhara, thus placing the impassable desert between them and their homes, so that escape was all but impossible—this security producing a corresponding value in the slave markets of these places.

These predatory excursions were known as "chapows" by the Persians, and as "alamans" by the Turkomans. The number of men engaged in one of them depended much on the character of the leader: if he had a previous reputation for success in such expeditions, large numbers would flock to him when a new raid was projected; at times as many as five or six thousand men would engage in one of these expeditions. Horses were put under a peculiar diet and training to fit them for the necessary endurance, for it must be understood that the Turkoman's horse formed the essential part of the raider, where long rides and sudden surprises were the main tactics of the game. As the Thugs of India converted their system of murder into a kind of worship, so the Ishans, or Mohammedan mollahs, gave a religious sanction to the foray by blessing it before starting. At first the "alaman" would move slowly across the desert; but as soon as the Persian frontier

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was passed, it made long and stealthy marches by unfrequented routes, avoiding all large towns, till the selected district was reached. Small parties were then detached; these in the dusk of the early dawn crept under the cover of hollows or rising ground toward villages, on which they came down with a lightning sweep, so as to catch the men or women at work in the fields, or by the surprise to seize the cattle before they could be driven in. Men, women, and children, as well as horses, cattle, and sheep, were all fish to the Turkomans' net, and whatever was taken they carried off to the main body of the alaman, who guarded the plunder while the detachments carried on the work. If a village could be taken, then every living thing in it became spoil; whatever the robber's horse could carry, or whatever could be forced to move on its own legs, was borne away. Young girls—if they were pretty—and children were looked upon as the most valuable prizes, as they could be sold to the highest advantage in the bazars of Khiva or Bokhara; it was also considered a lucky stroke when any one of wealth or rank was caught, a heavy ransom being expected for his release. We were told of one raid in which 130,000 sheep, goats, and other animals had been swept away; this large number has much the appearance of an exaggeration, but supposing we subtract a large discount from the figures—say twenty-five or even fifty per cent.—the sum will yet present a calamitous loss to the people who were despoiled. When the operations on the ground selected were completed, the alaman began its retreat, generally taking another route from that by which it came. If not too much overburdened with spoil, the plundering would go on during the return march. When a successful expedition had been made, and each returned rich from robbery and crime, there was great rejoicing in the auls, or collections of kibitkas, which form the villages of Turkestan; the Ishans again came forth and uttered prayers of thanks to Allah for all the good things which had come to them.

Sir Peter Lumsden and the portion of the Afghan Boundary Commission which started from London had to pass through Persia, and we had not marched far from Tehran when indications of this raiding system began to appear. The capital of Persia is about 600 miles due west from the frontier on the Heri-Rud, and the raiders were in the habit of carrying their expeditions up to less than 100 miles of the seat of government. To realize this state of things we have to picture to ourselves the Highlanders regularly coming to Derby, as they did in 1745, or even nearer to London, and plundering the whole region as they came and went, to give us an idea of the condition of Persia up to the present day, for it is only a couple of years since the raiding ceased. The Turkomans were not without daring, but this state of things must be looked upon not so much as an illustration of their character, but rather as showing the imbecility of the Persian government, which either permitted such things to take place or connived at them through its subordinates on the frontier. The people had to do the best they could to protect themselves. Villages, through insufficiency of numbers, could not oppose large bands of well-



TOWER OF REFUGE.

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GREAT HIGHWAY OF CENTRAL ASIA.

armed marauders; but strong walls could be constructed as a means of defense. Mud is the building material in Persia, and in a dry climate it fulfills every necessary requirement; we found the village walls were made of this, and often of great thickness, so that a breach could not be easily made. Through this there was only one small entrance, so low that a Turkoman on horseback could not pass through, which, had it been large, he might possibly have done when in chase of those flying for refuge, and the village might have been taken through this means. The door in many instances was of stone, so that it could not be destroyed by fire. The raiders never thought of laying siege in any way to a place. They made a sudden dash; if it failed, they went off to try the same process on the next village; hence all that the villagers required was refuge and safety from these momentary assaults.

We found a remarkable instance of a village with the necessary defensive conditions on our route; it is called Lasgird, and it is within 100 miles, to the eastward, of Tehran, thus illustrating how near to the capital protection was essential. In plan the outer wall was a circle, this being an exceptional feature; its antiquity may be presumed, as the marking out of the circular form is ascribed to *Las* or *Last*, a son of Noah—a character not generally known to Biblical students—*gird* having a meaning something like ring or girdle, being that which goes round or incloses. This circular wall may be about 20 or 30 feet thick, and it rises in a solid form to perhaps 30 or 40 feet; on this the houses are built in two irregular tiers all round. Perched at this height, the people were out of all danger, while the only entrance was closed by a massive granite door 45 by 37 inches, and about 7 inches thick, working on pivots, like the old stone doors found still existing in the Hauran. The central part of the inclosure was filled up with a honey-combed mass of houses which were used for the storage of grain, and for receiving the horses, cattle, sheep, etc. The means of communication round this strange structure was by a balcony formed of projecting trees, rudely trimmed, covered or interlaced with branches, and then laid over with mud, and without any external protecting railing. On this dangerous and rickety support we saw wo-

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men, children, sheep, and goats moving about; the goats may have been quite at home, but what percentage of children tumbled down every year we did not learn: such accidents seemed to us—strangers—as something inevitable under the conditions. When a raid took place, all that could manage to get inside were safe; there was no intermediate position; it was necessary to be either in or out; to be inside was salvation, on the outside was destruction. Where there were hills or rising ground near the villages, towers were constructed, and men kept constant watch. When the cloud of dust was seen in the distance—a sure indication of horsemen in a dry climate—muskets were fired to give warning, beasts were driven into the village, and every one sought the protection of walls. In many cases the fields were too distant for those working in them to have time to run to the village, so towers of refuge had to be erected; these could either be entered by a ladder, which was drawn up afterward, or by a narrow opening, through which it would have been certain destruction for the pursuer to attempt to follow. The mills for grinding corn had to be placed wherever a stream of water could be found, and I noticed that there was a tower of refuge attached to each of them, and it was so placed that the miller could run up into it without having to go outside.

Such were the conditions under which agriculture had to be carried on. Commerce had also to struggle against the same difficulties. If the raiders got information of a rich caravan of merchandise or of pilgrims passing between Tehran and Meshed, they lay in wait for it at some convenient spot, where its capture became almost a certainty. To insure safety, caravans always went in large numbers, and an escort went with them, but merchants, mule-drivers, pilgrims, and escort were all impressed with such terror of the Turkomans that their powers of defense might be compared to that of sheep when the hungry wolves make an attack. A piece of artillery was often sent, which, like artillery in battle, might have carried a moral power along with it, but practically nothing could have been more useless. Its moral effect on those belonging to the caravan was that they looked upon it as something in the light of a talisman, which had the virtue of counteracting all the powers of evil; if the cry of an "alaman" was raised, the mob of pilgrims and merchants at once crowded round the gun as a place of security, and supposing the gunners had retained the necessary courage to have fired it—a most doubtful supposition under the circumstances—the effort would have been an impossibility.

At regular stations on the road, caravansaries exist for the accommodation of travellers; these are large structures, generally built of brick, and with a strong door which could be secured, and the Turkomans defied. These places could receive camels, horses, and all beasts of burden, as well as men and women; they are what might be called the "hotels" of the East, and in the season when the pilgrims visit "Meshed the Holy" those on this route become crowded with a varied mass of humanity, which presents a fine field of study to all who are interested in Eastern habits and customs. The journey from Tehran to Meshed occupies the most part of a month, and in the days of Turkoman alamans it was a time passed in constant terror and alarm; but the desire among Sheah Mohammedans to visit the tomb of the Imam Reza is so great that thousands of men, women, and children yearly risked all the difficulties and dangers of the route. It will be easily understood that commercial operations could not flourish under such opposing influences; the wonder is that any trade could have existed under such an order of things. Caravans with merchandise never ceased to pass; but business under such circumstances must have been of a very limited kind. We had on our way a tangible evidence of the amount of mercantile activity which goes on; this was the postman between Tehran and Meshed: he passed only once a week between these two places, and he could carry all the correspondence, not only of these two important cities, but also of the region between, which is over 500 miles—about the distance from London to Aberdeen—in the saddle-bags of the horse he rode, and he never seemed to be overburdened by his load.

The road we travelled on eastward from Tehran is an ancient one, and in addition to the interest it presented to us in connection with the raiding system, it had historical associations which belong to a far past date. From the earliest times it must have been the great highway of Central Asia. The Dasht-i-Kuvir, or Great

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PENJDEH.

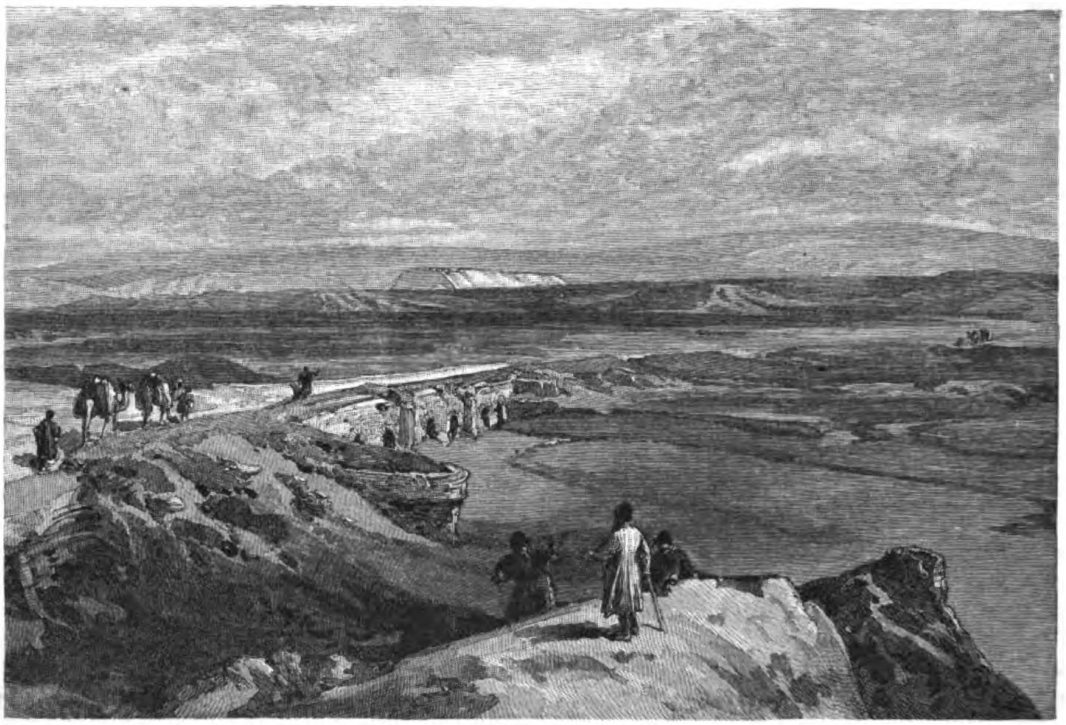
Salt Desert, comes close up to it on the south, and the Elburz range is on the northern side. The road passes along close to the base of the hills, thus avoiding them; and as the desert on the other side is impassable, this road is almost the only line of communication between east and west through Persia. By this route Alexander pushed his conquests to Bactria and India; in the opposite direction the hordes of Genghiz-Khan brought death and devastation westward. Timour-Lung must have trodden over the same ground. At a later date the cruel Nadir Shah marched his army on this line when he invaded India and slaughtered the inhabitants of Delhi. The road led to "far Cathay," and Marco Polo must have made its acquaintance in his travels. It was from the earliest times the route of commerce as well as of conquest, and caravans bearing the productions of India, China, and the far East have for many long ages toiled along this dusty way.

Meshed is only about 100 miles from what used to be the Turkoman frontier. It was rather a surprise to find it such a large and important city in such near proximity to the home of the terrible raiders, but, as already explained, these scourges never attacked large towns; hence Meshed enjoyed a condition of safety. It is the capital of Khorassan; the Governor-General of that province resides there, and he has always a body of troops at his disposal. The great importance of Meshed results from the tomb of the Imam Reza being within its walls. Thousands of Sheah pilgrims come every year to worship at this shrine. The rich spend money, and the poor are fed at the expense of the saint, who, although dead nearly a thousand years ago, is enormously wealthy. He possesses villages and lands in every part of Persia, the revenue from which amounts to a large sum every year.

Mirza Abdul Wahab Khan, the Governor-General of Khorassan, received the Afghan Frontier Commission with much ceremony on its arrival at Meshed. The istikhbal, or procession of welcome, met Sir Peter Lumsden a mile or so outside of the city, bringing carriages with it, in which the members of the Commission were driven to a camp of magnificent tents pitched in a garden. Here the chief cook of the Governor-General had a splendid breakfast in readiness, in which Persian pillaus and other dishes peculiar to the country appeared in such profusion that, although we all had appetites in good condition from the early morning march, our powers were not sufficient for the occasion, and dishes had to be removed untouched.

In the plain around Meshed there are villages with people living in them, but our first march eastward brought us to a region where they had long ceased to exist. Here and there ruined walls and mounds told that a population had lived upon the ground. This had been so long

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PUL-I-KHISTI AND AK TAPA.—[SEE PAGE 603.]

ago that the soil had returned to the condition of a jungle, and it was only by discovering the old irrigation channels—and time had left only the faintest traces of them in many parts—that we felt certain of former cultivation. Between Tehran and Meshed we had seen the thick walls of defense around each village, and the towers of refuge in the fields, all telling of danger and of the precarious conditions of life; men told us of the raids, and many who had been made prisoners and carried off recounted their experiences to us. To the eastward of Meshed, as we neared the once dreaded Turkoman country, the change was marked: we found that human beings had long ceased to live here, and the powers of destruction had been so great that a desert only was left. All the way to Sarakhs, and from that south along the Heri-Rud to Kuhsan, which is close to Herat, not a single village is to be seen. Herat is two hundred miles from Sarakhs, and nearly the whole of that space is a desert. Scarcely a soul is met with over this large extent of ground. Once or twice we passed shepherds with their flocks, but it is only within the last year or so that they have ventured where the danger was once so great.

Our way eastward to Sarakhs was along the Keshef-Rud, a stream which flows into the Heri-Rud at Pul-i-Khatun. At Ak Durbund there is a wretched mud fort, in which we found about half a dozen scarecrows, which in Persia are supposed to be soldiers. Here the valley of the Keshef-Rud had become narrow, and there were towers on the hills, with walls between them, which had been intended to prevent the raiders from passing—a purpose in which success had not been attained.

After passing Ak Durbund we left the Keshef-Rud, and struck northeast on the direct line to Sarakhs; this soon brought us to high ground, from which we looked down on the Heri-Rud, and where I got the first glimpse of the great plain of Central Asia. Having for some weeks before been passing through the desolation caused by the inhuman forays of the Turkomans, every day bringing us to some further illustration of their doings or tale of their cruelties, here at last we could gaze down on the source from which they came. It recalled the ascent of Vesuvius after having seen the remains of Pompeii and Herculaneum. I was looking on the crater from which torrents of human lava had poured out, carrying

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ruin and death on their way. On a line eastward were the low undulations where the northern slopes of the Paropamisan range sank into the flat level of the great Dasht-i-Turkoman, the line of which extended away to the north as straight against the sky as the horizon of the sea. This straight line recalled the theory that the plain of Central Asia had been at some far remote period the basin of an inland ocean, when this, with the Caspian and the Euxine, was probably but one sheet of water. As we gazed upon the scene it was peaceful enough; not a living soul was to be seen, for a desert had been produced. While standing on this spot and thinking of what the past had been, and knowing the changes which had lately occurred, I began to realize the fact that the present time is a turning-point in relation to this portion of the earth's surface. A great and important chapter in the history of the human species had been closed; a new order of things was about to begin. This part of Asia had become a den of thieves and murderers; it had become all but separated from the rest of the world; civilization had been shut out; its people had grown to be a nation of Ishmaelites, their hand against every man, and every man's hand against them. Law and order were now to appear; safety for men and property would be the rule in the future; commerce, with all its train of what is new and progressive, would soon take the place of war and man-stealing; and better conditions would result, not only for those who had suffered, but also for those who had been the cause of the suffering.

The honor of suppressing this raiding system and all its manifold evils is due to Russia. She may have other objects in view as the ultimate aim of her extension into Central Asia, but for the accomplishment of this she deserves the gratitude of the whole civilized world. The occupation of Bokhara and Khiva extinguished the two great markets for the sale of slaves; after Geok Tepé was taken, and Merv was held by the Russians, the alamans became an impossibility. While the raiding system went on, all the countries round were demoralized, so that any development or progress was out of the question; but now they will have a chance of a settled condition, and their prosperity is certain. The only influence in that quarter that can be seen at present as likely to disturb the future is in the probable schemes of Russia in relation to Afghanistan and India, and perhaps the annexation of territory in Persia.

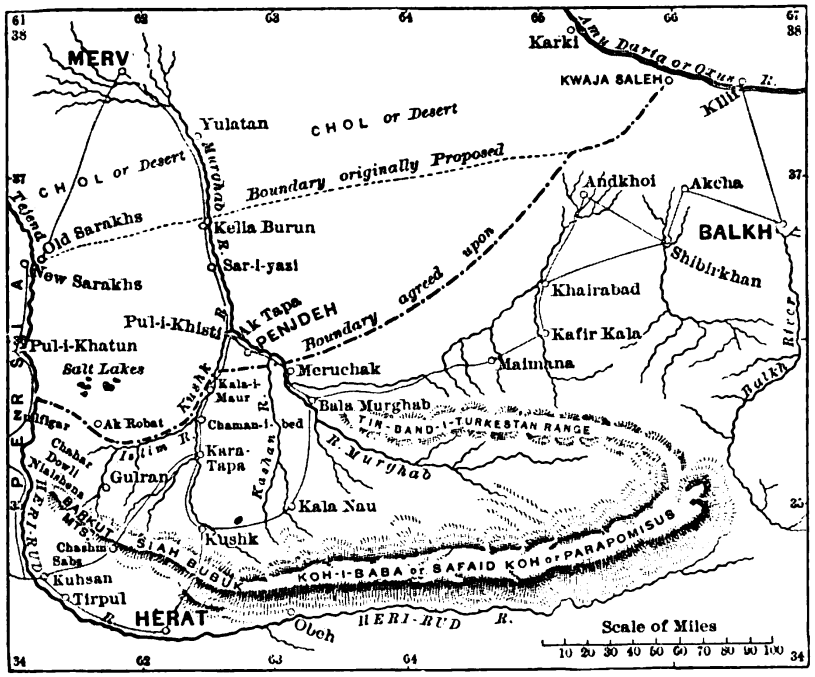
Sir Peter Lumsden arrived at Sarakhs on the 8th of November. He thus duly appeared at the place of meeting where the Russian Commission ought also to have been, according to the arrangement. We made a halt there of a couple of days. Our camp was at New Sarakhs, which is on the Persian frontier, the Heri-Rud being the boundary line. At the time of our visit the bed of the river was dry. It is a peculiarity of many of the streams hereabouts that in places the water sinks below the surface during the dry season, and comes up again beyond. The Heri-Rud disappears about ten miles above Sarakhs, and when it re-appears, further on to the north, it is called the Tejend. In the spring, when the snow on the Koh-i-Baba begins to melt, the supply of water makes a continuous stream. Old Sarakhs is about a mile or so from the east bank of the river. New Sarakhs was constructed only a few years back by the



OLD SARAKHS.

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Persians. The work well illustrates the character of all things military among that people. Instead of making a place capable of resisting the modern means of attack, this fortress, which is within three-quarters of a mile from the boundary line, is formed of high mud walls—a primitive style of fortification which has existed in this part of the world from the earliest times, and the original type of which may be seen in the Assyrian sculptures. Old Sarakhs had been occupied by the Russians only about four or five months before our arrival, and the troops were in a small camp formed of kibitkas. General Komaroff, who is the head authority in the trans-Caspian province, had come on a visit, so I rode over to ask permission to make sketches of the old place. The general received me most graciously, and



THE NEW RUSSIAN-AFGHAN FRONTIER.

sent a couple of Akhal Teké horsemen as my attendants. Colonel Alikhanoff was with the general. He most kindly invited me to pay him a visit at Merv, of which he is the Governor—an invitation which I greatly regret it was out of my power to accept at the moment, our stay being so short. All that remains of Old Sarakhs is a large mound, square in form, and covered with bricks. Scattered around it are portions of mud walls, and a number of rude huts made of reeds, in which the Turkomans of to-day live. The only building left is an old tomb, called Ugle Baba, said to be the tomb of Abel. On the west of New Sarakhs there is a similar tomb, which tradition declares to be that of Cain. These are no doubt connected with another tradition that Adam had his garden at Sarakhs, and came up every morning from Serendib, or Ceylon, to work in it. As the Mohammedans have legendary stories about Adam with Ceylon and Adam's Peak there, this should, I think, be ascribed to them, but General Komaroff told me that there were a number of traditions associating Noah with Merv, and he believes in some early Jewish connection as the source from which these legends originated. These, with the Jewish origin of the Afghans, and a number of similar inquiries, must be left to the future investigations of archæologists.

On leaving Sarakhs we moved south along the western bank of the Heri - Rud, which brought us to Pul-i-Khatun: *pul* in Persian means "bridge," and *khatun* is "lady." It is supposed that the bridge at this place is as old as the period of Timour, and that it was built by one of the ladies of his family; it is constructed of brick, with six arches, and although much decayed, it would be still serviceable if the central arch were not broken. About thirty miles further south we could see the entrance to the Zulfigar Pass on the eastern side of the river; it is a grand gorge among bleak, rocky hills. Zulfigar was the name of Ali's sword; it means "the two-edged," and was given to him by Mohammed. The weapon seems to have been as wonderful as the "Excalibur" of Arthur, for the pass was produced by a stroke from it. Ali, who has been all but deified by the Sheahs, never could

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have been in his lifetime further east than the Euphrates Valley; still faith has created legends about him which extend as far as Ali Musjid in the Khyber. From Sarakhs to Herat is about 200 miles, and nearly the whole distance is now a desert; it is known as "the District of the 350 Ruined Villages." As far as Kuhsan, which is about sixty miles from Herat, we found no habitation, and with the exception of a shepherd here and there—for they now venture over the ground with their flocks—we scarcely saw a human being on our way. This desert condition has resulted from the raiding; the most of the ground might be as fertile as the Herat Valley is celebrated for being, and no doubt but it was so before the villages were destroyed and the people exterminated.



SARIK TURKOMAN WOMAN.

At Kuhsan we met the Indian camp and that portion of the Commission which had come with it. They had, under the charge of Colonel Ridgeway, made a remarkable march north through the deserts of Beluchistan and Seistan. With it was the Survey Department, which has done a large amount of good work, and given us accurate maps, which we had not before. It was now nearing the end of November, and winter-quarters for the camp had to be thought of. It was arranged that the main body of the camp should move eastward to the Murghab, while Sir Peter Lumsden, with a light camp, struck away in a northeast direction to visit Penjdeh. This took us across the district of Badghis, once a province of the old kingdom of Ariana, to the Kushk, the principal tributary of the Murghab. We descended that stream to Ak Tapa and Pul-i-Khisti, or "the bridge of bricks." It was here that the fight took place afterward between the Afghans and the Russians at the end of March; it is now generally spoken of as Penjdeh, but the old remains of that place are in reality about six miles to the south, on the Murghab. *Ak Tapa* means the "white mound," from a large heaped-up mass of earth which is there; these mounds are a peculiarity of the sites of old cities in this part of the world, and there is some difficulty in determining their original purpose. There is no doubt but they are old, and it has been suggested that they were the "high places" on which the Guebres placed their fire altars. One theory is that they were tombs. The most probable explanation is that they were heaped up to form strong places of defense, and were the citadels of a primitive period. Scattered round these mounds are lower heaps and ridges marking the remains of the town. The building material in this part of the world was, as it is to-day, principally mud, or sun-dried brick, which is the same; and earth heaps are all that is now to be seen of the remains of cities. There are no

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ancient temples which tell their tales of the past, such as those which are to be seen in Greece, Egypt, or India. The structures were of dust, and into dust they have returned. Ak Tapa was the largest of the mounds which we saw, and the ground round it is filled with fragments of pottery, showing that a town had existed at some far back date. If the Tapa was a defensive work, its great size would show that the strategic importance of the place had been no new discovery on the part of the Russians; it derives this importance from the command it gives of the upper portion of the Murghab Valley as well as the Kushk, the line of the latter leading straight south upon Herat, and forming part of the direct road to that place from Merv. From the absence of water, no force of any size could move south except upon the Heri-Rud or the Murghab and the Kushk. When Russia chooses to attack Herat, she will now be able to utilize both lines, and march two armies upon that place.

We found the Sarik Turkomans in occupation of the Murghab Valley from near Ak Tapa all the way south to Meruchak, a distance of nearly thirty miles. They were living, not in houses, but in kibitkas, which are a kind of hut formed of wicker-work and pelts; these are movable, and are peculiar to the people of Turkestan, who are all more or less nomadic. The kibitka does not require a central pole like a tent, which allows of the fire-place being in the middle of the structure, and the smoke escapes by a hole in the top, the light being admitted by the same aperture. No tables or chairs are used; all sit on carpets in the Oriental fashion, and the making of these carpets is one of the occupations of the women. These articles, although produced by the most primitive means, are of the most beautiful kind. The only thing to be regretted about them in the present day is that bright colors of a fugitive kind have found their way into Central Asia from Europe, which have had a tendency to destroy the artistic harmony of design, and at the same time to deprive them of the old value they possessed from the permanency of their dyes. The raiding having been now entirely suppressed, the Sariks, who had been as much given to that as their neighbors, have taken to agriculture, and we found them busy with the plough, while groups were clearing out the old irrigation channels, and bringing more ground under cultivation. We found a village or two of them in the Kushk Valley, in which they were extending their operations. I find that writers and speakers at home suppose that the region is a desert. This is only so far true at the present day from the land having been, from causes explained in this article, out of cultivation for many years. It is important to understand that the country need not necessarily be a desert; in former times it was not so; on the contrary, it was rich and fruitful, with a large population. About the middle of the third century B.C., Antiochus Theodorus, the grandson of Seleucus, was called "the Governor of the Thousand Cities of Bactria." It could not have been a desert at that period; Bactria itself, the modern Balkh, now a mass of shapeless mounds, was known as "the Mother of Cities." Merv was called "The Queen of the World." The Bundahis mentions a district which must have been in this part of the world, and states that "in the days of Yim a myriad towns and cities were erected on its pleasant and prosperous territory." The vast quantities of mounds, extending all the way from the Caspian to the base of the Hindu-Kush, attest to the truth of these historical declarations.

There could not have been in the past a more "pleasant and prosperous territory" than what the banks of the Murghab must have presented. The Bundahis speaks of the "Marv River" as "a glorious river in the East"; its water at the present day is clear and bright, of a delicate grayish-blue tint. It is a much longer stream than the Heri-Rud. Merv is wholly indebted to it for its fertility, and the river was known as the Mawr-i-ab, or water of Mawr or Merv. In this we have a much more probable etymology of its name than that usually given, which is explained as being from *murgh*, a "fowl," and *ab*, "water," this being evidently a modern Persian derivation. The valley south of Ak Tapa is what in Scotland would be called a "strath"; that is, the river flows through a flat ground between hills. In many places this level soil is three or four miles wide, and by means of canals the whole space can be cultivated. At Penjdeh—the word meaning "five villages" (this is modern Persian, the ancient name being lost)—the remains extend for miles, and are only known to the natives as "Kona Pendie,"

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or old Penjdeh. Captain De Lassoe, one of the officers attached to the English Commission, discovered an extensive and very remarkable group of caves at this place, which were, in all probability, at one time a Buddhist vihara, or monastery. There were a large number of such establishments in Balkh, of which we have descriptions, in the seventh century; and there is every reason to suppose that they existed as far west as Persia. Meruchak is the next place which must have had an importance in the past. It is on the eastern bank of the river, and about twenty-two miles south of the present Penjdeh. The mounds here are very numerous, and the crumbling mud walls belonging to a later town of considerable extent are still in existence, showing that it must have had a large population at no far distant period. The piers of a well-built brick bridge are still standing, and close to them is a ford, by which we crossed the river—an operation which, from the depth of the river, was not without some danger. About eleven miles farther south is a place now known as Karaoul Khaneh, or the "guard-house." Here, again, the old name is lost, and we have nothing left to identify the mounds of an old town which exist at it. From Meruchak to about a mile or so south of Karaoul Khaneh there are no inhabitants; owing to this, the pheasants have increased in great numbers, and our party had splendid shooting, which, it was declared, the best preserves in England could not have exceeded. Another march brought us to Bala Murghab, where we took up our winter-quarters. We arrived there on the 12th of December, and remained till the 15th of February, a little over two months. It was not till the 2d of January that the severe winter came on. There was snow occasionally, but it did not lie long on the ground. The piercing cold blast which sweeps along over Turkestan when the thermometer is far below zero is called "the cimeter of Central Asia"—a name suggestive of a cutting wind.

The camp was moved to a place called Gulran, which was nearer to the Heri-Rud, and not so distant from Meshed and Herat, from which places supplies were drawn. As it appeared that everything connected with the boundary was uncertain, and the coming of the Russian Commissioners seemed as far off as ever, I determined to return home; so toward the end of February I recrossed the Heri-Rud, and came back by way of Meshed and Shahrud to Astrabad. At Bunder Gez, the port of Astrabad on the Caspian, there is a line of steamers, which brought me to Baku, and there I was again on the route by which our party travelled on the outward journey in September. The Caspian and the Black seas are connected by the railway from Batoum to Baku; from Batoum steamers run to Odessa. By this line of communication I returned to Europe, after an absence of about eight months.



A KIBITKA.

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A ROSE OF JERICHO.

BY FRANCES L. MACE.

"WHY do you take my garden rose,
Still fresh and glowing, from the vase,
And give a dry and withered stalk
My favorite's dewy place?"

"Lady," he said, "there came a day
When far across the burning plain
Slow crept, as hour by hour went by,
A winding camel train.

"And none in all that wandering band
Who sought with me the Orient's shrine
Concealed beneath the pilgrim's garb
So sad a heart as mine.

"But while with mournful thoughts I mused,
Light blown, as if from fairy bower,
Came fluttering o'er the yellow sand
To me this magic flower.

"I knew its folded petals hid
The breath and bloom of other days,
And that some happier hour might give
Its beauty to my gaze.

"Through all the paths of Palestine,
And wide across the stormy sea,
My cherished rose of Jericho
I brought to home and thee.

"And now the secret of my soul
I to the wizard rose have told,
And if to-morrow's light shall see
Its dusty scroll unrolled,

"If life and bloom and odor come
Again as from a grave set free,
The rose of Jericho will tell
That secret wish to thee."

The morning beams; the lady steps,
Expectant, to her garden bower;
Behold, the withered stem upholds
A rare, mysterious flower!

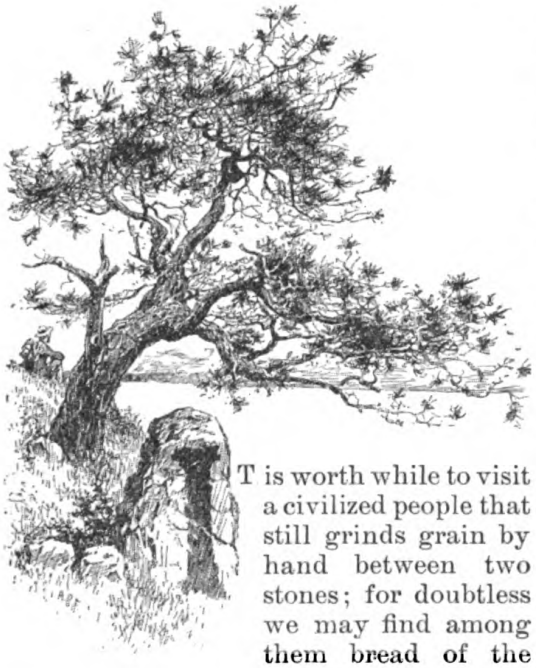
A subtle odor steals abroad;
The petals gleam with golden hue:
It is as if the wanderer's heart
Had opened to her view.

A step draws near; there is no need
For words to tell what roses know;
To utter love's own speech has flowered
The rose of Jericho.

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CAPE BRETON FOLK.

BY C. H. FARNHAM.



IT is worth while to visit a civilized people that still grinds grain by hand between two stones; for doubtless we may find among them bread of the primeval flavor, and men and women that are racy and strong. I set out for Cape Breton to see such a people. We are so full of steam and electricity that a deal of fizz and flash blinds us to the charms of simple things. As I sped along on the Intercolonial Railway from Quebec past the watering-places on the St. Lawrence, the beautiful scenery of the Matapediac, the Restigouche, the Bay of Chaleurs, and across New Brunswick, I kept wondering whether I could really enjoy a patriarchal sincerity in life, and I was eager to reach the place where I might test my honesty and sympathy. At last I arrived at Port Mulgrave, and beheld Cape Breton Island across the Strait of Canso. Our two canoes were soon taken from the train and launched on those Eastern waters, and we paddled away down the strait.

The map showed us that Cape Breton is a triangular island at the eastern end of Nova Scotia, about 115 miles long and 90 wide. The southern and central portions, comparatively low and undulating, are cut up by numerous bays, channels, and lakes of ocean water; the northern part is a peninsula, presenting a plateau from 500 to 1000 feet high, some ranges of hills on top of this, numerous streams cutting deep gorges, and bold picturesque shores along the Atlantic and the Gulf of St. Lawrence. As a rule the hill-tops and highlands are covered with forest, and the sloping shores at the water edge of the sea and the lakes are occupied by a strip of farms. The island is divided into two portions by its interior waters and a canal at St. Peter's giving access to the Bras d'Or lakes.

To get at once at the heart of the subject, we pushed on down the winding strait, a mile or two wide, with hilly shores sloping down to the water, and threaded our way through the canal at St. Peter's. Bras d'Or lakes won our admiration at once. We followed at first a narrow winding channel about wooded islands and between hilly shores. They are like mountain lakes, and yet the water is salt, and so deep (from 200 to 500 feet) that ships and great black ocean steamers thread their way through the forest. The sea lies at rest in the Bras d'Or; neither tide nor surf disturbs his sleep; only a strong wind can rouse him there to a suggestion of his boisterous life beyond the encircling wall of hills. Once a whale came in and lost his way, and a man soon captured the monster of the deep far inland among the hills. Great Bras d'Or Lake, with the West and the East bays, is about 40 miles long by 20 broad.

The cultivated shores of this warm sunny basin in a Northern sea present very graceful lines in sloping upward from the blue sea to the forest crowning the mountains, and the common houses and irregular fields are graced with many scattered trees and groves.

We felt everywhere the charm of an unusual beauty in these quiet scenes as we paddled in and out of bays and coves and channels innumerable. Now and then we got a glimpse of some of the people, but we kept on our journey to complete our geography before entering the social world of Cape Breton. After some days of canoeing we boarded at Baddeck the comfortable steamboat *Marion*, to take a hasty run to Sydney. The route was down the Great Bras d'Or, one of the inlets letting the sea into the lakes. Hills steep and high form a long, narrow passage like a river; woods generally cover

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the slopes, but here and there houses and irregular fields and snow-white cliffs break out of the dark foliage. When we sailed out on to the Atlantic, our northern horizon was the parapet of the high plateau of Cape Breton, Cape Smoky, and other lofty heads along the shore, ranging off toward Cape North. Sydney presented some fine views of a large and excellent harbor, dotted with shipping; along the shores are villages struggling with domineering coal docks and volumes of smoke from the coal mines, and the two towns offer some quaint sights in their streets. But these more commonplace and commercial features of Cape Breton were not the object of my visit, so we returned with the steamboat to Baddeck, and prepared for our journey among the homes of the people.

Our plan was to walk along the Atlantic shore, by St. Ann's Bay, over Cape Smoky to Ingonish, and on to Cape North; thence to return along the Gulf of St. Lawrence shore by way of Cheticamp, Margaree, and Lake Ainslie. This walk of about two hundred miles would take us through some of the most secluded as well as the most populous settlements of the peasantry. We carried in our knapsacks a photographic camera and a little provision for luncheons in the wild regions.

On issuing from the woods at the head of St. Ann's Bay we saw before us a long stretch of the first part of our walk. The bay begins with a pretty complication of the blue sea with points, coves, and white plaster cliffs among trees. Before it widens to the ocean it runs on in a long narrow harbor between two walls of hills diversified with forests, fertile slopes, and rugged cliffs; on the left hand the wall ends in a bold headland, Cape Smoky, rising from the distant sea-line; on the right the ridge ends in a low point, set off with the hamlet of English Town and a snow-white light-house relieved against the deep blue sea. The region was first occupied by the French, who built some fortifications at English Town to protect their fisheries. When the island passed into the hands of the English, the place was abandoned.

By sundown we reached the neighborhood of English Town, and began to inquire for lodgings. Many a time the people of Cape Breton boasted to me of their hospitality. "Your people were very kind," I said to a good man in Baddeck. "Oh, ay, sir; I'm sure," said he, in perfect confidence; "we all are that." The tramp of the first day, with our heavy packs, had made us tired, and so I was interested in our first approach to these farmers' hearts. At the first house the woman said she was not able to receive us; at the second house, she was unprepared; at the third, she replied to us in Gaelic, and motioned us on our way. "Well, White, the fence-corner, at any rate, will not cast us out." And we discussed the merits of new-mown hay for a bed under the trees. At the fourth and fifth houses Gaelic was given us instead of bread, and we went off gleeful, if hungry, at having so good a story to tell of Cape Breton hospitality. But just at dusk a hay-maker, with his scythe over his shoulder, met us, and showed us to a hospitable house. The wife soon busied herself with our supper, and we passed a social evening to make amends for our many rebuffs. The house was a good example of these Cape Breton homes, having four or five rooms, with clean floors and bare walls. Here and there lay a thick mat made of strips of rags hooked up through burlaps—transmogrified roses in rare raw colors. Order and neatness prevailed; but the dreariness that generally is felt in even the homes of the better class is quite oppressive in these peasant houses. There is nothing picturesque to lend a charm to simplicity. It was before supper that we noted this barrenness; afterward we felt the house to be somnolent rather than irritating.

As we strode away down the road again in the bright morning the air was clear and bracing, the birds sang, the mowers went afield, and the bay was rippled by breezes whisking down over the mountain-tops. The old ferryman in taking us across the bay had more than his hands full to discover our errand thus on foot, and likely so far from home. As we landed near the light-house he called out: "Ye're mineral men; I know ye; so ye may turn to the left hand up there by yon hill, and go down to the silver mines of St. Ann if ye like." We thanked him for a profession we had not before possessed. The road first leads for three or four miles along a very narrow spit of gravel that almost divides the bay by crossing nearly to English Town; then it runs on toward distant Cape Smoky, through the belt of farms sloping down from the for-

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est-covered hills to the beach. The bay loses itself in the wide Atlantic past Bird Rocks; fishing-boats in the offing rose and fell on the ground-swell, surf boomed on the beach of pebbles, and the salt sea air blew upon us.

By noon-time we happened to meet two boys picking up shells; they said the shells were for burning to get lime for mending the chimney-corner. They invited us home to dinner, but we went on. Then came a troop of men and women from their hay field; none of them spoke to us at first, but after we had addressed them a few words, the father among them became more sociable, and he also asked us to dine. Still another group gave us an invitation, and at last we accepted it. Here was our first evidence of the Cape Breton hospitality we had missed the previous evening; here people came seeking on the highway who might devour. The men sat down first, and the women served us with bannocks and sour milk, potatoes and boiled salt mackerel, bread and butter. It was one of the best meals of our trip; for nine times out of ten we were given only the staple articles of diet—bread, butter, and bitter tea. The people spoke Gaelic to one another, and we got no hint of their talk; but the quiet and kindly spirit of the family sufficed to put us at ease. After dinner we dragged wearily onward, still toward Smoky, until at sundown we gladly entered a poor man's hut for the night. It was full of inhabitants, of which I can mention only the man and wife with nine small children, three dogs, a hen, and a pet pig. It was a shadowy little place, with a cavernous stone chimney, picturesque with pots and kettles hanging from a crane. The few dishes gleamed out of the dimness of a corner cupboard, and the table and chairs were unmistakably home-made. The woman had been in the hay field all day, but she cheerfully cooked our supper, and gave us the bed usually



THE FERRYMAN.

occupied by the children. The poor are always friendly with nature; the little pig regarded himself as one of the family; and whenever the woman went to get some milk from the pan kept in the bottom of the cupboard, there was a race

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between her, the pig squealing, and the hen with eager neck; the woman generally reached the door first, and then, with much shuffling, just managed to fence the others out with her legs, while they bobbed in and out under her skirts. From this excitement the pig would walk over to the hearth, and such was the comfort he took in the warmth of the fire that he would doze before he had time to lie down, and thus frequently fell asleep supported awhile on four legs and his nose. I noted his habits, because the pig is sometimes a member of the household here in regard to bed and board. A minister at a wedding remained all night, and was given a low cot bed in the living-room. In the night he was startled at finding some one getting into his bed, and soon felt it to be the pig nestling down against his back. He tried to drive it out, but the outraged animal would not go. The noise of the fight brought the householder, and he explained that it was the habit of the pig to come into bed with them on cold nights, and assured the reverend gentleman that it would do no harm.

We now began to be toughened by our walking; the fatigue was less irksome, and the distances were passed over with fewer speculations and inquiries. We reached at last the summit of Cape Smoky, the barrier that for two days had fenced us off from the northward. It was a pleasure to overlook now our route away back to St. Ann, along the strip of farms under the long wall of forest-topped hills, at the lower shore toward Sydney, and over the wide expanse of the ocean dotted with sail and fishing boats. We cooked our luncheon in the shade of a bridge on top of the mountain; and the road was so unfrequented that not a soul passed to take fright, flee to the valley, and report uncanny spirits haunting the gorge.

The foliage in that balmy, moist climate is luxuriant; the trees on a hill-side stand relieved one against another as solid forms. Under this rich canopy of verdure the streams coming down from the high plateau of the island have worn deep, winding, narrow gorges. Here and there an opening lets the sunlight pour its lustre into a tiny glade carpeted with grass under noble trees; but soon the gorge recovers its shadowy mysteries, ferns, moss, lichen-covered logs and rocks, and the laughing brook drowning the fainter voices of the woodland. When in the autumn I loitered through any one of these glens, gorgeous with October colors above the pools and the dank, sombre nooks, it seemed like a long elysian bower filled with a golden mist. We walked that afternoon over Cape Smoky and down such a glen to Ingonish, silent and satisfied, while one picture after another led the fancy riot in sylvan dreams.

A cold northeaster, with rain, met us at Ingonish, with great clouds of mist rolling in from the Atlantic. The bay lies within an amphitheatre of high rugged hills; at one end of them is the noble promontory Cape Smoky, 1100 feet high. A long, narrow, jagged point of rocks, Middle Head, divides the bay into two parts, and a long bar of gravel crossing this point forms a natural breakwater, and makes a pond of North Bay and a good harbor of South Bay. The mists rolling about set off well these bold hills and rocks, and the intricate forms of bays and ponds; but they added little to the comfort of tourists. We watched for a while the life on the wharves and schooners, in the stores, at the fishing establishments, and then began hunting a place for shelter. Cape Breton hospitality seems to be in strata. At one of these bays we met the generous streak; we were taken even to a party, where reels and jigs helped to pass the night. During the festivities the host's gate was most effectually broken up by his nephew in revenge for not being invited; and the rest of the night was passed by the old man in hunting the pieces and the nephew, and imploring blessings on his head. At the other bay we had great difficulty in getting shelter on any terms. We addressed ourselves first to a man who keeps the only hotel in the place. "What are ye?—blacklegs?" "Well, I don't know. We look like them, don't we?" "Faith, ye do." He sent a lad to interview the wife, who manages the estate: she was in ill humor, and so the public-house was closed that day. Finally, after inquiring through the settlement, we found the good vein again, away down at the end of the point, just where we expected it to disappear under the Atlantic. The tedium of a rainy day was relieved by moping about the ruins of the place—traces of cellars, chimneys, and a battery or two—and in gleaning a few facts from a history of Cape Breton.

The civilization of Cape Breton seems

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A STRANGE BEDFELLOW.

to have been reserved for the Scotsman. The Spanish, Portuguese, Basques, Bretons, and Normans, who have visited the island to obtain fish and fur, made no colonies. Even the French, holding the island for over a century, did nothing but establish fishing villages at Arichat, St. Peter's, St. Ann's Bay, Ingonish, and build the costly fortress at Louisburg to protect them. Ingonish is said to have had at that time a population of 4000 souls. But although they did nothing to develop the agriculture of Cape Breton, the French attached great importance to it as a nursery for drilling hardy seamen.

When they lost the island, they obtained what consolation they could in possessions on the coast of Newfoundland, where they maintain to this day a large fleet of cod-fishers. The English in taking possession of Cape Breton seem to have continued the French policy. For twenty odd years after the conquest the government refused to grant lands to settlers, one of the motives being to keep those coasts as a nursery for seamen, and therefore to favor fishing and discourage agriculture. Even as late as 1800 there were only a thousand or two of population, chiefly coal-miners and fishermen.

About the beginning of this century the advantages these colonies offered to settlers were much discussed in Scotland; for many of the tenantry there were compelled by the landlords to emigrate. "Many of the Highland chieftains, who had discovered that the raising of cattle and sheep afforded greater profits than the letting of their lands to miserable tenants, were dispossessing the latter of their farms and holdings." The peasants saw "their houses unroofed before their eyes, and they were made to go on board a ship bound for Canada." Some of the young men were glad to visit new scenes, but the most of the peasantry left their country with the most bitter regret. The first ship loaded with emigrants for Cape Breton

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came in 1802. "From this time the tide of immigration gathered strength as it advanced, until it reached its highest point in 1817, when it began gradually to decline. The last immigrant ship arrived in 1828." And it may be added that almost all the settlers of Cape Breton, excepting the Acadians, came from the north of Scotland and the Hebrides, the islands of Skye, Barra, Lewis, Mull, Uist, etc. The population thus thrown upon the island, estimated at 25,000, made it a Scotch country. The total population now is about 84,500; 55,000 are Scotch or of Scotch descent, 12,500 Acadians, 15,000 English and mixed races, and about 1500 Indians.

A clear bracing morning sent us forward again with an elastic stride. For about twelve miles the route was a bridle-path, partly over swamps, partly up and down the beds of stony brooks. We were then on top of the barren plateau of Cape Breton, a mossy, burned, desolate region, where bare, bleached skeletons of trees shake in the wind, and the huckleberry alone straggles over the rocks. It is wearisome to pick your way for miles in such ground, jumping from bog to bog, stone to stone, or walking single poles laid as bridges over peat holes. The region, of course, is uninhabited, excepting at the half-way house—a comfortable inn kept open by the government to relieve the mail-carrier and others crossing the barrens, particularly in winter.

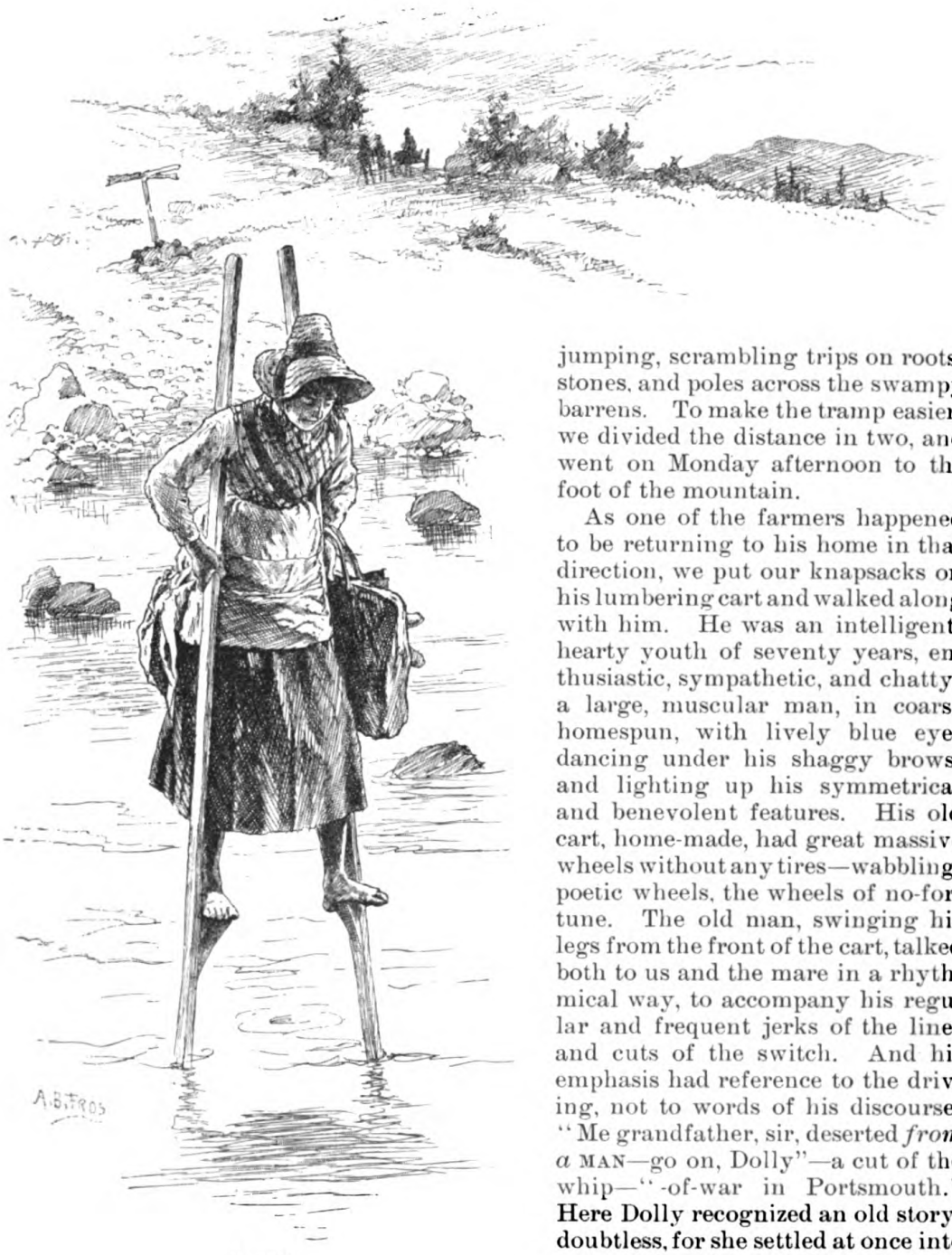
Aspy Bay, at the end of a long day's tramp through the wilderness, was doubly charming. It lies between two straight ranges of mountains that meet several miles inland. The western range, presenting to the valley a deeply cloven crest of rounded summits, ends in a lofty peak, Sugar Loaf, the Cape North of the maps, the northern limit of our excursion. From its summit you see a vast expanse of sea, the Magdalen Islands, Cape Ray of Newfoundland, Low Point, near Sydney, and the intricate forms of the adjoining coast. The bay itself is divided by points and transverse bars of sand into North, Middle, and South Ponds.

We entered the valley just as the last load of hay, attended by its group of men and women, entered the open barn; we passed through many cozy little nooks, where meadows lay like verdant lakes along the foot of the wooded mountains and about the base of white cliffs.



A FISHING VILLAGE.

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MAGGIE.

We had now reached Cape North, the northern limit of our journey, and having found again the good streak of Cape Breton hospitality at the North Pond, we passed very pleasantly a social, quiet Sabbath. Our course here turned westward, to begin the homestretch along the Gulf side of the island. But to reach that shore we had before us another of those jumping, scrambling trips on roots, stones, and poles across the swampy barrens. To make the tramp easier, we divided the distance in two, and went on Monday afternoon to the foot of the mountain.

As one of the farmers happened to be returning to his home in that direction, we put our knapsacks on his lumbering cart and walked along with him. He was an intelligent, hearty youth of seventy years, enthusiastic, sympathetic, and chatty; a large, muscular man, in coarse homespun, with lively blue eyes dancing under his shaggy brows, and lighting up his symmetrical and benevolent features. His old cart, home-made, had great massive wheels without any tires—wabbling, poetic wheels, the wheels of no-fortune. The old man, swinging his legs from the front of the cart, talked both to us and the mare in a rhythmical way, to accompany his regular and frequent jerks of the lines and cuts of the switch. And his emphasis had reference to the driving, not to words of his discourse. "Me grandfather, sir, deserted *from a* MAN—go on, Dolly"—a cut of the whip—"-of-war in Portsmouth." Here Dolly recognized an old story, doubtless, for she settled at once into a mortally slow walk, and dozed along with tranquil eye despite the lines and the switch. "And he got on first-rate in the Revolution, *he* DID"—jerk, jerk—"and got to be an aide-de-camp *to General*—Dolly, I say"—cut—"Gates, and he helped to Burgoyne's surrender, he did. The States, that's the *place*, SIR." Jerk, jerk. "Ye get on there! Republics for me! They need 'em in Europe too." Here the switch broke, the story and Dolly stopped short,

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and he jumped down to cut another. "She knows, sir. Ye see, I'm very forgetful, for I'm consider'ble of an arguin' man, either on religion or politics, and when I get to talkin' I go off and forget me whip. So I take only a switch—they're handy along the road." I thought him candid, for he had on three of his fingers a white, a red, and a blue string of yarn, as memoranda. "I've got the needles and the tea and the barrel of flour, so I'll cut off these strings. It's a good way to remember, that." While he stopped to trim the gad, a pretty Scotch lass came up with us, carrying a carpet-bag; she exchanged a few words in Gaelic with the old man, who welcomed her cordially, and bade her put her bag on the cart. She did so, but refused to confide her new shoes and stockings to its smooth bottom; so Maggie—that was her name—walked on barefooted, free and unconscious in her short petticoat, and carried her shoes and stockings in her red handkerchief. Her dress was in the carpet-bag. She was going home from a wedding. We soon went on again, still more blithely, with a new gad, and a bright-eyed maid with us. Meanwhile the scenery was as charming as our companions. The straight line of mountains seemed like a gigantic wall of rich foliage, almost overhanging the fields of the valley. The sugar-loafed peaks were capped with dense masses of mist hurrying inland, and the amphitheatrical gorges high up, very dark, seemed like great caverns among the clouds. A roaring wind, strong and salt from the sea, tossed the trees along the heights, and bowed the grass and heavily laden raspberry bushes by the road-side. The walk had a rare charm; we journeyed with quiet and quaint and genial spirits, under the breath of a storm and the frown of a cloud-capped mountain.

To my great regret we came at last to a fork in the road, and the lass took her bag to go down to the river.

"Where," I asked, "does that road go to, Maggie?"

"It goes to the Strait of Canso, sir, and on to Montana—that's where my brother John is workin' on a ranch—and I don't know where else it goes."

"But I see no boat on the river: how will you cross?"

"I'll walk, sir."

"But you'll get wet, or perhaps drowned."

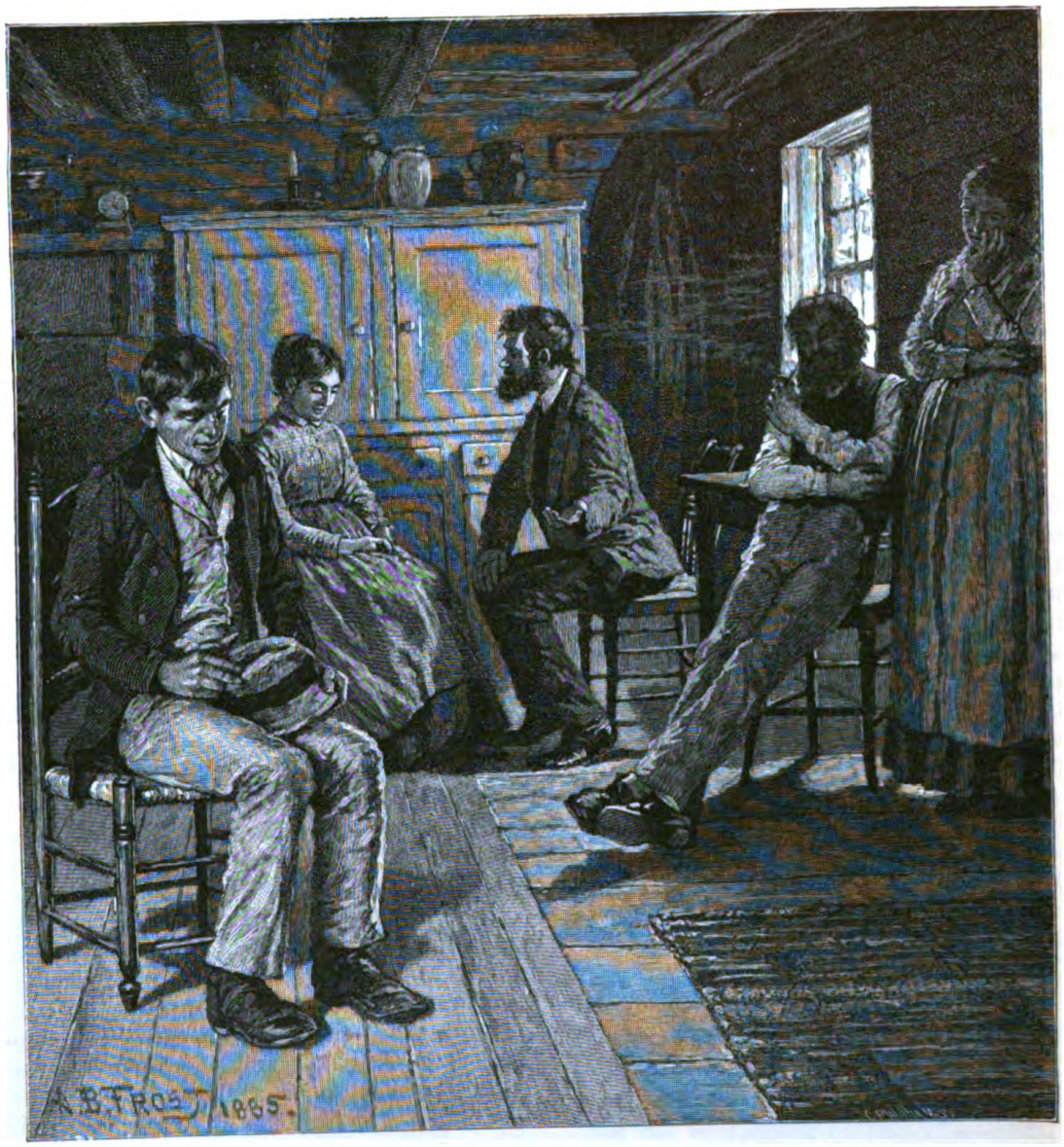
"Ach, no, sir! I'll not get wet at all; I'll go over on stilts."

And sure enough, taking her bag in one hand, she mounted the stilts, gave us a parting smile from the water's edge, and went safely across.

When we arrived at the old man's house we could not refuse to visit his thrifty little orchard, only a few years old, although he has had the farm all his life; then we must take some bread and tea, though it was only three o'clock. And finally the kind old man walked two miles with us to put us on a short-cut. As twilight came we entered the angle where the two ranges of mountains meet, so confined that the river can scarcely pass; the wind still roared in the forest, and pressed against our temples; but the clouds broke away, so that strong lights mingled with the shadows at sunset all along that high, straight wall of peaks and gorges.

We now had arrived on the northwestern or Gulf side of the island, and turned our heads homeward toward Baddeck. We had not seen the extreme end of Cape Breton, Lowland Cove, a place actually beyond the reach of the tax-collector, partly because the route is too long and difficult, and partly because the untutored folk are too tall and difficult for him to overcome, nor the island of St. Paul, much dreaded by all vessels passing between Cape Breton and Newfoundland. The path soon led us up from the beach and across more barrens, and at last came out on the shoulder of Cap Rouge. All at once the light of a ruddy sunset filled the Gulf with great splendor, and we stood on a pinnacle in the midst of it; it illuminated the sea, blue and flecked with white-caps, the surf and flying spray leaping at the long jagged coast-line of crags and rocks far below us, the little farm-houses and the narrow strip of fields running along the top of the bluffs, and back of this the range of dark bold peaks and gorges leading away to a far-off headland, Cape Mabou. As the day ended we found shelter with one of the Acadian fishing farmers; but as this peculiar people is not the subject of this paper, I pass on through Cheticamp and Friar's Head to the Scotch settlements. The Margaree, a charming pastoral valley, is considered the garden of Cape Breton; in freshets the stream overflows its banks, and thus keeps up the virgin fertility of the soil. You feel here

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COURTING BY PROXY.

that the farmer is not on the edge of want, and that his life may be easy and happy. The long narrow valley winding along with the river down to the harbor, between two ranges of wooded hills, was alive with hay-making; the click of mowing-machines seemed a familiar voice to us; carts passed to and fro between the fields and the barns, or the "barracks," and men and women alike worked busily while the sun shone. We happed to arrive just after a wedding that was the topic of talk, and we soon gathered some notions of the unique scenes connected with marriage.

Courtship is by no means a necessary preliminary to marriage. The wedding just then under discussion was a little more eventful than common in the number, but not in the kind, of incidents. To begin at the beginning: When a young man decides that he will marry, he often first builds a house; and it is no trivial matter here, where most of the lumber is sawn by hand in a pit. A man may be said to be in earnest when he begins his suit with months of such hard labor—and that, too, from a disinterested motive, not having the faintest idea, perhaps, as to who will be the mistress of the house. We saw a number of such expectant buildings, in all states and of many ages;

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for some, failing to get a tenant, stood without windows or doors, the image of a desolate and empty heart. John ——, a young man duly prepared and determined to marry, had set out the previous week with his spokesman to get a wife. He had no particular preference for any one, but they decided to go first to the house of Mary ——, one of the brightest girls of the parish, whom he had often noted, but with whom he had never spoken. When they entered the house, a hint of their object was given to Mary, and she retired from the sitting-room. The spokesman then delivered his speech, in which he praised the personal qualities, the fortune, the social position, of his friend, and asked the hand of Mary for him. As the father had no objection to the offer, he at once consented to leave the matter to his daughter. She was called in, and the spokesman conferred quietly a while with her in a corner, and she consented to the marriage. The spokesman then led her out to the middle of the floor, and John came from his corner and took her by the hand; thus the "contract" was accepted, under the usual penalty of forfeiting twenty dollars in case the engagement was broken. The evening was spent in dancing; but if any of the deacons had had wind of the affair, it is probable that they would have come and changed the festivity into a prayer-meeting.

The young man afterward engaged the priest to publish the banns for the first and last time on the following Sabbath. But Mary had her own plans in all this: she knew that the affair would reach the ears of Sandy ——, for whom she had a strong preference, and perhaps bring him promptly to a proposal. Sandy did come, and the upshot of it was that he and his father went late on Saturday night, roused the priest, and had Sandy's name substituted in the banns for that of applicant number one.

This new shuffling of the cards was common enough, so that it caused but a passing smile among the friends of the parties most interested. But a certain young man who heard the banns went home in such depression that he asked his father for ten dollars. When questioned he explained that the girl whom he had always intended to marry was to become the bride of Sandy ——, and he was going away to the States. "Well, and why don't ye carry her off and marry her yersel, Malcolm? I'll give ye the upper farm this minute. Go, get yer brother, see the girl, and bring her home here. We'll keep her safe." Now it happened that Malcolm was the richest of the three applicants, besides being, I will suppose for charity's sake, a good fellow. Suffice it to say that they brought the girl home, bag and baggage, by stealth, that Sunday night, and mounted a guard that prevented the success of any stratagem on either her part or the part of others, and they were married on the following Tuesday.

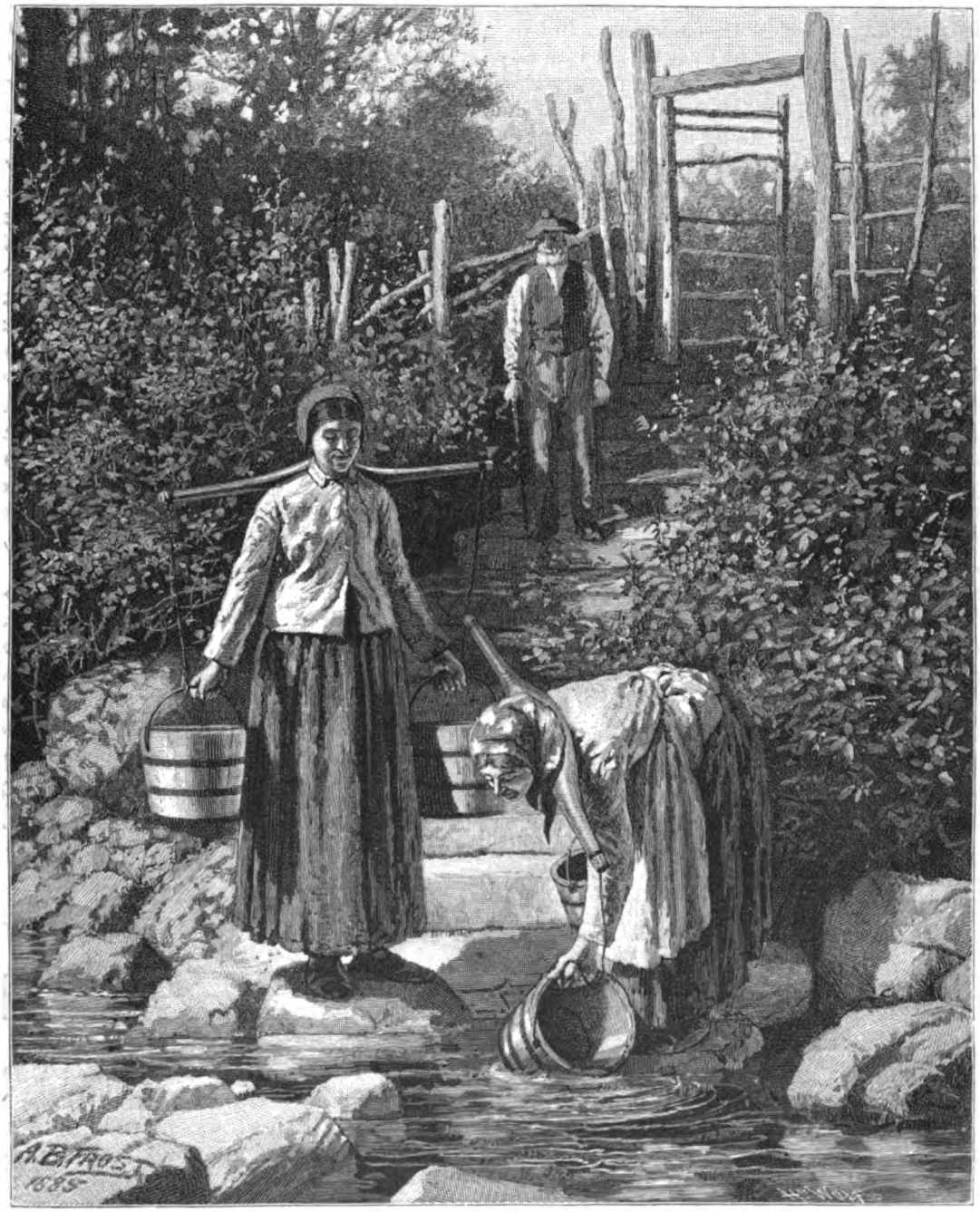
These persons were by no means of the lower ranks: the girl was described to me by an old fisherman as a "noble-minded-lookin' girl, sir; a fine specimen of the Highland craft." A man is all the more highly esteemed for such a feat. The rejected fellow does not lose heart; he generally keeps on with his negotiations, day after day, house after house, until he finds a partner. An intelligent woman, while admitting the general predominance of worldly interests in these matters, and the suddenness with which marriages were very often made, said that unhappy families are nevertheless rare among this people.

The domestic life of the couple even today in most of the peasants' homes will be exceedingly primitive; the woman will do the spinning, weaving, and knitting required by the family; and the man will make nearly everything needed in the house and on the farm. A farm and a family will require about two hundred dollars' worth of feed, food, and sundries, and this amount represents the average production of the little farms of Cape Breton, together with the fishing that many do at odd times. In the spring, actual want is sometimes felt by many families until fishing begins and the cows give milk once more. But the island is generally free from paupers.

We were off again early in the morning over the hills. The valley of northeast Margaree was a lake of snow-white mists, half in the shadow of the eastern hills; the Sugar Loaf Mountain rose above it all as a dark blue island. The freshness of the morning seemed to have entered the people, for the road was alive with advancing groups, all decked in their sombre best, some on horseback, many walking with elastic steps. They all talked in Gaelic, in rather low but cheerful voices; and a

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certain dignity prevailed even among the boys. It seemed that the country folk were on their way to the "Gathering of the Clans," a rare national picnic. When we arrived on the shores of beautiful Lake Ainslie, a large concourse of people had already met in an open field marked by two flags, a space inclosed by a rope for athletic games, two small platforms for dancing, and a booth for the sale of spruce-beer, crackers, and cheese. The average picnic here offers this programme:



AT THE WELL.

1. 8 o'clock A.M.—Drive along the road to the ground.

2. 9 o'clock.—Talking, swinging, and waiting to swing.

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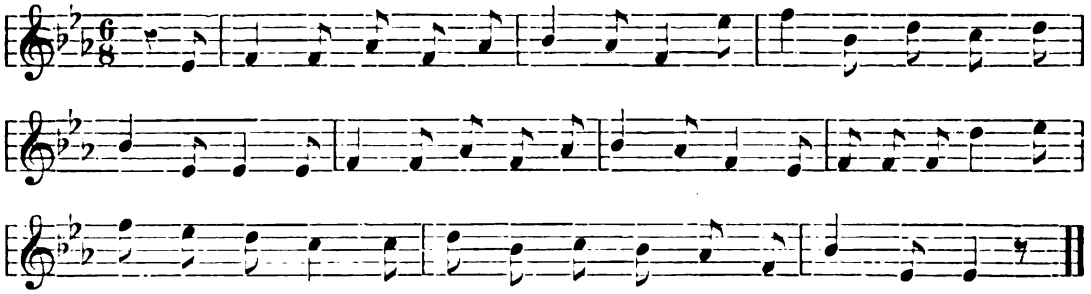
3. 12 M.—Cold temperance lunch.

4. 1 P.M.—Second part of talking, swinging, and waiting to swing.
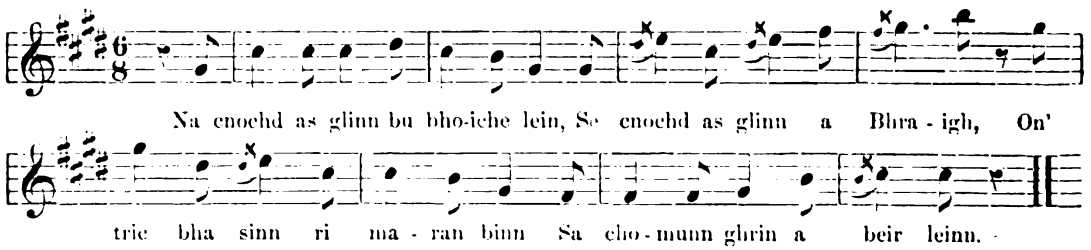
5. 8 P.M.—Drive along the road homeward.

But this "Gathering of the Clans," although a private speculation for collecting money wherewith to build a house, was a more important event. It was advertised that a noted professional wrestler would contend with an equally able young man of the lake, and that the affair would present many other attractions. From 9 A.M. until 3 P.M. the entertainment consisted of dancing and waiting for the professional wrestler. Each of the platforms had about it a large crowd looking at the reels and jigs and the piper. The dancing went on all day vigorously.

The most impressive figure of all was the piper. The pipes go well with the national emblem: they are a very thistle in your ear. Their weird, barbaric strains are certainly inspiriting and martial, but you must be a Scotchman to love them. One of the pipers, a very tall, very dark, very shaggy man, sat straight up with a rigid neck, stiff figure, puffed-out cheeks, and looked like the presiding genius of some awful heathen rite. But he was one of the gentlest of men. I afterward spent a day with him noting some of the native airs of Cape Breton. The following is a good example:



And another musician gave me this air and Gaelic song of his own composition, in which he celebrates the pastoral charms of the southwest Margaree:

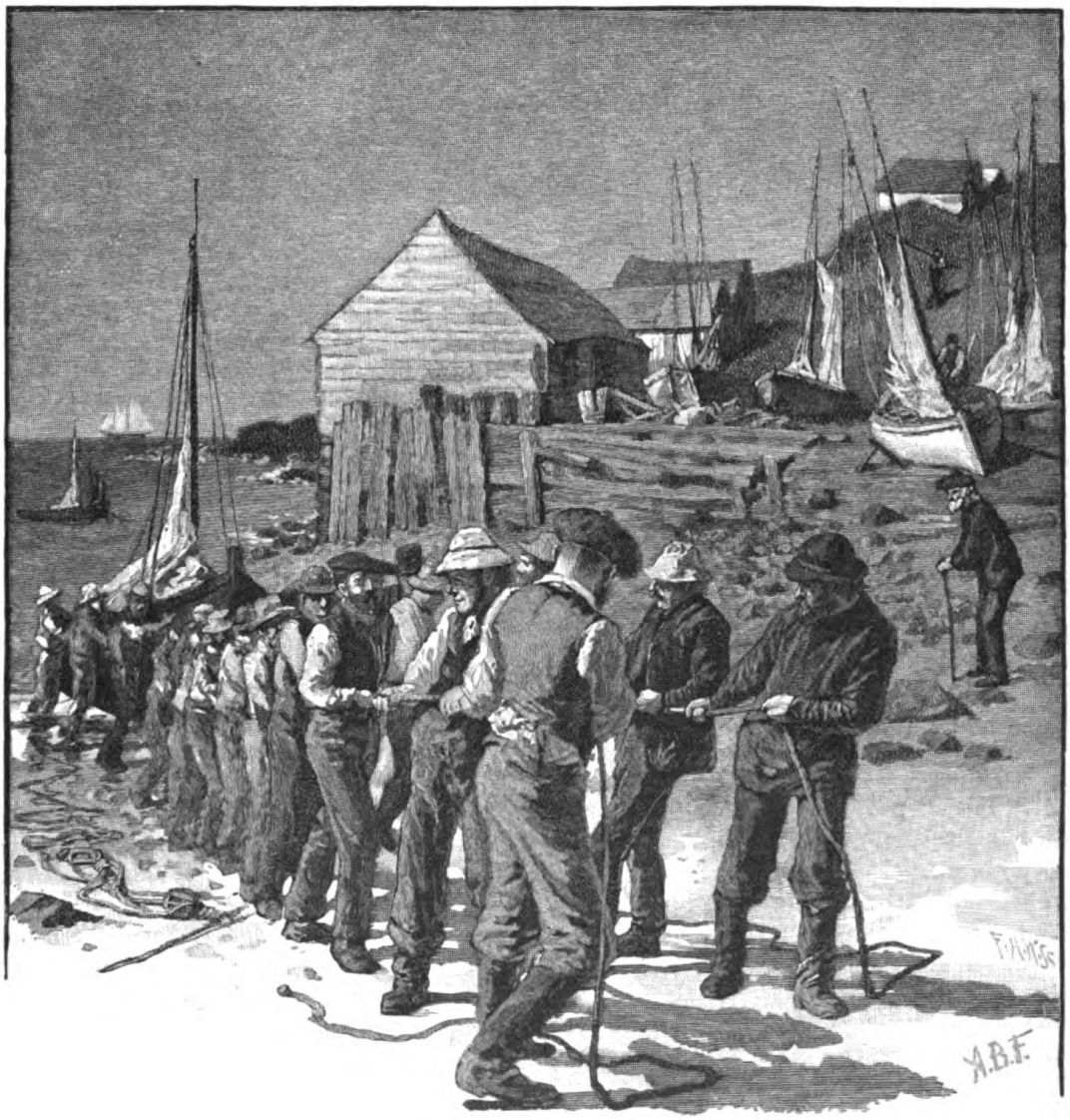


We enjoyed a drive about Cape Mabou with some gentlemen of the lake, and on the way we not only had some fine views, but also some account of the manners and customs of the people. I have already described the ceremonies connected with courtship and marriage. The last scenes of life also present some interest. A wake, whether among the Presbyterians or the Catholics, gathers a great crowd in the house of the deceased; during two days the family is constantly at hard work, night and day, serving successive meals to those who arrive. It is considered a marked offense not to come to a wake, and, when there, not to eat and drink abundantly. Two or three funerals near together have actually ruined a family. The pious and aged in the room where the corpse lies generally occupy their time in reading and praying, while the young, in another room, solace their grief by eating, drinking, and flirting. Many are more or less drunk when the procession moves on or collects about the grave, and generally it is then that the fight occurs which seems a part of every good funeral.

Although amusements are being suppressed as much as possible by the pious, yet now and then at Hallowe'en the "fouerach" is still eaten—a mixture of raw oat-meal stirred in cream in which is a ring to be found. New-Year's Eve is rarely noticed; the young, armed with sticks, sometimes collect in silence about a house, and then all at once fall to beating it on all sides. The noise seldom fails

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to arouse the host; when he comes to the door he asks what they wish, and demands that they make a rhyme in their reply before he will admit them for a treat. Christmas generally passes without merriment or sentiment; to quote one of the most liberal-minded of the ministers, "We find no countenance given to it in the Bible, either by precept or example, and we are very much of the opinion that it is of popish, if not of heathen, origin."



HAULING IN FISH.

At last the road brought us once more on to the Gulf shore of the island, north of Cape Mabou. The coast here rises very abruptly almost to the legal height of mountains. Here and there a deep gorge cleaves the ragged rocky shores down at the water, runs upward in a wooded glen, and at last expands in an amphitheatre of knolls, vales, fields, and forest high up on the mountain-top. The grass-grown road over the bald capes between the gorges is a mere groove, whence the wagon seems always to be slipping. You walk, and observe the stones it loosens roll away down to the sea; they seem to lure your feet to follow them. The surf sounds far below; the Gulf stretches away northward even beyond the pale blue line of Prince Ed-

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ward Island, and westward along the rugged bluffs. You look straight into the arctic cave of the Northeaster; he rushes over these sheer bleak heights with demoniac roarings, and everything must cower before his rage. The life of the region seemed to be personated by a withered old man, whose ragged homespun hung on him as on a skeleton, and whose unkempt locks flew about with the wind. He bent low over his scythe, and with tragic eagerness tried to mow the few spears of wiry grass sticking up out of the barren earth. A little more steepness, and he had rolled into the sea as the stones did; a little more wind, and he had been whirled away as the leaves in November.

Night seemed more in harmony with such bleak poverty than the glory of sunset; it enshrouded us all as we threaded our way homeward, inland, up one of the glens. Finally the moon arose, broke through the trees, and lit up here and there an ethereal picture hung against the background of night in the forest—a pool of the brook, overhung with dewy ferns and silvered cobwebs. Then we came out on the high, wide, open barrens under the stars, and later followed down another shadowy glen, and regained Lake Ainslie.

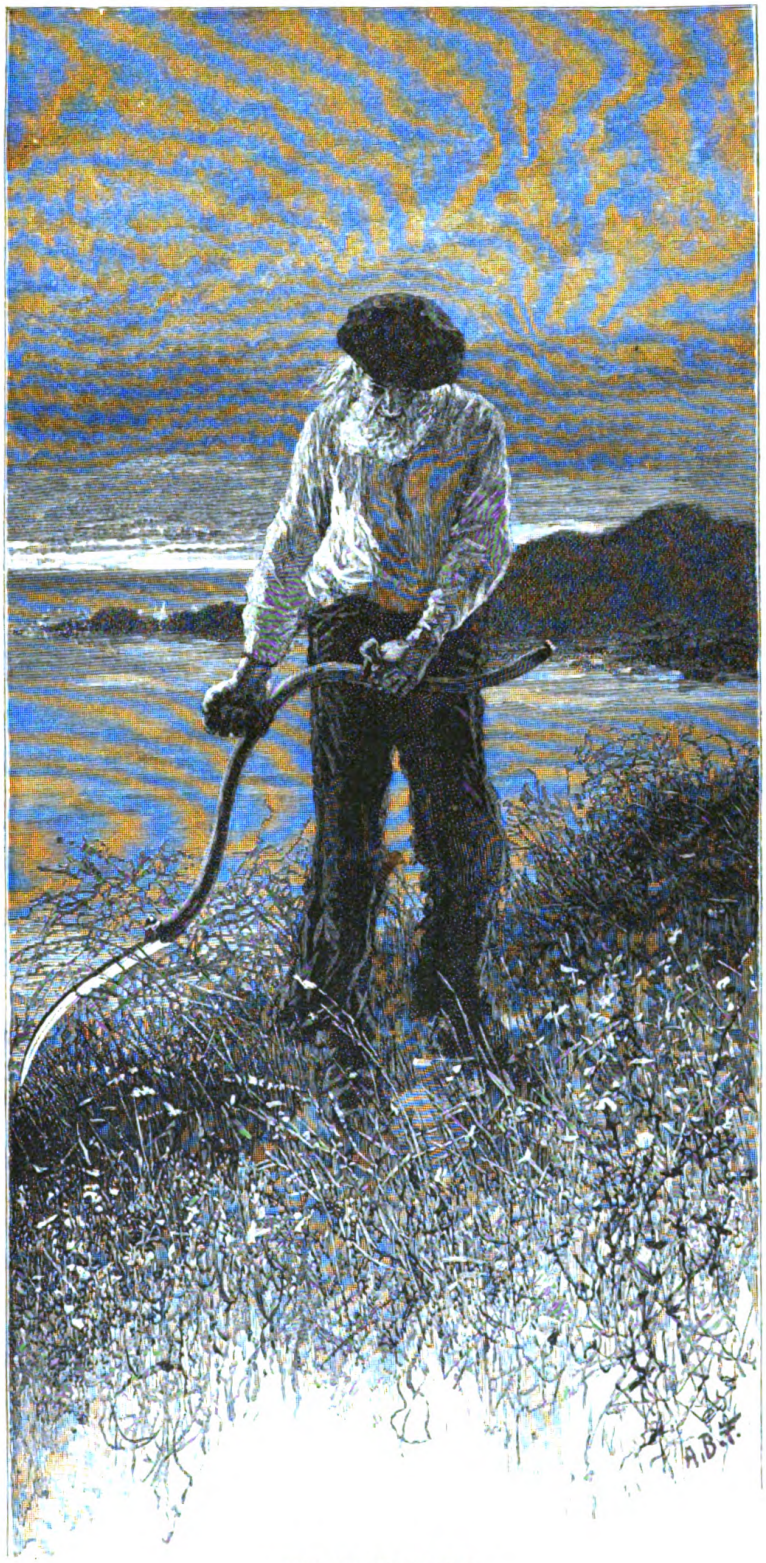
We set out now on the last stretch of our walk to Whycocomah, on the Bras d'Or lakes.

Whycocomah was doubly charming after the bleakness of the sea-coast and the fatigue of travel. White here left me, but I settled down in the comfortable inn to continue my rambles in Cape Breton throughout the Indian summer. It is one of the prettiest places on the island. Paddling into the little bay one stormy day, I saw that clouds covered the summits of the hills close about, so that the upper forests were all in very dark shadow against the white mists, while the sloping fields and the village below seemed thus to be shut into a verdant cavern; the bay, of a leaden gloom, gleamed with seething white-caps; the place seemed a Highland lake in a storm, a place fit for these Scotchmen banished to the New World.

From Salt Mountain you look over Great Bras d'Or Lake, with its intricate intermingling of land and water, and its horizon of distant hills; but a more perfect picture is seen from the hill north of the village. Islands, long thin points, channels, bays, hills, and valleys come together in a charming composition. When you return to the village you relish the more limited picture, the quiet street straggling along one of the many coves, and the blacksmith's door alive with this quaint people. It has the charm of seclusion, and of the lack of anything very striking. When a great sea-going vessel comes into this cove among the hills to load with birch timber, you feel surprised by the outside world, where something may be going on.

The open-air sacrament is probably the most impressive ceremony to be seen among these Scotch Presbyterians, and I was glad to set off for English Town and the north shore of St. Ann's Bay once more to witness one of these characteristic scenes. Some years ago these sacraments were held on successive Sundays in adjoining parishes, and entire congregations attended them, but now they are held at the same date in distant localities, to prevent them drawing such large and disorderly companies. The sacraments are very much cherished by the old people, who enjoy the devotions, as well as the yearly occasion it gives for social intercourse; by very many worldly-minded, for making horse trades, and the preliminaries of more important transactions; and by the young people for the fun they afford. The services, in both Gaelic and English, were held on opposite sides of a little meadow inclosed by trees and the road, and divided by a merry brook. In the centre was the "tent" for the ministers—a sentry-box with a wide window. In front of this were a very narrow long table, a bench on each side of it, and several benches near the tent. There were also three posts, each bearing on top a little box for the reception of contributions, and many who passed dropped coppers into them. The crowd was in sombre black, with now and then the pin-back dress and the bonnet of a servant-girl returned from the States for a summer visit among her people. The older women wore a plain white cap under a black sun-bonnet or black kerchief. Thus the crowd was a gathering of austere and simple homespun folk. For a while they walked about greeting friends whom they had not seen perhaps for a year. But the greeting was sober: sisters even did not kiss; many met at first in silence, with teeth set and eyes fixed, and shook hands vigorously a long time with the motion of sawing wood.

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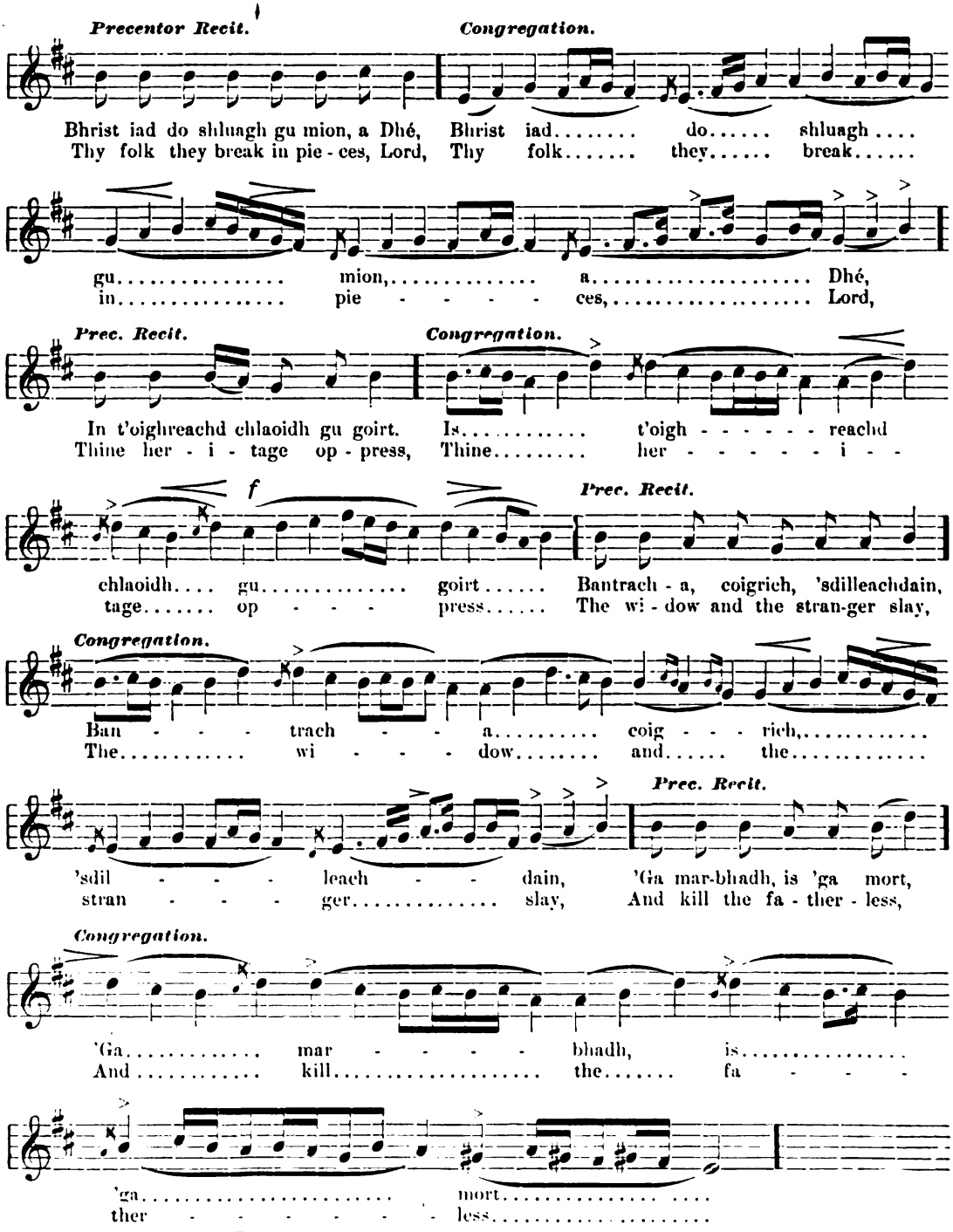


THE OLD HAYMAKER.

The sacrament in the open air originated with the Covenanters, when they met by stealth in the fields or woods for their forbidden worship. It was thus established in the Lowlands with the organization of Protestantism, and it still continues to be

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a characteristic feature of the Highlands after its discontinuation in the Lowlands. The sacrament begins always at eleven on Thursday. This day is regarded as one of preparation; the spirit of it is that of fasting and humiliation, expressed in the usual services; the singing of the psalms of David, prayers, and a sermon—all in Gaelic. The singing is what first impressed me as perfectly unique. The tunes have well-known names, such as "Elgin," "St. Paul," "Bangor," "London," "Martyrs"; but the actual compositions and the rendering are unlike any other music on earth. Three prompters or precentors stood under the window of the tent, and took their turns at leading the singing; that is to say, one of them sang rapidly as an improvised recitative each line of the psalm, and the congregation then repeated each line after him, singing in unison the successive phrases of the tune. Here are the words



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and music of "Martyrs." But the effect of this singing can not be imagined from seeing the score, or from a rendering of it according to the usual musical expression. The precentor sings in a low and exceedingly plaintive voice, a soft pronunciation, and a timid expression; his recitatives are as austere as Gregorian chants, but full of little notes and slurs, and by contrast his phrases are rendered still more touching after the mass of sound coming from the people. The congregation also sings with softness; but as individuals have their own time, discords prevail, the long syllables are drawn out beyond measure, with a nasal drawl, and the shorter ones are clipped off and swallowed. But the ordinary irritation produced by these defects is not felt. In the complete absence of rhythm you feel less the defects of time; in fact, so drawling is the execution that you just abandon all requirements of time, and accept the effects of intonation alone. These Gaelic psalms often have an extraordinary effect; when the people at times happen to unite their plaintive voices on certain long notes and slurs, the multitude sends up a subdued wail that is wonderfully touching. The preaching was not less interesting than the singing. One of the worthy ministers seemed to me of a type perfectly suited to the scene. He was a patriarch in years, in fatherly kindness, in serenity and simplicity. His cherubic face, set in a frame of gray hair and beard, seemed to be made for smiling; but some interior power had won half of him over to severity—at least it seemed so at times when one brow, one eye, one side of the mouth, all contracted with an expression of gloom. Standing up in the little sentry-box with his hands clasped over his rotundity, he waited in silence for some moments, until he had established himself in a slow swaying motion from side to side: this swinging seemed essential to all these Cape Breton speakers and singers. Soon he started, in a very low voice, a hemming, a word, and a hesitation all together, and the hesitation often triumphed, made him wait again until more swinging had evolved a sugges-



CROOKED SPADE.

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HAND-MILL.

tion. The great silver-bowed spectacles finally came up from the depths of a pocket, and after two or three attempts scaled the heights, and planted themselves astride his nose. The discourse was then pursued in its regular form; the voice continued to the end very low, confidential, winning. Judging him by his English sermons, ideas were as rare as the angels' visits that seemed reflected from time to time on the old man's benevolent face; so, to fill in, the last words or phrase of a sentence may be sometimes repeated three, even four times; the connections were made by these lapped joints. The pauses were frequently longer than his short phrases; but the swing, the driving power, held out; the majestic slowness did not fail, even though, as I saw, it should rain during the entire day. He preached eternity.

The people, meanwhile, filled the few benches, and sat and lay about on the ground in groups without much order; some in the shade of umbrellas, the men all bare-headed. It was, indeed, a day of fasting and prayer: the services lasted from eleven till five o'clock, when we all went to dinner at the farm-houses in the neighborhood.

The sacrament puts a serious burden on the households near the grounds. Hundreds of visitors live at these homes during four or five days, from fifty to seventy-five being quartered in each small house. The garret floor is turned into two great beds, one for the men and another for the women; the barn also is sometimes occupied. The family is busy for many days baking and preparing for the arrival of such a company; the cost is a serious embarrassment to many, and yet the traditions and hospitality of the race prevent them from accepting pay for the entertainment. The house to which I was invited was thronged; the tables were served abundantly all the remain-

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der of the afternoon with potatoes, salt fish, butter, bread, milk, bannocks, tea. There were none of the graces of politeness; intercourse went on in a hap-hazard way, and took care of itself as it might among a very primitive peasantry. But in spite of crudeness, the mood of the company was attractive to me; they seemed to be subdued with religious sentiment, and yet warmed by strong social feeling.

Communion Sabbath is the most important day of the sacrament in both a religious and a social point of view. At an early hour the roads were thronged with men and women on foot, on horseback, in open buggies; and by ten o'clock the grounds were well filled with people shaking hands, passing salutations; some were arranging quietly the preliminaries of horse trades and other transactions, and all were enjoying the one unfailing public gathering of the year. The enjoyment, however, had to be detected beneath a very grave mien and low-voiced talk. The crowd that day, having a larger proportion of the young and the worldly people, was more mixed in its composition, but the elements kept pretty distinct, for the devout and the elderly formed the group nearest the "tent," while those of lesser degrees of piety made concentric circles thereabout. While the usual services went on, many groups of lads and lasses on the outskirts exchanged notes, threw one another motto candies, and even kept up conversations in under-tones. I was told that at a sacrament some young men once established themselves in a wagon near by, and burlesqued the communion service with crackers and the whiskey bottle. Now and then an elder walked about the ground and called for order. The arrival of a wagon aroused ever dozer, and turned every head toward the road. A glance at the assembly, even at the most solemn moments of the service, left one ignorant of the fact that anything of interest was going on at the central point, for all classes had the singular habit of sitting or lying or standing with their faces turned in any direction. It seemed in this respect to be a picnic of deaf-mutes. The occasion showed in a striking way the hardihood of this people, their indifference to discomfort, the force of tradition among them, and, in some cases, the absorbing sincerity of their piety. All day long it rained, a cold east wind from the Banks of Newfoundland swept up the valley in gusts, and the chill was well-nigh unendurable to me. And yet the good patriarch preached on in his eternal way; the services kept their usual proportions; for nearly six hours men and women of three generations sat on the wet ground, the men all bare-headed, most of the people without the shelter of even an umbrella or a water-proof. Even when bad weather prevails during all five days of the sacrament it does not shorten the sermons. After the customary services of prayers, psalms, and sermon, the minister "fenced the table"; that is, he spoke to the effect of excluding those who were not communicants, and encouraging those who held "tokens" to come forward. When the communicants had taken their seats and the "elements" had been placed on the table, the minister came down from the "tent" and read before them the institution of the sacrament, 1st Corinthians, chapter xi., verses 23 to 29. Meanwhile a deacon collected the "tokens" from those at the table. After a prayer and an address, the minister broke bread and gave it to those nearest him, and passed them wine, and then three deacons or elders served the bread and wine along the rest of the tables. Externally it was a company of distressed, abject mourners soaked in the gusts of cold rain, the men's heads covered by handkerchiefs, the women's by black shawls. But they seemed entirely absorbed by their interior experiences, the tortures of conscience, the hopes and terrors of their faith. The sacrament closed with the usual services on Monday, and the crowds then dispersed to their homes.

BRIEF—AS WOMAN'S LOVE.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

THE imperial will of Napoleon III. decreed, and the ruthless hand of Baron Haussmann traced, a broad street to connect the two great monuments of the histrionic art of France—the Comédie Française and the Opéra—and the resulting Avenue de l'Opéra, not finished until long after the Emperor and the Prefect

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who planned it had fallen from power forever, is now a full artery of finance and of fashion. On the right-hand side of this thoroughfare, as one walks from the home of French comedy to the temple of French music, and not far from the Rue de la Paix, there is a restaurant called the Café de Paris; and here in a private room, one afternoon early in June, were gathered three Americans, just about to begin their lunch. They had fallen into the French habit of getting through the morning with no other nourishment than a roll and a cup of coffee, so that they were wont to find themselves ready for a more ample mid-day breakfast shortly after twelve. The low ceiling of the *entre-sol* seemed to make the room in which they sat smaller than it was in reality; but there was ample space for the fourth member of the party, for whom they were then waiting. The melon was on the table, and the *sole à la Mornay*—a specialty of the Café de Paris—had been ordered, but still Dr. Cheever did not come.

Mr. Laurence Laughton crossed over to the window by Mrs. Rudolph Vernon. "I hope you are not very hungry?" he said.

"But I am," she answered; "I am famished."

"So am I," added her husband.

"Your conduct is unreasonable, and your feelings are reprehensible," retorted Mr. Laughton. "As a lady, Mrs. Vernon has no right to an appetite; and as a poet, Mr. Vernon should scorn the gross joys of the table."

"The idea!" answered Mrs. Vernon. "Just as if a woman could live on air! Why, Uncle Larry, I am hungry enough to eat you."

Uncle Larry arose quietly, and slyly put the table between himself and the young lady who had thus proclaimed her cannibalistic capacity. But this movement brought him close to her husband, who seized the opportunity.

"I say, Laughton," he began, "it is all very well to be a poet, but I am a practical man too, and as a practical man I am simply starving."

"Well," said Uncle Larry, "you will enjoy that *sole à la Mornay* all the more. If it is as good now as it was last year, it is a poem, and it is worthy to be embalmed in verse. I believe that is the phrase they use, isn't it?"

"And it's a disgusting expression too, I say," interposed Mrs. Vernon. "I don't like to think of Rudolph as an undertaker. It's bad enough to have a doctor for a brother."

"By-the-way, my dear," interrupted her husband, "are you sure that you told the doctor to meet us here?"

"Of course I am," she answered. "He went to the banker's for letters from home while I was putting on my hat to go out, and he sent back a message to say that he had business, and couldn't go to the Salon with us, and I told the messenger to tell him to meet us here to lunch at one o'clock."

"And it is now nearly half past," said Rudolph Vernon, looking at his watch.

"Suppose we don't wait for him?" suggested Mrs. Vernon. "You know, Rudolph, that if you go without food it upsets you dreadfully."

"Well," said Uncle Larry, "I confess I heard the dumb dinner-bell of hunger some time ago."

"Dumb dinner-bell of hunger?" repeated the poet, thoughtfully. "It is a neat figure, but scarcely sufficiently dignified for use—except, perhaps, in comic verse."

"I should think you would find the pictures in the Salon very valuable to you," ventured Uncle Larry. "And it is a pity that the doctor did not get there this morning. Some of the paintings might have been useful to him—as studies in anatomy."

"They were very indelicate, I thought," said Mrs. Vernon.

"But I get ideas from them," continued her poet-husband. "I took notes for two first-rate sonnets."

"I saw one picture which suggested a poem to me," remarked Uncle Larry, with a quiet smile.

"Indeed?" queried Mr. Rudolph Vernon.

"It was one of Henner's, and it was just like all the other Henners I ever saw. It represented a young lady—before the bath. And it seemed to me a perfect illustration of the nursery rhyme:

> "'Oh, mother, may I go in and swim?'
> 'Oh yes, my darling daughter:
> Just hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
> And do not go near the water.'"

"How absurd!" laughed Mrs. Vernon.

"Well," said Uncle Larry, "it may be absurd, but it is singularly exact. Henner's nymphs have always hung their

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clothes up, but they never are in the water. Now I believe that—"

But Uncle Larry's artistic creed was cut short by the entrance of Dr. Cheever.

"I hope you have not waited for me?" he began, in a deep, grave voice befitting a physician of his wisdom and reputation.

"But we have!" cried his sister. "What ever did keep you so long?"

"I was called out unexpectedly," he answered, quietly, "and the case proved more important than I had supposed." Something in his manner warned his sister not to press him further with questions.

"Now you *are* here," said Uncle Larry, "we will proceed with our breakfast-at-the-fork, as the French call it."

"Do you think melon is wholesome to begin a meal with?" asked Vernon.

"Why not?" answered the doctor. "The French eat it then, and they are not as dyspeptic as we are."

"The French don't eat pie!" said Uncle Larry, laconically. "We do. In fact, I have sometimes thought that the typical American might be defined as a travelling interrogation mark with the dyspepsia."

"I wonder," remarked the doctor, as the waiter removed the melon and brought in the *sole à la Mornay*—"I wonder that nobody has ever attempted to explain *Hamlet* by the suggestion that the young Prince Hamlet has acute chronic dyspepsia."

"By-the-way, Uncle Larry," asked Mrs. Vernon, "you never told me how you liked *Hamlet* at the Opéra last night?"

"Well," said Uncle Larry, "a Hamlet who is a Frenchman and who sings, is to me the abomination of desolation. But it is such a great play that even French singing can not spoil it."

"The construction of the last act is very feeble," remarked the professional poet, critically.

"Very violent, you mean," suggested his wife.

"In art, violence is feebleness. And the fifth act of *Hamlet* is the acme of turbulent muddle."

Uncle Larry and Dr. Cheever exchanged quick glances as Vernon continued:

"I do not deny that it is a great play, a prophetic play even, and deeply philosophical. Indeed, nowhere is the *Weltschmerz* and the *Zeitgeist* more plainly voiced than in *Hamlet;* but, for all that, the construction of the last act is grossly inartistic."

"The idea of Ophelia's singing as she floats down the river is absurd," said Mrs. Vernon, supporting her husband and remembering more accurately the opera of M. Ambroise Thomas than the tragedy of William Shakespeare.

"People talk about Shakespeare's greatness," continued Rudolph Vernon, "and he was great; but look at the chance he had. He came in the nick of time, when men and women had passions, and before all the words were worn out. I'd like to see what Shakespeare would do now, when men and women have milk in their veins instead of blood, and when nearly all the fine words in the language are second-hand."

"You do not believe in a modern Hamlet, then?" asked Dr. Cheever.

"No; nor in a modern Ophelia. Women do not go mad and drown themselves nowadays. If they are jilted by Hamlet, they marry Guildenstern or Rosencrantz, or, better yet, young Fortinbras."

"Oh, Rudolph, how can you be so unjust!" was his wife's protest. "I am sure that women love with as much passion and self-sacrifice as ever. Why, at Madame Parlier's Institute for Young Ladies I knew two or three girls quite capable of loving as Juliet did and of dying like Juliet."

"You are fortunate in your acquaintance," answered her husband, "more fortunate by far than I, for I do not know any Romeo."

"Man's love to-day has more common-sense," Dr. Cheever suggested.

"Exactly, more common-sense, and therefore less passion, and a smaller possibility of tragedy. Shakespeare had the inside track, and it is no use for us modern poets to hope to equal him."

"I like to think about the fatality of love, and I hate to hear you say that there are no Romeos in our time," said Mrs. Vernon. "It seems to take the romance out of life."

"But there isn't any romance in life any longer," rejoined her husband; "that's my contention. We have and we can have no Hamlet, no Ophelia, no Juliet—especially no Romeo."

Uncle Larry laughed, and suggested:

"You think a modern lover more likely to take pepsin pills than a deadly poison."

"I do indeed," was the poet's answer. "Man now thinks more of his stomach than of his heart, and where is the poetry in indigestion, I'd like to know?"

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"Well, I don't know," said Uncle Larry, as the smile faded from his face. "I believe in the fatality of love even in the nineteenth century. I have seen one man in love with a passion as profound as any Romeo's, and his end was as tragic."

"Then he was a man born out of time," urged Rudolph Vernon.

"That may be," answered Uncle Larry. "He was a man born to sorrow, and yet he had the happiest nature and the largest heart of any man I ever knew."

"Is he dead?" asked Mrs. Vernon, with a woman's sympathy. "When did he die?"

"It is nearly two years since I read the sudden news of his death one summer afternoon. It is two years, and yet he has been in my mind all the morning. It may be because I found his last letter to me yesterday in my portfolio, and I had to read it again. So to-day I seem to see his pale handsome face and his bright dark eyes. He had the nobility of soul which makes the true hero of tragedy."

"But there is no tragedy to-day, as there is no comedy," argued Rudolph Vernon. "Instead, we have only *la tragédie bourgeoise* and *la comédie larmoyante*."

"I do not think you would say that if you knew his story—the story of his heart and the cause of its breaking," replied Laurence Laughton. "To me that is as tragic as anything that ever happened."

"I do not doubt that," retorted Vernon, hastily. "The story of your friend's broken heart may be as tragic as anything that ever *happened;* but in real life little or nothing happens in the way it ought to happen artistically."

"That was Balzac's theory," said Dr. Cheever, in his deep voice.

"You remind one of the French painter Boucher, was it, or Watteau, who complained that nature put him out," said Uncle Larry.

"Balzac's or Boucher's, the theory is sound for all that," contended the poet. "In real life we have only the raw material, and it is crude and harsh, and it has no beginning and no end—in an artistic sense, I mean. It is wholly lacking in symmetry and proportion. And as modern real life is nearest to us, it is the least artistic and the most unfinished."

"Tell him your story, Mr. Laughton, and confute him on the spot," suggested the doctor.

"Yes, do tell us, Uncle Larry," said Mrs. Vernon; "and then, if it really is tragic, you know, why, perhaps Rudolph can use it in a poem after all."

"I'm open to conviction, of course," admitted Vernon, "and I'd like to hear about your friend's taking off, but I am free to say that I do not believe it is a rounded and harmonious whole. As I said, in real life we can get of necessity only fragments out of a man's life, and a cross section of a fragment is not art."

Laurence Laughton hesitated a moment. The waiter brought in the coffee, and the gentlemen lighted their cigars.

"It seems almost like sacrilege to the dead to tell Ralph Dexter's story merely to prove a point," Laughton began, taking a sharp pull at his tiny cigar. "But it will free my mind to tell the tale, and it gives me occasion to speak well of him. He was the son of an old friend who had been very kind to me when I was a boy, and I tried to pay to the son the debt of gratitude due to the father. His mother died when he was born, and as an only child his father gave him a double share of love, for himself and for his mother. But when he was only seven years old the battle of Gettysburg was fought, and Lieutenant-Colonel Dexter took command of our regiment after Colonel Delancey Jones had been killed in the first day's fight. As we pressed forward to repel Pickett's charge, Dexter fell from his horse, mortally wounded. He took my hand as I bent over him, and said, 'Take care of Ralph.' The boy was his last thought, and those were his last words. He had left a will appointing me the boy's guardian, and I do not believe that ever did guardian and ward get on better together than Ralph and I. He was a bright boy, strong, wholesome, manly—a true boy, as he was to be a true man. He worshipped the memory of his father, and in remembrance of his father's death he wanted to be a soldier. At a competitive examination he won his appointment to a cadetship at West Point. He enjoyed his four years of hard work there, and he was graduated first in his class, going into the Engineers at once as a second lieutenant. Side by side with his enthusiasm for the soldier's calling lay a strong interest in science, and in getting into the Engineers he had accomplished the utmost of his hopes. He had been a happy boy; he had passed four happy years at West Point;

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and he began life with the prospect of happiness full before him."

As Laughton paused to light his cigar, which he had suffered to go out, Mrs. Vernon interjected, "Why, you said it was to be a tragedy, but it begins like a comedy. I can almost hear wedding bells in the distance."

"Where is the heroine of your tragedy?" asked Vernon.

"Well," said Uncle Larry, inhaling a mouthful of smoke, "the heroine is at hand."

"I'm glad of that," remarked Mrs. Vernon, soaking a lump of sugar in her coffee-spoon. "I don't like stories of men only; I want to hear about a woman."

"I do not think you will like the woman when you hear about her," answered Laughton.

"Why, was she ugly?" asked the lady.

"No; she was almost the most beautiful woman I ever saw; and I have heard you say that she was beautiful."

"Why, Uncle Larry, have I ever seen her?" inquired Mrs. Vernon, eagerly. "When was it? and where?"

"You have seen her, but you do not know her," answered Laughton.

"Oh, how mysterious! Now go on and tell me all about it, and where your friend met her, and what happened." And Mrs. Vernon lifted her lump of sugar to her lips and settled back on the divan which ran along one wall of the little room.

"Ralph Dexter got leave of absence in the latter part of the summer of 1881, and he came east for a change. Some friends were going to Mount Desert, and he joined them in a trip to that fascinating Summer School of Philosophy. His friends went away after a week, but he staid on. The Duchess of Washington Square—you know Mrs. Martin, of course?" And Laughton paused for an answer.

"Oh dear yes," laughed Mrs. Vernon. "Everybody knows the Duchess."

"Then you know that she is a born match-maker?"

"Indeed I do! Why, it was she who introduced Rudolph to me. The dear old soul!" answered Mrs. Vernon.

"Well," said Uncle Larry, "then you will not be surprised to be told that she seized on Ralph Dexter as soon as he arrived, and insisted on introducing him to the most beautiful girl in Mount Desert."

"What was her name?" asked Mrs. Vernon, innocently.

"Her name was Sibylla."

"Sibylla? That does not help me out. *I* never heard of a Sibylla. Did you?" asked Mrs. Vernon, turning to Dr. Cheever.

"I have met a lady of that name—quite recently," answered the doctor, and there seemed to be a certain significance in his tone.

"What was she like?" queried the poet.

"I'm not a good hand at an inventory of a woman's charms, but I'll do it as well as I can. She was a blonde with dark eyes. Her face was absolutely perfect in its Greek purity and regularity. Her neck and arms were worthy of the hand of Phidias or Praxiteles; and magnificent as she seemed, she had a certain marble statuesqueness which makes the allusion even more exact than it is complimentary. In fact, she was not a woman one could compliment on her looks, for her beauty was of so high an order that all praise seemed inadequate and paltry. I heard Mat Hitchcock once say that she walked like a goddess and danced like an angel."

"And where did this paragon of perfection come from?" asked Mrs. Vernon, unenthusiastically.

"From a little town in the interior of New York. Her parents were poor, and they had stinted themselves to send her to a fashionable school in New York. Then she had rich relatives, and it was a wealthy aunt who had taken her to Mount Desert."

"And your friend Ralph Dexter was the Pygmalion who sought to warm this cold beauty into life?" This was the question of the poet.

"Yes," answered Uncle Larry; "he fell in love with her the instant he laid eyes on her, and to him love was no plaything or pastime; it was a passion to endure till death. After three brief weeks of delight in her presence, Ralph had to go back to his post. He left a throng of other admirers around her, and he had had no chance to tell her of his love. To her, their slight intimacy was nothing more than a summer flirtation; to him, it was a matter of life and death. He returned to his work, thinking that she did not care for him, and he toiled hard to see if he could not forget, or at least forego her. But it was no use. At Christmas he gave it up, and ran over to New York to see her. She was away in the country, but she came back the last day of the year, and he went

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to wish her a happy New-Year. Cupid sometimes pays a New-Year's call, although calling has gone out of fashion in New York; and Ralph Dexter came to me after he left her, with a glow in his face and a look in his eyes which told me he had hope. How handsome he was as he stood in my study, with his back to the fire, telling me the desire of his heart! What a fine, manly fellow he was! Perhaps she had seen this; perhaps she had caught from him the contagion of emotion; perhaps she had really recognized and respected the depth and the nobility of his nature, and the strength of his passion. The next day he saw her again for a few minutes only, but they were enough for him to ask her to be his wife, and for her to accept him as her future husband. They agreed that the engagement should not be announced, for he would not be with her again for months, and as an engaged girl she would not have so good a time."

"Well!" interrupted Mrs. Vernon, "she was frank, at all events."

"She jilted him, I suppose?" asked Rudolph Vernon.

"She married him," answered Uncle Larry, calmly.

Dr. Cheever looked up with a glance of surprise and said: "She married him? Sibylla married Ralph? Are you sure?"

"I am quite sure."

"I did not know that," replied the doctor, resuming his attitude of silent attention.

"I didn't know you knew anything at all about it," said the doctor's sister. "At least you never told me anything."

Dr. Cheever smiled gravely and said nothing. Uncle Larry continued:

"Early in the spring Ralph Dexter received an appointment he had long wished. He was detailed to take charge of a special survey of the cañons of the Colorado River, a task which would take him several summers, while his winters would be employed in working up the observations made during the warm weather. He wrote to me that the department would allow him to do this winter work either in Washington or at Newport."

"I think Newport is just as pleasant in winter as it is in summer," said Mrs. Vernon.

"Ralph thought so too," answered Laurence Laughton, "and he knew that Sibylla was fond of Newport—as she was of everything rich and fashionable. Late in the spring he came to New York. He had ten days to make ready for his long summer in the midst of the marvels of the West. He came here with a fixed idea—to get her to marry him before he went away to his work. You see, he loved her so much that his heart sank at the fear of losing her. He trusted her, but he wanted to make sure. All he wished was to have her bound to him firmly. How he got her consent I can not imagine, but I suppose the hot fire of his manly love must have thawed her icy heart. He succeeded somehow or other, and the morning of his last day in New York he came to me and told me that she had promised to slip out with him that afternoon to old Dr. Van Zandt's to be married quietly at the rectory. No one was to know of this. It was, in fact, to be only a legal confirmation or ratification of their engagement. The wedding, to which all the world would be invited, was fixed for the following December."

"And so they were married privately?" asked Mrs. Vernon.

"Yes. I was standing on my doorstep, basking in the pleasant sunshine of a beautiful afternoon in May, as Ralph Dexter came up the steps, as radiantly happy as ever man was. 'Uncle Larry,' said he, as he wrung my hand with a grip of steel, 'I have been married nearly half an hour.' 'Where's the bride?' I asked. 'She has gone home to dress for a swell dinner to-night. I've said good-by to her. I sha'n't see her again for nearly six months. But I do not mind the parting now, for she is mine—mine by the law and the gospel. Uncle Larry, come to Delmonico's and dine with me; I'll treat. Let's have a wedding feast.' We had our dinner, and I let him talk about her through the long spring evening, as we walked up and down Fifth Avenue. He poured out his heart to me. There never was a man so happy or so miserable. He had married her, but he had to leave her almost at the steps of the altar. The parting was painful, but he was full of hope and heart, and he trusted her. To hear him talk about her would have made you think that there was only one woman in the whole wide world, and that there never had been her equal. Romeo was not more rhapsodic, nor was Juliet more beautiful than she, though the fair maid of Verona had the advantage of a

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warm heart, which Sibylla lacked. He told me his dreams and his plans. He had a share in a mine in Colorado, and he was perfecting a new process for reducing ore, a patent for which he expected in a few days. These were in the future. For the present he had his pay and allowances and the income of the little property his mother had left, and these together were enough for them to live on. He had had an unexpected legacy from an uncle, and of this he had said nothing to Sibylla, for he wished to surprise her with the tiny little cottage he meant to buy her in the outskirts of Newport. There they would live together and be happy in the winter; while in the summer, while he was away at his field-work, she was to invite her mother and her sister to bear her company. Now I knew her mother, and I knew she had no heart, but only a hard ambition in the place where the heart ought to be. I thought the less Sibylla had to do with her mother, the better for Ralph's chance of happiness. But I said nothing. I never had hinted a doubt of the girl, and, in fact, all my doubts had been killed by the wedding. I never even told him he had better make the best showing he could before her. And I have often wondered whether the end would have been different if he had told her of the house at Newport. But I said nothing; I let him talk, and he talked of her, and of her only, until at last I lost sight of him as he stood on the platform of the sleeping-car of the Pacific express. I watched the train out of the station, and I have never seen Ralph Dexter again from that day to this —at least, I think not."

At this last remark, added in a lower tone, Dr. Cheever shot a quick glance of interest at the speaker. He took his cigar from his mouth as though he was about to say something, but apparently he thought better of it, and he returned the cigar to his lips silently.

It was Rudolph Vernon who spoke: "I can't say that I see anything tragic in your story yet, or even any elements of a possible tragedy. But go on—say your say out. I will reserve criticism until you have told the tale."

"Yes, go on, Uncle Larry. What happened?" asked Mrs. Vernon.

"For several months nothing happened. I had a letter now and again from Ralph, who was working hard by day and dreaming dreams by night. Private business kept me from spending the summer in Europe. Perhaps it was just as well I was at home, for early in July old Dr. Van Zandt had a stroke, and he never left his bed again. When he died, toward the end of August, there was much to be done to get the affairs of the church in order, and most of this work was put on my shoulders as senior warden. I had been down to the Safe Deposit Vaults one hot day, about the first of September, and I bought the first edition of the *Gotham Gazette* to read on my way up-town in the elevated. The first telegram which caught my eye announced the death of Ralph Dexter!"

"Poor fellow!" was Mrs. Vernon's involuntary comment.

"Was it an accident?" asked her brother.

Uncle Larry hesitated a second, and then answered: "All that the telegram told me was the barren fact of his death. It seems he had insisted on scaling the precipitous side of a cañon; before he had ascended more than a few feet he slipped, and fell head-first into the rushing river below, and in a second the current bore him beyond all reach of help. At first I was stunned by the shock. I could not believe that the brave boy I had known since he was a baby had had the life dashed out of him by the cruel waters of the Colorado. Then I suddenly thought of his wife. No one knew of their marriage, or even of their engagement, except me—and I doubted if she were aware of my knowledge. I knew her very slightly; I had felt the charm of her beauty, but I had always chilled as she came near me. I questioned if it were not my duty to break the news to her gently before the cold brutality of a newspaper paragraph told her of her husband's lonely death. The evening paper would not reach her until the next morning, and if I took the three-o'clock train I could be in Newport in time to meet her that night. She was staying at the Sargents', and there was to be a ball that very evening. I was always very fond of Sam Sargent's daughter Dorothy, and she had sent me an invitation. I had accepted, although I had been moved afterward to give up the idea of going. With the *Gotham Gazette* in my hand I made up my mind that it was my duty to go to Newport and to break the news of Ralph Dexter's

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death as best I could to his unsuspecting wife."

Laurence Laughton paused in the telling of his tale, and threw his little cigar through the open window. He leaned over the table and poured out a tiny glass of brandy. Then he continued:

"Before eleven o'clock that night I was in Newport and at Mr. Sargent's. I asked for Sibylla, and I was told she was in the ball-room. As Sargent's house was not large, he had floored over his lawn, and the ball-room was a tent, hung with flowers, and lighted by the electric light hidden behind Japanese umbrellas. As I entered the tent I thought of Ralph Dexter lying dead and alone, after a struggle with the angry current of the Colorado, while his wife, for whom he would have given his soul, was dancing the German with a French *attaché*. After many vain attempts I got speech of her at last. She took my arm, and I wondered if she could hear the thumping of my heart. We walked up and down a dim piazza more fit for the confidences of a lover than for the message I bore. But if I was excited, she was as calm as ever. As delicately as I could I broke the fatal news."

"How did she take it?" asked Mrs. Vernon.

"She took it coolly. I had thought her cold, but I confess that her placidity astonished me. She never lost command over herself. She showed no feeling whatever. She listened to me quietly, and said: 'Dear me! what a pity! Such a handsome fellow too! and so promising! You were old friends, were you not? It must be a sad blow to you.' This reception fairly staggered me. Plainly enough she never suspected that I knew of her engagement and of her marriage. The careless way in which she brushed aside my news and offered her condolence to me was the last thing I had expected. If it was self-control, it was marvellous; if it was acting, there was never better here on the boards of the Comédie Française; if it was hardness of heart, then it was well for Ralph Dexter that his body lay lifeless on the bank of the Colorado. Just then Sam Sargent came out and joined us. I said nothing, but Sibylla began at once, and told him of Ralph's death. Sargent is a good-hearted fellow, coarse at bottom, it may be, but he can be sympathetic. He knew I loved Ralph, and he asked me for the details of his death with kindness in his voice. She listened, impassive and stately, as I told Sargent the little I knew. I watched her, but she never even changed color. When I had ended, she said: 'I liked Mr. Dexter very much. I used to see a good deal of him at Mount Desert last summer—we went rocking together.' Then she took Sargent's arm and went into the house, leaving me speechless. Her indifference was appalling, and I did not know what to think."

"A very remarkable young woman, I must say," declared Rudolph Vernon.

"That's just like a man," said Mrs. Vernon, indignantly. "Do you suppose she wanted to reveal the secrets of her heart to a stranger? Of course she did not. She kept calm before you and the rest of you men, but when she was alone she dropped the mask of composure and cried all night."

"I might have given her the benefit of the doubt for a little while, at all events, if—"

"If what?" insisted Mrs. Vernon, with a true woman's instinct of sex defense.

"If I had not met Miss Dorothy Sargent, who came to me in great distress. 'Oh, Uncle Larry,' she said, 'what am I to do? Papa is going to marry again, and he's old enough to be her father too, for she was at school with me, and I was a class ahead of her, and she wasn't clever either. I've no use for a step-mother younger than I am myself, have I? And don't you think he's big enough to know better?' I was in no mood to talk of marrying and of giving in marriage, but I did ask her whom it was her father proposed to marry."

"It wasn't that Sibylla, was it?" asked Mrs. Vernon.

"It was."

"But she had refused him?"

"She had accepted him."

"But she was a married woman!"

"No one knew that. And at any rate she had accepted Sam Sargent. Now you know what manner of man Sam Sargent is. He is a Wall Street speculator, a man of a coarse nature, covered with a layer of refinement, a man of exceeding shrewdness, a man who worshipped success however attained. He's here in Paris now; he was in a box opposite us at the Opéra last night. Think of a woman's putting aside Ralph Dexter to take Sam Sargent!

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She had found out that she wanted wealth and the luxury it gives, and she turned from Ralph to Sargent. She had no strength of character—worse yet, no heart. She was as weak as water, and as treacherous."

"You don't mean to tell me that that woman actually contemplated bigamy?" demanded Vernon.

"Well, I don't know what else to call it," answered Uncle Larry; "but she did not look on it that way. She thought that her marriage to Ralph was an idle form, known only to the clergyman and to themselves. Dr. Van Zandt was dead. She knew Ralph would not claim her against her will, and she believed that if she destroyed her marriage certificate—the only tangible evidence of her wedding—that she could undo the past and be a free woman."

"That's feminine logic with a vengeance," said Rudolph Vernon.

"But if the certificate was destroyed, why shouldn't she remarry?" asked Mrs. Vernon, innocently.

"When I got back to New York two days later," pursued Laughton, "I found on my desk a letter from Ralph Dexter. I was reading it over again last night, after we returned from the Opéra. I will read it to you, if you like."

"Yes, do, Uncle Larry," begged Mrs. Vernon.

Uncle Larry took the letter from his pocket, and read it as well as he could, for his voice trembled, and more than once he almost broke down.

"IN CAMP ON THE COLORADO,
"*August* 30, 1882.

"DEAR UNCLE LARRY,—I got back to the camp last night, after a little paseata up in the hills for three weeks, and I found your welcome letter awaiting me. I was pretty tired, for we had been in the saddle thirty-four hours on a stretch, but I read it through before I took off my coat. I had hoped for a letter from Some One Else, but I was disappointed; there must be a breakdown in the mail route somewhere. Then I read over again the paragraph in your letter referring to her; and then I tumbled into bed and slept eighteen hours on end. It was nearly noon the next day when I awoke, refreshed and a new man. In truth, I am a new man, improved and made over by the patent process of Cupid and Co. I wake up every morning thanking God for my youth and my strength, and, above all, for the joy of my life. I am as happy as any man ever was. My work is a delight to me, and my future is a dream of bliss. It is no wonder that I build castles in the air; but I remember what Thoreau says, and I am trying to put solid foundations under them. The mine is doing splendidly; it is a boom and not a blizzard this year; and with experience and improved machinery we hope for even better luck next season. And I have finer news yet. You are my oldest friend, Uncle Larry, and my best friend—except one, and I know you are not jealous of her—and so I will tell you first. The patent has been granted for my new process for reducing ores. And what is more, a practical man from Leadville, a regular mining sharp, who saw the working drawings at my patent agent's, has written to offer me fifty thousand dollars for a quarter interest. Fifty thousand dollars! Think of that, old man! I am a capitalist, a bloated bondholder, and she shall marry a rich man after all. We'll make a raid on Tiffany's when I arrive in New York in the fall, and you shall help me pick out a pair of solitaires—real solitaires, as the lady said—which will give her ears a chance to rival her eyes in their sparkle.

"Good-by, Uncle Larry, and forever. When you read this I shall be dead and out of her way. What use is life to me if she does not love me? Her letter has come at last, and I know the worst. She dreads poverty, she breaks with me, and I fear she is going to marry another man. This is a bad world, isn't it, Uncle Larry? But I forgive her; I can not help it, for I love her as much as ever. Poor girl, how she must have suffered before she wrote me that letter! If she wants money, she shall have it—she shall have all I hoped to gain. I have no use for it but to make her happy. There's a man in our party here who was a lawyer once, and he is drawing up my will for me. I have made you my executor. You will do this last favor for me, won't you? I leave everything to her, the little money I have in bank, my share in the mine, my three-quarters of the patent—for I have just written to accept the fifty thousand dollars for the quarter. I'd like her to have some money to go on with. You will attend to all these things for me; you have

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done so much for me already that I feel I have a right to make this last request. This is a long letter, but I want you to have my last words—my last dying speech and confession. Don't think I am going to be hanged; a man who is born to be drowned can never be hanged; and I am going to be drowned to-morrow. I don't know how or when, but a fall from the rocks is an easy thing to accomplish, and the river will do the rest. If she wishes to marry, I had best take myself out of the way and leave her free. After all, what does it matter? Life is little or nothing—it is only a prologue, or the posy of a ring. It is brief, my lord—as woman's love. I am in haste to be about my business and to put an end to it. The prologue has lasted too long; it is time for the real play to begin, the tragedy of time and eternity, to last until 'the curtain, a funeral pall, comes down with the rush of a storm.' Poor Poe was right for once, though I need no angels to affirm 'that the play is the tragedy, Man, and its hero the conqueror, Worm.' We shall meet again, Uncle Larry, and until that meeting, God be with you, and God help me!

"RALPH DEXTER."

"Did she take the legacy?" asked Rudolph Vernon.

"She did indeed," answered Laughton. "And Sam Sargent organized a company for working the patent, and floated it in London, and cleared half a million or more out of it. And it was lucky he did, because he got squeezed badly in the Transcontinental Telegraph corner last year, and Ralph Dexter's legacy is all the Sargents have left now."

"So she actually married Sargent?" was Mrs. Vernon's doleful remark.

"Why not?" asked Laughton, in return. "Ralph's death left her free to marry whom she pleased."

"Now you have told your tale, you have proved my assertion," said Rudolph Vernon. "In real life the story is incomplete. There is something lacking."

"She will be punished somehow, never fear," was Mrs. Vernon's cheerful assertion.

"I think the punishment has begun already," said Laughton. "Indeed, it followed fast upon the wrong-doing. At first I fear that Ralph's death was almost a relief to her, for it gave her the freedom she wanted. But no sooner was she married than she began to tremble at her work. With all her money she could not bribe her own thoughts to let her alone. She could not stab her own conscience, and kill it with a single blow. If a conscience must be murdered, it takes a long course of slow poisoning to do it. Then one day there came a reaction, and she suddenly changed her mind, and refused to believe that Ralph was dead. She thinks that he is alive and near her. She imagines that he watches her, and sends messages to her by one friend and another. She fancies at times that he hovers about her, an impalpable presence. Then, again, he becomes a tangible entity, a living person, and she declares that she has seen him standing before her, with his eyes fixed on her eyes, as though seeking to read the secret of her soul."

"That's what the doctor here would call a curious hallucination," said Mr. Vernon.

"Well, I don't know," answered Uncle Larry, doubtfully.

"Why, the man's *dead*, isn't he?" asked Mrs. Vernon, with interest.

"As I said before," responded Uncle Larry, "I don't know."

"But what do you think?"

"Well, I don't know what to think," answered Mr. Laughton. "Of course I thought he was dead. Yet his body was never found, though the surveying party searched for it for ten days or more. When I heard how Mrs. Sargent felt and what she fancied, I wondered and I doubted. Now I almost think I have seen him once, or rather twice."

"When?"

"Last night."

"Where?"

"Here—in Paris—at the Opéra. Once as we entered, and then, again, after the third act. The first time was in the lobby; we stood face to face. If the man who confronted me then was not Ralph Dexter, he was strangely like him. I had a queer, uncanny shiver, but the man looked me in the eye, and did not know me, and passed on, and I lost sight of him."

"And the second time?" asked Dr. Cheever, who had hitherto taken no part in the conversation, although he had listened most attentively.

"As the curtain fell on the third act, I looked at Mrs. Sargent, who sat by the side of her husband in a box to the right

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of us. I saw in her eyes a look of horror or of fear. I turned my head, and there, on the opposite side of the theatre, stood the same man, Ralph Dexter, or his double. He was gazing intently at Mrs. Sargent. I looked at her again, and I saw her whiten and fall sideways. Her husband caught her in his arms, and they left the box at once. When I sought my dead friend again he was gone."

There was silence after Laughton stopped speaking. Then Rudolph Vernon remarked: "The romance of real life is better rounded than I had thought, but it is still incomplete artistically. There is more behind these facts, and to evolve this unsubstantial but essential something is the duty of the literary artist."

"Perhaps," said Dr. Cheever, slowly—"perhaps a physician may complete the tale as well as an author."

"Why, Richard, what do you know about it?" asked his sister.

"Very little, indeed, and until this morning I knew even less. If I had heard Mr. Laughton's story yesterday, I could have decided more promptly and more intelligently, it may be, but my decision would have been the same."

"Were you called in to attend Mrs. Sargent this morning?" asked his sister. "Oh, why didn't you tell us before?"

"I should not tell you now if the case were not hopeless. I could not go to the Salon with you this morning because I was suddenly summoned to join two French physicians in an examination of Mrs. Sargent's mental condition. There could be no doubt about it, unfortunately; we all agreed; and an hour before I joined you here I signed the order which committed her to an asylum."

THE HOME ACRE.

BY E. P. ROE.

PART I.

LAND hunger is so general that it may be regarded as a natural craving. Artificial modes of life, it is true, can destroy it, but it is apt to re-assert itself in later generations. To tens of thousands of bread-winners in cities a country home is the dream of the future, the crown and reward of their life toil. Increasing numbers are taking what would seem to be the wiser course, and are combining rural pleasures and advantages with their business. As the questions of rapid transit are solved, the welfare of children will turn the scale more and more often against the conventional city house or flat. A home *can* be created in rented dwellings and apartments, but a home for which we have the deed, a cottage surrounded by trees, flowers, lawn, and garden, is the refuge which best satisfies the heart. By means of such a suburban nook we can keep up our relations with Nature and all her varied and health-giving life. The tired man, returning from business, finds that his excited brain will not cease to act. He can enjoy restoring rest in the complete diversion of his thoughts; he can think of this tree or that plant, and how he can fill to advantage unoccupied spaces with other trees, flowers, and vegetables. If there is a Jersey cow to welcome him with her placid trust, a good roadster to whinny for an airing, and a flock of chickens to clamor about his feet for their supper, his jangling nerves will be quieted in spite of all the bulls and bears of Wall Street. Best of all, he will see that his children have air and space in which to grow naturally, healthfully. His fruit trees will testify to his wisdom in providing a country home. For instance, he will observe that if sound plums are left in contact with stung and decaying specimens, they too will be infected; he will see that too close crowding renders the prospect for good fruit doubtful; and, by natural transition of thought, will be glad that his boys and girls are not shut in to the fortuitous associations of hallway and street.

The area of land purchased will depend largely on the desires and purse of the buyer, but about one acre appears to satisfy the majority of people. This amount is not so great that the business man is burdened with care, nor is its limit so small that he is cramped and thwarted by line fences. If he can give to his bit of Eden but little thought and money, he will find that an acre can be so laid out as to entail comparatively small expense in either the

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one or the other; if he has the time and taste to make the land his play-ground as well as that of his children, scope is afforded for an almost infinite variety of pleasing labors and interesting experiments. When we come to co-work with Nature, all we do has some of the characteristics of an experiment. The labor of the year is a game of skill, into which also enter the fascinating elements of apparent chance. What a tree, a flower, or vegetable bed will give depends chiefly upon us, yet all the vicissitudes of dew, rain, frost, and sun have their part in the result. We play the game with Nature, and she will usually let us win if we are not careless, ignorant, or stupid. She keeps up our zest by never permitting the game to be played twice under the same conditions. We can no more carry on our garden this season precisely as we did last year than a captain can sail his ship exactly as he did on the preceding voyage. A country home makes even the weather interesting, and the rise and fall of the mercury is watched with scarcely less solicitude than the mutations of the market.

In this paper and in those which may ensue I merely hope to make some useful suggestions and give practical advice—the result of experience, my own and others' —which the reader can carry out and modify according to his judgment.

We will suppose that an acre has been bought, that it is comparatively level, with nothing of especial value upon it—in brief, that the home and its surroundings are still to be created.

It is not within my design to treat of the dwelling, its architecture, etc., but we shall have something to say further on in regard to its location. Before purchasing, the most careful investigations should be made as to the healthfulness of the region and the opportunities for thorough drainage. Having bought the acre, the question of removing all undue accumulations of water on or beneath the surface should be attended to at first. The dry appearance of the soil during much of the year may be misleading. It should be remembered that there are equinoctial storms and melting snows. Superabundant moisture at every period should have channels of immediate escape, for moisture in excess is an injury to plant as well as to family life, while thoroughly and quickly drained land endures drought far better than that which is rendered heavy and sour by water stagnating beneath the surface. Tile drains are usually the cheapest and most effective, but if there are stones and rocks upon the place, they can be utilized and disposed of at the same time by their burial in ditches, and they should be covered so deeply that a plough, although sunk to the beam, can pass over them. Tiles or the top of a stone drain should be at least two feet below the surface. If the ground of the acre is underlaid with a porous subsoil, there is usually an adequate natural drainage.

Making haste slowly is often the quickest way to desired results. It is the usual method to erect the dwelling first, and afterward to subdue and enrich the ground gradually. This, in many instances, may prove the best course, but when it is practicable, I should advise that building be deferred until the land (with the exception of the spaces to be occupied with the house and barn) can be covered with a heavy dressing of barn-yard manure, and that this be ploughed under in the autumn. Such general enriching of the soil may seem a waste in view of the carriage drive and walks yet to be laid out, but this will not prove true. It should be remembered that while certain parts of the place are to be kept bare of surface vegetation, they nevertheless will form a portion of the root pasturage of the shade and fruit trees. The land, also, can be more evenly and deeply ploughed before obstructions are placed upon it, and roots, pestiferous weeds, and stones removed with greatest economy. Moreover, the good initial enriching is capital, hoarded in the soil, to start with. On many new places I have seen trees and plants beginning a feeble and uncertain life, barely existing rather than growing, because their roots found the soil like a table with dishes but without food. If the fertilizer is ploughed under in the autumn, again mixed with the soil by a second ploughing in the spring, it will be decomposed and ready for immediate use by every rootlet in contact with it. Now, as farmers say, the "land is in good heart," and it will cheer its owner's heart to see the growth promptly made by whatever is properly planted. Instead of losing time, he has gained years. Suppose the acre to have been bought in September, and treated as I have indicated, it is ready for a generous reception of plants and trees the following spring.

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Possibly at the time of purchase the acre may be covered with coarse grass, weeds, or undergrowth of some kind. In this case, after the initial ploughing, the cultivation for a season of some such crop as corn or potatoes may be of great advantage in clearing the land, and the proceeds of the crop would partially meet expenses. If the aim is merely to subdue and clean the land as quickly as possible, nothing is better than buckwheat, sown thickly, and ploughed under just as it comes into blossom. It is the nature of this rampant-growing grain to kill out everything else and leave the soil light and mellow. If the ground is encumbered with many stones and rocks, the question of clearing it is more complicated. They can be used, and often sold to advantage, for building purposes. In some instances I have seen laboring men clear the most unpromising plots of ground by burying all rocks and stones deeply beneath the surface—men, too, who had no other time for the task except the brief hours before and after their daily toil.

I shall give no distinct plan for laying out the ground. The taste of the owner, or more probably that of his wife, will now come into play. Their ideas also will be modified by many local circumstances, as, for instance, the undulations of the land, if there are any, proximity to neighbors, etc. If little besides shade and lawn is desired, this fact will have a controlling influence; if, on the other hand, the proprietor wishes to make his acre as productive as possible, the house will be built nearer the street, wider open space will be left for the garden, and fruit trees will predominate over those grown merely for shade and beauty. There are few who would care to follow a plan which many others had adopted. Indeed, it would be the natural wish of persons of taste to impart something of their own individuality to their rural home, and the effort to do this would afford much agreeable occupation. Plates giving the elevation and arrangement of country homes can be studied by the evening lamp, visits to places noted for their beauty, simplicity, and good taste will afford motives for many a breezy drive, while useful suggestions from what had been accomplished by others may repay for an extended journey. Such observations and study will cost little more than an agreeable expenditure of time, and surely a home is worth careful thought. It then truly becomes *your* home; something that you have evolved with loving effort.

We will suppose that it is early spring, that the ground has received its second ploughing, and that the carriage drive and the main walks have been marked out on paper, or, better still, on a carefully considered map. There is now so much to do that one is almost bewildered, and the old saying, "Rome was not built in a day," is a good thing to remember. An ordinary succession of labor will bring beauty and comfort in good time, especially if essential or foundation labors are first well performed. Few things will prove more satisfactory than dry, hard, smooth carriage roads and walks. These, with their curves, can be carefully staked out, the surface earth between the stakes to the depth of four or five inches carted to the rear of the place near the stable, or the place where the stable is to be. Of the value of this surface soil we will speak presently, and will remark in passing that it is amply worth the trouble of saving. Its removal leaves the beds of the driveway and walks depressed several inches below the surrounding surface. Fill these shallow excavations with little stones, the larger in the bottom, the smaller on top, and cover all with gravel. You now have roads and walks that will be dry and hard even in oozy March, and you can stroll about your place the moment the heaviest shower is over. The greater first cost will be more than made good by the fact that scarcely a weed can start or grow on pathways thus treated. All they will need is an occasional rounding up and smoothing with a rake.

While this labor is going on you can begin the planting of trees. To this task I would earnestly ask careful attention. Your house can be built in a summer, but it requires a good part of a century to build the best trees into anything like perfection. The usual tendency is to plant much too closely. Observe well-developed trees, and see how wide a space they require. There is naturally an eager wish for shade as soon as possible, and a desire to banish from surroundings an aspect of bareness. These purposes can, it is true, often be accomplished by setting out more trees at first than could mature, and by taking out one and another from time to time when they begin to interfere with each other's growth. One symmetrical, noble

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tree, however, is certainly worth more than a dozen distorted, misshapen specimens. If given space, every kind of tree and shrub will develop its own individuality, and herein lies one of their greatest charms. If the oak typifies manhood, the drooping elm is equally suggestive of feminine grace, while the sugar-maple, prodigal of its rich juices, tasselled bloom, and winged seeds, reminds us of wholesome, cheerful natures. Even when dying, its foliage takes on the earliest and richest hues of autumn.

The trees about our door become in a sense our companions. They appeal to the eye, fancy, and feelings of different people differently. Therefore I shall leave the choice of arboreal associates to those who are to plant them—a choice best guided by observation of trees. Why should you not plant those you like the best, those which are the most congenial?

A few suggestions, however, may be useful. I would advise the reader not to be in too great haste to fill up his grounds. While there are trees to which his choice reverts almost instantly, there are probably many other beautiful varieties with which he is not acquainted. If he has kept space for the planting of something new every spring and fall, he has done much to preserve his zest in his rural surroundings, and to give a pleasing direction to his summer observation. He is ever on the alert to discover trees and shrubs that satisfy his taste.

When preparing these papers I visited the grounds of Mr. A. S. Fuller, at Ridgewood, New Jersey, and for an hour or two I broke the tenth commandment in spite of myself. I was surrounded by trees from almost every portion of the northern temperate zone, from Oregon to Japan; and in Mr. Fuller I had a guide whose sympathy with his arboreal pets was only equalled by his knowledge of their characteristics. All who love trees should possess his book, entitled *Practical Forestry*. If it could only be put into the hands of law-makers, and they compelled to learn much of its contents by heart, they would cease to be more or less conscious traitors to their country in allowing the destruction of forests.

Japan appears to be doing as much to adorn our lawns and gardens as our drawing-rooms, and from this and other foreign lands much that is beautiful or curious is coming annually to our shores. At the same time I was convinced of the wisdom of Mr. Fuller's appreciation of our native trees. In few instances would we have to go far from home to find nearly all that we wanted in beautiful variety—maples, dogwoods, scarlet and chestnut oaks, the liquidambar, the whitewood or tulip tree, white birch, and hornbeam, or the hop-tree, not to speak of the evergreens and shrubs indigenous to our forests. Perhaps it is not generally known that the persimmon, so well remembered by old campaigners in Virginia, will grow readily in this latitude. There are forests of this tree around Paterson, New Jersey, and it has been known to endure twenty-seven degrees below zero. It is a handsome tree at any season, and its fruit in November caused much straggling from our line of march in the South. Then there is our clean-boled, graceful beech, whose smooth white bark has received so many tender confidences.

There is one objection to the beech, which also lies against the white oak—it does not drop its leaves within the space of a few autumn days. The bleached foliage is falling all winter long, thus giving the ground near an untidy aspect. With some, the question of absolute neatness is paramount; with others, leaves are clean dirt, and their rustle in the wind does not cease to be music even after they have fallen.

In gratifying our taste for native trees we need not confine ourselves to those indigenous to our own locality. From the nurseries we can obtain specimens that beautify other regions of our broad land, as, for instance, the Kentucky yellowwood, the papaw, the Judas-tree, and, in the latitude of New Jersey and southward, the holly.

In many instances the purchaser of the acre may find a lasting pleasure in developing a specialty. He may desire to gather about him all the drooping or weeping trees that will grow in his latitude, or he may choose to turn his acre largely into a nut orchard, and delight his children with a harvest which they will gather with all the zest of the frisky red squirrel. If one could succeed in obtaining a bearing tree of Hale's paper-shell hickory-nut, he would have a prize indeed.

In passing from this subject of choice in deciduous trees and shrubs, I would suggest, in addition to visits to woods and copse, to the well-ornamented places of

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men who have long gratified a fine taste in this respect, that the reader also make time to see occasionally a nursery like that of S. B. Parsons and Co., at Flushing, New York. There is no teaching like that of the eyes, and the amateur who would do a bit of landscape gardening about his own home learns what he would like and what he can do by seeing shrubs and trees in their various stages of growth and beauty.

As a rule, I have not much sympathy with the effort to set out large trees in the hope of obtaining shade more quickly. The trees have to be trimmed up and cut back so greatly that their symmetry is often destroyed. They are also apt to be checked in their growth so seriously by such removal that a slender sapling, planted at the same time, overtakes and passes them. I prefer a young tree, straight-stemmed, healthy, and typical of its species or variety. Still, when large trees can be removed in winter with a great ball of frozen earth that insures the preservation of the fibrous roots, much time can be saved. It should ever be remembered that prompt, rapid growth of the transplanted tree depends on two things—plenty of small fibrous roots, and a fertile soil to receive them. It usually happens that the purchaser employs a local citizen to aid in putting his ground in order. In every rural neighborhood there are smart men: smart is the proper adjective, for they are neither sagacious nor trustworthy, and there is ever a dismal hiatus between their promises and performance. Such men lie in wait for new-comers, to take advantage of their inexperience and necessary absence. They will assure their confiding employers that they are beyond learning anything new in the planting of trees—which is true, in a sinister sense. They will leave roots exposed to sun and wind; in brief, pay no more attention to them than a baby-farmer would bestow on an infant's appetite, and then, when convenient, thrust them into a hole scarcely large enough for a post. They expect to receive their money long before the dishonest character of their work can be discovered. The number of trees which this class of men have dwarfed or killed outright would make a forest. The result of a well-meaning yet ignorant man's work might be equally unsatisfactory. Therefore the purchaser of the acre should know how a tree should be planted, and see to it himself, or he should by careful inquiry select a man for the task who could bring testimonials from those to whom he had rendered like services in the past.

The hole destined to receive a shade or fruit tree should be at least three feet in diameter and two feet deep. It then should be partially filled with good surface soil, upon which the tree should stand, so that its roots could extend naturally according to their original growth. Good fine loam should be sifted through and over them, and they should not be permitted to come in contact with decaying matter or coarse, unfermented manure. The tree should be set as deeply in the soil as it stood when first taken up. As the earth is thrown gently through and over the roots it should be packed lightly against them with the foot, and water, should the season be rather dry and warm, poured in from time to time to settle the fine soil about them. The surface should be levelled at last with a slight dip toward the tree, so that spring and summer rains may be retained directly about the roots. Then a mulch of coarse manure is helpful, for it keeps the surface moist, and its richness will reach the roots gradually in a diluted form. A mulch of straw, leaves, or coarse hay is better than none at all. After being planted, three stout stakes should be inserted firmly in the earth at the three points of a triangle, the tree being its centre. Then by a rope of straw or some soft material the tree should be braced firmly between the protecting stakes, and thus it is kept from being whipped around by the wind. Should periods of drought ensue during the growing season, it would be well to rake the mulch one side, and saturate the ground around the young tree with an abundance of water, and the mulch afterward spread as before. Such watering is often essential, and it should be thorough.

Speaking of trees, it may so happen that the acre is already in forest. Then, indeed, there should be careful discrimination in the use of the axe. It may be said that a fine tree is in the way of the dwelling. Perhaps the proposed dwelling is in the way of the tree. In England the work of "groving," or thinning out trees, is carried to the perfection of a fine art. One shudders at the havoc which might be made by a stolid laborer. Indeed, to nearly all who could be employed in preparing a wooded acre for habitation, a

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tree would be looked upon as little more than so much cord-wood or lumber.

The coniferæ should not be neglected. They are always beautiful, easily managed, and by means of them beautiful effects can be created within comparatively small space. On Mr. Fuller's grounds I saw what might be fittingly termed a small parterre of dwarf evergreens, some of which were twenty-five years old.

What I have said about forming the acquaintance of deciduous trees and shrubs before planting to any great extent, applies with even greater force to the evergreen family. There is a large and beautiful variety from which to choose, and I would suggest that the choice be made chiefly from the dwarf-growing kinds, since the space of one acre is too limited for much indulgence in Norway spruces, the firs, or pines. An hour with a notebook spent in grounds like those of Mr. Fuller would do more in aiding a satisfactory selection than years of reading. Moreover, it should be remembered that many beautiful evergreens, especially those of foreign origin, are but half hardy. The amateur may find that after an exceptionally severe winter some lovely specimen, which has grown to fill a large space in his heart, as well as on his acre, has been killed. There is an ample choice from entirely hardy varieties for every locality, and these, by careful inquiry of trustworthy nurserymen, should be obtained.

Moreover, it should be remembered that few evergreens will thrive in a wet, heavy soil. If nature has not provided thorough drainage by means of a porous subsoil, the work must be done artificially. As a rule, light but not poor soils, and warm exposures, are best adapted to this genus of trees.

I think that all authorities agree substantially that spring in our climate is the best time for the transplanting of evergreens, but they differ between early and advanced spring. The late Mr. A. J. Downing preferred early spring; that is, as soon as the frost is out and the ground dry enough to crumble freely. Mr. A. S. Fuller indorses this opinion. Mr. Josiah Hoopes, author of a valuable work entitled *The Book of Evergreens*, advises that transplanting be deferred to later spring, when the young trees are just beginning their season's growth, and this view has the approval of Hon. Marshall P. Wilder and Mr. S. B. Parsons, Jun., Superintendent of City Parks. Abundant success is undoubtedly achieved at both seasons; but should a hot, dry period ensue after the later planting—early May, for instance—only abundant watering and diligent mulching will save the trees.

It should be carefully remembered that the evergreen families do not possess the vitality of deciduous trees, and are more easily injured or killed by removal. The roots of the former are more sensitive to exposure to dry air and to sunlight, and much more certainty of life and growth is secured if the transfer can be accomplished in cloudy or rainy weather. The roots should *never* be permitted to become dry, and it is well also to sprinkle the foliage at the time of planting. Moreover, do not permit careless workmen to save a few minutes in the digging of the trees. Every fibrous root that can be preserved intact is a promise of life and vigor. If a nursery-man should send me an assortment of evergreens with only the large woody roots left, I should refuse to receive the trees.

What I have said in opposition to the transplanting of large trees applies with greater force to evergreens. Mr. Hoopes writes: "An error into which many unpracticed planters frequently fall is that of planting large trees, and it is one which we consider opposed to sound common-sense. We are aware that the owner of every new place is anxious to produce what is usually known as an *immediate effect*, and therefore he proceeds to plant large evergreens, covering his grounds with great unsightly trees. In almost every case of this kind the lower limbs are apt to die, and thus greatly disfigure the symmetry of the trees. Young, healthy plants, when carefully taken up and as properly replanted, are never subject to this disfigurement, and are almost certain to form handsome specimens."

Any one who has seen the beautiful pyramids, cones, and mounds of green into which so many varieties develop, if permitted to grow according to the laws of their being, should not be induced to purchase old and large trees which nursery-men are often anxious to part with before they become utterly unsalable.

When the evergreens reach the acre, plant them with the same care and on the same general principles indicated for other trees. Let the soil be mellow and good.

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Mulch at once, and water abundantly the first summer during dry periods. Be sure that the trees are not set any deeper in the ground than they stood before removal. If the soil of the acre is heavy or poor, go to the road-side or some old pasture and find rich light soil with which to fill in around the roots. If no soil can be found without a large proportion of clay, the addition of a little sand, thoroughly mixed through it, is beneficial. The hole should be ample in size, so that the roots can be spread out according to their natural bent. If the ground, after planting, needs enriching, spread the fertilizer around the trees, not against them, and on the surface only. Never put manure on or very near the roots.

Very pretty and useful purposes can often be served by the employment of certain kinds of evergreens as hedges. I do not like the arbitrary and stiff divisions of a small place which I have often seen. They take away the sense of roominess, and destroy the possibility of pretty little vistas, but when used judiciously as screens they combine much beauty with utility. As part of line fences they are often eminently satisfactory, shutting out prying eyes and inclosing the home within walls of living green. The strong-growing pines and Norway spruce are better adapted to large estates than to the area of an acre. Therefore we would advise the employment of the American arbor vitæ and of hemlock. The hedge of the latter evergreen on Mr. Fuller's place formed one of the most beautiful and symmetrical walls I have ever seen. It was so smooth, even, and impervious that in the distance it appeared like solid emerald.

The ground should be thoroughly prepared for a hedge by deep ploughing or by digging; the trees should be small, young, of even height and size, and they should be planted carefully in line, according to the directions already given for a single specimen; the ground on each side mulched and kept moist during the first summer. In the autumn, rake the mulch away and top-dress the soil on both sides for the space of two or three feet outward from the stems with well-decayed manure. This protects the roots and insures a vigorous growth the coming season. Allow no weeds or even grass to encroach on the young hedge until it is strong and established. For the first year no trimming will be necessary beyond cutting back an occasional branch or top that is growing stronger than the others, and this should be done in early October. During the second season the plants should grow much more strongly, and now the shears are needed in summer. Some branches and top shoots will push far beyond the others. They should be cut back evenly and in accordance with the shape the hedge is to take. The pyramidal form appears to me to be the one most in harmony with nature. In October, the hedge should receive its final shearing for the year, and if there is an apparent deficiency of vigor, the ground on both sides should receive another top-dressing after removing the summer mulch. As the hedge grows older and stronger, the principal shearing will be done in early summer, as this checks growth and causes the close, dense interlacing of branches and formation of foliage wherein the beauty and usefulness of the hedge consist.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE New England Society in New York was organized eighty-one years ago, and for many years it has celebrated the rigor and want of the famous landing at Plymouth with the most sumptuous feast. All the planets and fixed stars and wayward meteors of New England political and professional and literary and official greatness and eloquence have risen above the horizon of that noted table, and have illuminated the heroic story of New England life and illustrated the qualities of New England leadership. Once a year New York has been invited to hear of the glory at which she smiles and of the virtue which she denies.

"New England has much to be proud of," said a New-Yorker jealous of the honor of his State, "but it is remarkable that she should choose to praise the Puritan for the very virtue that he scorned—the love of religious liberty." The same sharp commentator said that he observed that the New-Englander praised New England with a fervor that increased with distance from her borders. But these pleasant gibes do not disturb the American whose feet are planted upon Plymouth Rock. Great

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patience, he thinks, may be necessary with those whose feet stand upon a less firm foundation.

"No," sweetly replies the Yankee to the Knickerbocker, "you were not sprung from New England. But cheer up; New York is next to it. From the field of Saratoga you can see the Green Mountains, and the great city itself is not very far from the Connecticut line. You observe, my friend, that even New York is not without its consolations. It is near New England." This comfort is the more soothing because it is administered by the New-Englander who has come to live in New York. His coming is in itself obviously an act of benevolence. He will not selfishly keep New England to himself, but he shares it with the hapless Knickerbocker. He overflows upon him, as it were, with New England, and reminds him of his blessings. It is a benevolence which must stir the Knickerbocker heart with gratitude.

There is one aspect of this Yankee festival in New York which is not always remembered, but which is very interesting and significant. It is an illustration of the tradition and the habit which constitute both the peculiarity and the strength of our political system. It is a manifestation alike of the strength of local feeling and of national pride. The tie that binds the New-Englander to New England is wrought of association and pride and sympathy, and, like all local ties, of mystery. It is strong and imperishable, and yet it does not weaken the other tie to the nation. He does not assert one against the other, as he does not care to distinguish his love of wife and child. The New England dinner in New York has been always a tribute of tender reverence to that part of the country. But it has been always, also, a very well-spring of love and loyalty toward the Union.

To sit at that table is to understand the dual bond of the American. It is a feast which at once renews his local fidelity and refreshes his patriotism. He rises a prouder New-Englander and also a prouder American. In celebrating the one he extols the other, and in defending either he strengthens both. But the dinner is not always composed of praise and pudding. The old skull which was placed upon the royal table to remind the king that even he was mortal is sometimes deftly laid by the Yankee's plate in the speech of the after-dinner orator. The warning strain startles the careless reveller, who supposes that he has discharged the whole duty of man in being born a New-Englander, like a sudden *mene, mene*, blazing upon the pretty panelling of Delmonico's larger hall.

This year it was the Reverend Doctor John Knox—that is to say, Dr. Paxton—whose eloquence shook the roses of the garlanded guests, and filled them with wonder as if they had been Queen Mary's careless maids of honor. He said in effect that it might be well to consider whether Plymouth Rock was not changing from granite to sugar, whether the virtues of the Puritan were not disappearing with his grimness, and whether, instead of the defier of popes, and challenger of kings, and tamer of a continental wilderness, and sturdy founder of a free republic, we had not now a money-getter, an æsthete, a dude, and a dandy.

This was certainly a pretty serious question. The tone of the speech was that of the traditional Puritan, jealous of all pomps and vanities, and suspecting pleasure to be only a treacherous snare. The question, moreover, seemed to have a certain pertinence amid the luxurious circumstance of the feast. The reverend doctor put his point strongly and epigrammatically and eloquently. The guests listened and loudly applauded. The stern old "man of God" was drawn boldly by the orator as the man to whom life was too sober for a smile, and who was too tenaciously fixed upon a great and beneficent purpose to humor finical whims about small objections and obstructions.

The tone of the question was not unlike that of Senator Frye at the Brooklyn dinner on the previous evening, who implied that he suspected that we were inclined to be too mealy-mouthed about the late war. But as the very circumstances of the dinner replied conclusively to the implication of the Senator, so do the facts seem to answer the New York question. The Brooklyn dinner was distinguished by nothing so much as the universal and affectionate tribute to Grant as a true patriot. The sincerity of the sentiment and the warmth of its expression showed how deep and strong is the patriotic feeling for the cause which Grant represents. And it was still more significant because happily Grant represents also the fraternal spirit upon which alone a genuine Union can rest. There was no forgetfulness, as the Senator implied, but there was a remembrance of something else than battle-fields and fighting.

In somewhat the same way our history seems to answer the same doubt of the disappearance of the Puritan. Certainly he survives. Even his intolerance and narrowness are not gone, while his great qualities happily endure. The story of the last half-century in this country is not that of a decadent nation in any part of it. It is the story of the conscience and courage and clear intelligence that in another country and under other conditions made Puritan England. And in its later part it is the tale of such national reunion after discord and civil war as no other age or country ever saw. Even the poor dude, whom the "man of God" might be supposed to regard as a brainless human butterfly, is often made to serve as a word of contempt in angry contests for one of the most positive of Puritan qualities—resolute adhesion to individual conviction.

If Carver and Brewster and Bradford and Winslow should look in upon a New England dinner of to-day, they would not stand like the sad and rebuking figures of the old Romans

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in Couture's picture of the "Decadence of Rome," but with the cheerful welcome of great-hearted men who, in another costume and under changed conditions, recognized and blessed their own children.

A late telegram from England stated that the cohesion of the Liberal party in that country depended upon Mr. Gladstone's declaration of his views. How much may depend upon the cohesion of that party every student of public affairs will answer for himself. But the fact of the ascendency of one man without office, or any but intellectual and moral forces at his command, is a suggestive comment upon the assertion which we were recently considering, that no particular man is of importance, and that the currents of tendency take no account of individuals.

The loiterer along the crowded highway of a great city must often think of the apparent truthfulness of the saying that any man is but a dried leaf whirled upon the surface of a stream which sweeps on heedless of leaves and chips and drift of every degree. Think of the great man, says the musing loiterer, who was here yesterday, and is gone to-day. He was a religious leader, but what is changed because he is gone? His church or sect or society remains, and his place is already filled. He was a great political chief for whose word a country waited, and by whose speeches men trimmed their opinions as they dress by a glass. But his party endures, and another voice is even now speaking for it.

Here is the placard of the opera, and Signora Nachtigalli is to sing in the *Sonnambula*, or the *Freischütz*, or the *Taming of the Shrew*, or *Faust*, or the *Meistersinger*, and the young woman and the young man are to go and listen and enjoy, and—and to feel as their fathers and mothers used to feel when they went to the opera and listened and enjoyed. What is changed but the color of the father's hair and the rose bloom of the mother's cheek? But Jenny Lind sang then, or Steffanone, or Bosio, or Benedetti, or Salvi. Still, what is changed? The singers are gone, like the wood-thrushes of last summer. But listen, and this next summer you shall find the woods full of songsters. The opera goes on. It is the *Queen of Sheba* to-day, and not *Lucia*. It is not Jenny Lind, or Malibran, or Sontag. No, it is—it is—somebody else. But however virtuous the old fellows with gray beards and long memories may be, shall there be no cakes and ale?—fresh cake too, and newly frosted, and ale for which Sir John would gladly have exchanged his sack.

If it had not been Jenny Lind it would have been somebody else. Forty years ago, as the *flâneur* seated himself at the *Italiens* in Paris, he smiled and whispered to himself, softly: "It was Rubini; it is Mario. It was Pasta; it is Grisi." Forty years ago, as the musing loiterer lingered along Broadway, it was Midas whom he saw walking up from down-town; to-day it is Crœsus walking or driving. Does the name matter? If it had not been Midas it would have been Plutus. Trade and enterprise and financial skill will always produce their representatives. Music did not die with Mozart, nor Toryism with Pitt, nor poetry with Byron. Has not Thackeray told us that when there is an Hour with a large H, there is sure to appear the Man with a big M?

So the airy argument flies, and the nothingness of the individual is apparently demonstrated. But there is still something to be said. If it had not been Shakespeare, must it needs have been somebody else? If it had not been Washington, would Putnam, perhaps, or Knox, or Greene, or Schuyler, or Morgan, have answered? If Gladstone were away, would—let the intelligent reader supply any favorite name—equally serve the occasion? It certainly does not follow because a movement or a church or a party continues without interruption that the individual is of no account, and it is not a true saying that it will be all the same a hundred years hence.

Our own situation in this country to-day would have been very different except for the wisdom and the character of Washington a hundred years ago. Except for Cromwell and William and Somers and Robert Walpole, the England that we know would have been another England. The party continues, but the aim, the spirit, the impulse of the party are what Fox or Gladstone makes it. The ship remains, and there is a hand at the helm, but the skill and knowledge and courage to bring the ship to port sank, perhaps, in the sea with the captain who was buried yesterday.

It is a plausible but a false and dangerous doctrine that the individual is unimportant, and that nobody is indispensable to the course of things. It is a dangerous fatalism, among other reasons, because it diminishes self-respect. It saps the spring of that beneficent endeavor which is the answer to the prayer that we may leave the world better than we found it. Cross the Channel from Gladstone's England to Parnell's Ireland, and the importance of an individual is equally apparent. The cry of Ireland was heard before Parnell, and it would be heard after him were he to die at once. But if any youth feels that it is useless to cherish great ideals, and to serve his kind because his life is a span and a tent of a night, he may well reflect not only that, as Pericles said, the earth is the tomb of illustrious men, but that history is their biography.

The most interesting musical event of the winter in New York was the beginning of the American opera. The title, of course, suggests the old question, what is American music beyond the fact that it is music in America? There was a patriotic disposition to call Patti an American because she was born here, or because her childhood was passed here. It

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was a kindly instinct of appropriation. But Patti is no more an American than many an American who was born or whose youth was passed in Italy is an Italian. Many an American artist goes early to Italy and stays there many years. There was Crawford, the sculptor, in Rome, and Powers, the sculptor, in Florence. To Americans, Florence will be always known as the home of Powers. All his work was done there. Shall we call him an Italian artist? For thirty years and more William W. Story, a man of rounded gifts and graces, has lived in Rome, and has stood at the head of—American or of Italian sculpture?

What is Italian art? What is American music? It is something more than the work of an artist who lives in Italy or in America. Thorwaldsen was not a Roman, long as he lived in Rome. Hawthorne insisted that there was no material for romance in America, and he wrote the *Marble Faun*. It was an Italian story written in Italy, but it is one of the great works in American literature. Hawthorne's tales are a signal refutation of his own theory. They are essentially and especially American. In the *Twice-told Tales*, in the *Old Manse*, in the *Scarlet Letter*, the *House of the Seven Gables*, and the *Blithedale Romance*, everything is American.

What, then, is American opera? What is American music? Is there an American school? Are there American composers? And do we recognize the distinctive character of our music as we do that of Italy and Germany? There is also a certain distinctive English music—a music of glees and madrigals and concerted pieces. Is there American music of the same kind?

But before we answer shall we not fling a spray of rosemary upon the Italian opera departed? In the noble new Opera-house there has been an admirable German opera, with Wagner in the lead. At the familiar Academy a few intermittent warbles in the beginning of the season, dying echoes of other days, were apparently the swan song of Italian opera, and then American opera, in all the prosperous pomp and promise of youth, took possession, and, in the good old phrase of the social chronicler, charmed the town. Yet if some *diva assoluta*, some Patti in her prime, or honeyed Gerster, or Nilsson, or, to crown the supposition, if some Jenny Lind had "come forth" (as our brethren the theatrical critics of the daily press now prefer to write the word appeared) in the old, old part, Amina, or Norma, or Elvira, or Lucia, or what familiar part soever, would she not have drawn the flood that swept far up-town to the newer inlet?

Is the Italian opera, the taste for the operatic music which has been so long supreme, declining? Or does the apparent decline mean only that there was no great singer, no fresh opera, and no becoming support and stage management? When the *diva* of the hour arrives, will she not, like a pied piper, draw us all, dancing and murmuring, into her train? Or is the music of Rossini and Bellini and Donizetti and Verdi outgrown by our advancing taste?

Or, again—for he who walks with the questioning sage walks more securely—because the American opera was, in fact, a European opera, and because the singers were largely not Americans, and because the incomparable orchestra and its incomparable leader and director of the music were of another than American birth, was the enterprise misnamed? When Mr. and Mrs. Wood and Mr. Brough sang the *Somnambula* in English fifty years ago, or when, later, in Madame Augusta's *Bayadere*, the Oriental leader of the chorus burst into highly accented and grammatically defiant English—

> "Happy am I, from care I'm free,
> Who would not be happy as me?"—

did the opera and the ballet become American? No; but on the other hand, when Nilsson sang Marguerite in Gounod's *Faust*, was the opera less French because the singer was a Swede?

The American opera is the name of a generous and timely enterprise, which holds that there is now musical taste, talent, audience, opportunity, and resources enough in America to be trained and fostered as they are trained and fostered in Europe. It proposes to teach singers of whatever nationality, and to educate a company capable of singing any opera, and to sing all operas in English. It holds that there will be always enough good voices in this country to furnish a good representation, and that, with due regard to careful mounting, there can be everything amply provided here which is provided in any European capital. The American school can not, indeed, furnish the genius of a composer, nor the voice, the noble organ to interpret his work. No, it can not do that. That is the misfortune of the American school, and it is the misfortune of every school in the world. At Milan, at Naples, at Paris, the schools could not confer musical genius nor create a voice. But they could give the one an arena, and they could exquisitely train the other.

The older schools have the advantage of tradition also, but that is to say only that they are older. Their other advantage will be shared by the American school, and that is one of its chief promises. Every such school is a centre of musical interest and taste and emulation. It generates the atmosphere which tempts the buds of musical genius to flower. By providing for the complete and adequate interpretation of operas it fosters the production of operas, and meanwhile it prepares the scene and the singers for the proper representation of any good opera wherever produced.

This is the American opera. It is a thoroughly appointed school of opera in America, and its continuance and prosperity will prove whether there is to be an American music as there is an Italian and a German music. Our only native music thus far is the plantation

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melody. It has been modified and transformed into the songs of the negro minstrels. But the theme, the real *motif*, is as characteristic and undeniable as the Northern songs that Jenny Lind sang.

Hawthorne, saying that there was no romance in America, wrote an American romance which is one of the treasures of literature. The skeptic who, recalling the great operas and great singers and great performances, smiles to hear of American opera, will one day smile a thousand times more happily when, thanks to those who have smoothed the way for its coming, he hears American opera.

When the late correspondence between the United States and Austria was discussed, and the prejudice of the Austrian court circle was denounced in many a vehement American journal, a correspondent interposed a delicate interrogation point in one of the papers by the quiet remark, "And meanwhile, brethren, how is it with us?" That is the question which always brings the reply, precious like Madeira from age, that the cases are entirely different. The case which upsets our argument is, of course, very different from what we expected. If it is your bull that gores my ox, I am unable to see that it is in any degree like my bull goring your ox.

We are fond of remarking to the world, with some fervor of rhetoric, that America is the home of all oppressed nationalities. The remark suggests, of course, not that we welcome both the nationality and the oppression, but that the nationality fleeing from wicked oppression is clasped to our bosom, and wicked oppression, as in the moral drama, is signally foiled and repelled from the front door. The proud remark is not, perhaps, illustrated to advantage in the Chinese exclusion law. The Easy Chair is not pronouncing an opinion upon that law; it is merely cogitating the proud remark. The remark is not conspicuously illustrated, either, in our relations with the Indians. There is also, perhaps, some trace of apparent prejudice toward our colored fellow-citizens. And fourthly, the identical feeling which so raised our noble ire when it was said to be displayed by the court circle of Austria is credibly reported to have appeared in the court circle of Saratoga.

Is it confined to that circle? Would the sensitive object of that feeling be made less aware of it in the free and independent republic through which pours the mighty Mississippi than in the empire whose seat is upon the Danube? But there has been great progress? Certainly, very great progress. The good Sir Moses Montefiore is not hunted out of England, or relieved of his teeth to persuade him to tell a thief where his money is kept. Great progress, certainly. His disabilities have been removed—disabilities founded on what?—and he is admitted to the British Parliament. That is encouraging; but have the disabilities been removed upon his admission to the American hotel?

As we were saying, however, in the United States the equal humanity of man is practically recognized, and only in Austria and other semi-barbarous and twilight lands are intelligence, cultivation, genius, gifts, graces, and charms socially ostracized if they belong to the wrong race or hue. It is our high national distinction that we estimate ourselves both modestly and accurately. If a man rejoices in a height of seven feet, why should he simper that he is ashamed to be so short? When Hercules has tamed the Nemean lion, do we respect him more for deploring his feebleness and flabby muscle? What greater discourtesy could the captain and friends of the *Puritan* have shown to the *Genesta* and her gallant company than to insist that the *Puritan* had done nothing, and was a mere poke of an old tub, after all?

There need not, indeed, be an overweening conceit. The truculent assertion of victory is as discourteous as an abject and false depreciation of it. But true self-respect comports with perfect modesty; and the proper tone and bearing of unquestioned superiority —although the bashfulness of an American Easy Chair will scarcely permit it to say it outright—are, in fact, those of America; for in respect of that prejudice of race or color which, we grieve to say, degrades other nations, what can be nobler than our own total freedom from it?—a freedom which justly authorizes us to rebuke other people severely. There could be no more edifying spectacle than Hercules —that is to say, an American citizen—tilted up in a chair on the piazza of a Saratoga hotel, with his feet deftly balanced on the railing, smoking and expectorating, and alternately pitying, despising, and denouncing his unfortunate fellow-creatures who are denizens of a foreign land in which character, genius, refinement, and cultivated intelligence are socially or otherwise ostracized if they are of a certain race or color.

The actual existence of such prejudice, indeed, can not be disregarded. If the proprietor of the American hotel, open for all guests, discovers that his house is avoided when it is generally known that it is copiously furnished with rocking-chairs, shall he be blamed if he discards rocking-chairs from his rooms? Clearly not. But in that case what should we say of the British observer who, after making the grand tour of American hotels, should go home and announce in his book that American women, after breakfasting in bare arms and diamonds, pass the rest of the day rocking in rocking-chairs? So if in some distant country the proprietor of a hotel perceives that his house is avoided if he entertains guests of the Mongolian race, he will undoubtedly say to every such guest who alights at his door that he deeply regrets to remark that all his rooms are engaged for the whole of every season. The innkeeper is a trader, not a philanthro-

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pist. Like every trader, he may make a profound business mistake by taking such a course. That, however, is his own affair. But in a country where this social fact is observable—in Austria, for instance, or England, or Dongola and the Valley of the Congo, or wherever else it may be—how ludicrous it would be for the native to plume himself upon the freedom of his countrymen from the belittling prejudices of race! It would be a grotesque illustration of his unconscious barbarism, and well entitled to our own wonder and amusement.

But if it were the misfortune of any honest and intelligent man to live in such a country—a country in which people were estimated not by their actual qualities, manners, morals, and personal charms, but by some theory of race or color or caste, as in India, for instance, for these discreditable things always occur, fortunately, in lands far removed from our own happy Columbia—he would naturally and in every practicable way lend his personal influence to ameliorating the barbarism. He would not accept the dogma that the prejudice was instinctive and a final fact of human nature.

In the days of the fury of witchcraft, if a woman were old, ugly, and withered, and had an enemy, her fate was sealed. She was denounced as a witch, and if the fact of her age and wrinkles was not enough, the merciful test was applied of laying her in the water. If she floated, she was plainly a witch, and was burned or hung; if she sank, she was found by drowning to be no witch. It was "natural" to confound age and wrinkles with dealings with Satan; and the presumption was against every old woman. In the same way in the barbarous countries which are fortunately so far from ours, the prejudice, or, as it is sometimes called, antipathy, of race or color is generally justified as instinctive and natural, and the presumption lies against every delinquent who offends it.

In one of the countries in which much was said of superior and inferior races, and which prided itself upon its advanced civilization, yet whose history went back only two hundred and fifty years, the Easy Chair once saw two Parsee merchants from poor benighted India, and nothing could be finer than their dignified and courteous toleration of the boasts of a country which seemed to them a mushroom of yesterday, and of its religion, which they regarded as a well-meaning modern invention. Nothing could be finer than the courtesy of the Parsee gentlemen, except possibly the demeanor of Iwakura, the Japanese ambassador, who came to this country with his brilliant suite fourteen years ago, and who was received in Washington at a sumptuous ball given by the Secretary of State. The formal and ceremonious quadrilles did not attract the especial attention of the Japanese gentlemen. But when the waltz and the galop set in, the group of Oriental guests turned, and, coming to the edge of the dais upon which they stood, watched intently the extraordinary performance, with an expression, indeed, of perfectly well-bred curiosity, but which was yet of such a character that it seemed to rob our beloved and vehement dance of all its refinement and elegance.

But, on the other hand, if any son of Columbia felt a little uncomfortable, he had the satisfaction of reflecting that Japan is a kind of barbarous country, and that the Japanese are but almond-eyed Celestials of an inferior race, while his own is the land in which justice is done to every people, and man is regarded only as man.

Editor's Study.

I.

WE may safely leave out of the question those half-dozen conditional reputations which Dr. Holmes's new romance would have made for as many unknown men, at least till the number of persons in Massachusetts who could have written the plays of Shakespeare has been ascertained. No other hand could have given us that charming introduction to *A Mortal Antipathy;* no other art would have been equal to that whimsical study of the novelist's limitations in the use of actual figures and traits; no other mind could have inquired so curiously, and not too seriously, into the facts of mortal antipathies, with just that careful balancing of the documents between the tolerant fancy and the reticent science; and who else could have bestowed those touches of humor, of poetry, of sense, which please on every page? The perpetual play of his wit flushes the horizons of thought all round us like a genial heat-lightning, which nowhere falls in a killing bolt, but passes harmless, leaving the air full of exhilarating ozone.

It will probably not frighten even the young creatures who are now dusting off their poems on Autumn, and seeing how they will make over for Spring; we suspect they will read with a painless smile the invective of one of the Autocrat's old Professors when he declares that he "recognizes a tendency to rhyming as a common form of mental weakness, and the publication of a thin volume of verse as *prima facie* evidence of ambitious mediocrity, if not inferiority.... The presumption," he maintains, "is always against the rhymester, as compared with the less pretentious person about him or her, busy with some useful calling.... The sight of a poor creature grubbing for rhymes to fill his sonnet.... makes my head ache and my stomach rebel."

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These are hard sayings, but the most conscience-stricken offenders know the Autocrat better than to take him at his Professor's word. In fact, it is not a prospective want of poetry which we are disposed to deplore in our time, but the lack of the good old-fashioned criticism which we once had. We can remember the day when every quarterly, monthly, weekly, had its gridiron well heated, and its tender young poet or poetess always grilling over the coals for the amusement of the spectators. But what journal now keeps a hot gridiron, or broils bards of any sex or age? Ours, we are ashamed to say, has been lost so long that it was not to be found the other day when we wished to wreak a personal revenge on Mr. Robert Buchanan, though we looked the Study high and low for it. In this state of things, we leave all anxiety for the poetic future to Mr. Stedman; we forebode not a famine, but a gross surfeit of poets, and great ones at that, all of the most unmistakable "genius," unless the sort of criticism which we lament can be restored. But who will begin? Who will strike the first blow to save us from the horde of nascent immortals now threatening to possess the earth? We see how playfully the Autocrat's hand descends; but perhaps that is because he remembers the pleasant sins of his own youth. What we need for this work is some dull, honest, ferocious brute, whose thick head no pretty fancy ever entered into; who observes only that where the lilies and daisies are, the grass isn't so good; and who can't see a bit of gay color anywhere without longing to get the points of his horns well under the wearer. Unless we can have him, and soon, there is no hope for us.

II.

But if the danger we fear isn't really at hand, if, on the contrary, we are at the end of our great poets for the present, we do not know that we shall altogether despair. There are black moments when, honestly between ourselves and the reader, the spectacle of any mature lady or gentleman proposing to put his or her thoughts and feelings into rhymes affects us much as the sight of some respected person might if we met him jigging or caracoling down the street, instead of modestly walking. This rhyming is not a thing to call the keepers of the mad-house for, to prescribe chains and stripes and a straw bed on the floor till the patient begins to talk prose again; but isn't it all the same a thing to blush and grieve for at this stage of the proceedings? So we ask ourselves in those black moments which pass and leave us to the beneficent magic which bathes all life in the light that never was on sea or land, the charm which none but dolts deny. What we ask is, hasn't there perhaps been enough of it? If there should be no more great poetry, haven't we all the great poets of the past inalienably still? We can think of a single small volume of early verse which ought to supply any reasonable demand for poetry many years, and almost any middle-aged literary man can think of another.

III.

But if we are altogether wrong in asking this question—and we won't readily allow that we are—we are afraid that with the present critical apparatus it is quite impossible to forecast the poetical probabilities. Neither Mr. Stedman, in the last very interesting chapter of his *Poets of America*, nor Mr. William John Courthope, in his less considerable essays on the *Liberal Movement in English Literature*, is able to prophesy with any comforting measure of assurance that we shall soon have some more great poets; they both hope that we shall, though Mr. Courthope doesn't try to conceal from us that the great Romantic movement just ended, which began as a protest against convention, has grown "through the force of circumstances into a revolt against society." This, to be sure, is not the crime it was once thought—say about the time when the good Man of the 2d December was trying to "save society"; but if the great new poets when they come are to be the apostles of Socialism, we shall all the more lament the absence of the gridiron in criticism; and we take this to be the attitude of a good citizen. Mr. Stedman, to be sure, does not shake us with any apprehension for the social fabric in reasoning upon the absence and prospects of new poetry; he rather thinks it will be a good thing when we get it; and he advises any one who suspects himself of having it in him "not to believe in limitations; a few by ignoring them will reach the heights." This seems to be the greatest encouragement he can offer; and the prophet who knows will not come till we have a complete literary bureau, something like our weather bureau, we suppose, with stations all over the country. There may be at this very moment a poetic storm central in Dakota, a lyric wave moving eastward from the region of the great plains, with lower dramatic pressure in the Middle States, and occasional or local rhymes for New England, and dialect pieces for the Gulf States; but till we have some system of observation perfected, we shall not know it till the great new poetry is hard upon us; and in the mean time all prognostications must be made in the conditional mood of the *Old Farmer's Almanac*.

IV.

We should be very sorry if we had seemed to treat Mr. Stedman's book slightly or lightly, for that is certainly not the spirit of his own criticism, which, indeed, we could not praise too highly. Commonly the critic approaches his subject with a violent liking or dislike; but, so far as we have noted, Mr. Stedman never does this. He is singularly judicial; to the best of his knowledge he is just. He has no quarrels, and he picks none. He tries to ascertain the place and the qualities of each poet

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whom he considers, and when this is done, his work is done. He may be wrong or he may be right about Bryant or Longfellow or Emerson, but no one who likes either of these poets better than the other two can say that his favorite has suffered to their glory. Mr. Courthope spends some time and temper in knocking Mr. Swinburne about the head for saying that Shelley is a better poet than Byron, or that figs are better than pomegranates; but our saner American leaves you to indulge your own taste in fruits, merely ascertaining whether this peach or that melon is good of its kind.

He does not wear "a foolish face of praise," his soul is his own in all presences, contemporary or past; and he has made a remarkably honest book. His subject has been well studied historically; and he has given us a sufficiently luminous prospect of the whole field he has worked, as well as a vivid idea of particular corners of it. You can not read his book without acquainting yourself with the significant phases of American poetry, or at least renewing your acquaintance with them. He has not effected this as a scholar or inquirer simply; he has brought to the study the poet's quick sympathy, his generous ardor, his fine unerring pleasure in beauty. He is not harsh or arrogant; he remembers to be a gentleman even in his censure; he is unfailingly decent.

We don't see how we could say very much more for Mr. Stedman as a critic, unless we said that his book gave us an impression of freshness which we failed to get from Mr. Courthope's; perhaps because Byron and Shelley, Scott and Wordsworth, Keats and Coleridge, have been so much more written about than Bryant and Emerson, Holmes and Whittier, Poe and Whitman, Lowell and Longfellow. But Mr. Courthope, beyond a peculiarly happy gift for quotation, seems to have brought little of his own to his task except an uncertain temper, a belated Toryism, very honest and very droll, and a "nice derangement of epitaphs." He calls the dry formalists of the last century Realists, and relegates Wordsworth to the company of the Romanticists; and he has a little theory that the Romantic movement was revolutionary, and neither Scott nor any other Romantic reactionary of the endless list on the Continent is suffered to be a stumbling-block in his way.

V.

But what won't a man sacrifice to a theory, especially a wrong one? We see the lengths to which even so fair a spirit as Mr. Stedman will go in humoring his notion that the present suspense of poetry is largely conscious, if not partially intentional. The poets, we understand from him, who might be the Longfellows and Emersons of the next generation, perceive—the sly rogues!—that the popular tendency is toward prose, and so leave off singing; and Mr. Howells has deliberately taken up the trade of noveling because it pays better than versing. If we were authorized to speak for Mr. Howells, we think we should appeal from the court on this point, where the judge perhaps nodded over his notes. As between the novelist and the public, the matter isn't very important; as between him and other poets now intending to follow his mercenary example, it is more so; and it is of infinite moment as between him and his own literary conscience—if the lady newspaper correspondents who think his female characters so much inferior to themselves will allow that he has a conscience of any kind.

We should warn, more or less solemnly, any sweet bird singing in the bare ruined choirs that now shake against the cold prosaic time not to imagine that he can become a novelist, even of Mr. Howells's quality, by leaving off being a poet; and we should very much doubt if that faltering and imperfect writer ever proposed to himself any such thing as Mr. Stedman fancies. He may be quite the thrifty time-server he is represented; but we suspect that he did not take to noveling because he thought it was a good way of making a living, and jumped with the humor of the time, or because he was "wise in his generation," as Mr. Stedman scripturally phrases the treason. It was a different affair altogether, we imagine, though quite as simple. We should say, judging from a casual acquaintance with his early attempts in fiction, that it was from always trying his hand in that sort, and finding pleasure and, at last, apparent success in it, that he kept on, and that he left off versing because it no longer interested him so much. We are not sure, but we fear that any poet who should be tempted by Mr. Stedman's philosophization of Mr. Howells's career to turn novelist, from the motive attributed to him, would bring up in the poor-house, or at least in the chair of criticism. Nothing but a love of it beyond all other arts and industries, or any branch of the show business, will bring him success in it; without that, he may be certain that he will not do good work, and he will not deserve to do it. If practicable, he ought to believe that to write the great possible novel is to surpass all make and manner of versing whatsoever, hitherto accomplished or imagined. He need not be afraid that he will really write it.

VI.

If we are actually upon that suspense of poetry which Mr. Stedman and Mr. Courthope both forebode, we ought to get a little altruistic consolation from such a delightful book as Mr. Edmund Gosse has written about a similar suspense in the period *From Shakespeare to Pope*. Will it not be something for us to supply, by a century or two of inanity and insipidity, the materials for such a gracious and charming spirit to work with? In this way we should "join the choir invisible" of those whose pangs of non-existence hereafter will be assuaged by not-feeling that they survive in their usefulness to the race. This sounds like

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nonsense, but it is the English of the condition that George Eliot aspired to; and not to have been poets ought now to be a fine satisfaction to those poor seventeenth-century nonentities, if they could only know how exquisitely Mr. Gosse has employed their absence of poetic quality. We had almost said that this lack in his subject is necessary to show Mr. Gosse at his best, but we remembered in time his other *Seventeenth Century Studies* and his beautiful *Life of Gray*. Yet we still think he has made the art of rendering such barren fields enchanting his own; and this is chiefly because he brings to it that fine spirit of humor which is wanting in Mr. Stedman and Mr. Courthope. In the light of this, Cowley is translucent, Waller is amusing, Denham is charming, and Davenant is not dull. The whole artificial and vapid group is endeared to us. We perceive that they are not great poets, but there is no doubt about their being well-meaning men, and in their day and generation useful and even indispensable. Mr. Gosse, more than either of his brother—or step-brother—critics, uses the humane modern method in dealing with those severally tiresome people; and in considering them as part of the history of poetry, of literature, of the human mind and race, as perfectly inevitable as Shakespeare or Dante or Goethe, he is able to treat them tenderly and sweetly, after the natural prompting of the heart he puts in all his work.

VII.

In all these books, but not so much in Mr. Gosse's as in Mr. Stedman's or Mr. Courthope's, for obvious reasons, there is talk from time to time of something these authors call "genius." It seems from their account to be the attribute of a sort of very puissant and admirable prodigy which God has created out of the common for the astonishment and confusion of the rest of us poor human beings; but do they really believe it? Can they severally lay their hands upon their waistcoats and swear that they think there is any such thing? Would they like, when upon oath, to declare that what they call a "genius" is at all different from other men of like gifts, except in degree? Do they mean anything more or less than the Mastery which comes to any man according to his powers and diligence in any direction, conscious or unconscious, nature has given him? If not, why not have an end of the superstition which has caused our race to go on so long writing and reading of the difference between talent and genius? It is within the memory of middle-aged men that the Maelstrom existed in the belief of the geographers, but we now get on perfectly well without it; and why should we still suffer under the notion of "genius," which keeps so many poor little authorlings trembling in question whether they have it, or have only "talent"?

VIII.

We have just read a book by one of the greatest captains who ever lived—a plain, taciturn, simple, unaffected soul — who tells the story of his wonderful life as unconsciously as if it were all an every-day affair, not different from other lives, except as a great exigency of the human race gave it importance. So far as he knew, he had no natural aptitude for arms, and certainly no love for the calling. But he went to West Point because, as he quaintly tells us, his father "*rather thought he would go*"; and he fought through one war with credit, but without glory. The other war, which was to claim his powers and his science, found him engaged in the most prosaic of peaceful occupations; he obeyed its call because he loved his country, and not because he loved war. All the world knows the rest, and all the world knows that greater military mastery has not been shown than his campaigns illustrated. He does not say this in his book, or hint it in any way; he gives you the facts, and leaves them with you. But these *Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant*, written as simply and straightforwardly as his battles were fought, couched in the most unpretentious phrase, with never a touch of grandiosity or attitudinizing, familiar, homely, even common in style, is a great piece of literature, because great literature is nothing more nor less than the clear expression of minds that have something great in them, whether religion, or beauty, or deep experience. Probably Grant would have said that he had no more vocation to literature than he had to war. He owns, with something like contrition, that he used to read a great many novels; but we think he would have denied the soft impeachment of literary power. Nevertheless, he shows it, as he showed military power, unexpectedly, almost miraculously. All the conditions here, then, are favorable to supposing a case of "genius." Yet who would trifle with that great heir of fame, that plain, grand, manly soul, by speaking of "genius" and him together? Who calls Washington a genius? or Franklin, or Bismarck, or Cavour, or Columbus, or Luther, or Darwin, or Lincoln? Were these men second-rate in their way? Or is "genius" that indefinable, preternatural quality, sacred to the musicians, the painters, the sculptors, the actors, the poets, and above all, the poets? Or is it that the poets, having most of the say in this world, abuse it to shameless self-flattery, and would persuade the inarticulate classes that they are on peculiar terms of confidence with the deity? No doubt

> "The poet in a golden clime was born,
> With golden stars above,"

and they are in some sort creditable to our species. If we should have no more poets we might be less glorious as a race, but we should certainly be more modest — or they

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would. At least a doctrine wholly opposed to the spirit of free institutions and the principles of civil service reform would go out of the world with them; but since we shall probably have them to the end of the story, let us try to rid ourselves of it as we may. There is no Maelstrom sucking down ships and vomiting up bottles with MSS. in them; there is only a bad current off the coast of Norway. There is no "genius"; there is only the mastery that comes to natural aptitude from the hardest study of any art or science; "genius" exists chiefly in the fancy of those who hope that some one else will think they have it. The men who do great things as quietly as they do small things do not commend themselves to the imagination as geniuses; there must be something spectacular in them, or they must have some striking foible or vice or disability united with their strength before they can be so canonized. Then for some reason we are expected to recognize them as different in essence from other men, as a sort of psychical aristocracy, born gentle, while the rest of us were born simple.

IX.

But as we come to know great men better, we come to see that, after all, they are of one blood with the well-known human race, and no miracles of creation. They seem each thoroughly of his time and place, and this or that tendency of civilization appears merely to have found its most striking expression in them. Napoleon was the creature of the French Revolution, as Grant was the creature of our civil war; and not, as Grant was not. The great shaping exigency found each admirably prepared material to mould a master out of; but the Revolution and the Union would have prevailed in civilization, though their instruments might not have been named Napoleon or Grant. How many generals were nearly as great as they! How many dramatists of Shakespeare's time were Shakespearean!

It does not detract from greatness to say this of it; and Mr. John C. Ropes, who has just given us an admirable book on *The First Napoleon*, has pursued the right modern method with his subject, to the signal advantage of Napoleon's fame. He studies him as the representative and inevitable outcome of certain tremendous conditions, and he sympathizes with him because he believes he was more nearly right than his enemies. We do not see how any one can read his extremely temperate and conscientious chapters on the principal facts of Napoleon's career without agreeing with him. Certainly Mr. Ropes's attitude is not obviously the attitude of an advocate. He criticises as freely as he praises, and he has a sincerity in either that wins him your liking throughout.

It is needless to say that he has taken an un-English view of Napoleon; for the English view of any contemporary foreign civilization and character, as no one should know better than ourselves, is pretty sure to be the wrong view. When you have read his book, you no longer feel—or you no longer feel so sure—that Napoleon was seeking his sole glory and advantage. It looks very much as if his enemies were the enemies of human progress, for the most part. But if any reader differs with us, his quarrel is with Mr. Ropes, to whom we very willingly leave him.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 15th of January.—Congress re-assembled after the holiday recess January 5.

Mr. Hoar's Presidential Succession Bill passed the Senate December 17.

Hon. John Sherman was re-elected United States Senator from Ohio January 13.

Speaker Carlisle, of the House of Representatives, January 7, announced the standing committees. The following are the chairmen: Turner, of Georgia, Elections; Randall, of Pennsylvania, Appropriations; Morrison, of Illinois, Ways and Means; Herbert, of Alabama, Naval Affairs; Bragg, of Wisconsin, Military Affairs; Belmont, of New York, Foreign Affairs; Curtin, of Pennsylvania, Banking and Currency; Bland, of Missouri, Coinage, Weights, and Measures; Willis, of Kentucky, Rivers and Harbors; O'Neil, of Missouri, Labor; Mitchell, of Connecticut, Patents; Throckmorton, of Texas, Pacific Railways; Reagan, of Texas, Commerce; Cobb, of Indiana, Public Lands; Tucker, of Virginia, Judiciary; Wellborn, of Texas, Indian Affairs; Blount, of Georgia, Post-offices and Post-roads; Springer, of Illinois, Claims; Spriggs, of New York, Accounts; Matson, of Indiana, Invalid Pensions; Muller, of New York, Militia; Geddes, of Ohio, War Claims; King, of Louisiana, Mississippi River; Aiken, of South Carolina, Education; Eldridge, of Michigan, Pensions; Halsell, of Kentucky, Private Land Claims; Barbour, of Virginia, District of Columbia; Cox, of North Carolina, Reform in Civil Service; Dunn, of Arkansas, American Ship-building.

The Carolines agreement was signed December 17, with much pomp and ceremony. The Pope was present.

A bill pensioning the widow of General Grant passed both Houses of Congress December 18.

The British Parliament opened January 12. The Right Hon. Arthur Wellesley Peel, Liberal, was re-elected Speaker of the House of Com-

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mons without opposition. Mr. Bradlaugh took the oath, and was admitted January 13.

In the final classification of the members-elect to the British Parliament, the London *Daily News* gives the Liberals 335, the Conservatives 249, and the Home Rulers 86.

Prince Alexander and the Porte have come to an understanding on the following conditions: that the union of the Bulgarias be recognized by the Porte; that the Bulgarian army be at the disposal of Turkey in case of war with Greece or Servia; that tribute be paid regularly to the Porte; that the customs rights of the Porte be maintained; and that Prince Alexander go to Constantinople to be invested with the Governorship of Eastern Roumelia.—England has accepted a proposal from Russia that the powers insist on disarmament by Greece, Servia, and Bulgaria. The powers have summoned those countries to disarm, promising them that Turkey will follow their example.

A proclamation announcing the annexation of Burmah to the British Empire was read at Rangoon January 1. There was a grand parade and a large concourse of natives gathered to hear the reading of the proclamation. England cedes to China part of Upper Burmah in order to make the Chinese and Indian frontiers continuous. India advocates an offensive and defensive alliance between China and India.

M. François Jules P. Grévy was re-elected President of the French Republic at Versailles December 28, on the joint vote of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies acting as a National Assembly. The balloting was carried on amid great excitement. Only five members of the Right cast ballots. M. Grévy's total majority on the joint ballot was 135.

The French Chamber of Deputies adopted the Tonquin credit December 24, but the vote was so close (274 to 270) that the Brisson ministry resigned a week later. A new cabinet was announced January 7, as follows: M. De Freycinet, President of the Council and Minister for Foreign Affairs; M. Sarrien, Interior; M. Sadi-Carnot, Finance; M. Goblet, Public Instruction; M. Demole, Justice; M. Develle, Agriculture; General Boulanger, War; M. Aube, Marine and the Colonies; M. Baihaut, Public Works; M. Granet, Posts and Telegraphs; M. Lockroy, Commerce.

DISASTERS.

December 18.—Explosion in the Nanticoke (Pennsylvania) coal mine, burying twenty-six men and boys.

December 19.—News *viâ* China of a typhoon which swept over the Philippine Islands on November 7, destroying over 4400 buildings, including thirteen churches and ten convents. Eighteen persons were lost and five hundred head of cattle were killed. This report only comprises the destruction in nineteen of the thirty-four districts of the Island, the remaining fifteen not having been heard from.—Reports received in St. Petersburg of a terrible dynamite explosion in the Pleijuchin mine in Siberia. From 400 to 1000 men killed.

December 23.—Terrific colliery explosion at the Ferndale Pit, near Pont-y-Pridd, Wales, killing fifty men.

January 11.—Advices from Colon that twenty-one vessels were wrecked and sixty-five lives lost during a recent storm there.

OBITUARY.

December 27.—In London, Dr. Samuel Birch, Egyptologist, aged seventy-two years.

December 19.—In Liverpool, Stephen Barker Guion, of the Guion Steam-ship Company, aged sixty-five years.

December 20.—In New York city, Professor John Christopher Draper, in his fifty-first year.

January 5.—In Philadelphia, Joshua B. Lippincott, publisher, aged seventy years.—In Albany, New York, N. D. Wendell, ex-State Treasurer, aged fifty years.

Editor's Drawer.

AT a gathering of Pilgrims and strangers in the city of Quakers, on the 22d of December, the person who opens and shuts this Drawer (and never has any credit for the things he keeps out of it) was asked by the ironical president of the meeting to say something about The New England Farmer. He confessed that he was glad to do so, because this so-called agricultural pioneer had been very much misunderstood. And the company graciously permitted him to make the following explanation:

Two radical misconceptions have been at the basis of this misunderstanding; the first was that he was a farmer, and the second was that he had a farm. Under this false conception a great deal of ridicule has been poured upon this typical character. It has been said that the only things he raised were beans, stone walls, and doughnuts. It has been said that his chief crop was cod-fish. It has been said that his only luxury was a round solid disk, which could be stacked up in piles, called pumpkin pie, and that his inadequate conception of Bacchantic enjoyment was hard cider.

It would be idle for me to attempt to shake these popular prejudices. It would have no effect upon the skeptics to say that in the Patent-office in Washington his doughnut is the only doughnut ever invented in the world that has jelly inside of it. It would not be believed if I said that the pumpkin pie was made

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to be used as a shield in the Indian wars, and that the stone walls were raised as ramparts behind which this so-called farmer could stand and shoot the British. It is necessary to get outside of all these considerations, and inquire why the Pilgrims came to New England. It was certainly not for the purpose of farming. If Providence had intended New England as a farming country, the rocks would have been put deep down at the bottom and the soil on top, and there would have been more fertile, lovely little valleys, and fewer ridges and sand hills. The Pilgrim had another idea than that of farming. His setting up a school-house as soon as he landed, instead of a phosphate mill, shows that. On the first sand-hill island he set his foot on he held a "meeting." He made a constitution before he came ashore, and though he did not, as other adventurers had done before him, set up a cross on the new territory, the world very soon found that the constitution had a cross in it. I know it has been said that he came to New England in order to give the Indians and the Quakers and the Baptists an opportunity to worship God according to the dictates of his, the Pilgrim's, conscience. But this was a slander. He knew he was on the Lord's side, and he didn't want these other people interfering with the Lord's work. Especially he wouldn't tolerate the devil coming in and raiding his plantations in the form of witches and the like. He is justly called superstitious by an age and a city given over to spiritism, clairvoyance, mind cure, "materialization," and other certainties.

If he had set up merely as a farmer, he would have had none of these troubles. If his idea had been a fat, material prosperity, I think he would have left his bean hills on the Plymouth heights to the Indians, and looked for land further south. I do not say that he was insensible to the nameless charm of this coast in summer, to the flavor of the wild grape, the majesty of the forest, to the bloom of the May-flower in the spring-time, and that he was unresponsive to the deliciousness of the oyster and the clam and the Spanish mackerel. But he had other things in his mind when he set about subduing New England.

It seemed to him that this was an excellent land in which to set up a government, and organize a virtuous society, and develop a theology, and to cultivate ideas. I gather from contemporary documents that he set more store by education and religion than by crops of corn and wheat, and that his exports of fish and lumber were temporary expedients while he was preparing to send out and plant elsewhere institutions and ideas. He set his meeting-house on a hill. The crop he most cared for was men and women. That is the reason his house was more important than his barn, in distinction from the materialistic notion prevailing in some fertile parts of our country, where the barn is magnificent and the house is only an adjunct. Perhaps he was more devoted to town-meeting than to ploughing; and looking at what he had to plough, and seeing what he accomplished in town-meeting, history excuses him.

The wonder is that while dragging the sea and scratching the rocks to get the means of sustaining life, he should have had so much time for the cultivation of ideas, and for nursing the virtues and the indomitable spirit that were to stamp their impress upon the continent. Owing to his narrow means of living, the notion got abroad that he was penurious. But he gave what he had to give, and when you come to the question of generosity, in the gift of vital force, principles, ideas, men who make states, and women who create families, and whose beauty and modesty are the charm of society, I think the New England Farmer was the most liberal man in the world. If he had had a farm and been a farmer, you can judge how the rest of the country would have got along, who would have given it enterprise and stability, who would have made inventions for it, and who would have insured it—either in this world or the next.

But as the son of a New England Farmer I can not leave the matter here. For I remember the old farm-house, and the wide fire-place beside which I used to sit and hear my grandmother tell how when she was a little girl, and the redcoats occupied Plymouth and Kingston, she used to put her shoes under her pillow every night, expecting that any moment she might have to flee into the woods to escape the British; and how she heard all day the cannonading at the battle of Bunker Hill. I was in fact present, as were all the New England Farmer boys of my time, at this battle of Bunker Hill, and at the capture of Ticonderoga, and at the surrender of Burgoyne. There lingered in every farm-house the heroic spirit come down from the French and Indian wars and the Revolutionary times. The British enemy was a reality. There in the kitchen hung the Continental musket and the cartridge-box.

This, however, is not what I started to say. You may have read that to them who seek first the kingdom of heaven everything else shall be added. This, I firmly believe, was the case of the New England Farmer. His farm-house had a mighty cellar, provisioned like the vaults of a mediæval monastery for a six months' siege. On one side was a portentous row of cider barrels; on the other, tier on tier of ruddy apples; in vast bins the potatoes and other vegetables, and in their proper places barrels of salted meat and apple-sauce. In this subterranean store-house I can see now the frost glisten on the walls when the boy explored its recesses by the light of a tallow candle, sent by his grandfather to draw a jug of cider from the hardest barrel. In the cool outer pantry hung dozens of chickens and turkeys, the quarters of a slaughtered steer, and on shelves lay rows of hardy winter pies. In the

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garret were suspended the strings of dried apples, and there were the tubs of maple sugar and the heaps of butternuts and hickory-nuts. The vast wood-shed was piled with fuel. It makes the tears come into a patriot's eyes to think of it all. I will not dwell on it.

In all the wind-swept country the snow was piled to the fence-tops, and drifted mountain-high in the roads. Energy excavated this or surmounted it, sleighs were abroad, and the merry bells were heard all over the township. All roads led to the meeting-house, and everybody, young and old, turned out to the Sunday service, where in default of furnace and stove the sermon was hot enough to keep the blood in circulation. Each farm-house was more or less a centre of comfort and hospitality. Social life had vitality. There were merry force and hearty enjoyment in the sleigh-rides, parties, and holiday frolics. The people were quite wide-awake. The metropolis drew its men of affairs from these country homes, and the men of affairs knew where to look for the pretty girls whose beauty and good sense and intelligence made them leaders in metropolitan society. Every house had some books, not many but classics, and they were read. Perhaps if there had been more agriculture, there would have been less intellectual life. These so-called farmers were organizing great missionary enterprises, concerning themselves about slavery, and in perpetual agitation over something. Ah me! would there were more such farmers!

A PLANTATION FUNERAL.

It was the last Sunday afternoon of June, 1864. The writer was standing in a negro burying-ground watching a funeral procession move slowly along the narrow plantation road toward the grave-yard—a most beautiful situation. The summit of a high hill, which, through a vista of flowering rhododendron and dogwood, overlooked the river; a forest of huge oaks garlanded with gray moss; a carpet of vivid green dotted with wild violets, broom, and sheep-grass, which Virginians call daisies. Shut in from all the world of sight and sound by the thicket of young trees that crept up its sides, the hill would have been lonely but for the luxuriant growth of untrammelled nature. No inclosure marked it as a cemetery, only at every step a small cleared place denoted a grave, most of which were sunken, and all unmarked. In the centre of the plat an ugly red wound had been cut in the green carpet, and here were lying spades, a rake, and a little shovel.

The procession was headed by a rude plantation cart, in which lay a coffin (painted a bright red, to indicate the youth of the occupant), and drawn by a pair of oxen, which patiently and slowly bore their burden up the steep hill-side. A tall young negro driver walked behind, carrying a long whip, which he cracked now and then when the coffin jostled from side to side. Immediately behind the driver was a mulatto woman with a patient, tearless face, dressed in her Sunday gown of clean cotton homespun, and holding by her hand a little white girl in a coarsely woven linen dress, also evidently of plantation make, and a plaited straw hat of the same manufacture. A company of from four to five hundred negroes followed, all on foot, of all shades of color (except white), all ages, all sizes and sexes. They were singing a hymn with that plaintive but cheerful refrain which is the heart of all negro melody:

> We are walkin' in de light—
> Walkin' in de light;
> We are walkin' in de light—
> Walkin' in de light ob God.

How every echo in the valley below gave back the sound! When they reached the grave, six young men, whom custom required to be of the same age or within six months of it, and if possible the same height, as the dead man, stepped forward and lowered the coffin into its last resting-place. It would have been a breach of the observances if any of these pall-bearers had been of his blood or connection.

The mother, with the little white girl, took her place as chief mourner at the head of the grave, and the preacher came forward. He was a tall, perfectly black man of seventy-five, with long curling white hair, and a sweet yet shrewd countenance. He was dressed from head to foot in a black broadcloth suit, which had evidently been the gift of one of the white family, and originally worn by a man of different size and build. But this did not detract from the dignity of his appearance or office.

He looked around on the placid scene—the blue Virginia sky looking through the interlacing branches of the green oaks, the birds that hopped fearlessly from bough to bough, at the background of strangely tranquil faces—and began:

"Brethern, sisteren, en sinners, 'tain't wurth while for me to be a-preachin' of a sermon to you all on dis 'casion. I gwine preach to-night, please God, en excusin' of de interference o' mistis. I preach las' night, en many a night. Isrul is here a-preachin' to you. Here he is before you. Here his feet—why don't he walk? here his mouf—how come he don't talk? here his eyes—how come he don't see? *Nobody ain't a-henderin' of him.*

"Because, bretherin en sisteren en sinners, Isrul is dead. He 'ain't got no life in him. I ain't 'scussin' of his sperrit; his sperrit is gone to de Lord whar gif to him. I 'scussin' of his body, which is like you sinners is now, dead in trespasses en sin.

"De Lord gin to all a plant patch; He gin us seed; He gin us season. Me, en Sis Nelly" (turning to the bereaved parent), "en Brer One-eye Moses, en a chance er folks here, done work our patch en plant our seed, en we's a-waitin' for de harves'. But dere's a chance er you whar 'ain't stuck a spade in de ground;

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de seed done dried up; de season come en gone; you 'ain't got no life in you, no more'n is de body er dis young man, whar nobody ain't a-henderin' from risin' if he hed life.

"Now, sinners, you 'members las' week? Isrul was in de 'bacca crap a-singin' of reel chunes. Up to Dinah house on de hill he ware a-shufflin' of his feet; he warn't a-robbin' of no watermillion patches, nor sassin' of ole pussins, but he ware a-singin' o' reel chunes, en a-dancin'. En when he ware strickin down he ware a *sinner*.

"But de Lord were gracious. I don't git down on dese ole knees for nuthin. I wrastled for him; I wrastled for him a whole night, en de Lord heard His sarvant. Jess before Brer Isrul go (he hadn't made no sign o' 'pentance twell dat minute) he set up in de bed en he say"—the breathless expectancy could be felt in the very hush of the birds—"he say, '*Dat you, Marse Willum?*' en fell back dead.

"Bretheren en sisteren en sinners, our young marster whar was kilt in de war, en whar de cannon blow into so many little pieces dat we karnt git enough togedder to make a 'spectable corpse to bury in de gyarden—our young Marse Willum hed come for Isrul. Now we all know—en you sinners better be a-sharpenin' up your years—dey ain't but two places for dead folks. One un 'em is hebben, en de ter one 'tis a scandal to be a-namin' here. We all know *Marse Willum ain't dar*. So we got good sperence, ef he come for Isrul, he dun kar him to Abraham's bussum, whar he is his self.

"But don't none o' you sinners be takin' to satisfyin' o' yourselves on account o' Isrul makin' a death-bed 'pentance. Dar was 'bundance o' sinners at de crucifyin' o' de Lord, en just dat one thief got in de kingdom. De nex' time dar is enny nine-hour 'pentances, in dis here preacher's 'pinion 'twon't be more'n jestice for one o' Mass Paul's or Mass Walter's niggers to git de chance. Dis plantation dun hed hit's dyin' thief (excusin' Isrul bein' a thief). En more'n dat, Marse Willum won't be a-comin' out o' Abraham's bussum to fotch nobody but Isrul, for him en Isrul was partners fum little chillen, en now dey's togedder forever wid de Lord. Amen."

There was a pause. A carriage drawn by two handsomely groomed horses stopped at the bridle-path, and a tall, majestic woman of seventy descended, leaning on the arm of a black woman almost as majestic in her own dignity. The mistress wore a black satin gown and a widow's cap; the negroes silently stepped aside, making an aisle for her as she passed slowly and yet erectly toward the grave.

"My dear servants," she said, in a distinct tone, "I have lost in Israel a good and faithful servant; he has gone to his Master and ours, and has his reward. He has already, perhaps, seen—my son. I have just heard of a repulse of our army, and the approach of the enemy. Troubles increase, but I can trust you all to defend and protect me and mine"—she glanced at the little girl.

"Yes, mistis; shooly, mistis," was heard through the crowd. She held out her wrinkled, jewelled hand to the lad's mother (who pressed it in hers), walked back to the carriage, and was driven away.

The preacher then again assumed command. Taking the child in his arms, he filled the little shovel which lay among the ugly implements with earth, and handed it to her. The little girl, seated comfortably on his shoulder, took it with grave complacency, and looked with mournful but unfrightened gaze into the open grave.

"Yearth to yearth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes," said the preacher; and the child let fall the clods with a practiced hand on the coffin. Awaiting the resurrection of the dead! She then slipped down, put her hand in that of her mammy, and the process of filling the chasm began. When the last spadeful of earth was patted down, and the tools—which the negroes always leave by a grave until needed for a similar occasion—were placed alongside, the whole company broke out in a hymn. It was started by the little girl (who evidently, next to the preacher and the corpse, was the most important person at all funerals), and taken up by the mother, till one by one all joined in the burst of melody. There were no tears: tears were for the lost, for the sinner; it was rebellious for Christians to weep; and so, singing, the procession wound down the hill.

On Canaan's calm and peaceful shore
We ain't gwine die no more, no more—
We ain't gwine die no more.

I. C. CABELL.

THE COOLEST MAN IN THE FRENCH ARMY.

"The coolest man I ever knew was old Victor de St. Hilaire, the colonel of an infantry regiment that saw some service in Algeria," said Colonel Henri Dubois, one of a party of French officers who, having halted to take a look at Siam on their way home from the Tonquin war, had come to dine with us on board of a British gun-boat which had somehow found its way up the Mei-Nam River.

"I've known men," he continued, "who managed to put on a great show of coolness in time of danger, though they were really very much excited; but there was no putting-on with St. Hilaire—it came as natural to him as eating his dinner. All his hair-breadth escapes (and he had had so many that he could hardly count them himself) had left him as cool as before, and it really seemed as if dangers passed him by because he would not condescend to notice that they were there at all. Once his men mutinied, and two of them clapped their bayonets to his breast as if to run him through; but the colonel only smiled, and said, as quietly as ever, 'Be careful, my lads; you might hurt me.'

"Now it happened that in Colonel St. Hi-

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laire's regiment there was a peppery young sub-lieutenant who was as hot as the colonel was cool. With him it was always (as you English say) 'a word and a blow, and the blow first.' He had fought so many duels that the soldiers used to call him 'Sudden Death,' and to say that the best way to end the war would be for him to challenge the enemy's whole army, man by man. Well, one day this lieutenant had committed some fault, for which the colonel gave him such a scolding that the young fellow's hot blood couldn't bear it any longer. Quick as lightning he whipped out a pistol and fired right at St. Hilaire's face, so close that the muzzle almost touched him. But the pistol missed fire, and the colonel said, quite coolly, 'Forty-eight hours' arrest for not keeping your arms in proper order.'"

"And was *that* all that the lieutenant got?" asked a dozen voices at once, in undisguised amazement.

"That was all; and I can tell you that *he* thought it was quite enough — Ha! general, good-evening. I was just telling these gentlemen how you once put me under arrest for not having my pistols in working order."

DAVID KER.

THE DINGY SOD HOUSE OF DAKOTA.

I PASSED it far out on the prairie,
The house of necessity born;
No lines of its dinginess vary,
So sombre, so dark, so forlorn.

It is bounded by measureless acres;
Not a fence or a tree is in sight;
But, though plain as the dress of the Quakers,
It stands in the sun's broadest light.

The badger near by makes his burrow,
The gopher his hillock of soil,
And ploughs, with their mile-lengths of furrow,
Go round it with infinite toil.

A well-curb, a wash-bench, a woman,
With poultry and pigs, are outside;
The clothes-line is wondrously human
In look, and the vista—how wide!

You can go to the sunrise or "sundown"
In straight lines, the left or the right,
And leagues of long level are run down
Before you escape from its sight.

The roof is well thatched with coarse grasses;
A stove-pipe peers out to the sky.
'Tis a picture whose plainness surpasses
All objects that challenge the eye.

Twisted hay serves its owner for fuel:
He twists it at ease by the roar
Of a hay fire, which parries the cruel,
Harsh bite of the wind at the door.

Sometimes in an ocean of color
(In summer 'tis yellow or green)
It stands. In November a duller
Broad carpet about it is seen.

In winter, while blasts from the prairie
Bring "blizzards" that cease not to blow,
'Tis as warm as an isle of Canary,
Deep under the tempest and snow.

JOEL BENTON.

In a certain Southern State an execution by hanging took place recently. The criminal, though undoubtedly guilty of murder, had the sympathy of a large number of persons on account of the extenuating circumstances under which the crime was perpetrated, and as the fatal day approached, numerous marks of kindness were shown the prisoner. A great many visited him in his cell, and the following report was made of the last interview between husband and wife:

On the evening preceding the execution, when the jailer, with deepest sympathy, announced to the wife that the time was up, and she must leave, she embraced her husband, and with many tears asked his permission to be allowed to witness the execution. He sternly and indignantly refused, whereupon she burst into a fresh flood of tears, and exclaimed, "Oh, William, I did not expect *this* of you; but you know you always would refuse me *every pleasure*."

E. E. S.

A neighbor of mine (writes a lady) always insists upon his children eating their crusts before they can be helped to anything more. Once there was company at the dinner table, and one of the children passed her plate to her father for some pie. Her father, observing a crust on the plate, said, "What is this on thy plate, Marion?" Receiving no reply, he repeated the question. Still getting no answer, he helped her to the pie to avoid a scene. When the plate reached Miss Marion she leaned over to her sister and said, in a perfectly audible under-tone, "Well, he don't know a crust when he sees it."

When they proposed bringing out the *Passion Play* on the stage of the Boston Globe, the principals were discussing the relative positions of the characters. Said Morse, "We will put a group of soldiers here, and Pontius Pilate here, and over there the twelve apostles."

"Twelve apostles," said the Boston manager; "you may just as well put in *two dozen* apostles, there's plenty of room."

"Landlord," said a Wisconsin traveller, emerging from the dining-room after a long and fruitless struggle to secure a dinner—"Landlord, there's one thing you have here that's as good as the Palmer House, Chicago."

"I am very glad to please you, sir. What is it?"

"The *salt*."

ONLY AN INCIDENT.

A few evenings ago (writes a Southern lady) the conversation turned upon suitable times and places for courtships. I said I had once been an accidental *eye-witness*—shall I call it?—to a proposal on the cars. "Oh, tell us!" "Please do let us hear!" exclaimed ten young voices and two mature ones. I could not

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resist, and after the recital, which was suitably applauded, a lady, whose opinion I value, begged that I would send it to *Harper*. I hope the parties—unknown to me—will take no offense if they recognize the courtship as their property. I have heard, though, that at such an absorbing moment the identical words used are seldom remembered.

I was sitting on a train about to leave Richmond, Virginia, for Petersburg, when a bridal party came on, and one of the bridemaids occupied the vacant seat by my side. The coach was crowded, and her special escort could not find a seat, but contented himself by standing in the aisle at her side, conversing about the events of the day. It became dark, and I closed the book I had been reading, and leaned my head on the window, and closed my eyes, simply to rest them. Nothing was farther from my thoughts than to be an eaves-dropper, but so in the event I proved to be; for in the darkening twilight the absorbed couple, supposing me to be asleep, settled into "love's low tone," each word of which struck upon my ear clear as a bell, for in his earnestness he leaned on the back of the seat in front of us, his face, as you can picture for yourself, forming with the lady's ear and mine an equilateral triangle. In free America, and on a public conveyance, I did not think it necessary to remind them of my presence. Presently he bent closer, and whispered: "You must know by this time what my attentions to you mean. May I hope that I may claim you as mine?"

After a little pause she said, "I am very sorry, but I am afraid our paths through life will have to *diverge*."

He expostulated, of course; then, heaving a deep sigh, walked away.

The twilight deepened, and I still rested my eyes. After a while the disconsolate lover returned, and renewed his suit, saying: "I have spent fifteen wretched minutes. Can you give me no hope?"

Her voice in the gloaming sounded like music to him, I have no doubt, as she answered: "I have been thinking over what I told you. No one knows what will be in the future, and perhaps our paths may *converge*."

Just then the whistle blew for my station, and gathering up my possessions, I was preparing to depart, when he exclaimed, joyfully: "Do you get off here? Allow me to help you with these." And with shining eyes he took my satchel and parcels, and helped me off, even controlling himself so far as to bow respectfully as I left.

On looking back I could see the lady in my seat by the window, and the happy lover sitting by her side. The whistle blew, the train started, and—the curtain fell.



TRYING TO MAKE IT ALL RIGHT.

Mr. Spooner Taffaugh. "How divinely tall and slender Miss Madison is!" (*Then, thinking he has said something offensive:*) "Oh! I like fat women too!"

Still Mrs. Jones is not pleased.

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"THE FAIR VALE OF SPRINGHAVEN."—[See page 716.]
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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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THEIR PILGRIMAGE.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN Irene looked out of her state-room window early in the morning of the twentieth of March, there was a softness and luminous quality in the horizon clouds that prophesied spring. The steamboat, which had left Baltimore and an arctic temperature the night before, was drawing near the wharf at Fortress Monroe, and the passengers, most of whom were seeking a mild climate, were crowding the guards, eagerly scanning the long façade of the Hygeia Hotel.

"It looks more like a conservatory than a hotel," said Irene to her father, as she joined him.

"I expect that's about what it is. All those long corridors above and below inclosed in glass are to protect the hot-house plants of New York and Boston, who call it a Winter Resort, and I guess there's considerable winter in it."

"But how charming it is—the soft sea air, the low capes yonder, the sails in the opening shining in the haze, and the peaceful old fort! I think it's just enchanting."

"I suppose it is. Get a thousand people crowded into one hotel under glass, and let 'em buzz around—that seems to be the present notion of enjoyment. I guess your mother'll like it."

And she did. Mrs. Benson, who appeared at the moment, a little flurried with her hasty toilet, a stout, matronly person, rather overdressed for travelling, exclaimed: "What a home-like looking place! I do hope the Stimpsons are here!"

"No doubt the Stimpsons are on hand," said Mr. Benson. "Catch them not knowing what's the right thing to do in March! They know just as well as you do that the Reynoldses and the Van Peagrims are here."

The crowd of passengers, alert to register and secure rooms, hurried up the windy wharf. The interior of the hotel kept the promise of the outside for comfort. Behind the glass-defended verandas, in the spacious office and general lounging-room, sea-coal fires glowed in the wide grates, tables were heaped with newspapers and the illustrated pamphlets in which railways and hotels set forth the advantages of leaving home; luxurious chairs invited the lazy and the tired, and the hotel bureau, telegraph office, railway office, and post-office showed the newcomer that even in this resort he was still in the centre of activity and uneasiness. The Bensons, who had fortunately secured rooms a month in advance, sat quietly waiting while the crowd filed before the register, and took its fate from the courteous autocrat behind the counter. "No room," was the nearly uniform answer, and the travellers had the satisfaction of writing their names and going their way in search of entertainment. "We've eight hundred people stowed away," said the clerk, "and not a spot left for a hen to roost."

At the end of the file Irene noticed a gentleman, clad in a perfectly fitting rough travelling suit, with the inevitable crocodile hand-bag and tightly rolled umbrella, who made no effort to enroll ahead of any one else, but having procured some letters from the post-office clerk, patiently waited till the rest were turned away, and then put down his name. He might as well have written it in his hat. The deliberation of the man, who appeared to be an old traveller, though probably not more than thirty years of age, attracted Irene's attention, and she could not help hearing the dialogue that followed.

"What can you do for me?"

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"Nothing," said the clerk.

"Can't you stow me away anywhere? It is Saturday, and very inconvenient for me to go any further."

"Can not help that. We haven't an inch of room."

"Well, where can I go?"

"You can go to Baltimore. You can go to Washington; or you can go to Richmond this afternoon. You can go anywhere."

"Couldn't I," said the stranger, with the same deliberation—"wouldn't you let me go to Charleston?"

"Why," said the clerk, a little surprised, but disposed to accommodate—"why, yes, you can go to Charleston. If you take at once the boat you have just left, I guess you can catch the train at Norfolk."

As the traveller turned and called a porter to reship his baggage, he was met by a lady, who greeted him with the cordiality of an old acquaintance and a volley of questions.

"Why, Mr. King, this is good luck. When did you come? have you a good room? What, no, not going?"

Mr. King explained that he had been a resident of Hampton Roads just fifteen minutes, and that having had a pretty good view of the place, he was then making his way out of the door to Charleston, without any breakfast, because there was no room in the inn.

"Oh, that never 'll do. That can not be permitted," said his engaging friend, with an air of determination. "Besides, I want you to go with us on an excursion to-day up the James and help me chaperon a lot of young ladies. No, you can not go away."

And before Mr. Stanhope King—for that was the name the traveller had inscribed on the register—knew exactly what had happened, by some mysterious power which women can exercise even in a hotel, when they choose, he found himself in possession of a room, and was gayly breakfasting with a merry party at a little round table in the dining-room.

"He appears to know everybody," was Mrs. Benson's comment to Irene, as she observed his greeting of one and another as the guests tardily came down to breakfast. "Anyway he's a genteel-looking party. I wonder if he belongs to Sotor, King, and Co., of New York?"

"Oh, mother," began Irene, with a quick glance at the people at the next table; and then, "if he is a genteel party, very likely he's a drummer. The drummers know everybody."

And Irene confined her attention strictly to her breakfast, and never looked up, although Mrs. Benson kept prattling away about the young man's appearance, wondering if his eyes were dark blue or only dark gray, and why he didn't part his hair exactly in the middle and done with it, and a full, close beard was becoming, and he had a good, frank face anyway, and why didn't the Stimpsons come down; and, "Oh, there's the Van Peagrims," and Mrs. Benson bowed sweetly and repeatedly to somebody across the room.

To an angel, or even to that approach to an angel in this world, a person who has satisfied his appetite, the spectacle of a crowd of people feeding together in a large room must be a little humiliating. The fact is that no animal appears at its best in this necessary occupation. But a hotel breakfast-room is not without interest. The very way in which people enter the room is a revelation of character. Mr. King, who was put in good humor by falling on his feet, as it were, in such agreeable company, amused himself by studying the guests as they entered. There was the portly, florid man, who "swelled" in, patronizing the entire room, followed by a meek little wife and three timid children. There was the broad, dowager woman, preceded by a meek, shrinking little man, whose whole appearance was an apology. There was a modest young couple who looked exceedingly self-conscious and happy, and another couple, not quite so young, who were not conscious of anybody, the gentleman giving a curt order to the waiter, and falling at once to reading a newspaper, while his wife took a listless attitude, which seemed to have become second nature. There were two very tall, very graceful, very high-bred girls in semi-mourning, accompanied by a nice lad in tight clothes, a model of propriety and slender physical resources, who perfectly reflected the gracious elevation of his sisters. There was a preponderance of women, as is apt to be the case in such resorts. A fact explicable not on the theory that women are more delicate than men, but that American men are too busy to take this sort of relaxation, and that the care of an estab-

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ARRIVAL AT FORTRESS MONROE.

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lishment, with the demands of society and the worry of servants, so draw upon the nervous energy of women that they are glad to escape occasionally to the irresponsibility of hotel life. Mr. King noticed that many of the women had the unmistakable air of familiarity with this sort of life, both in the dining-room and at the office, and were not nearly so timid as some of the men. And this was very observable in the case of the girls, who were chaperoning their mothers, shrinking women who seemed a little confused by the bustle, and a little awed by the machinery of the great caravansary.

At length Mr. King's eye fell upon the Benson group. Usually it is unfortunate that a young lady should be observed for the first time at table. The act of eating is apt to be disenchanting. It needs considerable infatuation and perhaps true love on the part of a young man to make him see anything agreeable in this performance. However attractive a girl may be, the man may be sure that he is not in love if his admiration can not stand this test. It is saying a great deal for Irene that she did stand this test even under the observation of a stranger, and that she handled her fork, not to put too fine a point upon it, in a manner to make the fastidious Mr. King desirous to see more of her. I am aware that this is a very unromantic view to take of one of the sweetest subjects in life, and I am free to confess that I should prefer that Mr. King should first have seen Irene leaning on the balustrade of the gallery, with a rose in her hand, gazing out over the sea with "that far-away look in her eyes." It would have made it much easier for all of us. But it is better to tell the truth, and let the girl appear in the heroic attitude of being superior to her circumstances.

Presently Mr. King said to his friend, Mrs. Cortlandt, "Who is that clever-looking, graceful girl over there?"

"That," said Mrs. Cortlandt, looking intently in the direction indicated—"why, so it is; that's just the thing," and without another word she darted across the room, and Mr. King saw her in animated conversation with the young lady. Returning with satisfaction expressed in her face, she continued, "Yes, she'll join our party—without her mother. How lucky you saw her!"

"Well! Is it the Princess of Paphlagonia?"

"Oh, I forgot you were not in Washington last winter. That's Miss Benson; just charming; you'll see. Family came from Ohio somewhere. You'll see what they are—but Irene! Yes, you needn't ask; they've got money, made it honestly. Began at the bottom—as if they were in training for the Presidency, you know—the mother hasn't got used to it as much as the father. You know how it is. But Irene has had every advantage—the best schools, masters, foreign travel, everything. Poor girl! I'm sorry for her. Sometimes I wish there wasn't any such thing as education in this country, except for the educated. She never shows it; but of course she must see what her relatives are."

The Hotel Hygeia has this advantage, which is appreciated at least by the young ladies. The United States fort is close at hand, with its quota of young officers, who have the leisure in times of peace to prepare for war, domestic or foreign; and there is a naval station across the bay, with vessels that need fashionable inspection. Considering the acknowledged scarcity of young men at watering-places, it is the duty of a paternal government to place its military and naval stations close to the fashionable resorts, so that the young women who are studying the german and other branches of the life of the period can have agreeable assistants. It is the charm of Fortress Monroe that its heroes are kept from *ennui* by the company assembled there, and that they can be of service to society.

When Mrs. Cortlandt assembled her party on the steam-tug chartered by her for the excursion, the army was very well represented. With the exception of the chaperons and a bronzed veteran, who was inclined to direct the conversation to his Indian campaigns in the Black Hills, the company was young, and of the age and temper in which everything seems fair in love and war, and one that gave Mr. King, if he desired it, an opportunity of studying the girl of the period—the girl who impresses the foreigner with her extensive knowledge of life, her fearless freedom of manner, and about whom he is apt to make the mistake of supposing that this freedom has not perfectly well defined limits. It was a delightful day, such as often comes, even in winter, within the Capes of Virginia; the sun was genial, the bay was smooth, with only a

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light breeze that kept the water sparkling brilliantly, and just enough tonic in the air to excite the spirits. The little tug, which was pretty well packed with the merry company, was swift, and danced along in an exhilarating manner. The bay, as everybody knows, is one of the most commodious in the world, and would be one of the most beautiful if it had hills to overlook it. There is, to be sure, a tranquil beauty in its wooded headlands and long capes, and it is no wonder that the early explorers were charmed with it, or that they lost their way in its inlets, rivers, and bays. The company at first made a pretense of trying to understand its geography, and asked a hundred questions about the batteries, and whence the *Merrimac* appeared, and where the *Congress* was sunk, and from what place the *Monitor* darted out upon its big antagonist. But everything was on a scale so vast that it was difficult to localize these petty incidents (big as they were in consequences), and the party soon abandoned history and geography for the enjoyment of the moment. Song began to take the place of conversation. A couple of banjos were produced, and both the facility and the *répertoire* of the young ladies who handled them astonished Irene. The songs were of love and summer seas, chansons in French, minor melodies in Spanish, plain declarations of affection in distinct English, flung abroad with classic abandon, and caught up by the chorus in lilting strains that partook of the bounding, exhilarating motion of the little steamer. Why, here is material, thought King, for a troupe of bacchantes, light-hearted leaders of a summer festival. What charming girls, quick of wit, dashing in repartee, who can pick the strings, troll a song, and dance a brando!

"It's like sailing over the Bay of Naples," Irene was saying to Mr. King, who had found a seat beside her in the little cabin; "the guitar-strumming and the impassioned songs, only that always seems to me a manufactured gayety, an attempt to cheat the traveller into the belief that all life is a holiday. This is spontaneous."

"Yes, and I suppose the ancient Roman gayety, of which the Neapolitan is an echo, was spontaneous once. I wonder if our society is getting to dance and frolic along like that of old at Baiæ."

"Oh, Mr. King, this is an excursion. I assure you the American girl is a serious and practical person most of the time. You've been away so long that your standards are wrong. She's not nearly so knowing as she seems to be."

The boat was preparing to land at Newport News—a sand bank, with a railway terminus, a big elevator, and a hotel. The party streamed along in laughing and chatting groups, through the warehouse and over the tracks and the sandy hillocks to the hotel. On the way they captured a novel conveyance, a cart with an ox harnessed in the shafts, the property of an aged negro, whose white hair and variegated raiment proclaimed him an ancient Virginian, a survival of the war. The company chartered this establishment, and swarmed upon it till it looked like a Neapolitan *calesso*, and the procession might have been mistaken for a harvest-home—the harvest of beauty and fashion. The hotel was captured without a struggle on the part of the regular occupants, a dance extemporized in the dining-room, and before the magnitude of the invasion was realized by the garrison, the dancing feet and the laughing girls were away again, and the little boat was leaping along in the Elizabeth River toward the Portsmouth Navy-yard.

It isn't a model war establishment this Portsmouth yard, but it is a pleasant resort, with its stately barracks and open square and occasional trees. In nothing does the American woman better show her patriotism than in her desire to inspect naval vessels and understand dry-docks under the guidance of naval officers. Besides some old war hulks at the station, there were a couple of training-ships getting ready for a cruise, and it made one proud of his country to see the interest shown by our party in everything on board of them, patiently listening to the explanation of the breech-loading guns, diving down into the between-decks, crowded with the school-boys, where it is impossible for a man to stand upright and difficult to avoid the stain of paint and tar, or swarming in the cabin, eager to know the mode of the officers' life at sea. So those are the little places where they sleep? and here is where they dine, and here is a library—a hap-hazard case of books in the saloon. It was in running her eyes over these that a young lady discovered that the novels of Zola were among the nautical works needed in the navigation of a ship of war.

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On the return—and the twenty miles seemed short enough—lunch was served, and was the occasion of a good deal of hilarity and innocent badinage. There were those who still sang, and insisted on sipping the heel-taps of the morning gayety; but was King mistaken in supposing that a little seriousness had stolen upon the party—a serious intention, namely, between one and another couple? The wind had risen, for one thing, and the little boat was so tossed about by the vigorous waves that the skipper declared it would be imprudent to attempt to land on the Rip-Raps. Was it the thought that the day was over, and that underneath all chaff and hilarity there was the question of settling in life to be met some time, which subdued a little the high spirits, and gave an air of protection and of tenderness to a couple here and there? Consciously, perhaps, this entered into the thought of nobody; but still the old story will go on, and perhaps all the more rapidly under a mask of raillery and merriment.

There was great bustling about, hunting up wraps and lost parasols and mislaid gloves, and a chorus of agreement on the delight of the day, upon going ashore; and Mrs. Cortlandt, who looked the youngest and most animated of the flock, was quite overwhelmed with thanks and congratulations upon the success of her excursion.

"Yes, it was perfect; you've given us all a great deal of pleasure, Mrs. Cortlandt," Mr. King was saying, as he stood beside her, watching the exodus.

Perhaps Mrs. Cortlandt fancied his eyes were following a particular figure, for she responded: "And how did you like her?"

"Like her—Miss Benson? Why, I didn't see much of her. I thought she was very intelligent—seemed very much interested when Lieutenant Green was explaining to her what made the dry-dock dry—but they were all that. Did you say her eyes were gray? I couldn't make out if they were not rather blue, after all—large, changeable sort of eyes, long lashes; eyes that look at you seriously and steadily, without the least bit of coquetry or worldliness; eyes expressing simplicity and interest in what you are saying—not in you, but in what you are saying. So few women know how to listen; most women appear to be thinking of themselves and the effect they are producing."

Mrs. Cortlandt laughed. "Ah; I see. And a little 'sadness' in them, wasn't there? Those are the most dangerous eyes. The sort that follow you, that you see in the dark at night after the gas is turned off."

"I haven't the faculty of seeing things in the dark, Mrs. Cortlandt. Oh, there's the mother!" And the shrill voice of Mrs. Benson was heard: "We was getting uneasy about you. Pa says a storm's coming, and that you'd be sick as sick."

The weather was changing. But that evening the spacious hotel, luxurious, perfectly warmed and well lighted, crowded with an agreeable if not a brilliant company—for Mr. King noted the fact that none of the gentlemen dressed for dinner—seemed all the more pleasant for the contrast with the weather outside. Thus housed, it was pleasant to hear the waves dashing against the breakwater. Just by chance, in the ball-room, Mr. King found himself seated by Mrs. Benson and a group of elderly ladies, who had the perfunctory air of liking the mild gayety of the place. To one of them Mr. King was presented, Mrs. Stimpson—a stout woman with a broad red face and fishy eyes, wearing an elaborate head-dress with purple flowers, and attired as if she were expecting to take a prize. Mrs. Stimpson was loftily condescending, and asked Mr. King if this was his first visit. She'd been coming here years and years; never could get through the spring without a few weeks at the Hygeia. Mr. King saw a good many people at this hotel who seemed to regard it as a home.

"I hope your daughter, Mrs. Benson, was not tired out with the rather long voyage to-day."

"Not a mite. I guess she enjoyed it. She don't seem to enjoy most things. She's got everything heart can wish at home. I don't know how it is. I was tellin' pa, Mr. Benson, to-day that girls ain't what they used to be in my time. Takes more to satisfy 'em. Now my daughter, if I say it as shouldn't, Mr. King, there ain't a better-appearin', nor smarter, nor more dutiful girl anywhere—well, I just couldn't live without her; and she's had the best schools in the East and Europe; done all Europe and Rome and Italy; and, after all, somehow, she don't seem contented in Cyrusville—that's where we live in Ohio—one of the smartest places in the State; grown right up to be a city since we was

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AN EXCURSION.

married. She never says anything, but I can see. And we haven't spared anything on our house. And society—there's a great deal more society than I ever had."

Mr. King might have been astonished at this outpouring if he had not observed that it is precisely in hotels and to entire strangers that some people are apt to talk with less reserve than to intimate friends.

"I've no doubt," he said, "you have a lovely home in Cyrusville."

"Well, I guess it's got all the improvements. Pa, Mr. Benson, said that he didn't know of anything that had been left out, and we had a man up from Cincinnati, who did all the furnishing before Irene came home."

"Perhaps your daughter would have preferred to furnish it herself?"

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"Mebbe so. She said it was splendid, but it looked like somebody's else house. She says the queerest things sometimes. I told Mr. Benson that I thought it would be a good thing to go away from home a little while and travel round. I've never been away much except in New York, where Mr. Benson has business a good deal. We've been in Washington this winter."

"Are you going further south?"

"Yes; we calculate to go down to the New Orleans Centennial. Pa wants to see the Exposition, and Irene wants to see what the South looks like, and so do I. I suppose it's perfectly safe now, so long after the war?"

"Oh, I should say so."

"That's what Mr. Benson says. He says it's all nonsense the talk about what the South 'll do now the Democrats are in. He says the South wants to make money, and wants the country prosperous as much as anybody. Yes, we are going to take a regular tour all summer round to the different places where people go. Irene calls it a pilgrimage to the holy places of America. Pa thinks we'll get enough of it, and he's determined we shall have enough of it for once. I suppose we shall. I like to travel, but I haven't seen any place better than Cyrusville yet."

As Irene did not make her appearance, Mr. King tore himself away from this interesting conversation and strolled about the parlors, made engagements to take early coffee at the fort, to go to church with Mrs. Cortlandt and her friends, and afterward to drive over to Hampton and see the copper and other colored schools, talked a little politics over a late cigar, and then went to bed, rather curious to see if the eyes that Mrs. Cortlandt regarded as so dangerous would appear to him in the darkness.

When he awoke, his first faint impressions were that the Hygeia had drifted out to sea, and then that a dense fog had drifted in and enveloped it. But this illusion was speedily dispelled. The window-ledge was piled high with snow. Snow filled the air, whirled about by a gale that was banging the window-shutters and raging exactly like a Northern tempest. It swirled the snow about in waves and dark masses interspersed with rifts of light, dark here and luminous there. The Rip-Raps were lost to view. Out at sea black clouds hung in the horizon, heavy re-enforcements for the attacking storm. The ground was heaped with the still fast-falling snow—ten inches deep he heard it said when he descended. The Baltimore boat had not arrived, and could not get in. The waves at the wharf rolled in, black and heavy, with a sullen beat, and the sky shut down close to the water, except when a sudden stronger gust of wind cleared a luminous space for an instant. Storm-bound: that is what the Hygeia was—a winter resort without any doubt.

The hotel was put to a test of its qualities. There was no getting abroad in such a storm. But the Hygeia appeared at its best in this emergency. The long glass corridors, where no one could venture in the arctic temperature, gave, nevertheless, an air of brightness and cheerfulness to the interior, where big fires blazed, and the company were exalted into good-fellowship and gayety—a decorous Sunday gayety—by the elemental war from which they were securely housed.

If the defenders of their country in the fortress mounted guard that morning, the guests at the Hygeia did not see them, but a good many of them mounted guard later at the hotel, and offered to the young ladies there that protection which the brave like to give the fair. Notwithstanding this, Mr. Stanhope King could not say the day was dull. After a morning presumably spent over works of a religious character, some of the young ladies, who had been the life of the excursion the day before, showed their versatility by devising serious amusements befitting the day, such as twenty questions on Scriptural subjects, palmistry, which on another day is an aid to mild flirtation, and an exhibition of mind-reading, not public—oh dear no!—but with a favored group in a private parlor. In none of these groups, however, did Mr. King find Miss Benson, and when he encountered her after dinner in the reading-room, she confessed that she had declined an invitation to assist at the mind-reading, partly from a lack of interest, and partly from a reluctance to dabble in such things.

"Surely you are not uninterested in what is now called psychical research?" he asked.

"That depends," said Irene. "If I were a physician, I should like to watch the operation of the minds of 'sensitives' as a pathological study. But the experiments

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IN THE CONSERVATORY.

I have seen are merely exciting and unsettling, without the least good result, with a haunting notion that you are being tricked or deluded. It is as much as I can do to try and know my own mind, without reading the minds of others."

"But you can not help the endeavor to read the mind of a person with whom you are talking."

"Oh, that is different. That is really an encounter of wits, for you know that the best part of a conversation is the things not said. What they call mind-reading is a vulgar business compared to this. Don't you think so, Mr. King?"

What Mr. King was actually thinking was that Irene's eyes were the most unfathomable blue he ever looked into, as they met his with perfect frankness, and he was wondering if she was reading his present state of mind; but what he said was, "I think your sort of mind-reading

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is a good deal more interesting than the other," and he might have added, dangerous. For a man can not attempt to find out what is in a woman's heart without a certain disturbance of his own. He added, "So you think our society is getting too sensitive and nervous, and inclined to make dangerous mental excursions?"

"I'm afraid I do not think much about such things," Irene replied, looking out of the window into the storm. "I'm content with a very simple faith, even if it is called ignorance."

Mr. King was thinking, as he watched the clear, spirited profile of the girl shown against the white tumult in the air, that he should like to belong to the party of ignorance himself, and he thought so long about it that the subject dropped, and the conversation fell into ordinary channels, and Mrs. Benson appeared. She thought they would move on as soon as the storm was over. Mr. King himself was going south in the morning, if travel were possible. When he said good-by, Mrs. Benson expressed the pleasure his acquaintance had given them, and hoped they should see him in Cyrusville. Mr. King looked to see if this invitation was seconded in Irene's eyes; but they made no sign, although she gave him her hand frankly, and wished him a good journey.

The next morning he crossed to Norfolk, was transported through the snow-covered streets on a sledge, and took his seat in the cars for the most monotonous ride in the country, that down the coast-line.

When next Stanhope King saw Fortress Monroe it was in the first days of June. The summer which he had left in the interior of the Hygeia was now out-of-doors. The winter birds had gone north; the summer birds had not yet come. It was the interregnum, for the Hygeia, like Venice, has two seasons, one for the inhabitants of colder climes, and the other for natives of the country. No spot, thought our traveller, could be more lovely. Perhaps certain memories gave it a charm, not well defined, but still gracious. If the house had been empty, which it was far from being, it would still have been peopled for him. Were they all such agreeable people whom he had seen there in March, or has one girl the power to throw a charm over a whole watering-place? At any rate, the place was full of delightful repose. There was movement enough upon the water to satisfy one's lazy longing for life, the waves lapped soothingly along the shore, and the broad bay, sparkling in the sun, was animated with boats, which all had a holiday air. Was it not enough to come down to breakfast and sit at the low broad windows and watch the shifting panorama? All about the harbor slanted the white sails; at intervals a steamer was landing at the wharf or backing away from it; on the wharf itself there was always a little bustle, but no noise, some pretense of business, and much actual transaction in the way of idle attitudinizing, the colored man in cast-off clothes, and the colored sister in sun-bonnet or turban, lending themselves readily to the picturesque; the scene changed every minute, the sail of a tiny boat was hoisted or lowered under the window, a dashing cutter with its uniformed crew was pulling off to the German man-of-war, a puffing little tug dragged along a line of barges in the distance, and on the horizon a fleet of coasters was working out between the capes to sea. In the open window came the fresh morning breeze, and only the softened sounds of the life outside. The ladies came down in cool muslin dresses, and added the needed grace to the picture as they sat breakfasting by the windows, their figures in silhouette against the blue water.

No wonder our traveller lingered there a little! Humanity called him, for one thing, to drive often with humanely disposed young ladies round the beautiful shore curve to visit the schools for various colors at Hampton. Then there was the evening promenading on the broad verandas and out upon the miniature pier, or at sunset by the water-batteries of the old fort—such a peaceful old fortress as it is. All the morning there were "inspections" to be attended, and nowhere could there be seen a more agreeable mingling of war and love than the spacious, tree-planted interior of the fort presented on such occasions. The shifting figures of the troops on parade; the martial and daring manœuvres of the regimental band; the groups of ladies seated on benches under the trees, attended by gallants in uniform, momentarily off duty and full of information, and by gallants not in uniform and never off duty and desirous to learn; the ancient

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A DEFENDER OF HIS COUNTRY.

guns with French arms and English arms, reminiscences of Yorktown, on one of which a pretty girl was apt to be perched in the act of being photographed—all this was enough to inspire any man to be a countryman and a lover. It is beautiful to see how fearless the gentle sex is in the presence of actual war; the prettiest girls occupied the front and most exposed seats, and never flinched when the determined columns marched down on them with drums beating and colors flying, nor showed much relief when they suddenly wheeled and marched to another part of the parade in search of glory. And the officers' quarters in the casemates—what will not women endure to serve their country! These quarters are mere tunnels under a dozen feet of earth, with a door on the parade side and a casement window on the outside—a damp cellar, said to be cool in the height of summer. The only excuse for such quarters is that the women and children will be compara-

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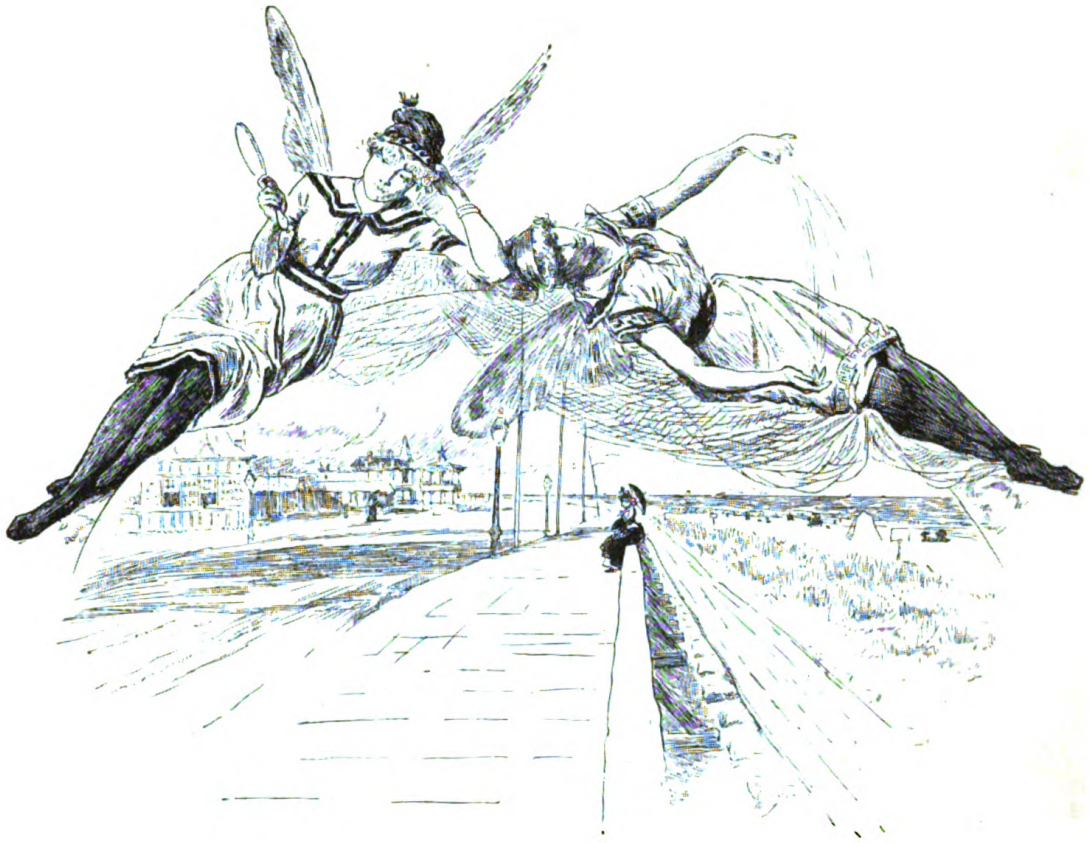
tively safe in case the fortress is bombarded.

The hotel and the fortress at this enchanting season, to say nothing of other attractions, with laughing eyes and slender figures, might well have detained Mr. Stanhope King, but he had determined upon a sort of roving summer among the resorts of fashion and pleasure. After a long sojourn abroad, it seemed becoming that he should know something of the floating life of his own country. His determination may have been strengthened by the confession of Mrs. Benson that her family were intending an extensive summer tour. It gives a zest to pleasure to have even an indefinite object, and though the prospect of meeting Irene again was not definite, it was nevertheless alluring. There was something about her, he could not tell what, different from the women he had met in France. Indeed, he went so far as to make a general formula as to the impression the American women made on him at Fortress Monroe—they all appeared to be innocent.



THE GOVERNMENT WHARF, FORTRESS MONROE.

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CHAPTER II.

"Of course you will not go to Cape May till the season opens. You might as well go to a race-track the day there is no race."

It was Mrs. Cortlandt who was speaking, and the remonstrance was addressed to Mr. Stanhope King and a young gentleman, Mr. Graham Forbes, who had just been presented to her as an artist, in the railway station at Philadelphia, that comfortable home of the tired and bewildered traveller. Mr. Forbes, with his fresh complexion, closely cropped hair, and London clothes, did not look at all like the traditional artist, although the sharp eyes of Mrs. Cortlandt detected a small sketch-book peeping out of his side pocket.

"On the contrary, that is why we go," said Mr. King. "I've a fancy that I should like to open a season once myself."

"Besides," added Mr. Forbes, "we want to see nature unadorned. You know, Mrs. Cortlandt, how people sometimes spoil a place."

"I'm not sure," answered the lady, laughing, "that people have not spoiled you two, and you need a rest. Where else do you go?"

"Well, I thought," replied Mr. King, "from what I heard, that Atlantic City might appear best with nobody there."

"Oh, there's always some one there. You know, it is a winter resort now. And, by-the-way— But there's my train, and the young ladies are beckoning to me." (Mrs. Cortlandt was never seen anywhere without a party of young ladies.) "Yes, the Bensons passed through Washington the other day from the South, and spoke of going to Atlantic City to tone up a little before the season, and perhaps you know that Mrs. Benson took a great fancy to you, Mr. King. Good-by, *au revoir*," and the lady was gone with her bevy of girls, struggling in the stream that poured toward one of the wicket-gates.

"Atlantic City? Why, Stanhope, you don't think of going there also?"

"I didn't think of it, but, hang it all, my dear fellow, duty is duty. There are some places you must see in order to be well informed. Atlantic City is an important place; a great many of its inhabitants spend their winters in Philadelphia."

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"And this Mrs. Benson?"

"No, I'm not going down there to see Mrs. Benson."

Expectancy was the word when our travellers stepped out of the car at Cape May station. Except for some people who seemed to have business there, they were the only passengers. It was the ninth of June. Everything was ready—the sea, the sky, the delicious air, the long line of gray-colored coast, the omnibuses, the array of hotel tooters. As they stood waiting in irresolution a grave man of middle age and a disinterested manner sauntered up to the travellers, and slipped into friendly relations with them. It was impossible not to incline to a person so obliging and well stocked with local information. Yes, there were several good hotels open. It didn't make much difference; there was one near at hand, not pretentious, but probably as comfortable as any. People liked the table; last summer used to come there from other hotels to get a meal. He was going that way, and would walk along with them. He did, and conversed most interestingly on the way. Our travellers felicitated themselves upon falling into such good hands, but when they reached the hotel designated, it had such a gloomy and in fact boarding-house air that they hesitated, and thought they would like to walk on a little further and see the town before settling. And their friend appeared to feel rather grieved about it, not for himself, but for them. He had, moreover, the expression of a fisherman who has lost a fish after he supposed it was securely hooked. But our young friends had been angled for in a good many waters, and they told the landlord, for it was the landlord, that while they had no doubt his was the best hotel in the place, they would like to look at some not so good. The one that attracted them, though they could not see in what the attraction lay, was a tall building gay with fresh paint in many colors, some pretty window balconies, and a portico supported by high striped columns that rose to the fourth story. They were fond of color, and were taken by six little geraniums planted in a circle amid the sand in front of the house, which were waiting for the season to open before they began to grow. With hesitation they stepped upon the newly varnished piazza and the newly varnished office floor, for every step left a foot-print. The chairs, disposed in a long line on the piazza, waiting for guests, were also varnished, as the artist discovered when he sat in one of them and was held fast. It was all fresh and delightful. The landlord and the clerks had smiles as wide as the open doors; the waiters exhibited in their eagerness a good imitation of unselfish service.

It was very pleasant to be alone in the house, and to be the first-fruits of such great expectations. The first man of the season is in such a different position from the last. He is like the King of Bavaria alone in his royal theatre. The ushers give him the best seat in the house, he hears the tuning of the instruments, the curtain is about to rise, and all for him. It is a very cheerful desolation, for it has a future, and everything quivers with the expectation of life and gayety. Whereas the last man is like one who stumbles out among the empty benches when the curtain has fallen and the play is done. Nothing is so melancholy as the shabbiness of a watering-place at the end of the season, where is left only the echo of past gayety, the last guests are scurrying away like leaves before the cold, rising wind, the varnish has worn off, shutters are put up, booths are dismantled, the shows are packing up their tawdry ornaments, and the autumn leaves collect in the corners of the gaunt buildings.

Could this be the Cape May about which hung so many traditions of summer romance? Where were those crowds of Southerners, with slaves and chariots, and the haughtiness of a caste civilization, and the belles from Baltimore and Philadelphia and Charleston and Richmond, whose smiles turned the heads of the last generation? Had that gay society danced itself off into the sea, and left not even a phantom of itself behind? As he sat upon the veranda, King could not rid himself of the impression that this must be a mocking dream, this appearance of emptiness and solitude. Why, yes, he was certainly in a delusion, at least in a reverie. The place was alive. An omnibus drove to the door (though no sound of wheels was heard); the waiters rushed out, a fat man descended, a little girl was lifted down, a pretty woman jumped from the steps with that little extra bound on the ground which all women confessedly under forty always give when they alight from a vehicle, a large woman lowered

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ON THE PIER, CAPE MAY.

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herself cautiously out, with an anxious look, and a file of men stooped and emerged, poking their umbrellas and canes in each other's backs. Mr. King plainly saw the whole party hurry into the office and register their names, and saw the clerk repeatedly touch a bell and throw back his head and extend his hand to a servant. Curious to see who the arrivals were, he went to the register. No names were written there. But there were other carriages at the door, there was a pile of trunks on the veranda, which he nearly stumbled over, although his foot struck nothing, and the chairs were full, and people were strolling up and down the piazza. He noticed particularly one couple promenading—a slender brunette, with a brilliant complexion; large dark eyes that made constant play—could it be the belle of Macon?—and a gentleman of thirty-five, in black frock-coat, unbuttoned, with a wide-brimmed soft hat—clothes not quite the latest style—who had a good deal of manner, and walked apart from the young lady, bending toward her with an air of devotion. Mr. King stood one side and watched the endless procession up and down, up and down, the strollers, the mincers, the languid, the nervous steppers; noted the eye-shots, the flashing or the languishing look that kills, and never can be called to account for the mischief it does; but not a sound did he hear of the repartee and the laughter. The place certainly was thronged. The avenue in front was crowded with vehicles of all sorts; there were groups strolling on the broad beach—children with their tiny pails and shovels digging pits close to the advancing tide, nursery-maids in fast colors, boys in knickerbockers racing on the beach, people lying on the sand, resolute walkers, whose figures loomed tall in the evening light, doing their constitutional. People were passing to and fro on the long iron pier that spider-legged itself out into the sea; the two rooms midway were filled with sitters taking the evening breeze; and the large ball and music room at the end, with its spacious outside promenade—yes, there were dancers there, and the band was playing. Mr. King could see the fiddlers draw their bows, and the corneters lift up their horns and get red in the face, and the lean man slide his trombone, and the drummer flourish his sticks, but not a note of music reached him. It might have been a performance of ghosts, for all the effect at this distance. Mr. King remarked upon this dumb-show to a gentleman in a blue coat and white vest and gray hat, leaning against a column near him. The gentleman made no response. It was most singular. Mr. King stepped back to be out of the way of some children racing down the piazza, and, half stumbling, sat down in the lap of a dowager—no, not quite; the chair was empty, and he sat down in the fresh varnish, to which his clothes stuck fast. Was this a delusion? No. The tables were filled in the dining-room, the waiters were scurrying about, there were ladies on the balconies looking dreamily down upon the animated scene below; all the movements of gayety and hilarity in the height of a season. Mr. King approached a group who were standing waiting for a carriage, but they did not see him, and did not respond to his trumped-up question about the next train. Were these, then, shadows, or was he a spirit himself? Were these empty omnibuses and carriages that discharged ghostly passengers? And all this promenading and flirting and languishing and love-making, would it come to nothing—to nothing more than usual? There was a charm about it all—the movement, the color, the gray sand, and the rosy blush on the sea—a lovely place, an enchanted place. Were these throngs the guests that were to come, or those that had been here in other seasons? Why could not the former "materialize" as well as the latter? Is it not as easy to make nothing out of what never yet existed as out of what has ceased to exist? The landlord, by faith, sees all this array which is prefigured so strangely to Mr. King; and his comely young wife sees it and is ready for it; and the fat son at the supper table—a living example of the good eating to be had here—is serene, and has the air of being polite and knowing to a houseful. This scrap of a child, with the *aplomb* of a man of fifty, wise beyond his fatness, imparts information to the travellers about the wine, speaks to the waiter with quiet authority, and makes these mature men feel like boys before the gravity of our perfect flower of American youth who has known no childhood. This boy at least is no phantom; the landlord is real, and the waiters, and the food they bring.

"I suppose," said Mr. King to his friend, "that we are opening the season. Did you see anything out-doors?"

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UNCLE NED ADJUSTING THE TELESCOPE.—[SEE PAGE 676.]

"Yes; a horseshoe-crab about a mile below here on the smooth sand, with a long dotted trail behind him, a couple of girls in a pony-cart who nearly drove over me, and a tall young lady with a red parasol, accompanied by a big black and white dog, walking rapidly close to the edge of the sea toward the sunset. It's just lovely, the silvery sweep of coast in this light."

"It seems a refined sort of place in its outlines, and quietly respectable. They tell me here that they don't want the excursion crowds that overrun Atlantic City, but an Atlantic City man, whom I met at the pier, said that Cape May used to be the boss, but that Atlantic City had

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got the bulge on it now—had thousands to the hundreds here. To get the bulge seems a desirable thing in America, and I think we'd better see what a place is like that is popular, whether fashion recognizes it or not."

The place lost nothing in the morning light, and it was a sparkling morning with a fresh breeze. Nature, with its love of simple, sweeping lines, and its feeling for atmospheric effect, has done everything for the place, and bad taste has not quite spoiled it. There is a sloping shallow beach, very broad, of fine, hard sand, excellent for driving or for walking, extending unbroken three miles down to Cape May Point, which has hotels and cottages of its own, and life-saving and signal stations. Off to the west from this point is the long sand line of Cape Henlopen, fourteen miles away, and the Delaware shore. At Cape May Point there is a little village of painted wood houses, mostly cottages to let, and a permanent population of a few hundred inhabitants. From the pier one sees a mile and a half of hotels and cottages, fronting south, all flaming, tasteless, carpenter's architecture, gay with paint. The sea expanse is magnificent, and the sweep of beach is fortunately unencumbered, and vulgarized by no bath-houses or show shanties. The bath-houses are in front of the hotels and in their inclosures; then come the broad drive, and the sand beach, and the sea. The line is broken below by the lighthouse and a point of land, whereon stands the elephant. This elephant is not indigenous, and he stands alone in the sand, a wooden sham without an explanation. Why the hotel-keeper's mind along the coast regards this grotesque structure as a summer attraction it is difficult to see. But when one resort had him, he became a necessity everywhere. The travellers walked down to this monster, climbed the stairs in one of his legs, explored the rooms, looked out from the saddle, and pondered on the problem. This beast was unfinished within and unpainted without, and already falling into decay. An elephant on the desert, fronting the Atlantic Ocean, had, after all, a picturesque aspect, and all the more so because he was a deserted ruin.

The elephant was, however, no emptier than the cottages about which our friends strolled. But the cottages were all ready, the rows of new chairs stood on the fresh piazzas, the windows were invitingly open, the pathetic little patches of flowers in front tried hard to look festive in the dry sands, and the stout landladies in their rocking-chairs calmly knitted and endeavored to appear as if they expected nobody, but had almost a houseful.

Yes, the place was undeniably attractive. The sea had the blue of Nice: why must we always go to the Mediterranean for an *aqua marina*, for poetic lines, for delicate shades? What charming gradations had this picture—gray sand, blue waves, a line of white sails against the pale blue sky! By the pier railing is a bevy of little girls grouped about an ancient colored man, the very ideal old Uncle Ned, in ragged, baggy, and disreputable clothes, lazy good-nature oozing out of every pore of him, kneeling by a telescope pointed to a bunch of white sails on the horizon; a dainty little maiden, in a stiff white skirt and golden hair, leans against him and tiptoes up to the object-glass, shutting first one eye and then the other, and making nothing out of it all. "Why, ov co'se you can't see nuffin, honey," said Uncle Ned, taking a peep, "wid the 'scope p'inted up in the sky."

In order to pass from Cape May to Atlantic City one takes a long circuit by rail through the Jersey sands. Jersey is a very prolific State, but the railway traveller by this route is excellently prepared for Atlantic City, for he sees little but sand, stunted pines, scrub oaks, small frame houses, sometimes trying to hide in the clumps of scrub oaks, and the villages are just collections of the same small frame houses hopelessly decorated with scroll-work and obtrusively painted, standing in lines on sandy streets adorned with lean shade trees. The handsome Jersey people were not travelling that day—the two friends had a theory about the relation of a sandy soil to female beauty—and when the artist got out his pencil to catch the types of the country, he was well rewarded. There were the fat old women in holiday market costumes, strong-featured, positive, who shook their heads at each other and nodded violently and incessantly, and all talked at once, the old men in rusty suits, thin, with a deprecatory manner, as if they had heard that clatter for fifty years, and perky, sharp-faced girls in vegetable hats, all long-nosed and thin-lipped. And though the day was cool, mosquitoes had the bad taste to invade the

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train. At the junction, a small collection of wooden shanties, where the travellers waited an hour, they heard much of the glories of Atlantic City from the postmistress, who was waiting for an excursion some time to go there (the passion for excursions seems to be a growing one), and



they made the acquaintance of a cow tied in the room next the ticket-office, probably also waiting for a passage to the city by the sea.

And a city it is. If many houses, endless avenues, sand, paint make a city, the artist confessed that this was one. Everything is on a large scale. It covers a large territory, the streets run at right angles, the avenues to the ocean take the names of the States. If the town had been made to order and sawed out by one man, it could not be more beautifully regular and more satisfactorily monotonous. There is nothing about it to give the most commonplace mind in the world a throb of disturbance. The hotels, the cheap shops, the cottages, are all of wood, and, with three or four exceptions in the thousands, they are all practically alike, all ornamented with scroll-work, as if cut out by the jig-saw, all vividly painted, all appealing to a primitive taste just awakening to

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the appreciation of the gaudy chromo and the illuminated and consoling household motto. Most of the hotels are in the town at considerable distance from the ocean, and the majestic old sea, which can be monotonous but never vulgar, is barricaded from the town by five or six miles of stark-naked plank walk, rows on rows of bath closets, leagues of flimsy carpentry-work, in the way of cheap-John shops, tin-type booths, peep-shows, go-rounds, shooting galleries, pop-beer and cigar shops, restaurants, barber shops, photograph galleries, summer theatres. Sometimes the plank walk runs for a mile or two, on its piles, between rows of these shops and booths, and again it drops off down by the waves. Here and there is a gayly painted wooden canopy by the shore, with chairs where idlers can sit and watch the frolicking in the water, or a space railed off, where the select of the hotels lie or lounge in the sand under red umbrellas. The calculating mind wonders how many million feet of lumber there are in this unpicturesque barricade, and what gigantic forests have fallen to make this timber front to the sea. But there is one thing man can not do. He has made this show to suit himself, he has pushed out several iron piers into the sea, and erected, of course, a skating rink on the end of one of them. But the sea itself, untamed, restless, shining, dancing, raging, rolls in from the southward, tossing the white sails on its vast expanse, green, blue, leaden, white-capped, many-colored, never two minutes the same, sounding with its eternal voice I know not what rebuke to man.

When Mr. King wrote his and his friend's name in the book at the Mansion House, he had the curiosity to turn over the leaves, and it was not with much surprise that he read there the names of A. J. Benson, wife, and daughter, Cyrusville, Ohio.

"Oh, I see!" said the artist; "you came down here to see Mr. Benson!"

That gentleman was presently discovered tilted back in a chair on the piazza, gazing vacantly into the vacant street with that air of endurance that fathers of families put on at such resorts. But he brightened up when Mr. King made himself known.

"I'm right glad to see you, sir. And my wife and daughter will be. I was saying to my wife yesterday that I couldn't stand this sort of thing much longer."

"You don't find it lively?"

"Well, the livelier it is the less I shall like it, I reckon. The town is well enough. It's one of the smartest places on the coast. I should like to have owned the ground and sold out and retired. This sand is all gold. They say they sell the lots by the bushel and count every sand. You can see what it is, boards and paint and sand. Fine houses too; miles of them."

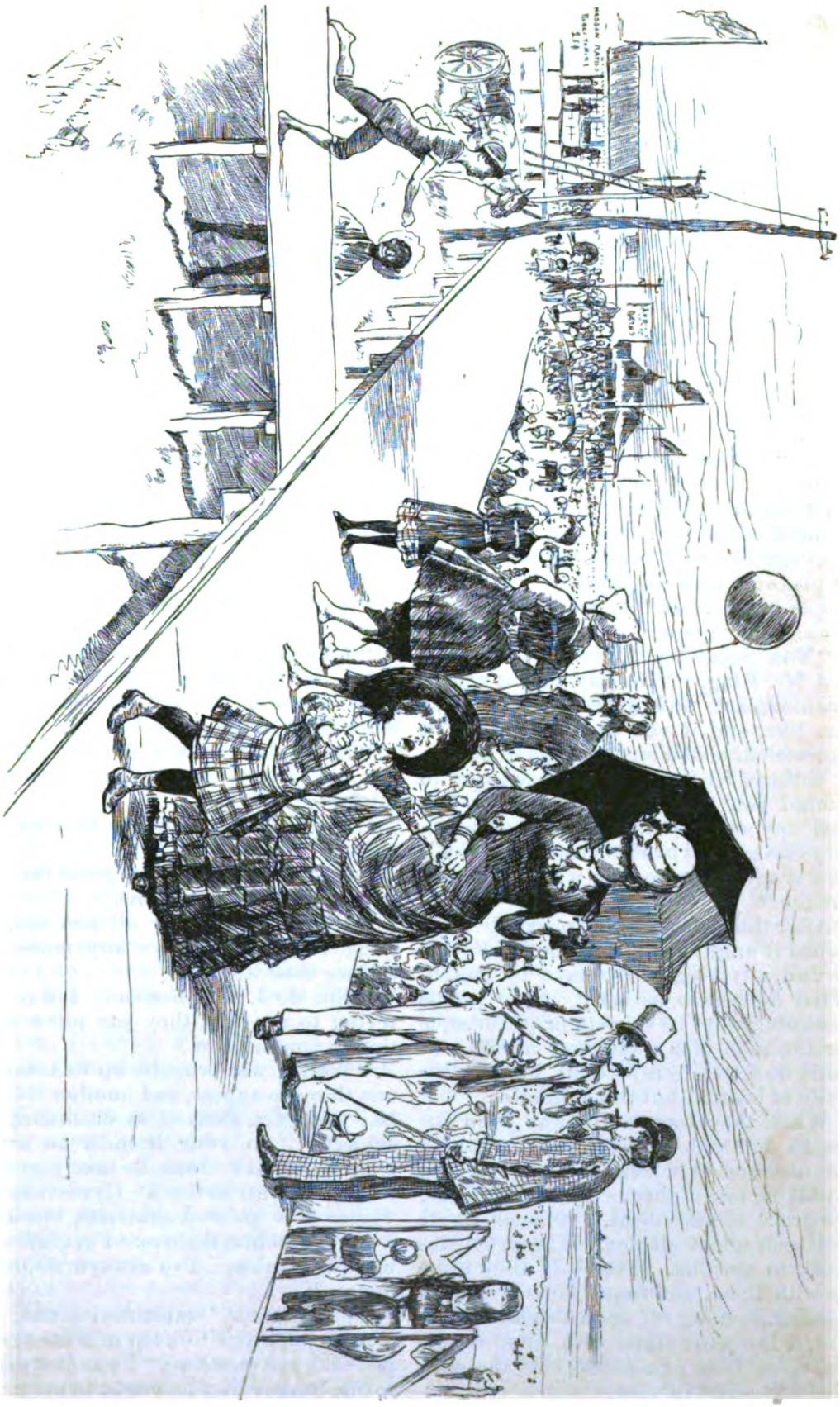
"And what do you do?"

"Oh, they say there's plenty to do. You can ride around in the sand; you can wade in it if you want to, and go down to the beach and walk up and down the plank walk—walk up and down—walk up and down. They like it. You can't bathe yet without getting pneumonia. They have gone there now. Irene goes because she says she can't stand the gayety of the parlor."

From the parlor came the sound of music. A young girl who had the air of not being afraid of a public parlor was drumming out waltzes on the piano, more for the entertainment of herself than of the half-dozen ladies who yawned over their worsted-work. As she brought her piece to an end with a bang, a pretty, sentimental miss, with a novel in her hand, who may not have seen Mr. King looking in at the door, ran over to the player and gave her a hug. "That's beautiful! that's perfectly lovely, Mamie!" "This," said the player, taking up another sheet, "has not been played much in New York." Probably not, in that style, thought Mr. King, as the girl clattered through it.

There was no lack of people on the promenade, tramping the boards, or hanging about the booths where the carpenters and painters were at work, and the shop men and women were unpacking the corals and the sea-shells, and the cheap jewelry, and the Swiss wood-carving, the toys, the tinsel brooches and agate ornaments, and arranging the soda fountains, and putting up the shelves for the permanent pie. The sort of preparation going on indicated the kind of crowd expected. If everything had a cheap and vulgar look, our wandering critics remembered that it is never fair to look behind the scenes of a show, and that things would wear a braver appearance by-and-by. And if the women on the promenade were homely and ill-dressed, even the *bonnes* in unpicturesque costumes, and all the men were slouchy and stolid, how could any one tell what an

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ATLANTIC CITY.

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effect of gayety and enjoyment there might be when there were thousands of such people, and the sea was full of bathers, and the flags were flying, and the bands were tooting, and all the theatres were opened, and acrobats and spangled women and painted red men offered those attractions which, like government, are for the good of the greatest number? What will you have? Shall vulgarity be left just vulgar, and have no apotheosis and glorification? This is very fine of its kind, and a resort for the million. The million come here to enjoy themselves. Would you have an art gallery here, and high-priced New York and Paris shops lining the way?

"Look at the town," exclaimed the artist, "and see what money can do, and satisfy the average taste without the least aid from art. It's just wonderful. I've tramped round the place, and, taking out a cottage or two, there isn't a picturesque or pleasing view anywhere. I tell you people know what they want, and enjoy it when they get it."

"You needn't get excited about it," said Mr. King. "Nobody said it wasn't commonplace, and glaringly vulgar if you like, and if you like to consider it representative of a certain stage in national culture, I hope it is not necessary to remind you that the United States can beat any other people in any direction they choose to expand themselves. You'll own it when you've seen watering-places enough."

After this defense of the place, Mr. King owned it might be difficult for Mr. Forbes to find anything picturesque to sketch. What figures, to be sure! As if people were obliged to be shapely or picturesque for the sake of a wandering artist! "I could do a tree," growled Mr. Forbes, "or a pile of boards; but these shanties!"

When they were well away from the booths and bath-houses, Mr. King saw in the distance two ladies. There was no mistaking one of them—the easy carriage, the grace of movement. No such figure had been afield all day. The artist was quick to see that. Presently they came up with them, and found them seated on a bench, looking off upon Brigantine Island, a low sand dune with some houses and a few trees against the sky, the most pleasing object in view.

Mrs. Benson did not conceal the pleasure she felt in seeing Mr. King again, and was delighted to know his friend; and to say the truth, Miss Irene gave him a very cordial greeting.

"I'm 'most tired to death," said Mrs. Benson, when they were all seated. "But this air does me good. Don't you like Atlantic City?"

"I like it better than I did at first." If the remark was intended for Irene, she paid no attention to it, being absorbed in explaining to Mr. Forbes why she preferred the deserted end of the promenade.

"It's a place that grows on you. I guess it's grown the wrong way on Irene and father; but I like the air—after the South. They say we ought to see it in August, when all Philadelphia is here."

"I should think it might be very lively."

"Yes; but the promiscuous bathing. I don't think I should like that. We are not brought up to that sort of thing in Ohio."

"No? Ohio is more like France, I suppose?"

"Like France!" exclaimed the old lady, looking at him in amazement—"like France! Why, France is the wickedest place in the world."

"No doubt it is, Mrs. Benson. But at the sea resorts the sexes bathe separately."

"Well, now! I suppose they have to there."

"Yes; the older nations grow, the more self-conscious they become."

"I don't believe, for all you say, Mr. King, the French have any more conscience than we have."

"Nor do I, Mrs. Benson. I was only trying to say that they pay more attention to appearances."

"Well, I was brought up to think it's one thing to appear, and another thing to be," said Mrs. Benson, as dismissing the subject. "So your friend's an artist? Does he paint? Does he take portraits? There was an artist at Cyrusville last winter who painted portraits, but Irene wouldn't let him do hers. I'm glad we've met Mr. Forbes. I've always wanted to have—"

"Oh, mother," exclaimed Irene, who always appeared to keep one ear for her mother's conversation, "I was just saying to Mr. Forbes that he ought to see the art exhibitions down at the other end of the promenade, and the pictures of the peo-

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ple who come here in August. Are you rested?"

The party moved along, and Mr. King, by a movement that seemed to him more natural than it did to Mr. Forbes, walked with Irene, and the two fell to talking about the last spring's trip in the South.

"Yes, we enjoyed the exhibition, but I am not sure but I should have enjoyed New Orleans more without the exhibition. That took so much time. There is nothing so wearisome as an exhibition. But New Orleans was charming. I don't know why, for it's the flattest, dirtiest, dampest city in the world; but it is charming. Perhaps it's the people, or the Frenchiness of it, or the tumble-down, picturesque old creole quarter, or the roses; I didn't suppose there were in the world so many roses; the town was just wreathed and smothered with them. And you did not see it?"

"No; I have been to exhibitions, and I thought I should prefer to take New Orleans by itself some other time. You found the people hospitable?"

"Well, they were not simply hospitable; they were that, to be sure, for father had letters to some of the leading men; but it was the general air of friendliness and good-nature everywhere, of agreeableness—it went along with the roses and the easy-going life. You didn't feel all the time on a strain. I don't suppose they are any better than our people, and I've no doubt I should miss a good deal there after a while—a certain tonic and purpose in life. But, do you know, it is pleasant sometimes to be with people who haven't so many corners as our people have. But you went south from Fortress Monroe?"

"Yes; I went to Florida."

"Oh, that must be a delightful country!"

"Yes, it's a very delightful land, or will be when it is finished. It needs advertising now. It needs somebody to call attention to it. The modest Northerners who have got hold of it, and staked it all out into city lots, seem to want to keep it all to themselves."

"How do you mean 'finished'?"

"Why, the State is big enough, and a considerable portion of it has a good foundation. What it wants is building up. There's plenty of water and sand, and palmetto roots and palmetto trees, and swamps, and a perfectly wonderful vegetation of vines and plants and flowers. What it needs is land—at least what the Yankees call land. But it is coming on. A good deal of the State below Jacksonville is already ten to fifteen feet above the ocean."

"But it's such a place for invalids!"

"Yes, it is a place for invalids. There are two kinds of people there—invalids and speculators. Thousands of people in the bleak North, and especially in the Northwest, can not live in the winter anywhere else than in Florida. It's a great blessing to this country to have such a sanitarium. As I said, all it needs is building up, and then it wouldn't be so monotonous and malarious."

"But I had such a different idea of it!"

"Well, your idea is probably right. You can not do justice to a place by describing it literally. Most people are fascinated by Florida: the fact is that anything is preferable to our Northern climate from February to May."

"And you didn't buy an orange plantation, or a town?"

"No; I was discouraged. Almost any one can have a town who will take a boat and go off somewhere with a surveyor, and make a map."

The truth is—the present writer had it from Major Blifill, who runs a little steamboat upon one of the inland creeks where the alligator is still numerous enough to be an entertainment—that Mr. King was no doubt malarious himself when he sailed over Florida. Blifill says he offended a whole boatful one day when they were sailing up the St. John's. Probably he was tired of water, and swamp and water, and scraggy trees and water. The captain was on the bow, expatiating to a crowd of listeners on the fertility of the soil and the salubrity of the climate. He had himself bought a piece of ground away up there somewhere for two hundred dollars, cleared it up, and put in orange-trees, and thousands wouldn't buy it now. And Mr. King, who listened attentively, finally joined in with the questioners, and said, "Captain, what is the average price of land down in this part of Florida by the—gallon?"

They had come down to the booths, and Mrs. Benson was showing the artist the shells, piles of conchs, and other outlandish sea-fabrications in which it is said the roar of the ocean can be heard when they are hundreds of miles away from the sea.

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It was a pretty thought, Mr. Forbes said, and he admired the open shells that were painted on the inside—painted in bright blues and greens, with dabs of white sails and a light-house, or a boat with a bare-armed, resolute young woman in it, sending her bark spinning over waves mountain-high.

"Yes," said the artist, "what cheerfulness those works of art will give to the little parlors up in the country, when they are set up with other shells on the what-not in the corner! These shells always used to remind me of missionaries and the cause of the heathen; but when I see them now I shall think of Atlantic City."

"But the representative things here," interrupted Irene, "are the photographs, the tin-types. To see them is just as good as staying here to see the people when they come."

"Yes," responded Mr. King, "I think art can not go much further in this direction."

If there were not miles of these show-cases of tin-types, there were at least acres of them. Occasionally an instantaneous photograph gave a lively picture of the beach when the water was full of bathers—men, women, children, in the most extraordinary costumes for revealing or deforming the human figure—all tossing about in the surf. But most of the pictures were taken on dry land, of single persons, couples, and groups in their bathing suits. Perhaps such an extraordinary collection of humanity can not be seen elsewhere in the world, such a uniformity of one depressing type reduced to its last analysis by the sea-toilet. Sometimes it was a young man and a maiden, handed down to posterity in dresses that would have caused their arrest in the street, sentimentally reclining on a canvas rock. Again it was a maiden with flowing hair, raised hands clasped, eyes upturned, on top of a crag, at the base of which the waves were breaking in foam. Or it was the same stalwart maiden, or another as good, in a boat which stood on end, pulling through the surf with one oar, and dragging a drowning man (in a bathing suit also) into the boat with her free hand. The legend was, "Saved." There never was such heroism exhibited by young women before, with such raiment, as was shown in these rare works of art.

As they walked back to the hotel through a sandy avenue lined with jig-saw architecture, Miss Benson pointed out to them some things that she said had touched her a good deal. In the patches of sand before each house there was generally an oblong little mound set about with a rim of stones, or, when something more artistic could be afforded, with shells. On each of these little graves was a flower, a sickly geranium, or a humble marigold, or some other floral token of affection.

Mr. Forbes said he never was at a watering-place before where they buried the summer boarders in the front yard. Mrs. Benson didn't like joking on such subjects, and Mr. King turned the direction of the conversation by remarking that these seeming trifles were really of much account in these days, and he took from his pocket a copy of the city newspaper, *The Summer Sea-Song*, and read some of the leading items: "S., our eye is on you." "The Slopers have come to their cottage on Q Street, and come to stay." "Mr. E. P. Borum has painted his front steps." "Mr. Diffendorfer's marigold is on the blow." And so on, and so on. This was probably the marigold mentioned that they were looking at.

The most vivid impression, however, made upon the visitor in this walk was that of paint. It seemed unreal that there could be so much paint in the world and so many swearing colors. But it ceased to be a dream, and they were taken back into the hard practical world, when, as they turned the corner, Irene pointed out her favorite sign:

Silas Lapham, mineral paint.
Branch Office.

The artist said, a couple of days after this morning, that he had enough of it. "Of course," he added, "it is a great pleasure to me to sit and talk with Mrs. Benson, while you and that pretty girl walk up and down the piazza all the evening; but I'm easily satisfied, and two evenings did for me."

So that much as Mr. King was charmed with Atlantic City, and much as he regretted not awaiting the arrival of the originals of the tin-types, he gave in to the restlessness of the artist for other scenes; but not before he had impressed Mrs. Benson with a notion of the delights of Newport in July.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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GOING DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS.

BY PHIL ROBINSON.



ONE of the delightful experiences which I begrudge antiquity (which, by-the-way, appears to me to have had a very unfair share of the fun and excitement of life) is that of having seen the first man trying to navigate the first boat. How he got astraddle a log, and it slipped round and got away from under him, and how he then flattened the top of the log and sat on it, and how he eventually hollowed out the log and got complacently inside it, must have been sufficiently diverting. But when he came to experiments in progression, his procedure must have been infinitely amusing.

He was no doubt jeered at by the old folk as a good-for-nothing with his new-fangled notions and scatter-brain projects. Wading, they said, had always been good enough for them, and for their fathers—who were no fools—before them, and they did not see what young people wanted with boats. Besides, how was he going to keep a boat right side up? This must have been a clincher.

But our genius had meanwhile hollowed out his log, and so long as it was on dry ground he found no difficulty in getting in and out, and in this modified trough imagined, poor soul! that he had satisfied all the requirements of naval architecture. And then to have seen him drag his boat into the water, and to have heard his exultation when it floated! "There! I told you so!" It was a little on one side, perhaps, but what of that? And then to see him try to get inside his boat, and to hear the huge delight of his painted contemporaries as he immediately capsized! For he *did* capsize, and at once—be sure of that. One of two things happened: either he was shot out directly like a sack of potatoes, or else he and his boat solemnly sank together. His next experiment would be made with more caution, and eventually we can imagine him, as proud as a grub in a nutshell, sitting complacently at the bottom of his boat. It wobbled, no doubt, in rather a startling manner whenever he moved; but then he was inside a boat, and it was no use trying to deny it. "But what good does that do you?" the still contemptuous graybeards asked. "You can hardly see over the edge of your vehicle, and you can not move, and you can not even get out without falling out." But our genius was not to be beaten. And grasping the fact that a boat, to be of much use, ought to be able to move, he asked a friend to shove him. The result was satisfactory enough till the other man got tired of shoving, and contemporary history fails to tell us how the next step was taken. But probably finding himself within arm's-reach of the bottom, he tried to push himself along, and getting into deeper water, used a stick as a motive power. From the stick was developed the punt pole, and from the punt pole the thin-bladed paddle. The blade of the paddle was gradually widened and its handle lengthened till the oar was evolved; and holding up his shirt to dry one day after the usual accident, the sail was chanced upon. And then they began gradually



FIRST NAVIGATION.

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THE "ARGO."

increasing the size of the boats till the sails and oars could not move them, and then increased the size of the sails and the oars till the boats could not carry them. And how they capsized and foundered, got taken aback and got pooped, ran on rocks and went to pieces, and how eventually they found out the happy medium in all things, and made a ship that could carry her canvas squarely, sail with dry decks, and answer her helm, need not be related here. Centuries passed with a terrible annual loss of life, and then men made a slave of steam, and bridged oceans, so that nations might exchange their commerce and their peoples.

It was my privilege when in Egypt during the recent war to be on board one of the ships that took part in Lord Wolseley's naval demonstration in the Bay of Aboukir. I saw then the stateliest war fleet that within the memory of my generation has ever sailed the seas in order of battle. With the squadron I passed the scenes of Nelson's victories, and witnessed—the very pomp and poetry of war—that majestic procession of England's navy through the Suez Canal.

And now that I have leisure from the breathless duties of a war correspondent, I have sat down to put on paper the crowd of thoughts that then distracted me, when I compared the spectacle before me, the very latest triumphs of mechanical, military, and engineering science—iron-clad ships steaming through the Suez Canal—with the long-ago exploits of other generals and admirals upon those same seas and shores.

Here behind us was the same Mediterranean that perplexed the fleece-hunting Argonauts, and yonder before us stood (so the Bedouins protest) the only genuine and original Ararat, upon which the navigating patriarch and his menagerie finally stranded. My subject, therefore, virtually reaches back to the very beginnings of ships and of seamen, and spans

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the whole interval between Jason and the Cunard Company, between the Deluge and the Egyptian war.

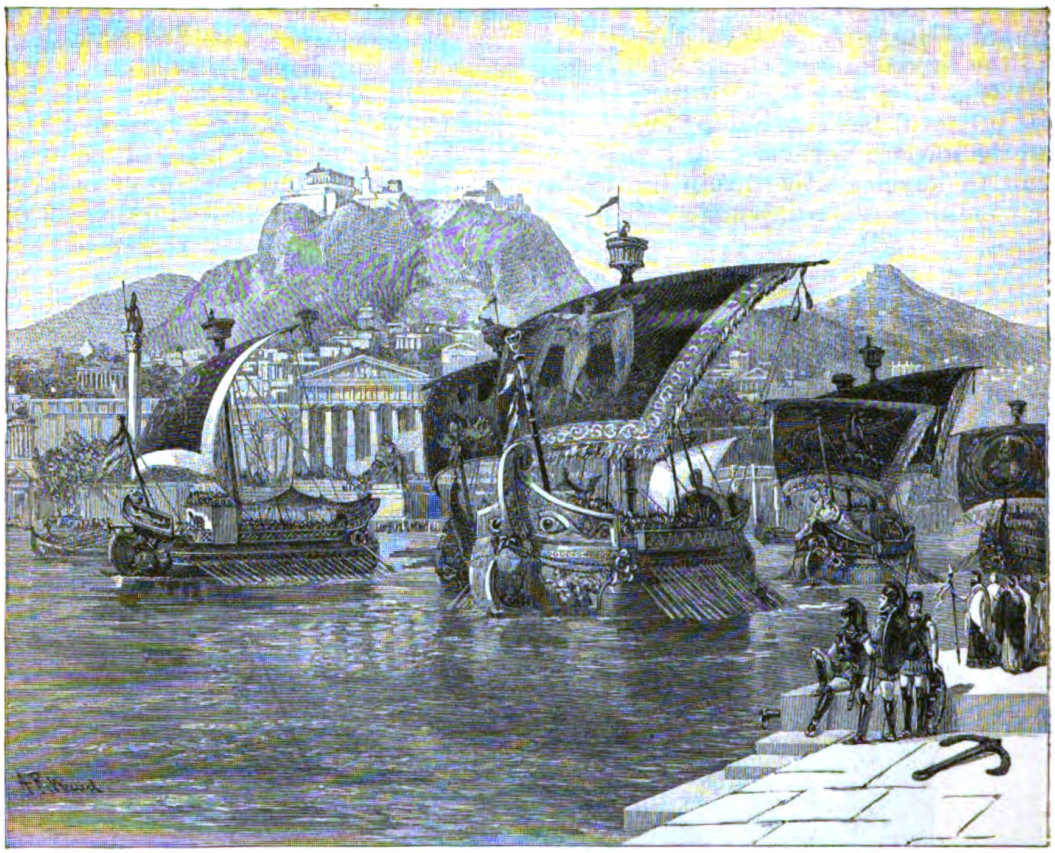
It is a long way back to the days of that primeval passenger ship Noah's ark, and the modern voyager finds it very difficult to imagine aboard-ship life under the conditions of Jason's undecked *Argo*. That Latter-day Saint the steam-engine has spoiled us for such modified pleasures as the Tyrian must have suffered in his negotiation of the Pillars of Hercules, or the Phœnician when dodging along the coasts of southern Europe. Who would pay nowadays for a passage in a ship where there was no protection from the rain, and in which, when she pitched, all the contents of the vessel rolled in miscellaneous confusion from one end to the other? It is bad enough as it is to find one's self in a badly rolling steamer, shut up in a cabin with a portmanteau that seems determined to have your life, and a hat-box that becomes a fiend, where everything collects in a vile conspiracy against you upon the floor, and even your hanging clothes stand out on end and point derisively at you. But how much worse it must have been in the old days when, seated at the bottom of an open boat, you found yourself at every lurch rolling about in several inches of water, with an augur and a coopful of sacrificial chickens, several anchors, and a company of "ancients of Gebal"!



THE DANISH "RAVEN."

Semiramis, the warrior wife of King Pul, sailed, we are accustomed to think, in great pomp. But what lady of modern days would submit to the horrors of a voyage in which the only means of changing one's position in the ship was by crawling on all fours? Not all the splendors of Sidonian looms, nor the company of all the apes and peacocks of Africa, could compensate for the wretchedness of having no other shelter from the elements than awnings supported on the heads of seasick slaves. It was all

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ARGOSY LEAVING CORINTH.

very well, no doubt, to have masts of "cedar from Lebanon," and oars of the "oaks of Bashan," and benches for the rowers of "ivory brought out of the isles of Chittim," but when he was on that little trip of his from Ezion-geber, had Solomon any cure for seasickness? I venture to think not, for he confesses that one of the very few things which he did not understand was the way of a ship on the sea.

And it is hardly to be wondered at. For the way of sailing a ship in a Mediterranean squall is often beyond all understanding. Yet I should very much indeed have enjoyed just one trip in the early days of navigation and commerce, and, merely as an experience, have gone a-voyaging with some ancients of Gebal to "the land of Persia and of Lud and of Phut." Our cargo would have been perhaps "precious cloths for chariots," and broidered work and fine linen, and graven vessels, and goodly garments of Shinar, and we should have bartered them with the men of Dedan for horns of ivory and ebony, with the merchants of Sheba and Raama for precious stones and gold, with the princes of Kedar for lambs and kids and white wool, and the peasant traders of Minnith and Pannag for wheat and honey and oil and balm. Here and there a bale of myrrh, or cinnamon, or cassia, and here and there a heap of amber; an ape here and a peacock there.

Voyages in those days took time. A man divided his patrimony among his sons before he started, and very often died full of years before he could get back. It is the regular thing in the Oriental story-books that deal of those old days to make the returned merchant find the children, who were babies when he left them, grown up to be parents themselves. They do not remember to have ever had a father. Their mother, rest her soul, has been dead these many years. But there is always an opportune old man, a former crony of the long-gone merchant, who recognizes him on behalf of the family, and all comes well as the merchant sits down in the last chapter to unfold his treasures of foreign

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markets. Indeed, it was always on the cards that if you started on a long voyage your provisions would run short, and that you would all solemnly get out of the ship and proceed to plough the ground and sow it with grain, and wait till the harvest ripened, and then reap it and start afresh. But it must have been tedious work at best, this interpolation of agricultural pursuits, and for men absent on a short furlough exasperating in the extreme.

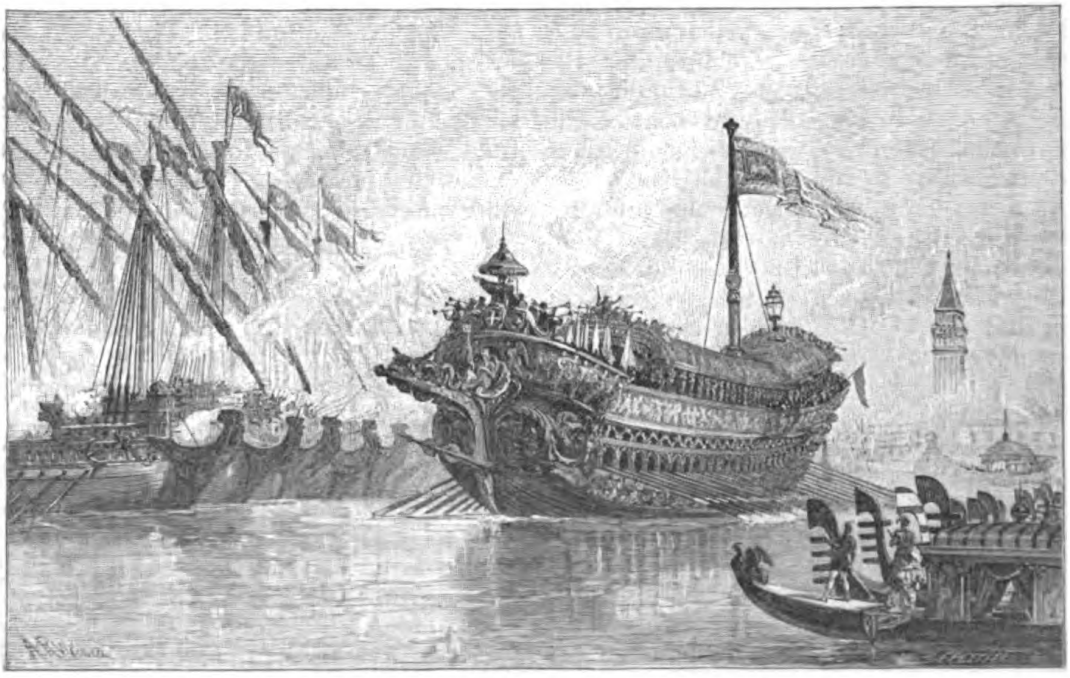
But my voyage, if I take it, must be by preference in one of the roomy boats of the times of Greek supremacy. Not in one of the leather vehicles of the Saxon coaster, nor the laundry-basket coracle of the painted Briton, nor yet the clipper-built pirate craft of the hardy Norsemen, those Drakers and Snekkars—dragons and snakes—in which the Viking buccaneers harried the English coasts; for they were a terrible crew, those hard-drinking Danes who sailed with Sweyn, the Raven of the North—

"The Danish Raven, lured on by annual prey,
hung o'er the land—"

who dared to venture into the ice-bound seas about the pole, and came back in disgust, not because of the icebergs and the crunching floe, but because the people there brewed no ale. No; my voyage should be on sunny seas, in one of those elder craft, with bows and stern all grim with monster-heads, and a great unwinking eye painted on either side. From stem to poop she is painted in gorgeous colors, vermilion and green and blue, and the sail that lies furled upon the single yard is purple, with a yellow fringe. Her foremast is hardly worth calling one, for it rakes forward as if it thought itself a bowsprit, and hanging from it flutter the votive rags of the passengers and the crew. On the top of the mainmast is a tulip-shaped "crow's-nest," in which, with his long trumpet in his hand, the signal-man sits at his ease aloft. In the bows, under a gorgeous canopy, and supported by the favorite god of the company, sits the pilot, while on the poop stands the captain, counting the sea-gulls for an augury, and giving the boatswain of the period his orders accordingly.

"Hardy he was, and wyse to undertake;
With many a tempest hadde hys berd been schake."

He walks his small poop an autocrat, deferential only to the vaticinations of the birds about him, and the voice of the augur who is examining dead chickens in the saloon. But when the storm overtakes her, and the waves come racing after the laboring ship, our captain calls together the augur and the pilot, the boatswain and all the ship's



THE BUCENTAUR.

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company, and takes them into his confidence. Shall they run the ship ashore? or were it more advisable, as an experiment, to throw a priest overboard?

And then those stately ceremonies of ancient commerce! The starting from Corinth of an argosy of galleys, with every vessel of a different color, and all the sails enriched with an extravagance of bright design, the long banks of rowers bending to their oars in time with the music of their bands, and the perpetual antiphones of trumpets, as admiral to admiral signaled, and pilots gave the orders of the crooked course! The departure of a Roman fleet from the Golden Horn, when the hierarchy of the Western Church, in all the pomp of their canonicals, passed down the line in their barge of state to bless the keels that were to plough the seas, the oars that were to drive the brave craft through the waves, the sails that were to take the favoring breeze; when the court, with the Emperor, in all the insignia of his high place, stood grouped upon the royal galley to watch the solemn pageant; and when, the ceremony over, the clarions shouted all together, and in a tumult of music the squadron moved away!

Or later, with our own more familiar history, the magnificence of the Crusaders' progress, or the Doge's farewell to the merchant fleets of proud, imperious Venice! The whole city made holiday, and along all its hundred canals the gondolas, sumptuously bedecked for the day, ranged themselves in line to watch the Doge and his Council go by, and then, closing up into ranks, followed behind the pompous Bucentaur, the great state barge of the Doges, to the outer harbor, where the argosy lay waiting for the final orders for sailing. All the wealth of Venice seemed displayed upon the surface of the water, while the constant strains of martial music filled the scene with all the gayety of sound. And presently the confusion of sumptuous galleys began to resolve itself into order, and then on a sudden, amid a wild chorus of trumpets, the leading vessels were seen gliding out from the throng, and one by one, in a stately succession of purple sails and golden prows, the pride of Venice, her merchant fleet, streamed out on the bright waters of the sun-lit Adriatic.

Once upon a time men made a regular profession of discovering new countries. They were bound apprentice to it as if to a trade, articled to some passed master, and formally salaried by courts and princes, for the specific service of adding Terranuovas to their employers' possessions. The discovery of unclaimed countries for a king was then looked upon very much as establishing new agencies for a mercantile firm is now: each Newfoundland was a fresh branch office. And they were fine men, those pirate-pioneers of the world's commerce—the Cabots and Drakes, Tasmans, De Gamas, and Columbuses. The class is not by any means extinct. But they have exhausted the world. If the occasion should come, and a new Atlantis rise in some arctic or antarctic sea, the mariner and his ship, depend upon it, will be ready with the hour. The brave sails will be shaken out in challenge to strange winds, and the engines will throb in conflict with strange waters, and our seamen will dare and die to plant "the banner of possession" upon the "lands and the isles."

Brave men indeed were the old sea-captains, who in their "tall ships" dared to steer for continents that they could only guess of, and to hazard their lives on seas where fable was their only chart, and the whale was still Lord High Admiral. And what an "address" to sail for!—"the dominions of Prester John, or other potentates they might meet with." And then the delightful idea of the first ships that sailed to America carrying with them letters of introduction "in the Latin, Hebrew, and Chaldee tongues"! How the red Indian must have powwowed over such a letter—written, too, on "a leaf of gold"—and what wisdom would have been exchanged between sagamore and sachem over the compliments (in Chaldee) of "Don John of Portugal, brother to the Christian King"!

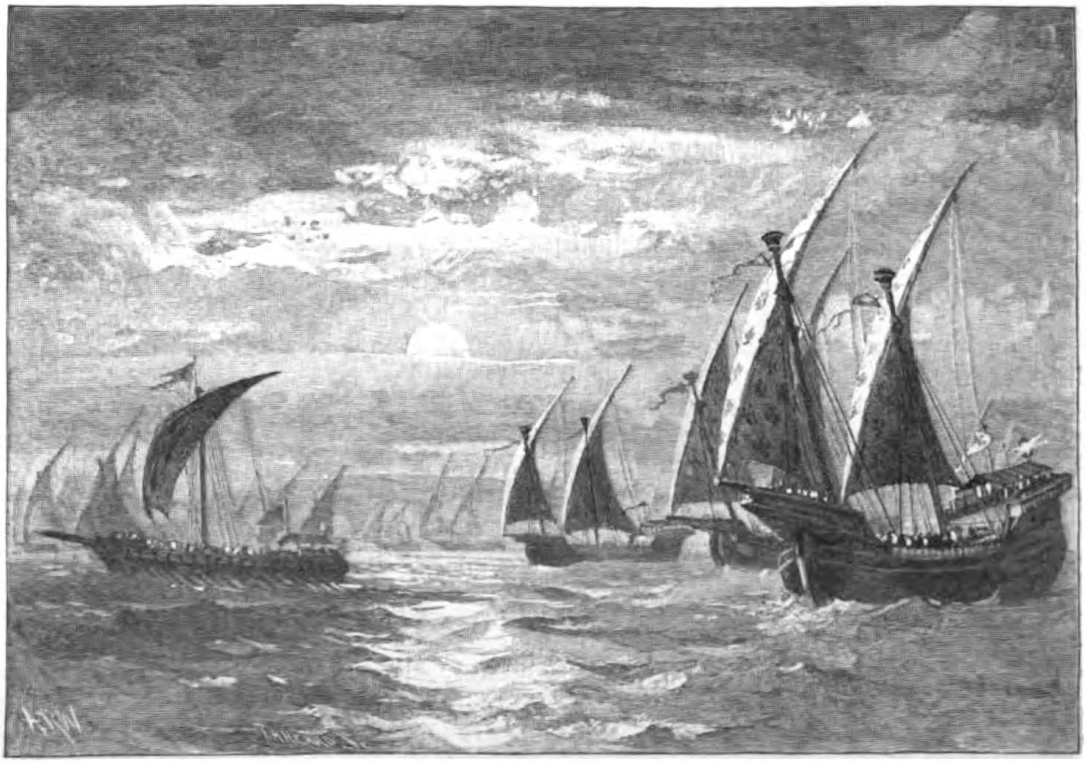
But to those daring seamen of the older days there was nothing humorous in such adventure. It was the work of a life to have voyaged once on the high seas "for the honour of his Majesty the King and the glory of God," and they were content on their return to schedule such strange goods as "popynjays and wylde catts of the mountaigne, with other stuff, to the King's grace." And how stately the reception they received on their return! how solemn the Te Deums of the nations! There is a wonderful pathos in the significance of these great rejoicings of the young world of Europe on bringing un-

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der its sceptres the old worlds of the earth and calling them "New"! Hidden away behind the veil of distance the mighty antiquities of continents had lain for ages. And then, suddenly cutting her way through the concealing oceans, came one day, with the sunlight glittering on her sails as they rose up from the underworld, and the subject sea fawning with smiles upon her bows, a tall ship, with her crew of strangely speaking men, white-skinned and bearded, whose feet strode the shore as if they were the hereditary lords of it, and whose hands never loosed their hold of aught they grasped.

And in time the ship sailed away again, leaving behind it as mementos of its visit tapestries of Flanders or damasks, vermilion or amber, and taking with it in return the wild produce of the plain and woodland and stream, feathers or furs, gems and rare woods and scented gums. Strange also were the tales they brought with them of seas as green as meadows, among which were sea-kine feeding, and of the aquatic cannibals which when starting they had been so earnestly warned against, long-tusked and whiskered, with fins for hands, and eyes that rolled horribly, of "fatall byrdes" that followed the ship with ominous cries, of mermen and mermaidens, and of the priest-fish that rose up from the waves all cowled to receive the dead who were thrown overboard. In those days the miracle of the sea-serpent was often vouchsafed to mariners, and the Clays returning from "the New found Island" with "wylde catts and popynjays" had a wondrous yarn to tell of the kraken that lay off the Banks.

But with all their pomp and splendor, and all their novelties in discovery and science, I only wish for one single voyage in the Past. And that merely as an experience. My life has been for many years given up to strange experiences in strange countries, and I have had my adventures by water as well as by land. To gain "the experience," I once voyaged from Southampton to Calcutta in a sailing ship, and nearly went to the bottom off the Cape of Good Hope for my sins. But the voyage answered all my expectations, for did we not meet a hurricane off the Cape, and a dead calm of fourteen days on the equator off the Madras coast? and did we not see a water-spout and a school of whales? catch albatrosses by the dozen,



FLEET OF CRUSADERS.

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sharks by the score, and, most prized of all, one solitary dolphin? Did we not sail for a month of nights through a phosphorescent sea, and behold in the firmament the constellations of both hemispheres at once?

ence of my life in a cyclone in the Bay of Biscay.

I had therefore been on many seas before I made acquaintance with the Atlantic, and I must confess that, with all my voyagings before me, I never recognized



DISCOVERING NEW COUNTRIES.

I have been a passenger in a Somâli dhas, and tossed up with the surf like a sea-weed on the beach of Ceylon, have raced the porpoises over the bar at Durban, felt the boat grind beneath me among the breakers off East London, and seen men running along the pier overhead with life-saving apparatus as they saw our boat dashed with the inrolling surf upon the rock face at Bourbon. In a bark of six hundred tons I ran the gauntlet of a hurricane in the Mozambique Channel when crossing from Mauritius to the Zulu war, and on board one of the largest steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental fleet, bound for India, I nearly made the last experi-

the full extent of the gulf that stretches between the past and the present till I crossed by the bridge to America. On her trial trip I was a passenger on board the *Kaiser-i-Hurd*, the most beautiful ship afloat on Eastern seas, and in Ismailia Bay there was the stately *Orient*, at once a palace and a fortress. And yet the overwhelming contrast between the timid beginnings of maritime adventure and its present superb development never adequately struck me till I had felt the *Alaska* thrilling with her speed as she scorned the angry Atlantic, and on the deck of the *Servia* shared that stately vessel's lofty indifference to the storm.

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LITTLE BEL'S SUPPLEMENT.

BY HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

"INDEED, then, my mother, I'll not take the school at Wissan Bridge without they promise me a supplement. It's the worst school i' a' Prince Edward Island."

"I doubt but ye're young to tackle wi' them boys, Bel," replied the mother, gazing into her daughter's face with an intent expression, in which it would have been hard to say which predominated, anxiety or fond pride. "I'd sooner see ye take any other school between this an' Charlottetown, an' no supplement."

"I'm not afraid, my mother, but I'll manage 'em well enough; but I'll not undertake it for the same money as a decent school is taught: they'll promise me five pounds supplement at the end o' the year, or I'll not set foot i' the place."

"Maybe they'll not be for givin' ye the school at all when they see what's yer youth," replied the mother, in a half-antagonistic tone. There was a continual under-current between this mother and daughter of possible antagonism, overlain and usually smothered out of sight by passionate attachment on both sides.

Little Bel tossed her head. "Age is not everything that goes to the makkin o' a teacher," she retorted. "There's Grizzy McLeod; she's teachin' at the Cove these eight years, an' I'd shame her myself any day she likes wi' spellin' an' the lines; an' if there's ever a boy in a school o' mine that 'll gie me a floutin' answer such 's I've heard her take by the dozen, I'll warrant ye he'll get a birchin'; an' the trustees think there's no teacher like Grizzy. I'm not afraid."

"Grizzy never had any great schoolin' herself," replied her mother, proudly. "There's no girl in all the farms that's had what ye've had, Bel."

"It isn't the schoolin', mother," retorted Little Bel. "The schoolin' 's got nothin' to do with it. I'd teach a school better than Grizzy McLeod if I'd never had a day's schoolin'."

"An' now if that's not the talk of a silly!" retorted the quickly angered parent. "Will ye be tellin' me perhaps, then, that them that can't read theirselves is to be set to teach letters?"

Little Bel was too loyal at heart to her illiterate mother to wound her farther by reiterating her point. Throwing her arms around her neck, and kissing her warmly, she exclaimed: "Eh, my mother, it's not a silly that ye could ever have for a child, wi' that clear head, and the wise things always said to us from the time we're in our cradles. Ye've never a child that's so clever as ye are yerself. I didn't mean just what I said: ye must know surely: only that the schoolin' part is the smallest part o' the keepin' a school."

"An' I'll never give in to such nonsense as that either," said the mother, only half mollified. "Ye can ask yer father, if ye like, if it stands not to reason that the more a teacher knows, the more he can teach. He'll take the conceit out o' ye better than I can." And good Isabella McDonald turned angrily away, and drummed on the window-pane with her knitting-needles to relieve her nervous discomfort at this slight passage at arms with her best-beloved daughter.

Little Bel's face flushed, and with compressed lips she turned silently to the little oaken-framed looking-glass that hung so high on the wall she could but just see her chin in it. As she slowly tied her pink bonnet strings she grew happier. In truth, she would have been a maiden hard to console if the face that looked back at her from the quaint oak leaf and acorn wreath had not comforted her inmost soul, and made her again at peace with herself. And as the mother looked on she too was comforted, and in five minutes more, when Little Bel was ready to say good-by, they flung their arms around each other, and embraced and kissed, and the daughter said: "Good-by t'ye now, my mother. Wish me well, an' ye'll see that I get it—supplement an' all," she added, slyly. And the mother said, "Good luck t'ye, child; an' it's luck to them that gets ye." And that was the way quarrels always ended between Isabella McDonald and her oldest daughter.

The oldest daughter, and yet only just turned of twenty, and there were eight children younger than she and one older. This is the way among the Scotch farming folk in Prince Edward Island. Children come tumbling into the world like rabbits in a pen, and have to scramble for a living almost as soon and as hard as the rab-

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bits. It is a narrow life they lead, and full of hardships and deprivations, but it has its compensations. Sturdy virtues in sturdy bodies come of it—the sort of virtue made by the straitest Calvinism, and the sort of body made out of oatmeal and milk.

It seemed but a few years ago that John McDonald had wooed and won Isabella McIntosh—wooed her with difficulty in the bosom of her family of six brothers and five sisters, and won her triumphantly in spite of the open and contemptuous opposition of each one of the five sisters. For John himself was one of seven in his father's home, and whoever married John must go there to live, to be only a daughter in a mother-in-law's house, and take a daughter's share of the brunt of everything. "And nothing to be got except a living, and it was a poor living the McDonald farm gave beside the McIntosh," the McIntosh sisters said. And, moreover: "The saint did not live that could get on with John McDonald's mother. That was what had made him the silent fellow he was, always being told by his mother to hold his tongue and have done speaking; and a fine pepper-pot there'd be when Isabella's hasty tongue and temper were flung into that batch!"

There was no gainsaying all this. Nevertheless Isabella married John, went home with him into his father's house, put her shoulder against her spoke in the family wheel, and did her best. And when, ten years later, as reward of her affectionate trust and patience, she found herself sole mistress of the McDonald farm, she did not feel herself ill paid. The old father and mother were dead, two sisters had died and two had married, and the two sons had gone to the States to seek better fortunes than were to be made on Prince Edward Island. John, as eldest son, had, according to the custom of the island, inherited the farm, and Mrs. Isabella, confronting her three still unmarried sisters, was able at last triumphantly to refute their still resentfully remembered objections to her choice of a husband.

"An' did ye suppose I did not all the time know that it was to this it was sure to come, soon or late?" she said, with justifiable complacency. "It's a good thing to have a house o' one's own an' an estate. An' the linen that's in the house! I've no need to turn a hand to the flax-wheel for ten years if I've no mind. An' ye can all bide your times, an' see what John 'll make o' the farm, now he's got where he can have things his own way. His father was always set against anything that was new, an' the place is run down shameful; but John 'll bring it up; an' I'm not an old woman yet."

This last was the unkindest phrase Mrs. John McDonald permitted herself to use. There was a rebound in it which told on the McIntosh sisters, for they, many years older than she, were already living on tolerance in their father's house, where their oldest brother and his wife ruled things with an iron hand. All hopes of a husband and a home of their own had quite died out of their spinster bosoms, and they would not have been human had they not secretly and grievously envied the comely, blooming Isabella her husband, children, and home.

But, with all this, it was no play-day life that Mrs. Isabella had led. At the very best, and with the best of farms, Prince Edward Island farming is no high-road to fortune; only a living, and that of the plainest, is to be made; and when children come at the rate of ten in twenty-two years, it is but a small showing that the farmer's bank account makes at the end of that time. There is no margin for fineries, luxuries, small ambitions of any kind. Isabella had her temptations in these directions, but John was firm as a rock in withstanding them. If he had not been, there would never have been this story to tell of his Little Bel's school-teaching, for there would never have been money enough in the bank to have given her two years' schooling in Charlottetown, the best the little city afforded, "and she boardin' all the time like a lady," said the severe McIntosh aunts, who disapproved of all such wide-flying ambitions, which made women discontented with and unfitted for farming life.

Little Bel had, indeed, even before the Charlottetown schooling, had a far better chance than her mother; for in her mother's day there was no free school in the island; and in families of ten and twelve it was only a turn and turn about that the children had at school. Since the free schools had been established many a grown man and woman had sighed enviously at the better luck of the youngsters under the new *régime*. No excuse now for the poorest man's children not knowing how to read and write, and more; and if they chose to keep on, nothing to hinder their dipping into studies

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of which their parents never heard so much as the names.

And this was not the only better chance which Little Bel had had. John McDonald's farm joined the lands of the manse; his house was a short mile from the manse itself; and by a bit of good fortune for Little Bel it happened that just as she was growing into girlhood there came a new minister to the manse: a young man from Halifax with a young bride, the daughter of an officer in the Halifax garrison, gentle-folks both of them, but single-hearted and full of fervor in their work for the souls of the plain farming people given into their charge. And both Mr. Allan and Mrs. Allan had caught sight of Little Bel's face on their first Sunday in church, and Mrs. Allan had traced to her a flute-like voice she had detected in the Sunday-school singing; and before long, to Isabella's great but unspoken pride, the child had been "bidden to the manse for the minister's wife to hear her sing," and from that day there was a new vista in Little Bel's life.

Her voice was sweet as a lark's and as pure, and her passionate love for music a gift in itself. "It would be a sin not to cultivate it," said Mrs. Allan to her husband, "even if she never sees another piano than mine, nor had any other time in her life except these few years to enjoy it: she will always have had these: and nothing can separate her from her voice."

And so it came to pass that when, at sixteen, Little Bel went to Charlottetown for her final two years of study at the High School, she played almost as well as Mrs. Allan herself, and sang far better. And in all Isabella McDonald's daydreams of the child's future, vague or minute, there was one feature never left out. The "good husband" coming always was to be a man who could "give her a piano."

In Charlottetown Bel found no such friend as Mrs. Allan, but she had a young school-mate who had a piano, and—poor short-sighted creature that she was, Bel thought—hated the sight of it, detested to practice, and shed many a tear over her lessons. This girl's parents were thankful to see their daughter impressed by Bel's enthusiasm for music; and so well did the clever girl play her cards that, before she had been six months in the place, she was installed as music teacher to her own school-fellow, earning thereby not only money enough to buy the few clothes she needed, but what to her was better than money, the privilege of the use of the piano an hour a day.

So when she went home, at the end of the two years, she had lost nothing; in fact, had made substantial progress; and her old friend and teacher, Mrs. Allan, was as proud as she was astonished when she first heard her play and sing. Still more astonished was she at the forceful character the girl had developed. She went away a gentle, loving, clinging child, her nature, like her voice, belonging to the order of birds—bright, flitting, merry, confiding. She returned a woman, still loving, still gentle in her manner, but with a new poise in her bearing, a resoluteness, a fire, of which her first girlhood had given no suggestion. It was strange to see how similar yet unlike were the comments made on her in the manse and in the farm-house by the two couples most interested in her welfare.

"It is wonderful, Robert," said Mrs. Allan to her husband, "how that girl has changed, and yet not changed. It is the music that has lifted her up so; what a glorious thing is a real passion for any art in a human soul! But she can never live here among these people. I must take her to Halifax."

"No," said Mr. Allan. "Her work will be here. She belongs to her people in heart all the same. She will not be discontented."

"Husband, I'm doubtin' if we've done the right thing by the child after a'," said the mother, tearfully, to the father, at the end of the first evening after Bel's return. "She's got the ways o' the city on her, an' she carries herself as if she'd be teachin' the minister his own self. I doubt but she'll feel herself strange i' the house."

"Never you fash yourself," replied Donald. "The girl's got her head, that's a'. But her heart's i' the right place. Ye'll see she'll put her strength to whatever there's to be done. She'll be a master-hand at teachin', I'll wager!"

"You always did think she was perfection," replied the mother, in a crisp but not ill-natured tone, "an' I'm not gainsayin' that she's not as near it as is often seen; but I'm main uneasy to see her carryin' herself so positive."

If John thought in his heart that Bel had come through direct heredity on the maternal side by this "carryin' herself so

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positive," he knew better than to say so, and his only reply was a good-natured laugh, with: "You'll see! I'm not afraid. She's a good child, an' always was."

Bel passed her examination triumphantly, and got the Wissan Bridge school; but she got only a contingent promise of the five-pound supplement. It went sorely against her will to waive this point. Very keenly Mr. Allan, who was on the Examining Board, watched her face as she modestly yet firmly pressed it.

The trustees did not deny that the Wissan Bridge school was a difficult and unruly one; that to manage it well was worth more money than the ordinary school salaries. The question was whether this very young lady could manage it at all; and if she failed, as the last incumbent had — failed egregiously, too: the school had broken up in riotous confusion before the end of the year—the canny Scotchmen of the School Board did not wish to be pledged to pay that extra five pounds. The utmost Bel could extract from them was a promise that if at the end of the year her teaching had proved satisfactory, the five pounds should be paid. More they would not say; and after a short, sharp struggle with herself, Bel accepted the terms; but she could not restrain a farewell shot at the trustees as she turned to go. "I'm as sure o' my five pounds as if ye'd promised it downright, sirs. I shall keep ye a good school at Wissan Bridge."

"We'll make it guineas, then, Miss Bel," cried Mr. Allan, enthusiastically, looking at his colleagues, who nodded their heads, and said, laughing, "Yes, guineas it is."

"And guineas it will be," retorted Little Bel, as with cheeks like peonies she left the room.

"Egad but she's a fine spirit o' her ain, an' as bonnie a face as I've seen since I remember," cried old Mr. Dalgetty, the senior member of the board, and the one hardest to please. "I'd not mind bein' a pupil at Wissan Bridge school the comin' term myself," and he gave an old man's privileged chuckle as he looked at his colleagues. "But she's over-young for the work—over-young."

"She'll do it," said Mr. Allan, confidently. "Ye need have no fear. My wife's had the training of the girl since she was little. She's got the best o' stuff in her. She'll do it."

Mr. Allan's prediction was fulfilled. Bel did it. But she did it at the cost of harder work than even she had anticipated. If it had not been for her music she would never have pulled through with the boys of Wissan Bridge. By her music she tamed them. The young Marsyas himself never piped to a wilder set of creatures than the uncouth lads and young men that sat in wide-eyed, wide-mouthed astonishment listening to the first song their pretty young school-mistress sang for them. To have singing exercises part of the regular school routine was a new thing at Wissan Bridge. It took like wild-fire: and when Little Bel, shrewd and diplomatic as a statesman, invited the two oldest and worst boys in the school to come Wednesday and Saturday afternoons to her boarding-place to practice singing with her to the accompaniment of the piano, so as to be able to help her lead the rest, her sovereignty was established. They were not conquered, they were converted—a far surer and more lasting process. Neither of them would, from that day out, have been guilty of an act, word, or look to annoy her, any more than if they had been rival lovers suing for her hand. As Bel's good luck would have it—and Bel was born to good luck; there is no denying it—one of these boys had a good tenor voice, the other a fine barytone; had both, in their rough way, been singers all their lives, and were lovers of music.

"That was more than half the battle, my mother," confessed Bel, when, at the end of the first term, she was at home for a few days, and was recounting her experiences. "Except for the singin', I'd never have got Archie McLeod under, nor Sandy Stairs either. I doubt they'd have been too many for me. But now they're like two more teachers to the fore. I'd leave the school-room to them for a day, an' not a lad 'd dare stir in his seat without their leave. I call them my constables; an' I'm teaching them a small bit of chemistry out o' school hours, too, an' that's a hold on them. They'll see me out safe; an' I'm thinkin' I'll owe them a bit part o' the five guineas when I get it," she added, reflectively.

"The minister says ye're sure of it," replied her mother. "He says ye've the best school a'ready in all his circuit. I don't know how ever ye come to't so quick, child." And Isabella McDonald

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smiled wistfully, spite of all her pride in her clever bairn.

"Ye see, then, what he'll say after the examination at New-Year's," gleefully replied Bel, "if he thinks the school is so good now. It 'll be twice as good then; an' such singin' as was never heard before in any school-house on the island, I'll warrant me. I'm to have the piano over for the day to the school-house. Archie and Sandy 'll move it in a big wagon, to save me payin' for the cartin'; an' I'm to pay a half-pound for the use of it if it's not hurt —a dear bargain, but she'd not let it go a shilling less. And, to be sure, there is the risk to be counted. An' she knew I'd have it if it had been twice that; but I got it out of her for that price. She was to let me have all the school over twice a week for two months before, to practice. So it's not too dear. Ye'll see what ye'll hear then."

It had been part of Little Bel's good luck that she had succeeded in obtaining board in the only family in the village which had the distinction of owning a piano; and, by paying a small sum extra, she had obtained the use of this piano for an hour each day—the best investment of Little Bel's life, as the sequel showed.

It was a bitter winter on Prince Edward Island. By New-Year's time the roads were many of them well-nigh impassable with snow. Fierce winds swept to and fro, obliterating by noon tracks which had been clear in the morning; and nobody went abroad if he could help it. New-Year's Day opened fiercest of all, with scurries of snow, lowering sky, and a wind that threatened to be a gale before night. But, for all that, the tying posts behind the Wissan Bridge school-house were crowded full of steaming horses under buffalo-robes, which must stamp and paw and shiver, and endure the day as best they might, while the New-Year's examination went on. Everybody had come. The fame of the singing of the Wissan Bridge school had spread far and near, and it had been whispered about that there was to be a "piece" sung which was finer than anything ever sung in the Charlottetown churches.

The school-house was decorated with evergreens—pine and spruce. The New-Year's Day having fallen on a Monday, Little Bel had had a clear working-day on the Saturday previous, and her faithful henchmen, Archie and Sandy, had been busy every evening for a week drawing the boughs on their sleds, and piling them up in the yard. The teacher's desk had been removed, and in its place stood the shining red mahogany piano—a new and wonderful sight to many eyes there.

All was ready, the room crowded full, and the Board of Trustees not yet arrived. There sat their three big arm-chairs on the raised platform, empty—a depressing and perplexing sight to Little Bel, who, in her brief blue merino gown, with a knot of pink ribbon at her throat, and a roll of white paper (her schedule of exercises) in her hand, stood on the left hand of the piano, her eyes fixed expectantly on the doors. The minutes lengthened out into a quarter of an hour, half an hour. Anxiously Bel consulted with her father what should be done.

"The roads are something fearfu', child," he replied; "we must make big allowance for that. They're sure to be comin', at least some one o' them. It was never known that they failed on the New-Year's examination, an' it would seem a sore disrespect to begin without them here."

Before he had finished speaking there was heard a merry jingling of bells outside, dozens and dozens it seemed, and hilarious voices and laughter, and the snorting of overdriven horses, and the stamping of feet, and more voices and more laughter. Everybody looked in his neighbor's face. What sounds were these? Who ever heard a sober School Board arrive in such fashion as this? But it was the School Board—nothing less: a good deal more, however. Little Bel's heart sank within her as she saw the foremost figure entering the room. What evil destiny had brought Sandy Bruce in the character of school visitor that day?—Sandy Bruce, retired school-teacher himself, superintendent of the hospital in Charlottetown, road-master, ship-owner, exciseman—Sandy Bruce, whose sharp and unexpected questions had been known to floor the best of scholars and upset the plans of the best of teachers. Yes, here he was, Sandy Bruce himself; and it was his fierce little Norwegian ponies, with their silver bells and fur collars, the admiration of all Charlottetown, that had made such a clatter and stamping outside, and were still keeping it up, for every time they stirred the bells tinkled like a peal of chimes. And, woe upon woe, behind him came, not Bel's friend and

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pastor, Mr. Allan, but the crusty old Dalgetty, whose doing it had been a year before, as Bel very well knew, that the five-pound supplement had been only conditionally promised.

Conflicting emotions turned Bel's face scarlet as she advanced to meet them; the most casual observer could not have failed to see that dismay predominated, and Sandy Bruce was no casual observer; nothing escaped his keen glance and keener intuition; and it was almost with a wicked twinkle in his little hazel eyes that he said, still shaking off the snow, stamping and puffing: "Eh, but ye were not lookin' for me, teacher! The minister was sent for to go to old Elspie Breadalbane, who's dyin' the morn; and I happened by as he was startin', an' he made me promise to come i' his place; an' I picked up my friend Dalgetty here a few miles back, wi' his horse flounderin' i' the drifts. Except for me, ye'd ha' had no board at all here to-day, so I hope ye'll give me no bad welcome."

As he spoke he was studying her face, where the color came and went like waves; not a thought in the girl's heart he did not read. "Poor little lassie!" he was thinking to himself. "She's shaking in her shoes with fear o' me. I'll not put her out. She's a dainty blossom of a girl. What's kept her from being trodden down by these Wissan Bridge racketers, I'd like to know?"

But when he seated himself on the platform, and took his first look at the rows of pupils in the centre of the room, he was near starting with amazement. The Wissan Bridge "racketers," as he had mentally called them, were not to be seen. Very well he knew many of them by sight, for his shipping business called him often to Wissan Bridge, and this was not the first time he had been inside the schoolhouse, which had been so long the dread and terror of school boards and teachers alike. A puzzled frown gathered between Sandy Bruce's eyebrows as he gazed.

"What has happened to the youngsters, then?—have they all been convarted i' this twelvemonth?" he was thinking. And the flitting perplexed thought did not escape the observation of John McDonald, who was as quick a reader of faces as Sandy himself, and had been by no means free from anxiety for his Little Bel when he saw the redoubtable visage of the exciseman appear in the doorway.

"He's takin' it in quick the way the bairn's got them a' in hand," thought John. "If only she can hold hersel' cool now!"

No danger. Bel was not the one to lose a battle by appearing to quail in the outset, however clearly she might see herself outnumbered. And sympathetic and eager glances from her constables, Archie and Sandy, told her that they were all ready for the fray. These glances Sandy Bruce chanced to intercept, and they heightened his bewilderment. To Archie McLeod he was by no means a stranger, having had occasion more than once to deal with him, boy as he was, for complications with riotous misdoings. He had happened to know, also, that it was Archie McLeod who had been head and front of the last year's revolt in the school, the one boy that no teacher hitherto had been able to control. And here stood Archie McLeod, rising in his place, leader of the form, glancing down on the boys around him with the eye of a general, watching the teacher's eye, meanwhile, as a dog watches for his master's signal.

And the orderly yet alert and joyously eager expression of the whole school—it had so much the look of a miracle to Sandy Bruce's eye that, not having been for years accustomed to the restraint of the technical official dignity of school visitor, he was on the point of giving a loud whistle of astonishment. Luckily recollecting himself in time, he smothered the whistle, and the "Whew! what's all this?" which had been on his tongue's end, in a vigorous and unnecessary blowing of his nose. And before that was over, and his eyes well wiped, there stood the whole school on their feet before him, and the room ringing with such a chorus as was never heard in a Prince Edward Island schoolroom before. This completed his bewilderment, and swallowed it up in delight. If Sandy Bruce had an overmastering passion in his rugged nature, it was for music. To the sound of the bagpipes he had often said he would march to death, and "not know it for dyin'." The drum and the fife could draw him as quickly now as when he was a boy, and sweet singing of a woman's voice was all the token he wanted of the certainty of heaven and the existence of angels.

When Little Bel's clear, flute-like soprano notes rang out, carrying along the fifty young voices she led, Sandy jumped

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up on his feet, waving his hand, in a sudden heat of excitement, right and left, and looking swiftly all about him on the platform, he said, "It's not sittin' we'll take such welcome as this, my neebors!" Each man and woman there, catching the quick contagion, rose, and it was a tumultuous crowd of glowing faces that pressed forward around the piano as the singing went on—fathers, mothers, rustics, all; and the children, pleased and astonished, sang better than ever; and when the chorus was ended, it was some minutes before all was quiet.

Many things had been settled in that few minutes. John McDonald's heart was at rest. "The music 'll carry a' before it, no matter if they do make a failure here an' there," he thought. "The bairn is a' right." The mother's heart was at rest also.

"She's done wonders wi' 'em—wonders. I doubt not but it 'll go through as it's begun. Her face is a picture to look on. Bless her!" Isabella was saying, behind her placid smile.

"Eh, but she's won her guineas out o' us," thought old Dalgetty, ungrudgingly, "and won 'em well."

"I don't see why everybody is so afraid of Sandy Bruce," thought Little Bel. "He looks as kind and as pleased as my own father. I don't believe he'll ask any o' his botherin' questions."

What Sandy Bruce thought, it would be hard to tell; nearer the truth, probably, to say that his head was in too much of a whirl to think anything. Certain it is that he did not ask any botherin' questions, but sat leaning forward on his stout oaken staff, held firmly between his knees, and did not move for the next hour, his eyes resting alternately on the school and on the young teacher, who, now that her first fright was over, was conducting her entertainment with the composure and dignity of an experienced instructor.

The exercises were simple—declamations, reading of selected compositions, examinations of the principal classes. At short intervals came songs to break the monotony. The first one after the opening chorus was "Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon." At the first bars of this, Sandy Bruce could not keep silence, but broke into a low accompaniment in a deep bass voice, untrained but sweet.

"Ah," thought Little Bel; "what 'll he say to the last one, I wonder?"

When the time came she found out. If she had chosen the arrangement of her music with full knowledge of Sandy Bruce's preferences, and with the express determination to rouse him to a climax of enthusiasm, she could not have done better.

When the end of the simple programme of recitations and exhibitions had been reached, she came forward to the edge of the platform—her cheeks were deep pink now, and her eyes shone with excitement—and said, turning to the trustees and spectators,

"We have finished now all we have to show for our year's work, and we will close our entertainment by singing, 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled.'"

"Ay, ay! that wi' we!" shouted Sandy Bruce, again leaping to his feet, and as the first of the grand chords of that grand old tune rang out full and loud under Little Bel's firm touch, he strode forward to the piano, and, with a kindly nod to her, struck in with the full force of his deep bass, like violoncello notes, gathering up all the others and fusing them into a pealing strain. It was electrifying. Everybody sang. Old voices that had not sung for a quarter of a century or more joined in. It was a furor. Dalgetty swung his tartan cap; Sandy his hat; handkerchiefs were waved; staffs rang on the floor. The children, half frightened in spite of their pleasure, were quieter than their elders.

"Eh, but it was good fun to see the old folks gone crazy for once," said Archie McLeod, in recounting the scene. "Now if they'd get that way oftener, they'd not be so hard down on us youngsters."

At the conclusion of the song, the first thing Little Bel heard was Dalgetty's piping voice behind her:

"And guineas it is, Miss McDonald. Ye've won it fair an' square! Guineas it is!"

"Eh?—what? Guineas? What is't ye're sayin'?" asked Sandy Bruce, his eyes steady glowing like coals, gazing at Little Bel.

"The supplement, sir," answered Little Bel, lifting her eyes roguishly to his. "Mr. Dalgetty thought I was too young for the school, an' he'd promise me no supplement till he saw if I'd be equal to 't."

This was the sly Bel's little revenge on Dalgetty, who began confusedly to explain that it was not he any more than the other trustees, and he only wished that they had

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all been here to see, as he had seen, how finely the school had been managed; but nobody heard what he said, for above all the humming and buzzing and laughing there came up from the centre of the school-room a reiterated call of "Sirs! Trustees! Mr. Trustee! Board!"

It was Archie McLeod, standing up on the backs of two seats, waving a white paper, and trying frantically to make himself heard. The face of a man galloping for life and death, coming up at the last second with a reprieve for one about to be shot, could hardly be fuller of intense anxiety than was Archie's as he waved his paper and shouted.

Little Bel gazed bewilderingly at him. This was not down on her programme of the exercises. What could it be?

As soon as partial silence enabled him to speak, Archie proceeded to read a petition, setting forth, to the respected Board of Trustees, that the undersigned boys and girls of the Wissan Bridge school did hereby unanimously request that they might have no other teacher than Miss McDonald, "as long as she lived."

This last clause had been the cause of bitter disputing between Archie and Sandy, Sandy insisting upon having it in, Archie insisting that it was absurd, because they would not go to school as long as Miss McDonald lived. "But there's the little ones, and the babies that 'll be growin' up," retorted Sandy; "an' there'll never be another like her: I say, 'as long as she lives';" and as long as she lives it was; and when Archie, with an unnecessary emphasis, delivered this closing clause of the petition, it was received with a roar of laughter from the platform, which made him flush angrily, and say, with a vicious punch in Sandy's ribs, "There; I told ye; it spoiled it a'. They're fit to die over it; an' sma' blame to 'em, ye silly!"

But he was re-assured when he heard Sandy Bruce's voice overtopping the tumult with, "A vary sensible request, my lad, an' I, for one, am o' yer way o' thinkin'."

In which speech was a deeper significance than anybody at the time dreamed. In that hurly-burly and hilarious confusion no one had time to weigh words or note meanings; but there were some who recalled it a few months later, when they were bidden to a wedding at the house of John McDonald—a wedding at which Sandy Bruce was groom, and Little Bel the brightest, most winsome of brides.

It was an odd way that Sandy went to work to win her: his ways had been odd all his life—so odd that it had long ago been accepted in the minds of the Charlottetown people that he would never find a woman to wed him; only now and then an unusually perspicacious person divined that the reason of his bachelorhood was not at all that women did not wish to wed him, spite of his odd ways, but that he himself found no woman exactly to his taste.

True it was that Sandy Bruce, aged forty, had never yet desired any woman for his wife till he looked into the face of Little Bel in the Wissan Bridge schoolhouse. And equally true was it that before the last strains of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled" had died away on that memorable afternoon of her exhibition of her school, he had determined that his wife she should be.

This was the way he took to win her. No one can deny that it was odd.

There was some talk between him and his temporary colleague on the School Board, old Dalgetty, as they drove home together behind the brisk Norwegian ponies, and the result of this conversation was that the next morning early—in fact, before Little Bel was dressed, so late had she been indulged, for once, in sleeping, after her hard labors in the exhibition the day before—the Norwegian ponies were jingling their bells at John McDonald's door; and John himself might have been seen, with a seriously puzzled face, listening to words earnestly spoken by Sandy, as he shook off the snow and blanketed the ponies.

As the talk progressed, John glanced up involuntarily at Little Bel's window. Could it be that he sighed? At any rate, there was no regret in his heart as he shook Sandy's hand warmly, and said, "Ye've my free consent to try; but I doubt she's not easy won. She's her head now, an' her ain way; but she's a good lass, an' a sweet one."

"An' I need no man to tell me that," said the dauntless Sandy, as he gave back the hearty hand-grip of his friend; "an' she'll never repent it, the longest day o' her life, if she'll hae me for her mon;" and he strode into the house, bearing in his hand the five golden guineas which his friend Dalgetty had, at his request, commissioned him to pay.

"Into her own hand, mind ye, mon,"

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chuckled Dalgetty, mischievously. "Ye'll not be leavin' it wi' the mither." To which sly satire Sandy's only reply was a soft laugh and nod of his head.

As soon as Little Bel crossed the threshold of the room where Sandy Bruce stood waiting for her, she knew the errand on which he had come. It was written in his face. Neither could it be truthfully said to be a surprise to Little Bel, for she had not been woman had she failed to recognize on the previous day that the rugged Scotchman's whole nature had gone out toward her in a sudden and overmastering attraction.

Sandy looked at her keenly. "Eh, ye know't a'ready," he said—"the thing I came to say t' ye;" and he paused, still eying her more like a judge than a lover.

Little Bel turned scarlet. This was not her ideal of a wooer. "Know what, Mr. Bruce?" she said, resentfully. "How should I know what ye came to say?"

"Tush, tush, lass! dinna prevaricate," Sandy began, his eyes gloating on her lovely confusion; "dinna preteend—" But the sweet blue eyes were too much for him. Breaking down utterly, he tossed the guineas to one side on the table, and stretching out both hands toward Bel, he exclaimed,

"Ye're the sweetest thing the eyes o' a mon ever rested on, lass, an' I'm goin' to win ye if ye'll let me;" and as Bel opened her mouth to speak, he laid one hand, quietly as a mother might, across her lips, and continued: "Na, na! I'll not let ye speak yet. I'm not a silly to look for ye to be ready to say me yes at this quick askin'; but I'll not let ye say me nay neither. Ye'll not refuse me the only thing I'm askin' the day, an' that's that ye'll let me try to make ye love me. Ye'll not say nay to that, lass. I'll gie my life to it;" and now he waited for an answer.

None came. Tears were in Bel's eyes as she looked up in his face. Twice she opened her lips to speak, and twice her heart and the words failed her. The tears became drops and rolled down her cheeks. Sandy was dismayed.

"Ye're not afraid o' me, ye sweet thing, are ye?" he gasped out. "I'd not vex ye for the world. If ye bid me to go, I'd go."

"No, I'm not afraid o' ye, Mr. Bruce," sobbed Bel. "I don't know what it is makes me so silly. I'm not afraid o' ye, though. But I was for a few minutes yesterday," she added, archly, with a little glint of a roguish smile, which broke through the tears like an April sun through rain, and turned Sandy's head in the twinkling of an eye.

"Ay, ay," he said; "I minded it weel, an' I said to myself then in that first sight I had o' yer face, that I'd not harm a hair o' yer head. Oh, my little lass, would ye na gie me a kiss—just one—to show ye're not afraid, and to gie me leave to try to win ye out o' likin' into lovin'?" he continued, drawing closer and bending toward her.

And then a wonderful thing happened. Little Bel, who, although she was twenty years old, and had by no means been without her admirers, had never yet kissed any man but her father and brothers, put up her rosy lips as confidingly as a little child, to be kissed by this strange wooer, who wooed only for leave to woo.

"And if he'd only known it, he might ha' asked a' he wanted then as well as later," said Little Bel, honestly avowing the whole to her mother. "As soon as he put his hands on me the very heart in me said he was my man for a' my life. An' there's no shame in it that I can see. If a man may love that way in the lighting of an eye, why may not a girl do the same? There's not one kind o' heart i' the breast of a man an' another kind i' the breast of a woman, as ever I heard." In which Little Bel, in her innocence, was wiser than people wiser than she.

And after this there is no need of telling more—only a picture or two which are perhaps worth sketching in few words. One is the expression which was seen on Sandy Bruce's face one day, not many weeks after his first interview with Little Bel, when, in reply to his question, "An' now, my own lass, what 'll ye have for your weddin' gift from me? Tell me the thing ye want most i' a' the earth, an' if it's in my means ye shall have it the day ye gie me the thing I want maist i' the whole earth."

"I've got it a'ready, Sandy," said Little Bel, taking his face in her hands and making a feint of kissing him, then withdrawing coquettishly. Wise, innocent Bel! Sandy understood.

"Ay, my lass; but next to me. What's the next thing ye'd have?"

Bel hesitated. Even to her wooer's generosity it might seem a daring request, the thing she craved.

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"Tell me, lass," said Sandy, sternly. "I've mair money than ye think. There's no lady in a' Charlottetown can go finer than ye if ye've a mind."

"For shame, Sandy!" cried Bel. "An' you to think it was fine apparel I'd be askin'! It's a--a"—the word refused to leave her tongue—"a—piano, Sandy," and she gazed anxiously at him. "I'll never ask ye for another thing till the day o' my death, Sandy, if ye'll gie me that."

Sandy shouted in delight. For a brief space a fear had seized him—of which he now felt shame indeed—that his sweet lassie might be about to ask for jewels or rich attire, and it would have sorely hurt Sandy's pride in her had this been so.

"A piano!" he shouted. "An' did ye not think I'd that a'ready in my mind? O' coorse, a piano, an' every other instrument under the skies that ye'll wish, my lass, ye shall have. The more music ye make, the gladder the house 'll be. Is there nothin' else ye want, lass—nothin'?"

"Nothing in all this world, Sandy, but you and a piano," replied Little Bel.

The other picture was on a New-Year's Day, just a twelvemonth from the day of Little Bel's exhibition in the Wissan Bridge school-house. It is a bright day; the sleighing is superb all over the island; and the Charlottetown streets are full of gay sleighs and jingling bells: none so gay, however, as Sandy Bruce's, and no bells so merry as the silver ones on his fierce little Norwegian ponies, that curvet and prance, and are all their driver can hold. Rolled up in furs to her chin, how rosy and handsome looks Little Bel by her husband's side, and how full of proud content is his face as he sees the people all turning to look, and to look, at her beauty! And who is this driving the Norwegian ponies? Who but Archie—Archie McLeod, who has followed his young teacher to her new home, and is to grow up, under Sandy Bruce's teachings, into a sharp and successful man of the shipping business.

And as they turn a corner they come near running into another fur-piled, swift-gliding sleigh, with a grizzled old head looking out of a tartan hood, and eyes like hawks'—Dalgetty himself; and as they pass, the head nods and the eyes laugh, and a sharp voice cries, "Guineas it is!"

"Better than guineas!" answered back Mrs. Sandy Bruce, quick as a flash; and in the same second cries Archie, from the front seat, with a saucy laugh, "And as long as she lives, Mr. Dalgetty!"

THE HOME ACRE.

BY E. P. ROE.

PART II.

IT is a happy proof of our civilization that a dwelling-place, a shelter from sun and storm, does not constitute a home. Even the modest rooms of our mechanics are not furnished with useful articles merely; ornaments and pictures appear quite as indispensable. Out-of-doors the impulse to beautify is even stronger, and usually the purchaser's first effort is to make his place attractive by means of trees and shrubs that are more than useful—they are essential because the refined tastes of men and women to-day demand them.

In my former paper I endeavored to satisfy this demand in some degree, and now will ask the reader's attention to a few practical suggestions in regard to several of the fruits which best supply the family need. We shall find, however, that while Nature is prodigal in supplying what appeals to the palate and satisfies hunger, she is also like a graceful hostess who decks her banquet with all the beauty that she can possibly bestow upon it. We can imagine that the luscious fruits of the year might have been produced in a much more prosaic way. Indeed, we are at a loss to decide which we value the more, the apple blossoms or the apples which follow. Nature is not content with bulk, flavor, and nutriment, but in the fruit itself so deftly pleases the eye with every trick of color and form that the hues and beauty of the flower are often surpassed. We look at a red-cheeked apple or purple cluster of grapes hesitatingly, and are loath to mar the exquisite shadings and perfect outlines of the vessel in which the rich juices are served. Therefore, in stocking the acre with fruit,

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the proprietor has not ceased to embellish it, and should he decide that fruit trees must predominate over those grown for shade and ornament only, he can combine almost as much beauty as utility with his plan.

All the fruits may be set out both in the spring and the fall seasons, but in our latitude and northward I should prefer early spring for strawberries and peaches. We have already begun with this season, and the reader may still consider my advice applicable to it.

By this time we may suppose that the owner of the acre has matured his plans, and marked out the spaces designed for the lawn, garden, fruit trees, vines, etc. Fruit trees, like shade trees, are not the growth of a summer. Therefore there is natural eagerness to have them in the ground as soon as possible, and they can usually be ordered from the same nursery and at the same time with the ornamental stock. I shall speak first of apples, pears, and cherries, and I have been at some pains to secure the opinions of eminent horticulturists as to the best selections of these fruits for the home table, not for market. When there is a surplus, however, there will be no difficulty in disposing of the fine varieties named.

The Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, the veteran president of the American Pomological Society, writes as follows: "Herewith is the selection I have made for family use, but I could put in as many more in some of the classes which are just as desirable, or nearly so. These have been made with reference to covering the seasons. Apples—Red Astrakhan, Porter, Gravenstein, Rhode Island Greening, Baldwin, Roxbury Russet, and Sweet Bough for baking. Pears—Clapp's Favorite (to be gathered August 20), Bartlett, Seckel, Sheldon, Beurré Bosc, Beurré d'Anjou, and Vicar of Winkfield for baking, etc. Cherries—Black Eagle, Black Tartarian, Downer, Windsor, Cumberland, and Red Jacket."

Mr. Wilder's honored name, like that of the late Charles Downing, is inseparably linked with American fruits, and the country owes these two men a debt of gratitude which never can be paid for their lifelong and intelligent efforts to guide the people wisely in the choice and culture of the very best varieties. A moment's thought will convince the reader that I am not giving too much space to this matter of selection. We are now dealing with questions which wide and varied experience can best answer. Men who give their lives to the cultivation and observation of fruits in all their myriad varieties acquire a knowledge which is almost invaluable. We can not afford to put out trees, to give them good culture, and wait for years only to learn that all our care has been bestowed on inferior or second-rate varieties. Life is too brief. We all feel that the best is good enough for us, and the best usually costs no more in money or time than do less desirable varieties. Therefore I seek to give on this important question of choice the opinions of some of the highest authorities in the land.

Mr. A. S. Fuller is not only a well-known horticultural author, but has also had the widest experience in the culture and observation of fruit. He prefaces his opinion with the following words: "How much and how often we horticulturists have been puzzled with questions like yours! If we made no progress, were always of the same mind, and if seasons never changed, then perhaps there would be little difficulty in deciding which of the varieties of the different kinds of fruit were really the best. But seasons, our tastes, and even the varieties sometimes change, and our preferences and opinions must vary accordingly. Apples—Early Harvest, Fall Pippins, Spitzenburgh, Rhode Island Greening, Autumn Sweet Bough, and Talman's Sweet. Cherries—Early Purple Guigne, Bigarreau of Mezel, Black Eagle, Coe's Transparent, Governor Wood, and Belle Magnifique."

The choice of Mr. E. S. Carmen, editor of the *Rural New-Yorker:* "Apples—Early Harvest, Gravenstein, Jefferis, Baldwin, Mother, Spitzenburgh. Pears—Seckel, Tyson, Clapp's Favorite, Bartlett, Beurré d'Anjou, and Dana's Hovey. Cherries—Black Tartarian, Coe's Transparent, Governor Wood, Mezel, Napoleon Bigarreau."

The authorities appear to differ. And so they would in regard to any locality, but it should be remembered that President Wilder advises for the latitude of Massachusetts, Messrs. Fuller and Carmen for that of New Jersey. I will give now the selection of the eminent horticulturist Mr. P. C. Berckmans for the latitude of Georgia: "Cherries (this is not a good cherry-producing region, but I name the following as the best in order of merit)—Buttners, Governor Wood, Belle de Choisy,

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Early Richmond, and May Duke. Pears (in order of maturity)—Clapp's Favorite, Seckel, Duchesse, Beurré Superfine, Leconte, Winter Nellis, or Glout Morceau. Apples—Early Harvest, Red June, Carter's Blue, Stevenson's Winter, Shockley, Buncombe, Carolina Greening."

He who makes his choice from these selections will not meet with much disappointment. I am aware, however, that the enjoyment of fruit depends much upon the taste of the individual, and who has a better right to gratify his taste than the man who buys, sets out, and cares for the trees? Some familiar kind not in favor with the fruit critics—an old variety that has become a dear memory of boyhood—may be the best one of all for him.

It is also a well-recognized fact that certain varieties of fruit appear to be peculiarly adapted to certain localities. Because a man has made a good selection on general principles, he need not be restricted to this choice. He will soon find his trees growing lustily and making large branching heads. Each branch can be made to produce a different kind of apple or pear, and the kindred varieties of cherries will succeed on the same tree. For instance, one may be visiting a neighbor who gives him some fruit that is unusually delicious or that manifests great adaptation to the locality. As a rule the neighbor will gladly give scions which, grafted upon the trees of the home acre, will soon begin to yield the coveted variety. This opportunity to grow different kinds of fruit on one tree imparts a new and delightful interest to the orchard. The proprietor can always be on the lookout for something new and fine, and the few moments required in grafting or budding make it his. The operation is so simple and easy that he can learn to perform it himself, and there are always plenty of adepts in the rural vicinage to give him his initial lesson. While he will keep the standard kinds for his main supply, he can gratify his taste and eye with some pretty innovations. I know of an apple-tree which bears over a hundred varieties. A branch, for instance, is producing Yellow Bell-flowers. At a certain point in its growth where it has the diameter of a man's thumb it may be grafted with the Red Baldwin. When the scion has grown for two or three years its leading shoots can be grafted with the Roxbury Russet, and eventually the terminal bough of this growth with the Early Harvest. Thus may be presented the interesting spectacle of one limb of a tree yielding four very distinct kinds of apples.

In the limited area of an acre there is usually not very much range in soil and locality. The owner must make the best of what he has bought, and remedy unfavorable conditions, if they exist, by skill. It should be remembered that peaty, cold, damp, spongy soils are unfit for fruit trees of any kind. We can scarcely imagine, however, that one would buy land for a home containing much soil of this nature. A sandy loam, with a subsoil that dries out so quickly that it can be worked after a heavy rain, is the best for nearly all the fruit trees, especially for cherries and peaches. Therefore in selecting the ground be sure it is well drained.

If the acre has been enriched and ploughed twice deeply as I have already suggested, little more is necessary in planting than to excavate a hole large enough to receive the roots spread out in their natural positions. Should no such thorough and general preparation have been made, or if the ground is hard, poor, and stony, the owner will find it to his advantage to dig a good-sized hole three or four feet across and two deep, filling in and around the tree with fine rich surface soil. If he can obtain some thoroughly decomposed compost or manure, for instance, as the scrapings of a barnyard, or rich black soil from an old pasture, to mix with the earth beneath and around the roots, the good effects will be seen speedily, but in no instance should raw manure from the stable, or anything that must decay before becoming plant food, be brought in contact with the roots. Again I repeat my caution against planting too deeply—one of the commonest and most fatal errors. Let the tree be set about as deeply as it stood before removal. If the tree be planted early in spring, as it should be, there will be moisture enough in the soil, but when planting is delayed until the ground has become rather dry and warm, a pail of water poured about its roots when the hole has been nearly filled will be beneficial. Now that the tree is planted, any kind of coarse manure spread to the depth of two or three inches on the surface as a mulch is very useful. Stake at once to protect against the winds. Do not make the common mistake of planting too closely. Observe the area

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shaded by fully grown trees, and you will learn the folly of crowding. Moreover, dense shade about the house is not desirable. There should be space for plenty of air and sunshine. The fruit from one well-developed tree will often more than supply a family, for ten or fifteen barrels of apples is not an unusual yield. The standard apples should be thirty feet apart. Pears, the dwarfer growing cherries, plums, etc., can be grown in the intervening spaces. In ordering from the nurseries insist on straight, shapely, and young trees, say three years from the bud. Many trees that are sent out are small enough, but they are old and stunted. Also require that there should be an abundance of fibrous and unmutilated roots.

Because the young trees come from the nursery unpruned, do not leave them in that condition. Before planting, or immediately after, cut back all the branches at least one-half; and where they are too thick, cut out some altogether. In removal the tree has lost much of its root power, and it is absurd to expect it to provide for just as much top as before.

In many books on fruit culture much space has been given to dwarf pears, apples, and cherries, and trees of this character were planted much more largely some years ago than at present. The pear is dwarfed by grafting it on the quince; the apple can be limited to a mere garden fruit tree in size by being grown on a Doucin stock, or even reduced to the size of a bush if compelled to draw its life through the roots of the Paradise. These two named stocks, much employed by European nursery-men, are distinct species of apples, and reproduce themselves without variation from the seed. The cherry is dwarfed by being worked on the Mahaleb, a small handsome tree with glossy, deep green foliage, and cultivated abroad as an ornament of lawns. Except in the hands of practiced gardeners, trees thus dwarfed are seldom satisfactory, for much skill and care are required in their cultivation. Their chief advantages consist in the fact that they bear early and take but little space. Therefore they may be considered worthy of attention by the purchasers of small places. Those who are disposed to make pets of their trees and to indulge in horticultural experiments can derive much pleasure from these dwarfs, for they can be developed into symmetrical pyramids or graceful, fruitful shrubs within the limits of a garden border.

When the seeds of ordinary apples and pears are sown they produce seedlings, or free stocks, and upon these are budded or grafted the fine varieties which compose our orchards. They are known as standard trees; they come into bearing more slowly, and eventually attain the normal size familiar to us all. Standard cherries are worked on seedlings of the Mazzard, which Barry describes as a "lofty, rapid-growing, pyramidal-headed tree." I should advise the reader to indulge in the dwarfs very charily, and chiefly as a source of fairly profitable amusement. It is to the standards that he will look for shade, beauty, and abundance of fruit.

Since we have been dwelling on the apple, pear, and cherry, there are certain advantages of continuing the subject in the same connection, giving the principles of cultivation and care until the trees reach maturity. During the first summer an occasional watering may be required in long periods of drought. In many instances buds will form and start along the stem of the tree, or near the roots. These should be rubbed off the moment they are detected.

One of our chief aims is to form an evenly balanced, open, symmetrical head, and this can often be accomplished better by a little watchfulness during the season of growth than at any other time. If, for instance, two branches start so closely together that one or the other must be removed in the spring pruning, why let the superfluous one grow at all? It is just so much wasted effort. By rubbing off the pushing bud or tender shoot the strength of the tree is thrown into the branches that we wish to remain. Thus the eye and hand of the master become to the young tree what instruction, counsel, and admonition are to a growing boy, with the difference that the tree is easily and certainly managed when taken in time.

Trees left to themselves tend to form too much wood, like the grape-vine. Of course fine fruit is impossible when the head of a tree is like a thicket. The growth of unchecked branches follows the terminal bud, thus producing long naked reaches of wood devoid of fruit spurs. Therefore the need of shortening in, so that side branches may be developed. When the reader remembers that every

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dormant bud in early spring is a possible branch, and that even the immature buds at the axil of the leaves in early summer can be forced into immediate growth by pinching back the leading shoot, he will see how entirely the young tree is under his control. These simple facts and principles are worth far more to the intelligent man than any number of arbitrary rules as to pruning. Reason and observation soon guide his hand in summer, or his knife in March, the season when trees are usually trimmed.

Beyond shortening in leading branches and cutting out crossing and interfering boughs, so as to keep the head symmetrical and open to light and air, the cherry does not need very much pruning. If with the lapse of years it becomes necessary to take off large limbs from any fruit tree, the authorities recommend early June as the best season for the operation.

It will soon be discovered—quite likely during the first summer—that fruit trees have enemies, that they need not only cultivation and feeding, but also protection. The pear, apple, and quince are liable to one mysterious disease which it is almost impossible to guard against or cure—the fire-blight. Of course there have been innumerable preventives and cures recommended, just as we see a dozen certain remedies for consumption advertised in any popular journal; but the disease still remains a disheartening mystery, and is more fatal to the pear than to its kindred fruits. I have had thrifty young trees, just coming into bearing, suddenly turn black in both wood and foliage, appearing in the distance as if scorched by a blast from a furnace. In another instance a large mature tree was attacked, losing in a summer half its boughs. These were cut out, and the remainder of the tree appeared healthy during the following summer, and bore a good crop of fruit. The disease often attacks but a single branch, or a small portion of the tree. The authorities advise that everything should be cut away at once below all evidence of infection and burned. Some of my trees have been attacked and have recovered; others were apparently recovering, but died a year or two later. One could theorize to the end of a volume about the trouble. I frankly confess that I know neither the cause nor the remedy. It seems to me that our best resource is to comply with the general conditions of good and healthy growth. The usual experience is that trees which are fertilized with wood ashes and a moderate amount of lime and salt, rather than with stimulating manures, escape the disease. If the ground is poor, however, and the growth feeble, barn-yard manure or its equivalent is needed as a mulch. The apple blight is another kindred and equally obscure disease. No better remedy is known than to cut out the infected part at once.

In coping with insects we can act more intelligently and therefore successfully. We can study the characters of our enemies, and learn their vulnerable points. The black and the green aphides or plant-lice are often very troublesome. They appear in immense numbers on the young and tender shoots of trees, and by sucking their juices, check or enfeeble the growth. They are the milch cows of ants, which are usually found very busy among them. Nature apparently has made ample provision for this pest, for it has been estimated that "one individual in five generations might be the progenitor of six thousand millions." They are easily destroyed, however. Mr. Barry, of the firm of Ellwanger and Barry, in his excellent work *The Fruit Garden*, writes as follows: "Our plan is to prepare a barrel of tobacco juice by steeping stems for several days, until the juice is of a dark brown color; we then mix this with soap-suds. A pail is filled, and the ends of the shoots, where the insects are assembled, are bent down and dipped in the liquid. One dip is enough. Such parts as can not be dipped are sprinkled liberally with a garden syringe, and the application repeated from time to time, as long as any of the aphides remain. The liquid may be so strong as to injure the foliage; therefore it is well to test it on one or two subjects before using it extensively. Apply it in the evening."

The scaly aphis or bark-louse attacks weak, feeble-growing trees, and can usually be removed by scrubbing the bark with the preparation given above.

In our region and in many localities the apple-tree borer is a very formidable pest, often destroying a young tree before its presence is known. I once found a young tree in a distant part of my place that I could push over with my finger. In June a brown and white striped beetle deposits its eggs in the bark of the apple-tree near the ground. The larvæ when

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hatched bore their way into the wood, and will soon destroy a small tree. They can not do their mischief, however, without giving evidence of their presence. Sawdust exudes from the holes by which they entered, and there should be sufficient watchfulness to discover them before they have done much harm. I prefer to cut them out with a sharp, pointed knife, and make sure that they are dead, but a wire thrust into the hole will usually pierce and kill them.

The codling-moth, or apple-worm, is another enemy that should be fought resolutely, for it destroys millions of bushels of fruit. In the latitude of New York State this moth begins its depredations about the middle of June. Whatever may be thought of the relation of the apple to the fall of man, this creature certainly leads to the speedy fall of the apple. Who has not seen the ground covered with premature and decaying fruit in July, August, and September? Each specimen will be found perforated by a worm-hole. The egg has been laid in the calyx of the young apple, where it soon hatches into a small white grub, which burrows into the core, throwing out behind it a brownish powder. After about three weeks of apple diet it eats its way out, shelters itself under the scaly bark of the tree—if allowed to be scaly—or in some other hiding-place, spins a cocoon, and in about three weeks comes out a moth, and is ready to help destroy other apples. This insect probably constitutes one of nature's methods of preventing trees from overbearing, but, like some people we know, it so exaggerates its mission as to become an insufferable nuisance. The remedies recommended are that trees should be scraped free of all scales in the spring, and washed with a solution of soft soap. About the 1st of July, wrap bandages of old cloth, carpet, or rags of any kind around the trunk and larger limbs. The worms will appreciate such excellent cover, and will swarm into these hiding-places to undergo transformation into moths. Therefore the wraps of rags should often be taken down, thrown into scalding water, dried, and replaced. The fruit, as it falls, should be picked up at once and carried to the pigs, and, when practicable, worm-infested specimens should be taken from the trees before the worm escapes.

The canker-worm in those localities where it is destructive can be guarded against by bands of tar-covered canvas around the trees. The moth can not fly, but crawls up the tree in the late autumn and during mild spells in winter, but especially throughout the spring until May. When the evil-disposed moth meets the tarry band he finds no thoroughfare, and is either caught or compelled to seek some other arena of mischief.

We have all seen the flaunting, unsightly abodes of the tent caterpillar and the foliage-denuded branches about them. Fortunately these are not stealthy enemies, and the owner can scarcely see his acre at all without being aware of their presence. He has only to look very early in the morning or late in the evening to find them all bunched up in their nests. These should be taken down and destroyed.

Cherry and pear slugs, "small, slimy, dark brown worms," can be destroyed by dusting the trees with dry wood ashes or air-slaked lime.

Field-mice often girdle young trees, especially during the winter, working beneath the snow. Unless heaps of rubbish are left here and there as shelter for these little pests, one or two good cats will keep the acre free of them.

Do not let the reader be discouraged by this list of the most common enemies, or by hearing of others. In spite of all enemies and drawbacks, fruit is becoming more plentiful every year. If one man can raise it, so can another.

Be hospitable to birds, the best of all insect destroyers. Put up plenty of houses for bluebirds and wrens, and treat the little brown song-sparrow as one of your stanchest friends.

A brief word in regard to the quince, and our present list of fruits is complete.

If the quince is cultivated after the common neglectful method, it would better be relegated to an obscure part of the garden, for, left to itself, it makes a great sprawling bush; properly trained, it becomes a beautiful ornament to the lawn, like the other fruits that I have described. Only a little care, with the judicious use of the pruning-shears, is required to develop it into a miniature and fruitful tree, which can be grown with a natural rounded head or in the form of a pyramid, as the cultivator chooses. It will thrive well on the same soil and under similar treatment accorded to the pear or the apple. Procure from a nursery straight-stemmed plants; set them out about eight feet

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apart; begin to form the head three feet from the ground, and keep the stem and roots free from all sprouts and suckers. Develop the head just as you would that of an apple-tree, shortening in the branches, and cutting out those that interfere with each other. Half a dozen trees will soon give an ample supply. The orange and the pear shaped are the varieties usually recommended. Rea's Mammoth is also highly spoken of. Remember that the quince, equally with the apple, is subject to injury from the borer, and the evil should be met as I have already described.

There is a natural wish to have as much grass about the dwelling as possible, for nothing is more beautiful. If there are children, they will assuredly petition for lawn tennis and croquet grounds. I trust that their wishes may be gratified, for children are worth infinitely more than anything else that can be grown upon the acre. With a little extra care all the trees of which I have spoken can be grown in the spaces allotted to grass. It is only necessary to keep a circle of space six feet in diameter—the trunk forming the centre—around the tree mellow and free from any vegetable growth whatever. This gives a chance to fertilize and work the ground immediately over the roots. Of course vigorous fruit trees can not be grown in a thick sod, while peaches and grapes require the free culture of the garden, as will be shown hereafter. In view, however, of the general wish for grass, I have advised on the supposition that all the ornamental trees, most of the shrubs, and the four fruits named would be grown on the portions of the acre to be kept in lawn. It may be added here that plums also will do well under the same conditions, if given good care.

Grass is a product that can be cultivated as truly as the most delicate and fastidious of fruits, and I had the lawn in mind when I urged the generous initial deep ploughing and enriching.

We will suppose that the spring plantings of trees have been made with open spaces reserved for the favorite games. Now the ground can be prepared for grass seed, for it need not be trampled over any more. If certain parts have become packed and hard, they should be dug or ploughed deeply again, then harrowed and raked perfectly smooth, and all stones, big or little, taken from the surface. The seed may now be sown, and it should be of thick, fine-growing varieties, such as are employed in Central Park and other pleasure-grounds. Mr. Samuel Parsons, Jun., Superintendent of Central Park, writes me: "The best grass seeds for ordinary lawns are a mixture of red-top and Kentucky blue-grass in equal parts, with perhaps a small amount of white clover. On very sandy ground I prefer the Kentucky blue-grass, as it is very hardy and vigorous under adverse circumstances." Having sown and raked in the seed very lightly, a great advantage will be gained in passing a lawn roller over the ground. I have succeeded well in getting a good "catch" of grass by sowing the seed with oats, which were cut and cured as hay as soon as the grain was what is termed "in the milk." The strong and quickly growing oats make the ground green in a few days, and shelter the slower-maturing grass roots. Mr. Parsons says, "I prefer to sow the grass seed alone." As soon as the grass begins to grow with some vigor, cut it often, for this tends to thicken it and produce the velvety effect that is so beautiful. From the very first the lawn will need weeding. The ground contains seeds of strong-growing plants, such as dock, plantain, etc., which should be taken out as fast as they appear. To some the dandelion is a weed, but not to me, unless it takes more than its share of space, for I always miss these little earth stars when they are absent. They intensify the sunshine shimmering on the lawn, making one smile involuntarily when seeing them. Moreover, they awaken pleasant memories, for a childhood in which dandelions had no part is a defective experience.

In late autumn the fallen leaves should be raked carefully away, as they tend to smother the grass if permitted to lie until spring. Now comes the chief opportunity of the year, in the form of a liberal top-dressing of manure from the stable. If this is spread evenly and not too thickly in November, and the coarser remains of it raked off early in April, the results will be astonishing. A deep emerald hue will be imparted to the grass, and the frequent cuttings required will soon produce a turf that yields to the foot like a Persian rug. If the stable manure can be composted and left till thoroughly decayed, fine, and friable, all the better. If stable manure can not be obtained, Mr. Parsons recommends Mapes's fertilizer for lawns.

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SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER;

OR, THE MISTAKES OF A NIGHT.—A COMEDY.

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.



"BUT, MY DEAR COUSIN, SURE YOU WON'T FORSAKE US?"

ACT FOURTH.—(*Continued.*)

Enter TONY, MISS NEVILLE.

TONY. Ay, you may steal for yourselves the next time. I have done my duty. She has got the jewels again, that's a sure thing; but she believes it was all a mistake of the servants.

MISS NEV. But, my dear cousin, sure you won't forsake us in this distress? If she in the least suspects that I am going off, I shall certainly be locked up, or sent to my aunt Pedigree's, which is ten times worse.

TONY. To be sure, aunts of all kinds are bad things. But what can I do? I have got you a pair of horses that will fly like Whistle-jacket; and I'm sure you can't say but I've courted you nicely before her face. Here she comes; we must court a bit or two more, for fear she should suspect us.

[*They retire, and seem to fondle.*

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"A CRAMP PIECE OF PENMANSHIP AS EVER I SAW."

Enter
MRS. HARDCASTLE.

MRS. HARD. Well, I was greatly fluttered, to be sure. But my son tells me it was all a mistake of the servants. I sha'n't be easy, however, till they are fairly married, and then let her keep her own fortune. But what do I see? fondling together, as I'm alive! I never saw Tony so sprightly before. Ah! have I caught you, my pretty doves? What, billing, exchanging stolen glances and broken murmurs? Ah!

TONY. As for murmurs, mother, we grumble a little now and then, to be sure. But there's no love lost between us.

MRS. HARD. A mere sprinkling, Tony, upon the flame, only to make it burn brighter.

MISS NEV. Cousin Tony promises to give us more of his company at home. Indeed, he sha'n't leave us any more. It won't leave us, Cousin Tony, will it?

TONY. Oh, it's a pretty creature. No, I'd sooner leave my horse in a pound than leave you when you smile upon one so. Your laugh makes you so becoming.

MISS NEV. Agreeable cousin! Who can help admiring that natural humor, that pleasant, broad, red, thoughtless—(*patting his cheek*) ah! it's a bold face.

MRS. HARD. Pretty innocence!

TONY. I'm sure I always loved Cousin Con's hazel eyes, and her pretty long fingers, that she twists this way and that over the haspicolls, like a parcel of bobbins.

MRS. HARD. Ah, he would charm the bird from the tree. I was never so happy before. My boy takes after his father, poor Mr. Lumpkin, exactly. The jewels, my dear Con, shall be yours incontinently. You shall have them. Isn't he a sweet boy, my dear? You shall be married to-morrow, and we'll put off the rest of his education, like Dr. Drowsy's sermons, to a fitter opportunity.

Enter DIGGORY.

DIG. Where's the squire? I have got a letter for your worship.

TONY. Give it to my mamma. She reads all my letters first.

DIG. I had orders to deliver it into your own hands.

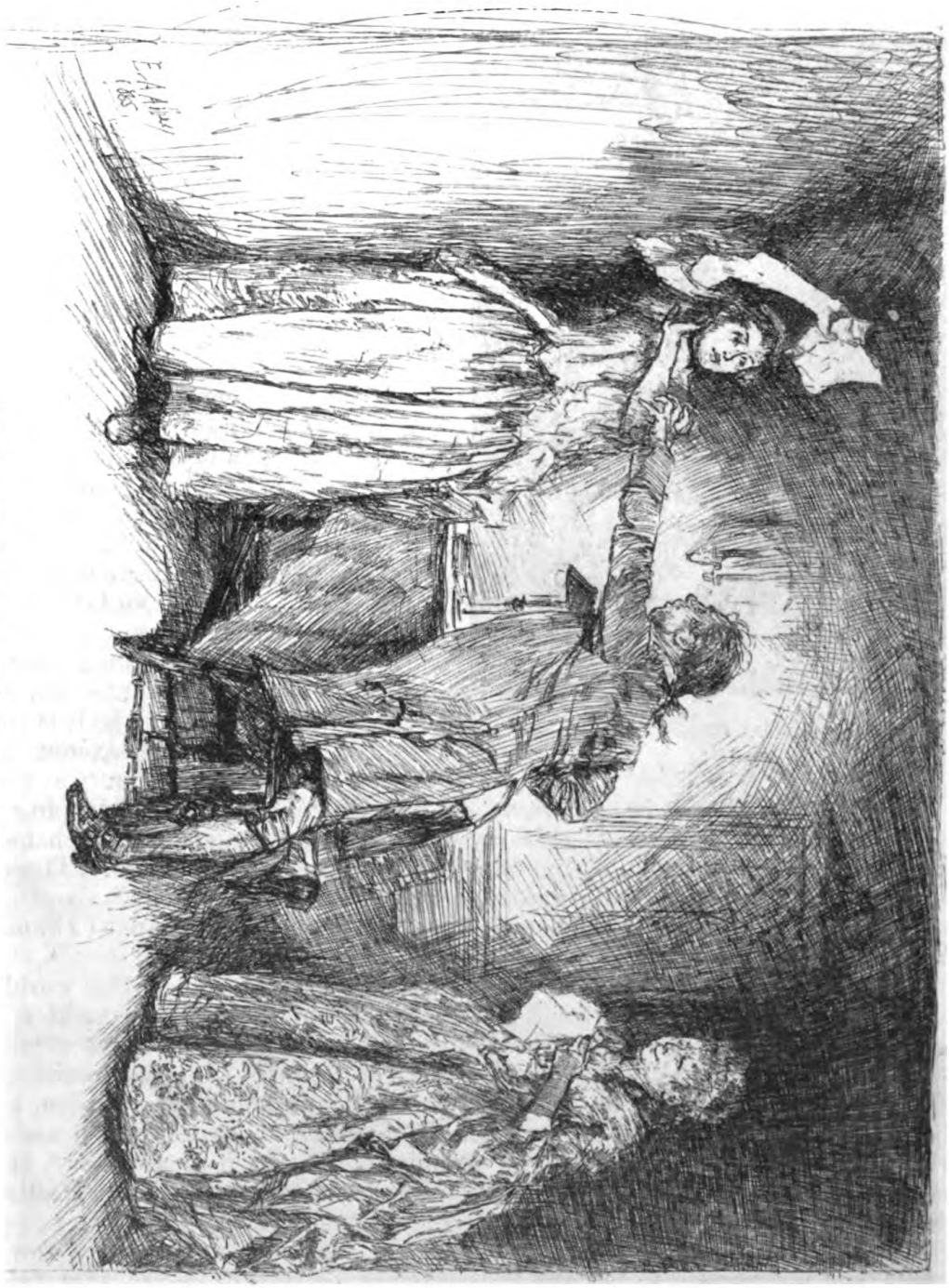
TONY. Who does it come from?

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Dig. Your worship mun ask that o' the letter itself.

Tony. I could wish to know, though (*turning the letter and gazing on it*).

Miss Nev. (*Aside.*) Undone! undone! A letter to him from Hastings. I know the hand. If my aunt sees it, we are ruined for ever. I'll keep her



"PRAY, AUNT, LET ME READ IT."—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

employed a little if I can. (*To Mrs. Hardcastle.*) But I have not told you, madam, of my cousin's smart answer just now to Mr. Marlow. We so laughed. You must know, madam— This way a little, for he must not hear us. (*They confer.*)

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Tony. (*Still gazing.*) A cramp piece of penmanship as ever I saw in my life. I can read your print hand very well. But here there are such handles, and shanks, and dashes, that one can scarce tell the head from the tail. "To Anthony Lumpkin, Esquire." It's very odd, I can read the outside of my letters, where my own name is, well enough. But when I come to open it, it's all—buzz. That's hard, very hard; for the inside of the letter is always the cream of the correspondence.



AUNT PEDIGREE.

Mrs. Hard. Ha! ha! ha! Very well, very well. And so my son was too hard for the philosopher.

Miss Nev. Yes, madam; but you must hear the rest, madam. A little more this way, or he may hear us. You'll hear how he puzzled him again.

Mrs. Hard. He seems strangely puzzled now himself, methinks.

Tony. (*Still gazing.*) A confounded up and down hand, as if it was disguised in liquor. (*Reading.*) Dear Sir—ay, that's that. Then there's an M, and a T, and an S, but whether the next be an izzard or an R, confound me, I can not tell.

Mrs. Hard. What's that, my dear? Can I give you any assistance?

Miss Nev. Pray, aunt, let me read it. Nobody reads a cramp hand better than I. (*Twitching the letter from him.*) Do you know who it is from?

Tony. Can't tell, except from Dick Ginger, the feeder.

Miss Nev. Ay, so it is. (*Pretending to read.*) "Dear Squire,—Hoping that you're in health, as I am at this present. The gentlemen of the Shake-bag club has cut the gentlemen of the Goose-green quite out of feather. The odds—um—odd battle—um—long fighting—um— Here, here, it's all about cocks and fighting; it's of no consequence; here, put it up, put it up. (*Thrusting the crumpled letter upon him.*)

Tony. But I tell you, miss, it's of all the consequence in the world. I would not lose the rest of it for a guinea. Here, mother, do you make it out. Of no consequence! (*Giving Mrs. Hardcastle the letter.*)

Mrs. Hard. How's this! (*Reads.*) "Dear Squire,—I'm now waiting for Miss Neville, with a post-chaise and pair, at the bottom of the garden, but I find my horses yet unable to perform the journey. I expect you'll assist us with a pair of fresh horses, as you promised. Dispatch is necessary, as the hag [ay, "the hag"], your mother, will otherwise suspect us. Yours, Hastings." Grant me patience! I shall run distracted. My rage chokes me.

Miss Nev. I hope, madam, you'll suspend your resentment for a few moments, and not impute to me any impertinence, or sinister design, that belongs to another.

Mrs. Hard. (*Courtesying very low.*) Fine spoken, madam; you are most miraculously polite and engaging, and quite the very pink of courtesy and circumspection, madam. (*Changing her tone.*) And you, you great ill-fashioned oaf, with scarce sense enough to keep your mouth shut! were you, too, joined

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"AND YOU, YOU GREAT ILL-FASHIONED OAF!"

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against me? But I'll defeat all your plots in a moment. As for you, madam, since you have got a pair of fresh horses ready, it would be cruel to disappoint them. So, if you please, instead of running away with your spark, prepare, this very moment, to run off with me. Your old aunt Pedigree will keep you secure, I'll warrant me. You too, sir, may mount your horse and guard us upon the way. Here, Thomas, Roger, Diggory! I'll show you that I wish you better than you do yourselves. [*Exit.*

MISS NEV. So now I'm completely ruined.

TONY. Ay, that's a sure thing.

MISS NEV. What better could be expected from being connected with such a stupid fool—and after all the nods and signs I made him?

TONY. By the laws, miss, it was your own cleverness, and not my stupidity, that did your business. You were so nice and so busy with your Shake-bags and Goose-greens that I thought you could never be making believe.

Enter HASTINGS.

HAST. So, sir, I find, by my servant, that you have shown my letter and betrayed us. Was this well done, young gentleman?

TONY. Here's another. Ask miss, there, who betrayed you? Ecod, it was her doing, not mine.

Enter MARLOW.

MARL. So I have been finely used here among you. Rendered contemptible, driven into ill manners, despised, insulted, laughed at.

TONY. Here's another. We shall have old Bedlam broke loose presently.

MISS NEV. And there, sir, is the gentleman to whom we all owe every obligation.

MARL. What can I say to him? a mere boy, an idiot, whose ignorance and age are a protection.

HAST. A poor contemptible booby, that would but disgrace correction.

MISS NEV. Yet with cunning and malice enough to make himself merry with all our embarrassments.

HAST. An insensible cub.

MARL. Replete with tricks and mischief.

TONY. Baw! dam'me, but I'll fight you both, one after the other—with baskets.

MARL. As for him, he's below resentment. But your conduct, Mr. Hastings, requires an explanation. You knew of my mistakes, yet would not undeceive me.

HAST. Tortured as I am with my own disappointments, is this a time for explanations? It is not friendly, Mr. Marlow.

MARL. But, sir—

MISS NEV. Mr. Marlow, we never kept on your mistake till it was too late to undeceive you.

Enter SERVANT.

SERV. My mistress desires you'll get ready immediately, madam. The horses are putting to. Your hat and things are in the next room. We are to go thirty miles before morning. [*Exit* SERVANT.

MISS NEV. Well, well; I'll come presently.

MARL. (*To Hastings.*) Was it well done, sir, to assist in rendering me ridiculous? To hang me out for the scorn of all my acquaintance? Depend upon it, sir, I shall expect an explanation.

HAST. Was it well done, sir, if you're upon that subject, to deliver what I intrusted to yourself to the care of another, sir?

MISS NEV. Mr. Hastings! Mr. Marlow! Why will you increase my distress by this groundless dispute? I implore, I entreat you—

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"WAS IT WELL DONE, SIR, TO ASSIST IN RENDERING ME RIDICULOUS?"

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"YOUR CLOAK, MADAM."

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Enter SERVANT.

SERV. Your cloak, madam. My mistress is impatient. [*Exit* SERVANT.

MISS NEV. I come.—Pray be pacified. If I leave you thus, I shall die with apprehension.

Enter SERVANT.

SERV. Your fan, muff, and gloves, madam. The horses are waiting.
[*Exit* SERVANT.

MISS NEV. Oh, Mr. Marlow, if you knew what a scene of constraint and ill-nature lies before me, I am sure it would convert your resentment into pity.

MARL. I'm so distracted with a variety of passions that I don't know what I do. Forgive me, madam. George, forgive me. You know my hasty temper, and should not exasperate it.

HAST. The torture of my situation is my only excuse.

MISS NEV. Well, my dear Hastings, if you have that esteem for me that I think—that I am sure you have, your constancy for three years will but increase the happiness of our future connection. If—

MRS. HARD. (*Within.*) Miss Neville! Constance! why, Constance, I say!

MISS NEV. I'm coming. Well, constancy, remember, constancy is the word.
[*Exit.*

HAST. My heart! how can I support this? To be so near happiness, and such happiness!

MARL. (*To Tony.*) You see now, young gentleman, the effects of your folly. What might be amusement to you, is here disappointment, and even distress.

TONY. (*From a reverie.*) Ecod, I have hit it; it's here. Your hands. Yours, and yours, my poor Sulky.—My boots there, ho!—Meet me two hours hence at the bottom of the garden; and if you don't find Tony Lumpkin a more good-natured fellow than you thought for, I'll give you leave to take my best horse, and Bet Bouncer into the bargain. Come along.—My boots, ho!
[*Exeunt.*



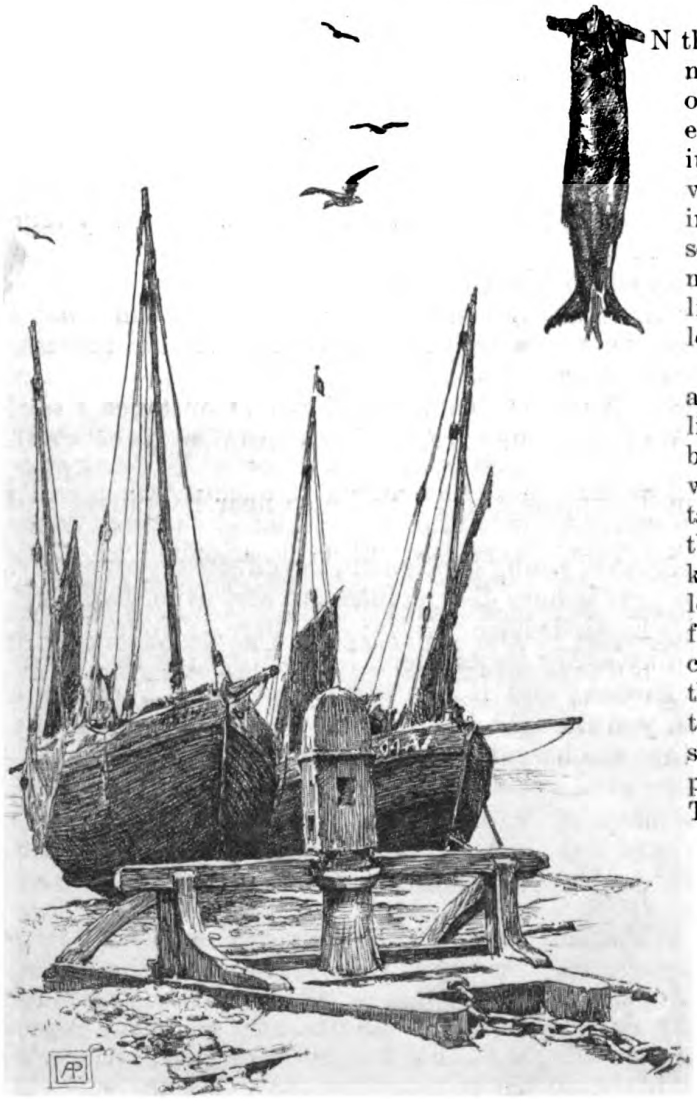
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SPRINGHAVEN.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN THE SHIP COMES HOME.



IN the days when England trusted mainly to the vigor and valor of one man, against a world of enemies, no part of her coast was in greater peril than the fair vale of Springhaven. But lying to the west of the narrow seas, and the shouts both of menace and vigilance, the quiet little village in the tranquil valley forbore to be uneasy.

For the nature of the place and race, since time has outlived memory, continually has been, and must be, to let the world pass easily. Little to talk of, and nothing to do, is the healthy condition of mankind just there. To all who love repose and shelter, freedom from the cares of money and the cark of fashion, and (in lieu of these) refreshing air, bright water, and green country, there is scarcely any valley left to compare with that of Springhaven. This valley does not interrupt the land, but comes in as a pleasant relief to it. No glaring chalk, no grim sandstone, no rugged flint, outface it; but deep rich meadows, and foliage thick, and cool arcades of ancient trees, defy the noise that men make. And above the trees, in shelving distance, rise the crests of upland, a soft gray lias, where orchards thrive, and greensward strokes down the rigor of the rocks, and quick rills lace the bosom of the slope with tags of twisted silver.

In the murmur of the valley twenty little waters meet, and discoursing their way to the sea, give name to the bay that receives them and the anchorage they make. And here no muddy harbor reeks, no foul mouth of rat-haunted drains, no slimy and scraggy wall runs out, to mar the meeting of sweet and salt. With one or two mooring posts to watch it, and a course of stepping-stones, the brook slides into the peaceful bay, and is lost in larger waters. Even so, however, it is kindly still, for it forms a tranquil haven.

Because, where the ruffle of the land stream merges into the heavier disquietude of sea, slopes of shell sand and white gravel give welcome pillow to the weary keel. No southerly tempest smites the bark, no long groundswell upheaves her; for a bold point, known as the "Haven-head," baffles the storm in the offing, while the bulky

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rollers of a strong spring-tide, that need no wind to urge them, are broken by the shifting of the shore into a tier of white-frilled steps. So the deep-waisted smacks that fish for many generations, and even the famous "London trader" (a schooner of five-and-forty tons), have rest from their labors, whenever they wish or whenever they can afford it, in the arms of the land, and the mouth of the water, and under the eyes of Springhaven.

At the corner of the wall, where the brook comes down, and pebble turns into shingle, there has always been a good white gate, respected (as a white gate always is) from its strong declaration of purpose. Outside of it, things may belong to the Crown, the Admiralty, Manor, or Trinity Brethren, or perhaps the sea itself—according to the latest ebb or flow of the fickle tide of Law Courts—but inside that gate everything belongs to the fine old family of Darling.

Concerning the origin of these Darlings divers tales are told, according to the good-will or otherwise of the diver. The Darlings themselves contend and prove that stock and name are Saxon, and the true form of the name is "Deerlung," as witness the family bearings. But the foes of the race, and especially the Carnes, of ancient Sussex lineage, declare that the name describes itself. Forsooth, these Darlings are nothing more, to their contemptuous certainty, than the offset of some court favorite, too low to have won nobility, in the reign of some light-affectioned king.

If ever there was any truth in that, it has been worn out long ago by friction of its own antiquity. Admiral Darling owns that gate, and all the land inside it, as far as a Preventive man can see with his spy-glass upon the top bar of it. And this includes nearly all the village of Springhaven, and the Hall, and the valley, and the hills that make it. And how much more does all this redound to the credit of the family when the gazer reflects that this is nothing but their younger tenement! For this is only Springhaven Hall, while Darling Holt, the headquarters of the race, stands far inland, and belongs to Sir Francis, the Admiral's elder brother.

When the tides were at their spring, and the year 1802 of our era in the same condition, Horatia Dorothy Darling, younger daughter of the aforesaid Admiral, choosing a very quiet path among thick shrubs and under-wood, came all alone to a wooden building, which her father called his Round-house. In the war, which had been patched over now, but would very soon break out again, that veteran officer held command of the coast defense (westward of Nelson's charge) from Beachy Head to Selsey Bill. No real danger had existed then, and no solid intent of invasion, but many sharp outlooks had been set up, and among them was this at Springhaven.

Here was established under thatch, and with sliding lights before it, the Admiral's favorite Munich glass, mounted by an old ship's carpenter (who had followed the fortunes of his captain) on a stand which would have puzzled anybody but the maker, with the added security of a lanyard from the roof. The gear, though rough, was very strong and solid, and afforded more range and firmer rest to the seven-feet tube and adjustments than a costly mounting by a London optician would have been likely to supply. It was a pleasure to look through such a glass, so clear, and full of light, and firm; and one who could have borne to be looked at through it, or examined even by a microscope, came now to enjoy that pleasure.

Miss Dolly Darling could not be happy—though her chief point was to be so—without a little bit of excitement, though it were of her own construction. Her imagination, being bright and tender and lively, rather than powerful, was compelled to make its own material, out of very little stuff sometimes. She was always longing for something sweet and thrilling and romantic, and what chance of finding it in this dull place, even with the longest telescope? For the war, with all its stirring rumors and perpetual motion on shore and sea, and access of gallant visitors, was gone for the moment, and dull peace was signed.

This evening, as yet, there seemed little chance of anything to enliven her. The village, in the valley and up the stream, was hidden by turns of the land and trees; her father's house beneath the hill crest was out of sight and hearing; not even a child was on the beach; and the only movement was of wavelets leisurely advancing toward the sea-wall fringed with tamarisk. The only thing she could hope to see was the happy return of the fishing-

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smacks, and perhaps the "London trader," inasmuch as the fishermen (now released from fencible duty and from French alarm) did their best to return on Saturday night to their moorings, their homes, the disposal of fish, and then the deep slumber of Sunday. If the breeze should enable them to round the Head, and the tide avail for landing, the lane to the village, the beach, and even the sea itself would swarm with life and bustle and flurry and incident. But Dolly's desire was for scenes more warlike and actors more august than these.

Beauty, however, has an eye for beauty beyond its own looking-glass. Deeply as Dolly began to feel the joy of her own loveliness, she had managed to learn, and to feel as well, that so far as the strength and vigor of beauty may compare with its grace and refinement, she had her own match at Springhaven. Quite a hard-working youth, of no social position and no needless education, had such a fine countenance and such bright eyes that she neither could bear to look at him nor forbear to think of him. And she knew that if the fleet came home she would see him on board of the *Rosalie*.

Flinging on a shelf the small white hat which had scarcely covered her dark brown curls, she lifted and shored with a wooden prop the southern casement of leaded glass. This being up, free range was given to the swinging telescope along the beach to the right and left, and over the open sea for miles, and into the measureless haze of air. She could manage this glass to the best advantage, through her father's teaching, and could take out the slide and clean the lenses, and even part the object-glass, and refix it as well as possible. She belonged to the order of the clever virgins, but scarcely to that of the wise ones.

CHAPTER II.

WITH HER CREW AND CARGO.

LONG after the time of those who write and those who read this history, the name of Zebedee Tugwell will be flourishing at Springhaven.

To achieve unmerited honor is the special gift of thousands, but to deserve and win befalls some few in every century, and one of these few was Zebedee. To be the head-man of any other village, and the captain of its fishing fleet, might prove no lofty eminence; but to be the leader of Springhaven was true and arduous greatness. From Selsey Bill to Orfordness, taking in all the Cinque Ports and all the port of London, there was not a place that insisted on, and therefore possessed, all its own rights so firmly as this village did. Not less than seven stout fishing-smacks—six of them sloops, and the seventh a dandy—formed the marine power of this place, and behaved as one multiplied by seven. All the bold fishermen held their line from long-established ancestry, and stuck to the stock of their grandfathers, and their wisdom and freedom from prejudice. Strength was condensed into clear law with them—as sinew boils down into jelly—and character carried out its force as the stamp of solid impress. What the father had been, the son became, as the generation squared itself, and the slates for the children to do their copies were the tombstones of their granddads. Thus brave Etruria grew, and thus the Rome which was not built in a day became the flower of the world, and girt in unity of self seven citadels.

There was Roman blood—of the Tenth Legion, perhaps—in the general vein of Springhaven. There was scarcely a man who pretended to know much outside of his own business, and there was not a woman unable to wait (when her breath was quite gone) for sound reason. Solidity, self-respect, pure absence of frivolous humor, ennobled the race and enabled them to hold together, so that everybody not born in Springhaven might lament, but never repair, his loss.

This people had many ancient rules befitting a fine corporation, and among them were the following: "Never do a job for a stranger; sleep in your own bed when you can; be at home in good time on a Saturday; never work harder than you need; throw your fish away rather than undersell it; answer no question, but ask another; spend all your money among your friends; and above all, never let any stranger come a-nigh your proper fishing ground, nor land any fish at Springhaven."

These were golden laws, and made a snug and plump community. From the Foreland to the Isle of Wight their nets and lines were sacred, and no other village could be found so thriving, orderly,

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well-conducted, and almost well-contented. For the men were not of rash enterprise, hot labor, or fervid ambition; and although they counted things by money, they did not count one another so. They never encouraged a friend to work so hard as to grow too wealthy, and if he did these declare—with the rest of the body performing as chorus gratis—that now they are come to a smaller affair, upon which they intend to enjoy themselves. So that, while strenuous and quick of movement—whenever they could not help it—and sometimes even brisk of mind (if



HORATIA DOROTHY DARLING.

so, they expected him to grow more generous than he liked to be. And as soon as he failed upon that point, instead of adoring, they growled at him, because every one of them might have had as full a worsted stocking if his mind had been small enough to forget the difference betwixt the land and sea, the tide of labor and the time of leisure.

To these local and tribal distinctions they added the lofty expansion of sons of the sea. The habit of rising on the surge and falling into the trough behind it enables a biped, as soon as he lands, to take things that are flat with indifference. His head and legs have got into a state of firm confidence in one another, and all anybody strove to cheat them), these men generally made no griefs beyond what they were born to.

Zebedee Tugwell was now their chief, and well deserved to be so. Every community of common-sense demands to have somebody over it, and nobody could have felt ashamed to be under Captain Tugwell. He had built with his own hands, and bought—for no man's work is his own until he has paid for as well as made it—the biggest and smartest of all the fleet, that dandy-rigged smack, the *Rosalie*. He was proud of her, as he well might be, and spent most of his time in thinking of her; but even she was scarcely up to the size of his ideas. "Stiff in

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the joints," he now said daily—"stiff in the joints is my complaint, and I never would have believed it. But for all that, you shall see, my son, if the Lord should spare you long enough, whether I don't beat her out and out with the craft as have been in my mind this ten year."

But what man could be built to beat Zebedee himself, in an age like this, when yachts and men take the prize by profundity of false keel? Tugwell yearned for no hot speed in his friends, or his house, or his wife, or his walk, or even his way of thinking. He had seen more harm come from one hour's hurry than a hundred years of care could cure, and the longer he lived the more loath he grew to disturb the air around him.

"Admirable Nelson," he used to say—for his education had not been so large as the parts allotted to receive it; "to my mind he is a brave young man, with great understanding of his dooties. But he goeth too fast, without clearing of his way. With a man like me 'longside of 'un, he'd have brought they boats out of Bulong. See how I brings my boats in, most particular of a Saturday!"

It was Saturday now, when Miss Dolly was waiting to see this great performance, of which she considered herself, as the daughter of an admiral, no mean critic. And sure enough, as punctual as in a well-conducted scheme of war, and with nice forecast of wind and tide, and science of the supper-time, around the westward headland came the bold fleet of Springhaven!

Seven ships of the line—the fishing line—arranged in perfect order, with the *Rosalie* as the flag-ship leading, and three upon either quarter, in the comfort and leisure of the new-born peace, they spread their sails with sunshine. Even the warlike Dolly could not help some thoughts of peacefulness, and a gentle tide of large good-will submerged the rocks of glory.

"Why should those poor men all be killed?" she asked herself, as a new thing, while she made out, by their faces, hats, fling of knee or elbow, patch upon breeches, or sprawl of walking toward the attentive telescope, pretty nearly who everybody of them was, and whatever else there was about him. "After all, it is very hard," she said, "that they should have to lose their lives because the countries fight so."

But these jolly fellows had no idea of losing their lives, or a hair of their heads, or anything more than their appetites, after waging hot war upon victuals. Peace was proclaimed, and peace was reigning; and the proper British feeling of contempt for snivelly Frenchmen, which produces the *entente cordiale*, had replaced the wholesome dread of them. Not that Springhaven had ever known fear, but still it was glad to leave off terrifying the enemy. Lightness of heart and good-will prevailed, and every man's sixpence was going to be a shilling.

In the tranquil afternoon the sun was making it clear to the coast of Albion that he had crossed the line once more, and rediscovered a charming island. After a chilly and foggy season, worse than a brave cold winter, there was joy in the greeting the land held out, and in the more versatile expression of the sea. And not beneath the contempt of one who strives to get into everything, were the creases and patches of the sails of smacks, and the pattern of the resin-wood they called their masts, and even the little striped things (like frogs with hats on, in the distance) which had grown to believe themselves the only object the sun was made to shine upon.

But he shone upon the wide sea far behind, and the broad stretch of land before them, and among their slowly gliding canvas scattered soft touches of wandering light. Especially on the spritsail of the *Rosalie*, whereunder was sitting, with the tiller in his hand and a very long pipe in his mouth, Captain Zebedee Tugwell. His mighty legs were spread at ease, his shoulders solid against a cask, his breast (like an elephant's back in width, and bearing a bright blue crown tattooed) shone out of the scarlet woolsey, whose plaits were filled with the golden shower of a curly beard, untouched with gray. And his face was quite as worthy as the substance leading up to it, being large and strengthful and slow to move, though quick to make others do so. The forehead was heavy, and the nose thick-set, the lower jaw backed up the resolution of the other, and the wide apart eyes, of a bright steel blue, were as steady as a brace of pole-stars.

"What a wonderful man!" fair Dolly thought, as the great figure, looking even grander in the glass, came rising upon a long slow wave—"what a wonderful man that Tugwell is! So firmly resolved to

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have his own way, so thoroughly dauntless, and such a grand beard! Ten times more like an admiral than old Flapfin or my father is, if he only knew how to hold his pipe. There is something about him so dignified, so calm, and so majestic; but, for all that, I like the young man better. I have a great mind to take half a peep at him; somebody might ask whether he was there or not."

Being a young and bashful maid, as well as by birth a lady, she had felt that it might be a very nice thing to contemplate sailors in the distance, abstract sailors, old men who pulled ropes, or lounged on the deck, if there was one. But to steal an unsuspected view at a young man very well known to her, and acknowledged (not only by his mother and himself, but also by every girl in the parish) as the Adonis of Springhaven—this was a very different thing, and difficult to justify even to one's self. The proper plan, therefore, was to do it, instead of waiting to consider it.

"How very hard upon him it does seem," she whispered to herself, after a good gaze at him, "that he must not even dream of having any hope of me, because he has not happened to be born a gentleman! But he looks a thousand times more like one than nine out of ten of the great gentlemen I know—or at any rate he would if his mother didn't make his clothes."

For Zebedee Tugwell had a son called "Dan," as like him as a tender pea can be like a tough one; promising also to be tough, in course of time, by chafing of the world and weather. But at present Dan Tugwell was as tender to the core as a marrowfat dallying till its young duck should be ready; because Dan was podding into his first love. To the sympathetic telescope his heart was low, and his mind gone beyond astronomical range, and his hands (instead of briskly pairing soles) hung asunder, and sprawled like a star-fish.

"Indeed he does look sad," said Miss Dolly; "he is thinking of me, as he always does; but I don't see how anybody can blame me. But here comes daddy, with dear old Flapfin! I am not a bit afraid of either of them; but perhaps I had better run away."

CHAPTER III.

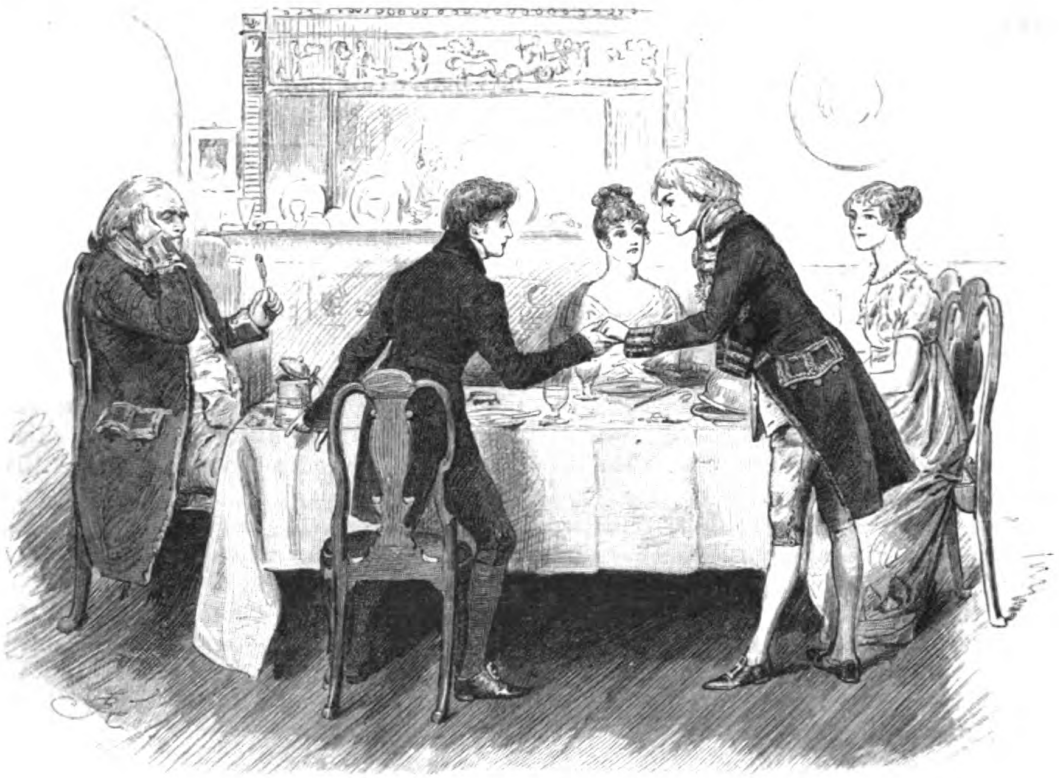
AND HER TRUE COMMANDER.

THE nature of "Flapfin"—as Miss Dolly Darling and other young people were pleased to call him—was to make his enemies run away, but his friends keep very near to him. He was one of the simplest-minded men that ever trod the British oak. Whatever he thought he generally said; and whatever he said he meant and did. Yet of tricks and frauds he had quick perception, whenever they were tried against him, as well as a marvellous power of seeing the shortest way to everything. He enjoyed a little gentle piece of vanity, not vainglory, and he never could see any justice in losing the credit of any of his exploits. Moreover, he was gifted with the highest faith in the hand of the Almighty over him (to help him in all his righteous deeds), and over his enemies, to destroy them. Though he never insisted on any deep piety in his own behavior, he had a good deal in his heart when time allowed, and the linstocks were waiting the signal. His trust was supreme in the Lord and himself;



CAPTAIN ZEBEDEE TUGWELL.

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"SHAKE HANDS, MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND."—[SEE PAGE 728.]

and he loved to be called "My Lord Admiral."

And a man of this noble type deserved to be met with his own nobility. But the English government, according to its lights—which appear to be everlasting—regarded him as the right man, when wanted, but at other times the wrong one. They liked him to do them a very good turn, but would not let him do himself one; and whenever he looked for some fair chance of a little snug prize-money, they took him away from the likely places, and set him to hard work and hard knocks. But his sense of duty and love of country enabled him to bear it, with grumbling.

"I don't care a rope's end," he was saying, with a truthfulness simple and solid as beefsteak is, "whether we have peace or war; but let us have one or the other of them. I love peace—it is a very fine thing—and I hate to see poor fellows killed. All I want is to spend the rest of my life ashore, and lay out the garden. You must come and see what a bridge I have made to throw across the fish-pond. I can do well enough with what I have got, as soon as my farm begins to pay, and I hope I may never hear another shotted cannon; but, my dear Lingo, you know as well as I do how much chance there is of that."

"*Laudo manentem.* Let us praise her while we have got her. Parson Twemlow keeps up my Latin, but you have forgotten all yours, my friend. I brought you down here to see the fish come in, and to choose what you like best for dinner. In the days when you were my smallest youngster, and as proud as Punch to dine with me, your taste was the finest in the ship, because your stomach was the weakest. How often I thought that the fish would eat you! and but for your wonderful spirit, my friend, that must have happened long ago. But your nature was to fight, and you fought through, as you always do. A drumstick for your praise of peace!"

Admiral Darling, a tall, stout man in the sixty-fifth year of his age, looked down at his welcome and famous guest as if he knew a great deal more of his nature than the owner did. And this made that owner, who thought very highly of his own perception, look up and laugh.

"Here comes the fish!" he cried. "Come

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along, Darling. Never lose a moment—that's my rule. You can't get along as fast as I can. I'll go and settle all the business for you."

"Why should you be in such a hurry always? You will never come to my age if you carry on so. You ought to tow a spar astern. Thank God, they don't know who he is, and I'll take good care not to let them know. If this is what comes of quick promotion, I am glad that I got on slowly. Well, he may do as he likes for me. He always does—that's one thing."

Stoutly grumbling thus, the elder and far heavier Admiral descended the hill to the white gate slowly, as behooved the owner. And, by the time he halted there, the other had been upon the beach five minutes, and taken command of the fishing fleet.

"Starboard there! Brail up your gaff! Is that the way to take the ground? Ease helm, *Rosalie*. Smartly, smartly. Have a care, you lubber there. Fenders out! So, so. Now stand by, all! There are two smart lads among you, and no more. All the rest are no better than a pack of Crappos. You want six months in a man-of-war's launch. This is what comes of peace already!"

The fishermen stared at this extraordinary man, who had taken all the business out of Master Tugwell's hands; but without thinking twice about it, all obeyed him with a speed that must have robbed them of a quantity of rust. For although he was not in uniform, and bore no sword, his dress was conspicuous, as he liked to have it, and his looks and deeds kept suit with it. For he wore a blue coat (very badly made, with gilt buttons and lappets too big for him), a waistcoat of dove-colored silk, very long, coming over the place where his stomach should have been, and white plush breeches, made while he was blockading Boulogne in 1801, and therefore had scarcely any flesh upon his bones. Peace having fattened him a little, these breeches had tightened upon him (as their way is with a boy having six weeks' holiday); but still they could not make his legs look big, though they showed them sharp and muscular. Below them were brisk little sinewy calves in white silk hose, with a taper descent to ankles as fine as a lady's, and insteps bright with large silver buckles. Yet that which surpassed all the beauty of the clothes was the vigor of the man inside them, who seemed to quicken and invigorate the whole, even to the right sleeve, doubled up from the want of any arm inside it. But the loss of the right arm, and the right eye also, seemed to be of no account to the former owner, so hard did he work with the residue of his body, and so much did he express with it.

His noble cocked hat was in its leathern box yet, for he was only just come from Merton; but the broad felt he wore was looped up in front, and displayed all the power of his countenance, or rather the vigor; for power is heavy, and his face was light and quickness. Softness also, and a melancholy gift of dreaminess and reflection, enlarged and impressed the effect of a gaze and a smile which have conquered history.

"Why don't 'ee speak up to 'un, Cap'en Zeb?" cried young Harry Shanks, of the *Peggy*, the smartest smack next to the *Rosalie*. "Whoever can 'a be, to make thee so dumb? Doth 'a know our own business afore our own selves? If 'ee don't speak up to 'un, Cap'en Zeb, I'll never take no more commands from thee."

"Harry Shanks, you was always a fool, and you always will be," Master Tugwell replied, with his deep chest voice, which no gale of wind could blow away. "Whether he be wrong or right—and I won't say but what I might have done it better—none but a fool like you would dare to set his squeak up against Admirable Lord Nelson."

CHAPTER IV.

AND HER FAITHFUL CHAPLAIN.

"I AM not a man of the world, but a man of the Word," said Parson Twemlow, the Rector of Springhaven; "and I shall not feel that I have done my duty unless I stir him up to-morrow. His valor and glory are nothing to me, nor even his value to the country. He does his duty, and I shall do mine. It is useless to talk to me, Maria; I never shall have such a chance again."

"Well, dear, you know best," replied Mrs. Twemlow; "and duty is always the highest and best and most sacred consideration. But you surely should remember, for Eliza's sake, that we never shall dine at the Hall again."

"I don't care a snap for their dinners,

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or the chance of Eliza catching some young officer; and very few come while this peace goes on. I won't shirk my duty for any of that."

"Nothing would ever make you shirk your duty, Joshua. And I hope that you know me too well to suppose that I ever would dream of suggesting it. But I do want to see you a Canon, and I know that he begins to have influence in the Church, and therefore the Church is not at all the place to allude to his private affairs in. And, after all, what do we know about them? It does seem so low to be led away by gossip."

"Maria," said the Rector, severely sorry, "I must beg you to leave me to my conscience. I shall not refer to his private affairs. I shall put leading truths in a general way, and let him make the home application."

"Put the cap on if it fits. Very well: you will injure yourself, and do no one any good. Lord Nelson won't know it; he is too simple-minded. But Admiral Darling will never forgive us for insulting him while he is staying at the Hall."

"Maria! Well, I have long given up all attempts at reasoning with you. If I see a man walking into a furnace, do I insult him by saying beware?"

"As I am beyond all reason, Joshua, it is far above me to understand that. But if you escape insulting him, what you do is far worse, and quite unlike a gentleman. You heap a whole pile of insults upon your own brother clergymen."

"I do not at all understand you, Maria: you fly off in such a way from one thing to another!"

"Not at all. Anybody who is not above paying attention must understand me. When he is at Merton he goes to church, and his Rector is bound to look after him. When he is at sea, he has his Chaplain, who preaches whenever the weather permits, and dare not neglect his duties. But the strongest point of all is this—his very own father and brother are clergymen, and bound to do their best for him. All these you insult, and in so many words condemn for neglecting their duty, because you are unable to resist the pleasure of a stray shot at a celebrated man when he comes down here for hospitality."

"My dear, you have put the matter in a new light," said the Rev. Joshua Twemlow; "I would be the last man in the world to cast a slur upon any brother clergyman. But it is a sad denial to me, because I had put it so neatly, and a line of Latin at the end of it."

"Never mind, dear. That will do for some one else who deserves it, and has got no influence. And if you could only put instead of it one of your beautifully turned expressions about our debt of gratitude to the noble defender of our country—"

"No, no, Maria!" said her husband, with a smile; "be content without pushing your victory further than Nelson himself would push it. It may be my duty to spare him, but I will not fall down and worship him."

Joshua Twemlow, Bachelor of Divinity, was not very likely to worship anybody, nor even to admire, without due cause shown. He did not pretend to be a learned man, any more than he made any other pretense which he could not justify. But he loved a bit of Latin, whenever he could find anybody to share it with him, and even in lack of intelligent partners he indulged sometimes in that utterance. This was a grievance to the Squire of the parish, because he was expected to enjoy at ear-shot that which had passed out of the other ear in boyhood, with a painful echo behind it. But the Admiral had his revenge by passing the Rector's bits of Latin on—when he could remember them—to some one entitled to an explanation, which he, with a pleasant smile, vouchsafed. This is one of the many benefits of a classical education.

But what are such little tags, compared with the pith and marrow of the man himself? Parson Twemlow was no prig, no pedant, and no popinjay, but a sensible, upright, honorable man, whose chief defect was a quick temper. In parish affairs he loved to show his independence of the Hall, and having a stronger will than Admiral Darling, he mostly conquered him. But he knew very well how far to go, and never pressed the supremacy of the Church beyond endurance.

His wife, who was one of the Carnes of Carne Castle, some few miles to the westward, encouraged him strongly in holding his own when the Admiral strove to override him. That was her manner of putting the case; while Admiral Darling would rather have a score of nightmares than override any one. But the Carnes were a falling as much as the Darlings were a rising family, and offense comes down the hill like stones dislodged by the

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upward traveller. Mrs. Twemlow knew nothing she disliked so much as any form of haughtiness; it was so small, so petty, so opposed to all true Christianity. And this made her think that the Darlings were always endeavoring to patronize her —a thing she would much rather die than put up with.

This excellent couple had allowed, however, their only son Erle, a very fine young man, to give his heart entirely to Faith Darling, the Admiral's eldest daughter, and to win hers to an equal extent; and instead of displaying any haughtiness, her father had simply said: "Let them wait two years; they are both very young, and may change their minds. If they keep of the same mind for two years, they are welcome to one another."

For a kinder-hearted man than Admiral Darling never saw the sun. There was nothing about him wonderful in the way of genius, heroism, large-mindedness, or unselfishness. But people liked him much better than if he combined all those vast rarities; because he was lively, genial, simple, easily moved to wrath or grief, free-handed, a little fond, perhaps, of quiet and confidential brag, and very fond of gossip.

"I tell you," he said to Lord Nelson now, as they walked down the hill to the church together that lovely Sunday morning, "you will not have seen a finer sight than our fishermen in church—I dare say never. Of course they don't all go. Nobody could expect it. But as many as a reasonable man could desire come there, because they know I like it. Twemlow thinks that they come to please him; but he finds a mighty difference in his congregation when I and my daughters are out of the parish. But if he goes away, there they are all the same, or perhaps even more, to get a change from him. That will show which of us they care about pleasing."

"And they are quite right. I hate the levelling system," the hero of the Nile replied. "A man should go to church to please his landlord, not to please the parson. Is the Chaplain to settle how many come to prayers?"

"That is the right way to look at the thing," said the larger-bodied Admiral; "and I only wish Twemlow could have heard you. I asked him to dine with us yesterday, as you know, because you would have done him so much good; but he sent some trumpery excuse, although his wife was asked to come with him. She stopped him, no doubt; to look big, I dare say; as if they could dine with a Lord Nelson every day!"

"They can do that every day, when they dine with a man who has done his duty. But where is my pretty godchild Dolly? *Horatia* seems too long for you. What a long name they gave me! It may have done very well for my granduncle. But, my dear Lingo, look sharp for your Dolly. She has no mother, nor even a duenna—she has turned her off, she said yesterday. Your daughter Faith is an angel, but Dolly—"

"My Dolly is a little devil, I suppose! You always found out everything. What have you found my Dolly at? Perhaps she got it at her baptism." A word against his pet child was steel upon flint to Admiral Darling.

"I am not concerned with your opinion," Lord Nelson answered, loftily. "But Horatia Dorothy Darling is my godchild by baptism, and you will find her down in my will for a thousand pounds, if she behaves well, and if it should please the Lord to send me some of the prize-money I deserve."

This was announced in such a manner, with the future testator's useful eye bearing brightly on his comrade, and his cocked hat lifted as he spoke of the great Awarder of prizes, that no one able to smile could help a friendly and simple smile at him. So Admiral Darling forgot his wrath, which never had long memory, and scorning even to look round for Dolly, in whom he felt such confidence, took the mighty warrior by the good arm and led him toward the peaceful bells.

"Hurry; we shall be late," he said. "You remember when we called you 'Hurry,' because of being always foremost? But they know better than to stop the bells till they see me in the church porch. Twemlow wanted to upset that, for the parsons want to upset everything. And I said: 'Very well; then I shall square it by locking the gate from your shrubbery. That will give me five minutes to come down the hill.' For my grandfather put up that gate, you must know, and of course the key belongs to me. It saves Twemlow a cable's-length every time, and the parsons go to church so often now, he would have to make at

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least another knot a month. So the bells go on as they used to do. How many bells do you make it, Mr. Nelson?"

"Eight bells, sir," Lord Nelson replied, saluting like the middy in charge of the watch. And at this little turn they both laughed, and went on, with memory of ancient days, to church.

CHAPTER V.

OPINION, MALE AND FEMALE.

THE fine young parsons of the present generation are too fond of asking us why we come to church, and assigning fifty reasons out of their own heads, not one of which is to our credit or theirs; whereas their proper business is to cure the fish they have caught, instead of asking how they caught them. Mr. Twemlow had sense enough for this, and treated the largest congregation he had ever preached to as if they were come for the good of their souls, and should have it, in spite of Lord Nelson. But, alas! their bodies fared not so well, and scarcely a man got his Sunday dinner according to his liking. Never a woman would stay by the fire for the sake of a ten-pound leg of mutton, and the baker put his shutters up at half past ten against every veal pie and every loin of pork. Because in the church there would be seen this day (as the servants at the Hall told every one) the man whom no Englishman could behold without pride, and no Frenchman with it—the victor of the Nile, and of Copenhagen, and countless other conflicts. Knowing that he would be stared at well, he was equal to the occasion, and the people who saw him were so proud of the sight that they would talk of it now if they were alive.

But those who were not there would exhibit more confidence than conscience by describing every item of his raiment, which verily even of those who beheld it none could do well, except a tailor or a woman. Enough that he shone in the light of the sun (which came through a windowful of bull's-eyes upon him, and was surprised to see stars by daylight), but the glint of his jewels and glow of his gold diverted no eye from the calm, sad face which in the day of battle could outflash them all. That sensitive, mild, complaisant face (humble, and even homely now, with scathe and scald and the lines of middle age) presented itself as a great surprise to the many who came to gaze at it. With its child-like simplicity and latent fire, it was rather the face of a dreamer and poet than of a warrior and hero.

Mrs. Cheeseman, the wife of Mr. Cheeseman, who kept the main shop in the village, put this conclusion into better English, when Mrs. Shanks (Harry's mother) came on Monday to buy a rasher and compare opinions.

"If I could have fetched it to my mind," she said, "that Squire Darling were a tarradiddle, and all his wenches liars—which some of them be, and no mistake—and if I could refuse my own eyes about gold-lace, and crown jewels, and arms off, happier would I sleep in my bed, ma'am, every night the Lord seeth good for it. I would sooner have found hoppers in the best ham in the shop than have gone to church so to delude myself. But there! that Cheeseman would make me do it. I did believe as we had somebody fit to do battle for us against Boney, and I laughed about all they invasion and scares. But now—why, 'a can't say bo to a goose! If 'a was to come and stand this moment where you be a-standing, and say, 'Mrs. Cheeseman, I want a fine rasher,' not a bit of gristle would I trim out, nor put it up in paper for him, as I do for you, ma'am."

And Widow Shanks quite agreed with her.

"Never can I tell you what my feelings was, when I seed him a-standing by the monument, ma'am. But I said to myself—'why, my poor John, as is now in heaven, poor fellow, would 'a took you up with one hand, my lord, stars and garters and crowns and all, and put you into his sow-west pocket.' And so he could have done, Mrs. Cheeseman."

But the opinion of the men was different, because they knew a bee from a bull's foot.

"He may not be so very big," they said, "nor so outrageous thunderin', as the missus looked out for from what she have read. They always goes by their own opinions, and wrong a score of times out of twenty. But any one with a fork to his leg can see the sort of stuff he is made of. He 'tended his duty in the house of the Lord, and he wouldn't look after the women; but he kept his live eye

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upon every young chap as were fit for a man-of-war's-man—Dan Tugwell especial, and young Harry Shanks. You see if he don't have both of they afore ever the war comes on again!"

Conscious of filling the public eye, with the privilege of being upon private view, Lord Nelson had faced the position without flinching, and drawn all the fire of the enemy. After that he began to make reprisals, according to his manner, taking no trouble to regard the women—which debarred them from thinking much of him—but settling with a steady gaze at each sea-faring man, whether he was made of good stuff or of pie-crust. And to the credit of the place it must be said that he found very little of that soft material, but plenty of good stuff, slow, perhaps, and heavy, but needing only such a soul as his to rouse it.

"What a fine set of fellows you have in your village!" he said to Miss Darling after dinner, as she sat at the head of her father's table, for the Admiral had long been a widower. "The finest I have seen on the south coast anywhere. And they look as if they had been under some training. I suppose your father had most of them in the *Fencibles*, last summer?"

"Not one of them," Faith answered, with a sweet smile of pride. "They have their own opinions, and nothing will disturb them. Nobody could get them to believe for a moment that there was any danger of invasion. And they carried on all their fishing business almost as calmly as they do now. For that, of course, they may thank you, Lord Nelson; but they have not the smallest sense of the obligation."

"I am used to that, as your father knows; but more among the noble than the simple. For the best thing I ever did I got no praise, or at any rate very little. As to the Boulogne affair, Springhaven was quite right. There was never much danger of invasion. I only wish the villains would have tried it. Horatia, would you like to see your godfather at work? I hope not. Young ladies should be peaceful."

"Then I am not peaceful at all," cried Dolly, who was sitting by the maimed side of her "Flapfin," as her young brother Johnny had nicknamed him. "Why, if there was always peace, what on earth would any but very low people find to do? There could scarcely be an admiral, or a general, or even a captain, or—well, a boy to beat the drums."

"But no drum would want to be beaten, Horatia," her elder sister Faith replied, with the superior mind of twenty-one; "and the admirals and the generals would have to be—"

"Doctors, or clergymen, or something of that sort, or perhaps even worse—nasty lawyers." Then Dolly (whose name was "Horatia" only in presence of her great godfather) blushed, as befitted the age of seventeen, at her daring, and looked at her father.

"That last cut was meant for me," Frank Darling, the eldest of the family, explained from the opposite side of the table. "Your lordship, though so well known to us, can hardly be expected to know or remember all the little particulars of our race. We are four, as you know; and the elder two are peaceful, while the younger pair are warlike. And I am to be the 'nasty lawyer,' called to the bar in the fullness of time—which means after dining sufficiently—to the great disgust of your little godchild, whose desire from her babyhood has been to get me shot."

"*Little*, indeed! What a word to use about me! You told a great story. But now you'll make it true."

"To wit—as we say at Lincoln's Inn—she has not longed always for my death in battle, but henceforth will do so; but I never shall afford her that gratification. I shall keep out of danger as zealously as your lordship rushes into it."

"Franky going on, I suppose, with some of his usual nonsense," Admiral Darling, who was rather deaf, called out from the bottom of the table. "Nobody pays much attention to him, because he does not mean a word of it. He belongs to the peace—peace—peace-at-any-price lot. But when a man wanted to rob him last winter, he knocked him down, and took him by the throat, and very nearly killed him."

"That's the only game to play," exclaimed Lord Nelson, who had been looking at Frank Darling with undisguised disgust. "My young friend, you are not such a fool after all. And why should you try to be one?"

"My brother," said the sweet-tempered Faith, "never tries to be a fool, Lord Nelson; he only tries to be a poet."

This made people laugh; and Nelson,

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feeling that he had been rude to a youth who could not fairly answer him, jumped from his chair with the lightness of a boy, and went round to Frank Darling, with his thin figure leaning forward, and his gray unpowdered hair tossed about, and upon his wrinkled face that smile which none could ever resist, because it was so warm and yet so sad.

"Shake hands, my dear young friend," he cried, "though I can not offer the right one. I was wrong to call you a fool because you don't look at things as I do. Poets are almost as good as sailors, and a great deal better than soldiers. I have felt a gift that way myself, and turned out some very tidy lines. But I believe they were mainly about myself, and I never had time to go on with them."

Such little touches of simplicity and kindness, from a man who never knew the fear of men, helped largely to produce that love of Nelson which England felt, and will always feel.

"My lord," replied the young man, bending low—for he was half a cubit higher than the mighty captain—"it is good for the world that you have no right arm, when you disarm it so with your left one."

KING ARTHUR.

Not a Love Story.

By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

CHAPTER I.

FULLY twenty years before the great St. Gothard tunnel was made or thought of, when Andermatt was still the favorite resting-place of travellers passing from Switzerland into Italy, and *vicè versa*, a group of half a dozen persons sat round the *table d'hôte* of the principal hotel there, eating their rather meagre dinner. For it was early in June, and the stream of regular tourists had not yet begun to flow.

Not at any season do travellers pause long here, the valley of Uri being considered by pleasure-seekers in general a rather dull place. Perhaps; and yet it has its charms. It is a high level plateau, solemn and still, in the heart of the Alps. Through it comes pouring down the wild river Reuss, and up from it climb three desolate mountain roads, leading to three well-known passes—the St. Gothard, the Furca, and the Oberalp.

The valley itself is smooth and green, though too high above the level of the sea to be very fertile. Little corn is grown there, and the trees are few and small; but the pasturage during the brief summer—only three months—is abundant, and extending far up the mountain-sides. Every yard of available land is cultivated, and the ground is "*parsemé*" (to use a French word for which there is no English equivalent) with that mass of wild flowers which makes Switzerland in June a perfect garden wherever you turn your eyes.

But these and all other beauties of the place were invisible to the travellers, for a dense white mist had suddenly come down and blotted out everything.

"To-day would have been worse even than yesterday for those young fellows to have crossed the St. Gothard from Italy, as they told me they did," said one of the three quiet English-speaking guests at the head of the table, looking across at the three voluble Italians at the foot of it.

"Scarcely more detestable weather than when we crossed, doctor. My wife has taken all these five days to get over it, and is hardly well yet."

"Oh yes, dear," said the lady—the only lady at table—small and ordinary in appearance, but with a soft voice and sweet eyes, which continually sought her husband's. He was tall, thin, and serious: in fact, had taken the head of the table and said grace in unmistakable clerical fashion. He looked the very picture of an English clergyman, and she of a clergyman's wife. One seemed about forty, the other fifty, years old.

The third traveller, addressed as "doctor," was not English, though he spoke our language with a far better pronunciation than most of us do. But he spoke it with a slight nasal twang, said to be inevitable, in consequence of climate, with our transatlantic cousins. Also he had a gaunt, lean, dried-up appearance; but his long bony limbs were agile and strong, and his brown face was both shrewd and kindly, full of humor, yet at the same

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time full of tenderness, with no small amount of capacity as well.

"My dear Mrs. Trevena, I guess we had the devil's own weather (begging your pardon) that day we crossed from Italy. When the snows begin to melt, the Pass is worse and more dangerous than in the middle of winter. And in addition we had that soaking rain. I am sure I was drenched to the skin for eight mortal hours. Medically speaking, I wonder any one of us, especially the women, came through the journey alive. But you say you're all right now, ma'am?"

"Oh yes," answered Mrs. Trevena, smiling. She seemed a person so accustomed to be "not strong" that she preferred to smile at illness, and make as light of it as possible. "I only hope the other two women—the only women who were in the sledges besides myself—came off as easily. I suppose they went on at once, for I have not seen them in the hotel since. Have you, Dr. Franklin?"

"Yes," said the doctor. He was not a man of many words.

"Are they here still, do you know?"

"Yes," he answered again, with still greater abruptness and brevity.

"I wish I had known it, and I would have inquired how they were. I felt so sorry for the lady—she was certainly a lady, though she was shabbily dressed, and so muffled up it was almost impossible to see her face. The old mulatto woman, who seemed her maid, was very anxious over her. They had not half wraps enough, yet when I offered her a rug she refused it with a mere shake of the head. She couldn't be English, or, hearing me speak, she would surely have spoken."

"No—not English."

"What was she, then? German?"

"American. My dear lady, you will not find two mouthfuls on that *poulet*. It looks more like an overgrown sparrow; really the food here is abominable."

"No wonder," said the clergyman, mildly. "I believe they have to carry up nearly everything from the valleys below—several thousand feet. Nothing will grow here, not even the chickens. What a place Andermatt must be to live at in winter!"

"Yet they do live here. Madame told me to-day, so far as I could understand her English—I wish I spoke better French, Austin!—that they keep the hotel open all winter. Her elder children go to school at Lucerne, but the two little boys learn from the *pasteur* here. They go to him every day in a sledge, drawn by Juno, the huge St. Bernard who is always lying at the hotel door."

"Listen to her!" said the grave clergyman, turning upon the little sweet-faced woman an affectionate look. "I do believe if my wife were dropped down in the wilds of Africa, within three days she would have made friends with all the blackamoors, big and little—especially the little ones—have found out all their affairs, and been made the confidante of all their sorrows."

"In the language of signs—as now," laughed Mrs. Trevena.

"Never mind, ma'am; you manage somehow. Madame's poor little boy with the broken leg and his German *bonne* look out for your daily visit with great excitement. I guess they'll miss you when you go away."

"And I shall miss Andermatt. I like the place; it is so quiet, so utterly out of the world. And the hotel people are so simple and good. I seem to know all about everybody."

"Do you, ma'am?" said the doctor, with a sharp, questioning look, which fell harmless on the innocent face; then, apparently satisfied, he added, "How valuable your wife must be in your parish at home, Mr. Trevena!"

"Invaluable—except that it is so small a parish. But we hope for a better living by-and-by. We have been hoping all our lives," added he, with a slight sigh.

"But we do sometimes get what we hope for, Austin," said his wife. "You can not think, Dr. Franklin, how he has enjoyed his three months' chaplaincy at the Italian lakes—such a lovely spring! and we are going back to a second spring, or rather summer, in England. We live in the country—in Cornwall."

"A region which, very likely, Dr. Franklin never heard of; but we think a great deal of it, being both of us Cornish born," said Mr. Trevena. He was a little slow in speech and formal in manner, this old-fashioned English gentleman; and the quick, keen, energetic American regarded him with the interest of a student of human nature who had discovered a new phase thereof. They were very different, but both being rarely honest and good men, they had fallen into a sort of liking, and during the six days they had been

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weather-bound at Andermatt had become tolerably intimate.

Their not too luxurious meal over, the three English-speaking inmates of the hotel still sat on at the *table d'hôte*, comparatively silent—at least when contrasted with the voluble young Italians below.

"What can they be talking about, so fast and furious, almost as if they were going to fight?" said Mrs. Trevena, somewhat amused, while her husband looked annoyed, as a Briton often does at anything foreign which he does not understand. But the more cosmopolite American only laughed. He had travelled through many lands on both sides the ocean; he spoke at least three Continental tongues, and had been a great help in that and other ways to the English parson, who knew no modern language but his own.

"Why can not people converse without gesticulating like savages, and looking as if they were about to tear one another to pieces?" observed he, in some irritation.

"Not at all," laughed the Kentuckian. "They are the best of friends. Two of them belong to the Teatro at Milan, sent in pursuit of a singer there, who has broken her engagement, and gone off, it is supposed, to London or Paris in search of a better one. They don't think her flight implies anything worse than love of money; they say the signora had no lovers—only a husband, and perhaps a bad one."

"Poor lady!" said Mrs. Trevena. "But if she were a real lady she would never be an opera-singer. What a dreadful life it must be!"

The doctor laughed in his dry way—he was more of a laughing than a weeping philosopher, and of practical rather than sentimental mind—then looked at his watch. "Excuse me; I have a visit to pay this evening."

"Is it to Madame's little boy with the broken leg? Then I will go first, just for a minute, and leave some pictures to amuse him, poor little patient soul!"

"That is just like my wife," said Mr. Trevena, looking after her with a smile that ended in a sigh.

"Mrs. Trevena seems uncommonly fond of children. Perhaps she has left some behind her at home? I'm a family man myself, and after two years in Europe I sha'n't be sorry to see those ten little shavers of mine in Kentucky."

"Ten, have you? We have none. We had one, but it only lived a few hours. My wife has never quite got over the disappointment, and it was to give her a total change for mind and body that I accepted the chaplaincy abroad. We have only been married three years, though we waited for fifteen," added the good man, with the faintest shade of a blush on his calm, middle-aged face. "I was a fellow of my college, and at last I got a college living—rather a poor one. But we are very happy, my wife and I. We shall at least end our days together."

"Phew!" said the American, repressing a low whistle, while his kindly eyes took a curiously soft expression as they rested on his companion. He had a fairly happy life himself, and his "ten little shavers" were obviously very dear to him. "She's a good woman, your wife," continued he, bluntly. "So is mine. I'd lay you a dollar against ten cents you'll not find such a mother anywhere as Mrs. Franklin. I wish all women were like our two, sir."

"I hope many women are," answered the mild clergyman, adding, anxiously, "Do not speak to Mrs. Trevena of what I told you—her lost child. It is a sore place in her heart still; never likely to be healed. But we have made up our minds to be content, and we are content. God knows best."

"I suppose so."

"I am sure so, and I am a much older man than you. Isn't it strange," continued the clergyman, laying his hand kindly on the doctor's arm, "that you and I should have talked of this and many other things—we who never met before, and in all probability shall never meet again?"

"Perhaps for that very reason; I have often found it so. People tell me things that they wouldn't tell their most intimate friends. You have no idea the odd secrets and odd people that I have come across during my life. By Jove! what a bother it is sometimes! But I beg your pardon; I was thinking of something else—something not too agreeable. And now I must go to my patient, who is not, as your wife imagined, the little broken-legged boy. However, in our profession we learn one good thing—to hold our tongues. Good-night, sir."

"Good-night, doctor. You'll drive up to Hospenthal with us, as my wife wishes, if it is a fine day to-morrow, and your patient can spare you?"

"Oh yes—yes. She—" Here Dr.

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Franklin set his lips together and clinched his fist, as if to beat himself for nearly letting a cat jump out of the bag. "Certainly—certainly. Good-evening."

He left the room by one door just as Mrs. Trevena entered by another. Her husband greeted her with a smile—the welcoming smile of those who have been necessary to one another for years, who never weary of each other's company, because it scarcely is company—the two having so grown together in all their tastes and habits that they feel like one. If the little life that had come, and then

"unto stillness passed again,
And left a blank, unknown before,"

had been a loss to them, it had undoubtedly but

"made them love the more."

That is, if more were possible. But the more or the less with regard to love is a question that chiefly troubles younger folk. The old accept it—only too thankfully—and cease to investigate it or to weigh and measure it any more than their daily sunshine or the air they breathe.

"The mist has lifted, Austin, and there is promise of a good sunset--as much as the mountains will let us see of it; and a full moon will soon be creeping over those white peaks opposite. Hark!—there are the bells of the cattle coming home. Are you ready for a walk, dear?"

"Quite ready, Susannah."

"Shall we go to the Devil's Bridge—or up toward Hospenthal? No, for we shall be driving that way to-morrow. I should like to get as far up as the Hospice, and be close under the eternal snows once again—see them in sunshine and calm, instead of such a deluge of rain as the day we crossed from Airolo."

"I wonder it did not give you your death of cold, my poor wife."

"Those other two women, the old and the young one, were worse off than I, for they had nobody to take care of them"—and she patted softly her husband's shoulder. "I felt so sorry for them! I have often thought of them since."

"You think of everybody, Susannah—except yourself. Come along, and as we go you can tell me what you think about one thing—our getting back as fast as we can to England."

"Very well, dear."

Somehow, though she was mild-faced, quiet, and small, and he was big and hale—even young-looking for his years—it was evident the good clergyman leaned upon his wife not a little. And there was that in Mrs. Trevena's sweet composure which implied, not the perpetual acquiescence, feeble and flaccid, which some men think would be so delightful to have—until they get it—but an amount of dormant force invaluable in the mistress of a household. She is no "perfect woman" who is not at the same time

"nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command";

and gentle as Mrs. Trevena looked, a keen observer could detect in her firm little mouth and quiet silent ways indications of strength and decision which doubtless would prove the greatest possible blessing to the Reverend Austin. Not that "the gray mare was the better horse," for he looked—and was—the most excellent of men and clergymen; but it was in many things the more useful horse, which fact often makes a pair run all the safer together. Austin Trevena, a student and a bookworm all his days, would have been practically "nowhere" in the busy world but for his wife, who loved him perhaps all the dearer for his very weaknesses. His strength, which lay in his brains, and in a moral nature of such high chivalric honor that he would have gone to the stake without a murmur or a doubt, she more than loved, she worshipped. It had cost her some pangs and a good many long lonely years, but she worshipped it still.

Enough, however, of these two, who had been such a deep interest to Dr. Franklin, in his capacity of student of human nature, that he had staid on at Andermatt chiefly because they staid. Also for another reason, which, with the reticence due to his profession, he did not name. When they met him going out, and asked him to accompany them in their evening saunter to the Devil's Bridge, he shook his head.

"I've got a Devil's Bridge of my own to cross, and I wish to Heaven I knew how to manage it," said he. "Good-evening. I'll see you at breakfast to-morrow."

"And go with us up to the Hospice?"

"If I can. *Au revoir.*"

"He looks anxious and troubled about something," observed Mrs. Trevena, when the placid pair went on their way, stopping sometimes to watch the twilight colors on the mountains, and listen to the tinkle of the cattle bells, as, one after the other, whole herds of the lovely little Swiss cows crept musically home.

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"I suspect, my dear, that, like another person I know, the good doctor often troubles himself with the troubles of other people. He told me he had a patient here—not your little sick boy—possibly some case of serious illness."

"I never heard of any, and I think I should have heard. Madame and I have grown to be very good friends."

"But Madame is a shrewd woman, who probably knows how to keep her own counsel, and not drive away her very few customers by rumors of sickness or death in the house."

"Death in the house? You don't think that, Austin? If I could be of any use—"

"You are of most use to me, Susannah, by not wearing yourself out over other folk; so don't put on that poor little anxious face, but let us enjoy our walk. We, thank Heaven! have nobody but our two selves to be anxious over."

"No," answered his wife, softly. But whether she thanked Heaven—Heaven only knew. It was one of those unconscious stabs which even the dearest sometimes give; and which Heaven only can heal.

So they strolled on, sometimes talking, sometimes silent, in that happy companionship—just "one and one"—without need of "a shadowy third," which is the solace of many childless couples, and which, so long as it steers clear of that fatal dual selfishness which is the bane of conjugal life, is a most enviable and desirable thing.

They saw the sun set, the moon rise—at least by reflection; for the actual sunset and moonrise were of course invisible behind the mountains; and then they watched the stars come out like jewels in the great blue arch which seemed to rest on the high peaks of the St. Gothard range, white with eternal snow. When they returned, night had already fallen: a glimmering light up at Hospenthal, and another which burned steadily on till morning in the Andermatt Hotel below, alone testified to the presence of any human existence in the silent valley.

Next day, at the *table d'hôte* breakfast, the English and American travellers alone remained; the Italians had vanished. Mr. and Mrs. Trevena looked placid and wholesome—as usual—in mind and body; but Dr. Franklin seemed tired and worried, or, as he expressed it, "seedy," as if he had been up all night—which he owned he had.

"But why?" asked Mrs. Trevena, and then drew back and blushed for the intrusive question.

"Work, my dear lady—a doctor's work never ends. But now I mean to take a few hours' play. What time shall we start? We can drive up as far as the eternal snow and down again before dark?"

"Easily."

"All right, then. I'm your man. Off we go. I'll halve the carriage with you."

"Certainly not; we shall be glad of your company," said the English clergyman, with stately dignity, and despite his wife's rather pathetic look, which convinced the honest, warm-hearted American that "halving the carriage" was a matter of importance to them, Mr. Trevena held to his point, and Dr. Franklin was obliged to yield.

They started. It was one of those gorgeous days—all blueness and whiteness, and flooded with dazzling, cloudless sunshine—which in Switzerland come as such a strange contrast to the days of mist and storm. The three friends, so lately strangers, found themselves ascending cheerily the mountain, past the tiny village of Hospenthal and the glacier of St. Anna, crossing the wild river Reuss, which came pouring down the desolate valley, and watching how the vegetation, at first bright as the colors of a kaleidoscope with masses of lovely unknown flowers, gradually dwindled, ceased, until the gray of the huge bowlders, the intense blue of the sky, and the dazzling whiteness of the mountain slopes were the only colors left. The road became steeper and steeper, and occasionally was fenced on either side by huge walls of unmelted, and apparently never to be melted, snow.

"You had better put on your blue veil, Mrs. Trevena, and here is a pair of blue spectacles for your husband: I wouldn't sacrifice my eyes for the grandest snow-landscape in the world. Nor my meals. But I see you have provided against mountain hunger. Is that another fine fat—sparrow?"

She laughed, as people do whose hearts are full; then said, with tears in her eyes: "How beautiful all is! My whole life through I have longed to come here, and now I am here—we are here together, Austin. We should be very thankful."

"I think we are, Susannah," the clergyman said, in his grave tender way.

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And then the two men—so very different outside, and yet with a certain sympathetic union at heart—sat down on either side the little woman, on what they called a "comfortable" stone, just below the shining wall of snow, forty feet high, which reflected the rays of the sun so as to be oppressively warm.

"Isn't it curious, Mrs. Trevena, though we sit under a wall of snow, we are almost 'baked alive'?—as my little monkeys in Kentucky would say." And stretching out his hand, he washed down the leg of chicken with a mouthful of snow, declaring it was "not bad drink after all."

"Does this huge white wall never melt?"

"Never entirely, ma'am" (his invariable "ma'am" and "sir" were so anti-English). "We are just on the verge of the snow-line—perpetual snow. And yet, just look at that patch of blue gentian—isn't it lovely? Are you a botanist, Mr. Trevena?"

"Oh no, but my wife is. At least she has what I call a speaking acquaintance with almost every flower that grows. She knows their separate faces as well as those of the babies of our parish—which seem to me all alike."

"Not a bit alike, when you are a woman, and love them," said the wife, smiling.

"You seem very fond of children, Mrs. Trevena."

"Yes," she answered, quietly—so quietly that the good doctor, feeling as if he could have bitten his tongue off for the remark, rose and proposed a saunter a little higher up the mountain.

"Decidedly. And my wife can rest here. She never minds being alone. I tell her it is because she finds her own company so pleasant; and no wonder!" added he, with affectionate courtesy.

"She's a trump," said the American, rough, candid, and kindly, as they walked away.

When they were out of sight and hearing of Mrs. Trevena, he suddenly stopped, and stuck his stick violently into a fast-melting mass of snow.

"It's no use, sir; I can't stand it any longer. I must tell somebody."

"Tell what?" said the placid clergyman, very much surprised.

"Something which I have been expecting your wife would find out every day, but she has not done so. Madame has kept the secret well. I have often wished I could tell it to Mrs. Trevena, who has such capital common-sense and right feeling—womanly feeling. Some women seem as if they had none at all; the fashionable life, or the public life—Lord knows which, for I don't!—has taken all ordinary flesh and blood out of them. It does sometimes."

Mr. Trevena listened to this tirade with a perplexity which his politeness vainly tried to hide. "If there is anything you would like to confide in me—anything wherein I could be of use—according to my sacred profession—"

"Mine has its sacredness too, if people only knew it. Many a troublesome secret have I kept; but this one—I can't keep it—I won't keep it; for, in a sense, it's like conniving at a murder. The massacre of the innocents, I call it—and so I told the woman."

"What woman?" asked Mr. Trevena, now thoroughly aroused and uneasy—so uneasy that he looked instinctively back at the little dark figure sitting motionless under the snow wall, his wife, with whom he was accustomed to halve all his anxieties.

"No; don't tell her—not till we get back to the hotel. You may then; for, after all, she will understand it better than you, or than any man among us all."

And then he detailed how his mysterious patient, on whose account he had lingered these five days at Andermatt, was a lady—the lady with the mulatto servant who had crossed the St. Gothard the same day as themselves, and that very night had suddenly given birth to a child, with no help except the old woman, and no preparation for her infant except a few clothes borrowed from the kind landlady of the hotel, who, at the mother's urgent entreaty, had kept the event a secret from everybody.

"But she insisted on fetching me, as I spoke their language—both the black and the white woman are, I am sorry to say, American born. I told them in good plain English that they were both fools, or worse, to have attempted such a journey. It was a miracle that the mother and child survived—the child nearly was dead—and when I told her it lived, her first word was that she was 'very sorry.' A mother indeed! A brute! No—any brute beast would have been more of a mother."

"Perhaps," suggested Mr. Trevena, with a faint, old-bachelor-like blush—"perhaps

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she had some very strong reason for wishing it dead."

"Illegitimacy, you mean?" interrupted the point-blank doctor. "No; I believe not. She had a wedding ring on her finger, and in her delirium she talked of 'my goose of a husband,' and 'my horrid little brats at home.' Therefore I conclude she has both a home and a husband. Though why she should have gone wandering about the world in this insane manner is more than I can tell. Both she and her servant are absolutely silent."

"About how old is she?"

"Just under forty, I should say. Very handsome still—in a sort of way. Has had four children, but declares she 'hated every one of them the minute they were born.' Did you ever hear of such a woman?"

Mr. Trevena shook his head helplessly. "Well, my dear doctor, what can I do? Would you like me, in my clerical capacity, to pay her a visit?"

"Bless my life! no. She would laugh you to scorn; she laughs at everything serious, except when she gets into her tragedy fits, when she rants for all the world like a play-actor—or actress."

"Perhaps she is an actress."

"May be; I never thought of that. But I have not thought much about her, except as a 'case,' till to-day. It was hard work to keep her alive at all—or the baby either—for she refused to suckle it. She said she wanted it to die; and if it had not been for a blessed old Nanny-goat of Madame's, she'd have had her wish by this time. Now I think he'll do, for he is quite healthy; and such a fine, fat little fellow. Many a one of your childless English dukes—your 'noble families' that dwindle down to nothing and die out—would give his eyes for such a son and heir."

"A strange story," said Mr. Trevena, thoughtfully. "May I tell my wife? She would be so much interested."

"Yes; and ask her to advise me: a woman—that is, a sensible woman—often leaps by instinct to the right, when a man with his long-headed wisdom goes swithering to and fro till he finds himself quite at sea, as I own I am. That horrible creature! What do you think she asked of me last night?—To take away her child and leave it at the nearest foundling hospital, or by the road-side, if I chose, for some charitable soul to pick it up! She doesn't care what becomes of it, so that she gets rid of it. She would sell it, she declares, for she wants money badly, only a baby is a drug in the market—a commodity no one cares to buy."

"What a wretch!—oh dear! oh dear!" murmured the horrified and perplexed clergyman. "Surely she must be mad."

"Not at all; she is as sane as I am, a capable, clever, healthy woman. She must have a constitution of iron to have struggled through these few days; and she is doing very well now. She talks of continuing her journey immediately."

"Where to? Has she no friends?"

"None, she declares, except her 'fool of a husband,' whom she left six months ago, and has scarcely heard of since. She refuses to give her name or address. So what can I do? She is my country-woman, and, after all, a woman, or I would do nothing at all. She expects me to give her an answer to-night."

"About what?"

"About the foundling hospital. There are such in Switzerland, I know; but I can't present myself there with an unknown new-born baby in my arms—a decent father of a family like me. And if I leave the child with its mother, very likely she'll murder it, or neglect it till it dies, which is as bad as murder."

"But there is the mulatto woman; she may have a heart in her bosom if the mother has none."

"My dear sir, had you lived as long as I have in our Southern States you would know that our niggers have big hearts, but mighty little heads, and no consciences to speak of. If that woman told her servant, who is a paid slave, to lie down and be walked upon, she'd do it; and if she bade her throw the child on the back of the fire, she'll do it also. I'm only too glad she hasn't done it already, when it began to cry—it has cried incessantly ever since it was born, and no wonder."

"Poor little soul!" said Mr. Trevena, roused into unwonted interest. He had lived so long the life of a bachelor and a bookworm that he rarely troubled himself much about external things—human things—but left all that to his wife. "I think we had better tell Mrs. Trevena: she will be sure to know what you ought to do."

"Yes; but not yet. Don't spoil her pleasure. Look! I am sure she is enjoying herself."

"My wife has the faculty of enjoying everything."

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And indeed it seemed so, though just now her enjoyment was no wonder. Few could have seen unmoved those great fields of snow, rising upward into gigantic peaks, white as no fuller on earth could whiten them—like the robes of the righteous described in Revelations. The whole scene, in its silence, grandeur, and dazzling brightness, was liker heaven than earth. One's petty mortal life, with its trivial cares and foolish joys, sank, dwarfed into nothingness, before the majesty of those everlasting hills covered with perpetual snow. It was the nearest image we can imagine, in this poor changing earth, of that Eternity from whence we came and into which we go.

She sat gazing with an expression full of peace, though the traces of tears were on her cheeks, so rapt that she never noticed the approach of the two men.

"Look at her!" said the American, with honest admiration written on his shrewd brown face. "By George! how pretty she must have been when she was young!"

"She is pretty now—at least to me," replied the Englishman, with dignity. "My dear Susannah, are you rested? Is it not time we were going home?"

"'Going to hum,' as we say—or as you English say that we say—often a very different thing," observed Dr. Franklin, trying hard to recover his equanimity and good-humor.

"Which means going to our hotel; not a bad substitute for home. Madame is very kind. But oh! Austin, I shall be glad to be again really 'at home!' We must try to move on to-morrow. So adieu—forever, most likely—you beautiful San Gottardo!"

Smiling she rose, collected the fragments of lunch—"They will do for those little lads who were selling edelweiss and alpenrosen beyond Hospenthal"—and joined her companions in the carriage.

Both Mr. Trevena and Dr. Franklin were very silent on the homeward road; but Mrs. Trevena talked and smiled rather more than usual to make up for it. And they acquiesced in, or at any rate did not oppose, her plan of going down the next day to Fluelen, and thence on to Lucerne.

"So this will be our last night in the Urseren Thal; for, if you go back to America, as you intend, doctor, we are none of us ever likely to be at Andermatt again."

"I earnestly hope I never may be," said Dr. Franklin, as, reaching the hotel, he looked at his watch. "Half an hour past my time. Well, it doesn't matter—only—what a hullabaloo she'll make! You'll remember, sir? And I'll see you again at the *table d'hôte*—after you have told your wife."

"Told me what?"

"You needn't be alarmed, ma'am. Take a quiet evening walk—lucky, comfortable couple that you are!—and your husband will explain it. Bless us—what a sunset! Why did Heaven make the outside world so beautiful, and the people in it so—But I beg your pardon, Mrs. Trevena. Not all people—not all."

He took off his hat to her with rough respect, and disappeared toward a small *dépendance*, only used when the hotel was full, on the other side of the road.

Up that road, shortly afterward, the English couple might have been seen strolling, arm in arm, sometimes even hand in hand, for those long-divided years had made them almost child-like in their wedded happiness now. They cast a glance at the *dépendance* as they passed, but nothing was visible; so they slowly disappeared along the level road toward that wonderful Devil's Bridge, the chief sight of Andermatt, whence they did not return till the *table d'hôte* dinner had already begun.

It was a long walk, and a momentous one—perhaps the most momentous they had ever taken in all their placid lives. When he met them at the dinner table, Dr. Franklin was quite sure Mr. Trevena had told his wife everything. She was very silent—even for her; she ate little; and between the many courses by which Swiss hotels so cleverly contrive to make a palatable something out of almost nothing, she fell into long reveries. Still, there was a new brightness—a pleasure amounting to rapture—in her eyes, which made her look quite young, and fairly startled the good doctor.

Dinner over, she drew him aside. "My husband has given me your message. I hardly know what to advise. But, first, may I go and see that poor woman?"

"'Poor' woman indeed! and you want to go and see her? I knew it!—just like you! But, my dear madam, you can't. She is madder—or badder—than ever. All her talk is how to get rid of the child. My impression is, if you went to see her, she would shut the door in your face."

"Try, nevertheless. I might do some-

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thing—say something. We are both women, and"—with a quiver of the lips—"mothers—at least I have been a mother. Perhaps, poor thing! her head is a little wrong."

"Not a bit of it, unless we adopt the theory, which some of my profession have started, that all badness is madness—a very comfortable doctrine, and then nobody need be punished for anything. But, ma'am, if there is a thing true in this world it is that text, 'Be sure your sin will find you out.' As I told her only to-night, you can't go against Nature but Nature will have her revenge some day. However, that's no affair of mine."

"Perhaps not; yet let us try. Go and ask her if she will see me."

"Very well, ma'am."

During his absence Mrs. Trevena sat alone—at least practically so, for her husband, according to old habit, had taken a book out of his pocket and become absorbed therein. Susannah, who did not read very much, was content to watch the great white mountains melting away in the twilight, and think—and think.

"It's no use!" said Dr. Franklin, returning. "I believe she is mad—quite mad. She will see nobody. She says the best kindness anybody could show her would be to take away the child; that children have been her bane and nuisance all her life, and she wants no more of them. When I suggested that He who sent them might require them at her hand, she laughed in my face. I think she believes in neither God nor devil."

"Poor soul! Could you not find out her friends?"

"I wish I could, but I have not the slightest clew. I can get nothing out of her, or her servant either, except that she has been living for six months in Italy."

Mrs. Trevena thought a minute. "Do you think it possible she may be the Italian prima donna who ran away from Milan? To an actress or singer, children might be a hinderance—if she had no motherly heart."

"Yes—yes," said the doctor, meditating. "You women are twice as sharp as we. But she is American. Still, she may have passed under an Italian name. She declares no power on earth shall make her confess her own."

"Poor soul!" said Susannah again. "She has husband, children, home, and she hates and flies from them all. How much she is to be pitied!"

"Pitied!" cried the doctor, almost angrily. "Mrs. Trevena, I think you would speak a good word for the devil himself! And truly, if there ever was a she-devil, it's that woman. I wonder what Mrs. Franklin would say to her! But I know what she'd do—she'd take home the little one, and I should have eleven young shavers to bring up instead of ten. She'd make me adopt it—as we can and often do in America."

Mrs. Trevena did not answer at first; then she said, gently, "Since I can not see the mother, do you think you could manage for me to see the baby?"

This was not quite easy, for Madame, with a creditable dread of scandal in her hotel, had managed so cleverly that no one but herself and the American doctor even knew of the existence of the hapless, unwelcome babe. And only after nightfall, when the inmates had all retired, would she consent that it should be brought for a minute or two to the door of the *dépendance*, wrapped in a shawl, and carried in Dr. Franklin's arms. Mrs. Trevena took it softly in hers, and pressed to her bosom the tiny red, puckered face.

"It is a boy, you say? Mine was a boy too. He lived just six hours." It was only a murmur, but the kind-hearted Kentuckian heard it—and understood.

"It's a fine child, ma'am; healthy and strong. No, it won't wake. Its mother has given it some sleeping stuff; she will do this, though I tell her she might as well give it poison. She'll kill it some day, if it isn't taken away from her. She says new-born brats don't matter; they're only half alive. You might drown them like kittens, and no harm done."

Mrs. Trevena did not answer—perhaps scarcely heard. Evidently her heart was full. She pressed her cheek, her lips, with more than tenderness—passion—to the little sleeping face.

"If mine had only lived! I had him but six hours, and yet—I can never forget him." And then either her tears, now fast falling, or the unsteady hold of her trembling hands, woke the child, who gave a little cry—that helpless infant wail, to some women so irritating, to others the unfailing key which unlocks every corner of the true motherly heart.

"I must take it back," said Dr. Franklin.

"Oh, no, no; let me have it for just five minutes more—for the night, perhaps. I'll

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take care of it. Any woman of common-sense can manage a baby. Let me have it, doctor."

"I can't," replied the doctor, gravely. "Ma'am, you forget. What would Mr. Trevena say?"

Mrs. Trevena resisted no more. She resigned the child, and then stood with her empty hands tightly folded, and her eyes, tearless now, fixed on the stars, which, treading their silent courses, seemed so far away from human cravings and human woes. Perhaps she saw them, perhaps not, but there was a light in her eyes as bright as stars.

She said not a word but "Good-night and thank you" to Dr. Franklin, when, having taken her across the road to the hotel, he left her at her own room door; with a hearty grip of the hand—for he too, honest man, had been not unmoved.

"Poor little brat! I wonder what will be the end of it? Well, I guess the Lord sometimes makes things mighty unlevel in this world of ours. Perhaps He does it that we may try to put them straight ourselves. We often can—if we see our way. Whew! I wish the Lord would help me to see mine!"

And the good fellow—who had a habit of referring to "the Lord" pretty frequently, not with any irreverence, but in a fashion rather startling to British ears—went off to his bed whistling, and slept the sleep of the contented and the just.

So did Mr. Trevena; in fact, his wife found him asleep when she came in, and did not waken him. But she herself lay awake till dawn.

CHAPTER II.

NEXT morning Mr. and Mrs. Trevena sat over their early *café* by their bedroom fire—welcome even in June at Andermatt—a comfortable couple, placid and loving, for, before returning to his book, he stooped and kissed her affectionately.

"You'll be busy over your packing, my dear, for we really will start to-morrow, if I get the letters and some money to-day. Dr. Franklin will share our carriage to Fluelen: he can surely leave his patient now. By-the-bye, did you see the baby last night?"

"Yes;" and coming closer, she laid her hand on her husband's arm, and her head on his shoulder. "Can you give me a few minutes, Austin, my dear?"

"A hundred, if you like, my darling. Is it to speak about the journey? Well, we shall soon be safe at home; and oh, how glad we shall be!"

"Very glad. But—it is an empty home to come back to."

"How do you mean? Oh yes—I see! My poor Susannah! You should not have gone and looked at that baby."

He spoke very tenderly—more so than might have been expected from his usually formal and absent manner. She gave one little sob, then choked it down, put her arms round his neck, and kissed him several times. An outsider might have smiled at the caresses of these two elderly people, but love never grows old, and they had loved one another all their lives.

"Don't mind my crying, Austin. Indeed, I am happy, quite happy. Yesterday, when I sat under the wall of snow, and looked at the beautiful sights all round me, I thought how thankful I ought to be, how contented with my lot, how blessed in my home and my husband. And I ceased to be angry with God for having taken away my baby."

"Poor Susannah!—poor Susannah!"

"No, rich Susannah! And so I determined to grieve no more; to try and be happy without a child. But now—"

"Well, my darling?"

"Austin, I think God sometimes teaches us to renounce a thing, and when we have quite renounced it, gives it back to us in some other way."

"What do you mean?"

She tried to speak, failed more than once, and then said, softly and solemnly: "I believe God has sent that child, whom its mother does not care for, to me—to us. Will you let me have it?"

Intense astonishment and bewilderment were written on every line of Mr. Trevena's grave countenance. "God bless my soul! Susannah, what can you be thinking of?"

"I have been thinking of this and nothing else ever since you told me what Dr. Franklin told you. From that minute I felt the child was meant for me. Its mother throws it away; she does not care a straw for it; whilst I—oh, Austin, you don't know!—you don't know!"

She pressed her hands upon her childless breast as if to smother down something that was almost agony.

"No, my dear," Mr. Trevena answered, dryly; "I can't be expected to know.

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And if you were not such a very sensible woman, I should say that you don't know either. How can respectable old folk like us encumber ourselves with a baby — a waif and a stray — a poor little creature that we know nothing on earth about?"

"But God does," she answered, solemnly. "Listen, Austin. When I was a very little girl I picked up a bit of sweet-william — trodden under foot and nearly dead. My playfellows laughed at me, and said it would never grow; but I planted it, and it did grow; it grew into the finest root in my garden. An omen, I think; for I have done the same thing several times afterward in the course of my life, and—my sweet-williams always grew. Let me try one more."

"My dear, you would coax a bird off a bush. But what on earth do you want to do? To buy a baby? The woman will not give it; she wished to sell it, you know. Twenty pounds is her price. I really haven't that much about me."

"Don't jest, dear." And when he saw the expression of his wife's face, Mr. Trevena felt it was no jesting matter. He had ever been a man of one idea, or rather of two ideas—his books and his Susannah: every corner of his heart was filled up by either the one or the other. Perhaps he had felt a natural pang when his hope of fatherhood was quenched, but the regret soon died out, and his life became complete as before. Love of offspring is with men more a pride than an affection —at least, till the children are intelligent human beings. The passionate craving which made the Hebrew mother cry, "Give me children or else I die," is to them absolutely unknown. Nor, as a rule, does a man take much interest in any children not his own. But with a woman it is different.

Susannah sat down, for she was trembling too much to stand. Austin saw it, and his heart melted.

"Come, don't fret, my love, and we will consider the matter. But—think of the trouble a baby would be."

"I will take it upon myself. I know I can."

"Then, again, our income is so small—too small to bring up and provide for a child."

"We should have had to do it for our own, had he lived."

"Then—there is my brother Hal."

Mrs. Trevena's sweet face hardened a little—it could not but harden. This scamp of an elder brother had been to the younger one a torment, a disgrace, ever since their college days; also a ceaseless drain, hindering his prospects and delaying his marriage. Family pride—it scarcely could be called family affection—had prevented the good clergyman from throwing off this horrible incubus, until he got a living and married his Susannah, whose strength had in some degree counteracted his weakness, taught him to say No, and proved to him that to sustain a bad man in his badness, even though he be your own flesh and blood, is not a virtue, but a weakness.

"I thought we had done with Hal when you paid his passage out to Australia."

"Ay, but he may come back again—he often does," said the husband, with a weary look. "He has turned up, you know, from all the ends of the earth, to worry me as much as ever."

"But that was when you had not me beside you. Now—"

"I know—I know. Would that I had had you beside me years ago!"

As perhaps, but for Hal, and a certain weakness, not seldom combined with an affectionate nature, he might have had. But his wife said nothing, except to notice that Dr. Franklin was walking outside.

"Shall we call him in and speak to him?"

"About the baby? Have you so set your heart upon it, Susannah? Am not I enough for you? Would you be like Hannah, the wife of Elkanah?"

"Hannah prayed, and God sent her her little Samuel. Who knows but that He may in His own mysterious way have sent me mine?"

She spoke in a whisper — solemn and tender. Her voice was so entreating, her expression so rapt—as if she saw farther than any but herself could see—that the good, kind husband resisted no more. Though he did not always understand her, he had an instinct that whatever his Susannah did was sure to be right. It was always difficult to him to say No to anybody, but to say No to her was quite beyond his power.

"Well, well, we will at least consider the matter. Let us do as you say—call in Dr. Franklin and talk it over."

The talk lasted a long time, without eliciting any new facts or coming to any satisfactory conclusion. Dr. Franklin was less surprised at Mrs. Trevena's Quixotic

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idea, as her husband called it, than an Englishman would have been; he said the adoption of children was a not uncommon thing in America.

"Indeed, I have often advised it as an absolute duty to rich and childless people, who wished to make themselves happy with young life about them, and avoid a selfish, useless old age. A child in the house helps to educate everybody in it. Not that Mrs. Trevena needs much education," added he, with blunt courtesy, "but it would make her happy and do her good; and, as the Bible says, she would 'save a soul alive.'"

"What! save a child by taking it from its parents? That is not according to the Bible," answered the perplexed clergyman.

"I am sorry to say, sir, that there are lots of children in this world who can only be saved by taking them from their parents. This poor little wretch is one. He is a fine, healthy, perfect child; splendid physiological and phrenological developments; might make a grand fellow if anybody could protect him from the woman that bore him, who doesn't deserve the blessing of a child. Your wife does. I think with her—that the Lord sent it to her."

Mrs. Trevena lifted up to him grateful eyes, but said nothing.

"It seems so ridiculous, and yet so horrible—the idea of buying a child," said Mr. Trevena. "Besides, we should have all the responsibility of it, and no legal rights whatever."

"There we have the advantage of you." The Kentuckian drew himself up to his full long length, and spoke, more nasally than ever, it must be owned, but with an honest warmth that neutralized all national peculiarities. "In my country, where every man stands on his own feet, where we have neither the curse of primogeniture nor the burden of hereditary rank, any respectable person, as any married couple, agreeing together, can legally adopt a child."

Mrs. Trevena looked up eagerly. "How?"

"By presenting a petition to one of our courts of law, and after due examination of the parents, if alive and deserving, and of the child, if old enough, obtaining a decree of adoption, which is called 'the muniment of title.' This makes it the adopting parents' lawful heir, and the real parents have no more right over it, which is, in some cases, a great blessing. It was in two I know of—one an orphan, the other worse. Both children were adopted, and both saved—as I only wish somebody would save this poor little soul. It's a great mystery, Mrs. Trevena, but sometimes the Lord seems to send children to those who don't deserve them, and not to those that do. Many miserable little creatures have I seen who might have been seized and saved, body and soul, as I managed to save those two— But I beg your pardon. I go talking on, interrupting your husband at his letters, for I see he has got them at last."

There were only two, but evidently important, for Mr. Trevena had dropped out of the conversation at sight of them, and sat poring over the first one, till, coming to the end, he uttered something almost like a cry. His wife came to him.

"What is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing. Only Hal wanting money—as usual. And why, do you think?" There was a mixture of the pathetic and the ludicrous in Mr. Trevena's face as he looked up. "He is married—actually married this time—to a girl twenty years younger than himself!"

Mrs. Trevena's anxious face grew hard and stern. "It is the maddest—not to say the baddest—thing he has ever done. Who is she?"

"An Australian—colonial born. Hal's wife! and we know nothing on earth about her!"

"And she probably knows nothing on earth about him—which is worse. Poor soul!"

Here Dr. Franklin, feeling he had unawares come upon a family skeleton, was discreetly slipping away.

"Stay a minute," said Mrs. Trevena, "if you will pardon this discussion of our family correspondence. Austin, open the other letter. It may be our money from home, and then we can arrange with Dr. Franklin for our departure to-morrow."

There was a sad sort of resignation in her tone, as of a woman who has all her days been accustomed to give up everything she most cared for, and make the best of what was left—eating the crumbs and not the festival meats of life. But no one knows what Fate is bringing. The other letter her husband opened listlessly, and almost dropped out of his hands with a look of amazement and joy.

"Susannah—oh, Susannah! it has come at last!"

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"What, dear?"

"The living—that college living I have been hoping for these twenty years! It is offered me now. No more poverty; no more struggle. My Susannah will be a well-to-do woman for the rest of her days. Thank God! thank God!"

Quite overcome, Mr. Trevena sat down, covering his eyes with his hand. His wife, forgetful of the stranger's presence, knelt down beside him in silence. By their deep joy the doctor could plumb the depth of their past suffering, hitherto so well concealed. He walked to the window, unwilling to walk quite away, and contemplated Juno, the big St. Bernard, with three gigantic puppies gambolling round her.

"A mother of sons is a fine sight, be it brute or woman," said he to himself, apropos of nothing, and gazed silently on, till he felt a gentle touch on his arm.

"You are so kind—you will rejoice with us. My husband has just got a new living—the very prettiest rectory in all Cornwall. We are not such poor people now as we told you we were this morning."

"The Lord be thanked! His ways are not so unlevel after all, if one only waits to see," said the Kentuckian, with his own rough but unmistakable devoutness, as he shook hands with both his friends, and congratulated them sincerely. "And now," said he, with his usual directness—"about the child."

"What child?" said Mr. Trevena, absently.

"The baby your wife wants to adopt, and I hope she may. I'll help her to do it, with your permission. You can afford now to give yourself a son and heir."

"But, Susannah, what would Hal say?"

There is a saying that "the worm will turn." Mrs. Trevena had never been a "worm," but she had been a much-enduring woman—till now. It was the crisis of her patience. Endurance changed into resistance. She rose up, and even Dr. Franklin was startled by the fire in her eyes.

"I think, husband, it does not matter two straws what Hal says. He has spent all his own patrimony and yours. You have maintained him for years; now he has chosen to marry, and it is the maddest if not the wickedest thing he ever did in his life, which is saying a good deal. He has no further claim upon you—upon us. Let him go!"

Rarely did Mrs. Trevena speak so much or so fiercely. That last "Let him go!" fell hard and sharp as the knife which has to cut off something corrupt, obnoxious—and does it, with a righteous remorselessness better than any feeble pity, which is often only another name for self-ease. Even as there are many people who are benevolent only to give themselves pleasure, so there are many more who are merciful only to save themselves pain.

"She is right," said Dr. Franklin, dropping his bony hand heavily on the table as a sort of practical amen to the discussion. "Since you have let me into your family secrets, excuse me, sir, if I use the freedom of saying your wife is right. There are limits even to the claims of flesh and blood. Let your brother go his way; and do you take the child which the Lord sends you, bring it up as your son, and trust to His making it a real son to you both in your old age. Nobody can look ahead; but at any rate you will make your wife happy, and, as I said, you will save a soul alive."

He waxed preternaturally eloquent, as he stood, honest man, his long lean figure drawn up to its full height, his arms folded, and his keen eyes glittering—was it with that tender pity which only the strong can feel, or the generous indignation that only the righteous can show? Anyhow, his words, so cordially in earnest, had their effect.

Mr. Trevena turned to his wife. "Susannah, do you really wish this?"

"Yes, Austin, I do."

"Then I consent. For my wife's sake, Dr. Franklin."

"And for His sake," added Susannah, with an upward glance of her sweet eyes—eyes that had in them the perpetual light from heaven, which a man might thankfully and safely follow all his life through. "He says to us, 'Take this child and nurse it *for Me*.'"

"And now," said the doctor, clearing his throat, and sticking his hat fiercely down over his brows, "I'll go and see about this business—the oddest bit of business I ever came across. I've bought a good many things, but I never yet bought a baby. What form of receipt will the woman want, I wonder? And she must sign her name to it—which will let us know what her name is, for I haven't the slightest idea. By Jove! she's a queer customer; the most unwomanly woman I ever had to do with. Still, I'll face her. Here goes!"

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He gave his soft felt hat another bang, which left it crooked on his head, and soon they saw him striding off to the *dépendance*. They felt that, spite of his address and *brusquerie*, if there was ever a man fit to be trusted with a troublesome business, and certain to carry it through, it was the long Kentuckian.

Hour after hour the day went by. Husband and wife did not talk much: neither was given to talking—their long-parted lives had been too solitary; besides, they understood one another so well that discussion was unnecessary. Even at this great crisis, when both had plenty to think about, they kept a mutual tender silence; and as they took their quiet daily walk together, spoke of the mountains, the flowers, and all other things about them which they were accustomed to notice and take pleasure in—the placid pleasure in nature's blessings which grows rather than decreases with years. But they never once referred either to Hal and his marriage or to the transaction which Dr. Franklin was engaged in at the *dépendance* close by.

As they passed it on their return it was as silent as death; the doors and windows closed, as had been the case all along. Mrs. Trevena gave a little sigh. But her husband never seemed to notice anything.

The glowing June day was beginning to melt into the long twilight of the mountains, behind whose tops the sun disappears so soon, when Dr. Franklin's knock was heard at their door. Mrs. Trevena opened it with an eager face, in which hope seemed to struggle with patience—the patience of a woman long accustomed to disappointment.

The shrewd doctor saw this at once, and held out his hand with a smile.

"Well, ma'am, congratulate me. I think I've managed it—and her. But she is the queerest fish; a 'woman of genius,' she calls herself, and not to be judged like other women. Bless my soul! if she is a woman of genius, I'm glad Mrs. Franklin isn't. But to our business. You hear me, Mr. Trevena?"

"Yes, yes," said the good clergyman, closing his book, but looking rather bored as he did so.

"This lady—queer as she is, I am sure she is a lady, well educated and all that—says you may have her baby for twenty pounds, English money, paid down; and that then 'the sooner you take the brat away the better.' Those were her words. She promises never to trouble you about it; she doesn't even want to hear your name—which, indeed, I have taken the precaution not to tell her—and she refuses to tell you hers. She says you may call the boy anything you like. 'He's the image of his father, and that's why I hate him!' she said one day. Oh, she's an awful woman."

"Is he"—the color rose in Mrs. Trevena's matron cheek, but she forced herself to ask the question—"is he—do you think—his father's lawful child?"

"I conclude so. She speaks sometimes of 'my fool of a husband,' and 'the little wretches at home.' But, as I told you, I know absolutely nothing. You might as well squeeze water out of a stone as any common-sense truth out of that woman. She is a perfectly abnormal specimen of her sex."

"Perhaps she is mad."

"Not a bit of it: perfectly sound in mind and body—has made a wonderfully quick recovery. A shrewd person too—wide awake to her own interests. If you want the baby to-morrow, she insists upon having the twenty pounds paid down to-night."

Mr. Trevena looked perplexed, and turned appealingly to his wife, as he seemed in the habit of doing in most emergencies.

"We have not got the money," she said, simply. "We have hardly any money left; but our remittances will be sure to come to-morrow. If I might have the baby—"

"I wish to Heaven you had it now, ma'am; for I don't want to have to give evidence to the Swiss government in a case of child desertion or child murder. However, I'll go over again and see what can be done. There is the *table d'hôte* bell. Shall we go down to dinner?"

They dined, rather silently, amidst the clatter of a party of Germans who had just come up from Lucerne, and were passing on over the St. Gothard next day, and who, with characteristic economy, appealed to the "rich English" to take their carriage back, and to save them the expense of paying for the return journey.

"We might have done it, had our money come in time," said Mr. Trevena. "I am sure I don't want to stay a day longer in Andermatt than I can help."

"Nor I," added Dr. Franklin; then, catching Mrs. Trevena's anxious eyes: "But I shall make it a point of honor—medical honor—to see my patient safe through. Not that she is a paying patient, though she did one day offer me a

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diamond ring—I am almost sorry I refused it, or it might have been some clew. "But no!" continued he, in a whisper to Mrs. Trevena: "Mother, take your son—if I can get him for you—and forget he ever had any mother besides yourself."

Once again the childless woman's eyes flashed upon the good doctor a look of passionate gratitude. Then she rose and went and sat patiently in the window recess of the now empty *salle à manger*, watching the full round moon, risen long since, but only now appearing over the tops of the mountains, like a joy found late in life, yet none the less a complete and perfect joy.

Before long she heard Dr. Franklin's long striding step and cheery voice.

"Well, ma'am, I've done it at last. You will get your baby. Not to-night—she 'can't be bothered' to-night, she says—but to-morrow morning. Also, I've spoken to Madame (whom I had to take into our confidence, for she threatened to turn adrift 'Madame L'Anonyme,' as she contemptuously calls her, within twelve hours), and she will sell you the clothes she lent, and the goat, or get you a *nourrice* from the next canton, so that you can keep the matter as secret as you choose."

"Thank you," Mrs. Trevena said. "But I had rather not keep it secret. I have considered everything, and I am sure it will be better to tell the plain truth at once; that I have adopted a deserted child, and that he is henceforth my son—and I am his mother."

The intonation of the last word startled even the good doctor, who knew human nature so well. It indicated one of those natures to whom motherhood is not merely a sentiment or a duty, but a passion. He felt that he had done well—or rather that Heaven had done better.

"You are right," he said: "the outside world need never know any more than that—and I earnestly hope you never will either. As for the boy himself, when he grows up, you may tell him as much or as little as you please."

"I shall tell him everything. The truth is always best."

Dr. Franklin shook her warmly by the hand. "I wish every boy in the world had a mother like you. May he live to 'rise up and call you blessed!'"

Middle-aged and practical folk as they were, tears stood in the eyes of both. They understood one another.

"And now," continued the doctor, "I'll just have to face that woman once more—about ten to-morrow forenoon, she said. But I shall not try to worm anything more out of either her or her servant, who obeys her like a slave—she was her slave, and foster-mother as well: you anti-slavery folk don't know the dogged fidelity of our Southern niggers. But I'll wash my hands of both—when I get the baby. And then we three—with the young 'un and the goat, or a bottle of goat's milk—will go on to Fluelen in that carriage the Germans had. I told the woman this; and oh! how she pricked up her ears, as if the only thing she wished was to get rid of her baby and never see it again in this world—as I fervently hope she never may!"

"I hope so too; and I intend it," said Mrs. Trevena, very quietly, but with a firmness that betrayed the possible "iron hand in velvet glove"—even her little hand. And as Mr. Trevena just then lounged in—with his gentle, gentlemanly, absent manner, and his eternal book under his arm—Dr. Franklin thought that perhaps the little woman had found out how in this life firmness is as necessary as gentleness.

Everybody slept soundly that night: the worthy doctor, because he believed he had done his duty; Mrs. Trevena, because she saw plainly before her, in long glad vista, hers; and Mr. Trevena, because he did not think about it at all, being absorbed in a new reading which he had hit upon of a line in Horace, and which he tried to explain to his wife before they went to sleep. During the night one of those dense white mists, common at Andermatt, swept down from the mountains; by morning everything outside the hotel had become invisible; and after the early departure of the German tourists the almost empty hotel seemed to become as quiet as the grave.

The post arrived, bringing Mr. Trevena his expected remittances, which he handed over as usual to his Chancellor of the Exchequer, as he called her—well for him that she was! With hands slightly trembling she examined the notes—there was enough money to take them home, and twenty pounds over.

Mrs. Trevena looked nervously at her watch. "Is not Dr. Franklin late?" she said—or rather was about to say—when she saw him hurrying in from the *dépendance*.

"I want you, ma'am. Come back with me. If that woman is not a murderess,

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she is next door to one. But we may save the child yet, if we make haste."

Mrs. Trevena threw a shawl over her head and ran. There, in the middle of the one poor room which had witnessed its unwelcome birth, lay the deserted child, half naked and only half alive, for no one seemed to have taken the trouble to feed or dress it. The floor was strewn with the *débris* of a hasty packing, and the accumulated untidiness of many days. In the midst of this chaos the poor infant lay, moaning its little life away—a very feeble moan now, for it must have lain there several hours.

Mrs. Trevena dropped on her knees beside it. "Oh, my baby! my baby!" she cried, almost with a sob; took it in her arms, pressing the stone-cold limbs to her warm breast, and wrapping it in the skirt of her dress as she sat on the floor.

"It is mine, altogether mine now. Oh, doctor, can you save it yet?"

"I'll try," muttered the good man, as he too knelt down and felt the fluttering pulse —rapidly sinking into stillness and death.

They did try; and with the help of Madame, who arrived presently from the hotel, equally voluble in her fury against "Madame L'Anonyme" and her wondering respect for the gentle English miladi, they succeeded. Another hour, and the fleeting life had been arrested, the danger was past, and the poor little babe, warmed, fed, and clothed, lay safe in the bosom of its new-found mother, who rejoiced over it almost as if it had been the child of her own travail which Heaven had taken away.

"This little fellow will owe you his life almost as much as if he had been born your own," said the doctor, regarding them both with the curious tenderness which sometimes softened his keen, shrewd eyes. "If we had not come to the rescue, he would have been dead in another half-hour. Now— Bless us! what a pair of lungs!"

"No, he will not die—as his mother meant him to die," cried indignant Madame, who, with nearly all the female servants of the hotel, had gathered round in compassion and sympathy. "The barbarous woman! and though she had a wedding-ring on her finger, I believe she was a woman of no character at all."

"We do not know that," said Mrs. Trevena, trying to understand the French, and speaking firmly in her own tongue. "Let us be silent about her. She is—or rather she was—my boy's mother."

From that hour Susannah always said, "*My* boy."

"Madame L'Anonyme" had in truth disappeared as anonymously as she came. How she and her servant had contrived to secure the Fluelen carriage, pack up their small baggage, and make what was literally a "moonlight flitting," so quietly that no one had heard them depart, was, and remained, a complete mystery.

No one sought to unravel it. No one pursued them or cared to do so—what could be gained by it? Nothing could be got out of them. The puzzle was how, without money, they had managed to get away; and it was not till the uproarious complaints of Madame had been a little stilled by the application of a few English shillings—or rather American dollars—that the doctor, seeing Mrs. Trevena uneasy because her part of the compact had not been fulfilled—she had got the child, and the twenty pounds was still in her pocket—owned, blushing like a girl, that he himself had "taken the liberty" of paying it the night before.

"It seemed the only way to quiet the woman, and keep her from doing something desperate. But you see she had less of desperation and more of worldly wisdom than I thought. Anyhow she is gone, and we have got rid of her—I hope forever."

"Thanks to you," said Mrs. Trevena, as she silently put the bank-note in the doctor's hand; and he took it, for he was a practical man, and a poor man besides.

"I have made everything as safe as I can," said he. "She has no clew to us, or we to her. Neither she nor her servant, who speaks only English, has ever heard your name—only mine; and as I am going back to America at once, she is not likely to find me out there. If she ever does, and wants to know about her child, she'll meet her match—that's all."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Trevena. For Mr. Trevena, he said nothing at all; he only watched with benignant pleasure the unspeakable content of his wife's face; and thence glanced downward, with a sort of amused curiosity, to the little creature on her lap, especially its hands and feet, as if to find out whether it had the right number of fingers and toes, and was no abnormal specimen of anthropology. A simple man and a good man was the Reverend Austin, never swerving from his one do-

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mestic creed, that if his Susannah thought a thing right, it was right.

So the exciting episode, which Madame, in her anxiety for the good name of her hotel, wisely hushed up as much as possible, settled down into calmness. The baby did not die, as its natural, unnatural mother had probably hoped it might; the goat was an excellent foster-mother; and before forty-eight hours were over, Mrs. Trevena felt—ay, and looked—as if she herself had been a real mother for years.

Dr. Franklin watched her with his expression of dry humor tempered by kindliness.

"Mrs. Franklin says all the doctors and nurses going can't manage a baby so well as one sensible woman with a motherly heart; and as she has managed ten, maybe she is right. Now about the journey to Lucerne. If you take a bottle of goat's milk with you, also a doctor, in case of emergency, we shall get back to civilization without any difficulty. A nice *partie quarrée*—you and your husband, myself and—this little encumbrance."

"Encumbrance!" echoed Mrs. Trevena, looking up to Dr. Franklin with a grateful smile—no, an actual laugh. He had never heard her laugh before. And she had much interested him—this little woman—not merely as a woman, but as a "case"; one of those cases which most people disbelieve in, yet which, though rare, are possible—a "broken heart": a disease of which, if they have no absolute duties, and are not physically strong, women can die without murmur or regret. They neither struggle nor complain, but simply drop out of life as out of a worn garment no longer worth the wearing.

No fear of that now for Susannah. Her whole nature seemed changed. Hope seemed to have come into her heart—the hope that comes with young life, rising up to renew and carry on the life which had seemed fading away. Her very face grew youthful, with a look not unlike some of Raphael's Madonnas, far away, as if peering into the dim future, and yet content in the present, the small, limited present, from day to day and hour to hour, as mothers learn to look. For she was a mother now to all intents and purposes. She kept saying to herself, involuntarily, that line of Mrs. Browning's lovely poem, "A Child's Grave at Florence,"

> "*My* little feet, *my* little hands,
> And hair of Lily's color."

As she almost persuaded herself it was; that the hair, quite wonderful for a baby a week old, which she admired and toyed with, was exactly the same shade as that on the nameless little head which had been buried, one sad midnight, in a corner of the church-yard by the vicarage garden gate.

Often it really seemed to her that her lost child had come back alive, bringing with him the future of bliss to which she had looked forward all through those mysterious months, and then had to renounce forever. It revived again now. Every time she kissed the crumpled-up mottled face—which had no beauty for any one but her—she saw in imagination the face of *her son*, as boy, youth, man, carrying her forward five, ten, twenty years—years full of hope. Does not some poet call a child "a perpetual hope"?

"Think what our new home will be—a house with a child in it!" she said to her husband once—only once, for her happiness lay too deep to be talked about, even to him. Nor could he have understood it. He was not of an imaginative turn of mind. So that nothing troubled him in the present—and his wife took good care of that—he never troubled himself about the future. Like many another contented bookworm, he rarely saw an inch beyond his own nose. Yet he was the most patient and easily satisfied of men, even to remaining a day or two longer at Andermatt, and going about with Dr. Franklin instead of his wife, whose new-found duties, added to the ordinary travelling cares—which always fell upon her, not him—absorbed her entirely.

But at last the two men, coming home from a quiet wander through the flowery meadows beside the Reuss, and an investigation, chiefly to kill time, of the little chapel, with its strange glass tomb of the mummied knight lying "in his habit as he lived," found Mrs. Trevena sitting, oblivious of Alps and antiquities, with her baby asleep on her lap, and everything settled for their departure to-morrow.

"It will soon seem all like a dream," she said, as she cast her eyes absently on the wonderful view from the window—the great circle of mountains, the gorgeously colored pastures, and the wild, rapid Reuss glittering in the sun. "We are never likely to see this place again, but I think I shall always remember it—the place where my boy was born."

"And born again, if one may say it

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without irreverence," added Dr. Franklin; "otherwise he had better be dead—as he certainly would have been now except for you. By-the-bye, you will have to give the young scamp a name, and the sooner you do it the better. Get him christened, and keep a copy of the baptismal certificate. It may be useful yet. And I think you might as well make me his godfather, because I at least know when and where he was born. It will be a certain protection both to him and to you."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Trevena, gratefully; but she smiled at the idea of her child's needing "protection," or she either. With him in her arms she felt as strong, as fearless, as any natural mother—even beast or bird—does with the instinct of maternity upon her.

Dr. Franklin stuck to his point, insisting that a baptismal certificate was the nearest approach they could make to giving the child "a local habitation and a name" in this perplexing world, the godparents attesting the place and date of birth, though they could only add, "parentage unknown."

"And then you must take your chance as to the future, and this poor little fellow also; unless you will come with me to America, where, in our enlightened States, you can lawfully adopt him."

"But that would be of no use in England, you said, and England must be our home. Yes, we must take our chance," she added, with an under-tone that implied one who meant to control chance rather than succumb to it. "And now about the name—the Christian name. For surname he will take ours—shall he not, Austin?"

"Anything you like—anything you like, my dear."

"Yes, I think you are right, Mrs. Trevena. Poor little man! his name matters little. He will have to go through life as nobody's child."

"Except God's—and mine."

And Susannah pressed her lips, as solemnly as if it had been a sacrament or a vow, on the tiny hand with its curled-up fingers—the feeble right hand, so helpless now. But would it be always so?

Dr. Franklin smiled kindly, paternally, on the creature whose life he had helped to save—why, or to what end, who could tell? All child lives are a mystery, but this was a mystery above all. The little thing lay sleeping in unconscious peace on its adopted mother's lap—the infant who would be a man when they were in their graves. But the two men did not understand. The woman did.

Mrs. Trevena at last looked up. A twilight glow reflected from the mountains was on her face, and an inward glow which made her almost pretty again, almost young.

"I have thought of a name. We are Cornish born, as I told you, Dr. Franklin. When I was a girl my one hero was our great Cornishman, who was also 'Nobody's child'—found by Merlin, they say, as a little naked baby on the shore at Tintagel, but who grew up to be the stainless knight, the brave soldier, the Christian king. My boy shall do the same—in his own way. It does not matter how he was born, if he lives so that everybody will mourn him when he dies. So he shall have my hero's name. He shall be my 'King' Arthur."

"You romantic little woman!" said her husband, half apologetically, half proudly. But he listened to her, as he always did, and her decision carried the day.

Next morning, when the sun had just risen above the mountains, and was only beginning to warm the silent valley, the little party left Andermatt, Mr. and Mrs. Trevena, Dr. Franklin, and the "encumbrance," as the doctor called it, but who slept so calmly as to be no encumbrance at all. It was evidently an infant of placid mind, able to accommodate itself to circumstances.

They were followed by the benedictions and good wishes of Madame and the hotel people, who could not, to the last, understand the affair, but set it all down to English eccentricity. They departed, and the little remote Alpine valley, which had witnessed so much, knew them no more.

CHAPTER III.

ARTHUR FRANKLIN TREVENA—for they had given him also the name of his good godfather, who parted from him at Lucerne, never probably to behold him again—"King" Arthur—arrived at the vicarage with his adopted parents, creating no small sensation in the parish which they had left, a forlorn and childless couple, six months before. But the villagers were simple folks, who accepted the baby upon his "mother's" own simple statement—Mrs. Trevena was among the few people who have courage to believe that

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the plain truth is not only the wisest but the safest thing—that he was a deserted child, whom she had taken for her own, and meant to bring up exactly as her own. And those other mothers who remembered her sad looks when she went away, and compared them with her happy looks now, agreed that "the parson's wife" had done right and best, not only for herself, but most likely for "the parson" also.

The only individual who ventured to question this, or in any way to criticise the proceeding, was a neighboring clergyman, a college friend, who in Mr. Trevena's absence had undertaken the care of the hundred souls his parish contained. This gentleman, a man of fortune and family, remonstrated, in a letter of sixteen pages, with his "reverend brother" on what he had done, in bringing a nameless child, possibly the offspring of sin and shame, into a respectable and, above all, a clergyman's household. He quoted many texts, such as "the sins of the fathers shall be visited on the children," and "the seed of evil-doers shall never be renowned," which for a moment staggered the simple-minded vicar. And he ended by asking, "What would the Trevenas say?"—forgetting that the only Trevena left was Hal, at the antipodes, of whom even his old college acquaintance would have owned, if questioned, that the less said about him the better.

But except this lengthy epistle, which Mr. Trevena read in silence, and passed on to Mrs. Trevena, by whose gleaming eyes he saw that the silence had better be continued, for there was a dangerous light in them that few men would have cared to face, the couple met with no opposition or comment on what they had done or what they meant to do. The nine days' wonder settled down, and after the village mothers had come to look at the baby, and pronounced it the finest baby that ever was seen, everybody seemed to take the matter as quite natural. Poor people are often so kind, sometimes so romantically generous, about other people's children: many a nursing mother will not scruple to take to her home and her breast some motherless babe; and many a nameless infant, paid for at first and then forsaken, has been brought up for charity by its foster-parents. So the fact of an adopted child did not strike these innocent villagers as anything remarkable. They only thought it was "uncommon kind" of Mrs. Trevena, and hoped she would be rewarded for her "charity."

Charity! She laughed at the word. Charity had nothing at all to do with it. A child in the house! it was a joy incarnate, a blessing unspeakable, a consolation without end. She did her duties, neither light nor few, but through them all she hugged herself in her secret bliss. She used to think of it as she walked, as she chatted to her neighbors, and (oh, sinful Susannah!) often as she sat in church. "*My* little feet—*my* little hands." When she came back to them, when she ran upstairs to the small attic—small but sunshiny—where Manette and Arthur were installed, and taking the baby, sat rocking him and singing to him in the old-fashioned rocking-chair which had been her mother's, every care she had—and she had some, a few mole-hills that many another woman would have made into mountains—seemed to melt away. That morbid self-contemplation, if not actual selfishness, which is so apt to grow upon old maids and childless wives—upon almost all women who have arrived at middle age without knowing the "baby fingers' waxen touches," which press all bitterness out of the mother's breast—vanished into thin air. It could not exist amidst the wholesome practicality of nursery life—a nursery where the mother is a real mother, and sees to everything herself, as was necessary in this case. For Manette, the young Swiss orphan whom they had found at Lucerne and installed as nurse, was a mere girl, who spoke no English, though she soon taught her mistress to speak French. They two became very happy together, guarding with mutual care, and sometimes just a spice of jealousy, the little warm white bundle which contained a sentient human being — or what would be one day — Manette's pet and plaything, Mrs. Trevena's "perpetual hope."

Had she been a disappointed woman? Perhaps: in some sense all women of imaginative temperament are. They start in life expecting the impossible, which of course never comes, and at last find themselves growing old, with their hearts still painfully young—it may be a little empty; for not even the best of men and husbands can altogether fill the void which nature makes; even as no woman can fill, or ought to fill, that sterner half of a man's being which is meant for the world and its work.

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But now Susannah's empty heart was filled, her monotonous life brightened; the future (she was only just over forty, and had a future still) stretched out long and fair; for it was not her own—it was her son's. The evening before they left the vicarage for the new rectory—a sweet September evening—since it had taken fully three months to make the new home ready to receive them—she went out alone and planted a young tree, a seedling sycamore, which no one was likely to notice till it grew a tree—in the church-yard corner where was the little grave of which nobody knew. But she scarcely felt it a farewell. She thought how the fibres would wrap themselves tenderly round the buried bones, and the top would spread itself out into green leaves and branches. And it seemed as if out of her dead baby's grave had sprung the other child—another and yet the same—sent direct from heaven to be her comfort and blessing. Unconsciously she repeated to herself the benediction of the Psalmist:

"He shall be like a tree planted by the water-side, that will bring forth his fruit in due season; his leaf also shall not wither; and look! whatsoever he doeth it shall prosper."

"It will be so," she said to herself, "if I have strength to bring him up in the right way, to make him into a just man—'a man that feareth the Lord.' Then I need have no fear. 'Whatsoever he doeth it shall prosper.'"

And little Arthur—somehow, from the first, he was always called Arthur, never "baby"—did seem to prosper: as much in his new home as in his old one. He had a larger and better nursery, not at the top, but at the end of the house, which was a very pretty house, the prettiest as well as the most comfortable that Susannah had ever lived in. From her youth up she had had to battle with the domestic ugliness that accompanies grinding poverty, to smother down her tastes and predilections, to live in streets instead of fields—at least till her marriage. And even marriage had brought little respite in the hard work, the ceaseless cares, inevitable from the necessity of making sixpence do the work of a shilling.

But now all was changed. She had as much money as she needed—enough even to lay by a little (oh! joyful economy!) for the future education of her son.

"We can not provide for him," she had said to her husband, "but we can give him a good education, and then let him work for himself. It is the best thing for all boys. It might have been better for Hal"—(she thought, but did not say, perhaps also for Hal's brother)—"if he had been thrown upon the world without a single halfpenny."

So when she saw the pretty rectory nestling under its acacia-tree beside the lovely old church, and knew there was income enough to live there comfortably, she yet determined to waste nothing—to expend nothing foolishly upon outward show, or in "keeping up a position," as the owners of the great house close by were reported to have done for generations. Consequently the Damerels of the last generation had been too poor to occupy their splendid abode, or even to come back to it, except to be buried. Their vault in the old church was all that remained to them, in spite of their ancient name, and an estate which had belonged to them for centuries. Her boy, Susannah often thought, blossoming day by day into rosy infancy—the darling of his good Manette and his devoted "mother"—was happier than the heir of all the Damerels, a poor idiot, report said, never seen or heard of, whose family home was let, and the property put into Chancery, until his fortunate death cleared the way for some distant cousins, ready to fight over the title and estate like dogs over a bone.

"So much for 'family'—so much for 'fortune'!" meditated Mrs. Trevena; and was almost glad that she herself was the last of her race, and that her husband's only relation was Hal—safe away in Australia. "You will start in life all free, my darling—as free as if you had dropped from heaven in a basket. You will stand on your own feet, and make your own way in the world, with nobody to hamper you and torment you—except your mother."

And she kissed with a passion of tenderness the baby eyes, which had already begun to develop intelligence, and the sweet baby mouth, so smiling and content; for Arthur, like most healthy and carefully reared children, was an exceedingly "good" child, who gave little trouble to any one. Before the winter was over he had learned to know his mother's step and voice, to laugh when she entered the nursery, and cry when she left it. Soon, if brought face to face with a stranger, he would turn away, clasp his little fat arms

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tight round her neck, and hide his face on her shoulder, as if recognizing already that she was no stranger, but his natural protector, refuge, and consolation—his mother, in short, and everything that a mother ought to be.

For his father—well, young infants scarcely need one; and certainly the father does not need them—often quite the contrary. But it rather pleased Mr. Trevena to be called "papa," as they decided he should be; and now and then, when he met Manette walking in the garden with Arthur in her arms, he would stop her, and stroking with one finger the rosy cheek, remark that it was "a very nice baby." But he did not investigate or interfere further. Even had it been his own child, he probably would have done no more. A baby was to him a curious natural phenomenon, which he regarded with ignorant but benevolent eyes, much as he did the chickens in his farm-yard, or the little pigs in his sty, but taking no individual interest in them whatever. Not until the spring had begun, and the leaves were budding, and the primroses springing about Tawton Magna, making it truly what it was said to be, the prettiest rectory in all Cornwall, did Manette report that "Monsieur" had actually kissed "*le bébé*," that it had crowed to him and pulled his hair, and altogether conducted itself with an intelligence and energy worthy of nine or even ten months old.

"Is it really nearly a year since we were in Switzerland?" said Mr. Trevena to his wife, as she joined him at the gate. She always went his parish rounds with him, and did everything for him, exactly as before the coming of little Arthur, only her many solitary hours were solitary now no more. But to her husband everything was made so perfectly the same that he often forgot the very existence of the baby. "Arthur—that is his name, I think—really does credit to you, my dear, and the rectory too. It must be a very healthy house, for I never saw you look so well."

She smiled. They loved one another very dearly, these two; old as they were, and different in many ways. But difference of character does not prevent affection—rather increases it sometimes.

"All the village tells me what a fine child Arthur is—the first child, by-the-bye, that has been in the rectory for fifty years. My predecessor, as you know, was an old bachelor. Everybody is delighted to have a lady in the village. You and your boy bid fair to be the pets of the parish, Susannah, my dear."

Which was true—and not unnatural. For her motherly heart, warmed through and through with the sunshine of happiness, opened not only to her own, but to every child she came near; to every poor soul, old or young, that wanted happiness and had it not. Everybody liked her, everybody praised her; and husbands are always proud to have their wives liked and praised. The rector was very proud of his Susannah. They strolled peacefully together through the village, administering ghostly counsel and advice, together with creature comforts, which Mrs. Trevena held to be equally desirable. She was a capital clergyman's wife—she liked to "mother" everybody.

As usual, their walk ended in the church, which was open for its Sunday cleaning. It was a curious old building—very "tumble-down," the parish thought, but was happily too poor to have it "restored," so it remained for the delight of archæologists, and especially of Mr. Trevena. He never wearied of examining the brasses, the old monuments, the huge worm-eaten, curiously carved pews, and especially "the Squire's pew," as large as a small parlor, where the last Damerels, the baronet and his lady, had been accustomed to sit in two huge arm-chairs over the bones of their ancestors. Their own bones were now added to the rest; and the tablet describing their virtues, with a weeping angel on each side, took its place with the recumbent crusader, and the well-ruffed Elizabethan knight, with his kneeling progeny behind him.

"What a splendid old family they must have been! Probably Norman—D'Amiral corrupted into Damerel. Ah!"—and he laid a caressing hand on the head of the noseless and footless crusader—"it is a great thing to come of a good race, and to bear an honorable name."

"Is it?" said Susannah, quietly, and thought of the poor half-witted boy—the heir whom her neighbors had told her of, and then of her own boy—her nameless baby—full of health and strength and intelligence, yet without a tie in the wide world. Only he was, as she had once said, "God's child"—and hers.

He had been hers for nearly two years. She had almost forgotten, and everybody else too, that he was not really her own;

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even the rector himself was taking kindly to his paternity, accepting it as he did the other good things which had dropped into his mouth without his seeking, when something happened which, for the time being, shook the happy little household to its very foundations.

Mrs. Trevena, one bright June day, had put on her bonnet to go and meet her child, who had been "kidnapped," as they called it, by the large kindly plebeian family, one of the many *nouveaux riches* that conveniently step into the shoes of aristocratic poverty, who inhabited Tawton Abbas. She was passing through the church-yard into the park, idly thinking how beautiful it was, how bright her life here had grown, and what had she done to deserve it all, when she came suddenly face to face with a strange gentleman, who was apparently wandering about, trying to find his way to the rectory. He was well dressed and well-looking; but he seemed less like an ordinary visitor than a prowler. Also, though rather a handsome man, there was something sinister in his face; he was one of those people who never look you straight in the eyes.

He stood aside as the lady passed, with a half bow, which she acknowledged. But the instant she had passed, a vague terror seized Susannah — the one little cloud which secretly hung over her entire felicity—the fear that her treasure might be grudged her, or snatched from her, by the woman who had thrown it away. She had taken every precaution to leave behind at Andermatt no possible clew; even Madame at the hotel, though she knew the names Trevena and Franklin, knew no further address than "England" and "America." Often when she looked at her bright, beautiful boy, a spasm of fear came over her, so that she could hardly bear to let him out of her sight.

This dread took hold of her now. What if the stranger were an emissary from Arthur's unknown mother, or his father, the "fool of a husband," whom she had so despised? At the bare idea Mrs. Trevena's heart almost stopped beating. But it was not her way to fly from an evil: she preferred to meet it, and at once. She turned back and spoke.

"You seem a stranger here. Can I do anything for you?"

"Thank you—yes, I suppose I am a stranger. I have not been in England for some years."

A likeness in the tones of the voice—family voices often resemble one another like family faces—startled Susannah, and yet relieved her. She was almost prepared for the "stranger's" next words.

"I am told that this is the village of Tawton Magna, and the Reverend Austin Trevena is rector here?"

"Yes."

"Then would you kindly direct me to the rectory? I am Captain Trevena, his brother."

Hal, of whom they had heard nothing since the letter received at Andermatt—Hal come back from Australia! It was a great blow, and might involve much perplexity; but it could not strike her to the heart, as the other blow would have done, had the stranger been some one to claim her child. After a momentary start, Susannah was herself again.

Now it so happened that since his boyhood she had never seen her brother-in-law, who evidently did not remember her at all. At first she thought she would accept this non-recognition, and pass on; but it seemed cowardly. And, besides, she would soon have to face him; for whatever his sudden appearance might bode, she was quite sure it boded no good. Hal's fraternal affection always lay dormant—unless he wanted something.

So, looking him straight in the eyes, but putting out no hand of welcome, she said, briefly: "I am Mrs. Trevena. That is the gate of the rectory," and walked on toward Tawton Abbas.

In most families there is one black sheep—happy if only one! for the well-being of the whole family depends upon its treatment of the same, treatment wise or unwise, as may happen. Few black sheep are wholly black; and some may, with care and prudence, be kept a decent gray; but to make believe they are snow-white, and allow them to run among the harmless flock, smirching every one they come near, is a terrible mistake. Perhaps Susannah sometimes recognized, with as much bitterness as her sweet nature could feel, that this mistake had all through life been made by her husband.

She knew Austin was at home, and thought it best the brothers should meet—since they must meet—quite alone; while she gathered up all her courage, all her common-sense, to face the position. Captain Trevena—as he called himself, having been in the militia once, till he was

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turned out—had not attempted to follow her. Perhaps he was afraid of her, or thought he had good need to be; which was true.

A kind of superstitious halo has been thrown round the heads of prodigal sons—doubtless originating in the divine parable, or the human corruption of it. Only people forget how that prodigal son, saying, "I will arise," really does arise, leaving behind him his riotous living, his husks, and his swine. He goes to his father, humbled and poor, and his father welcomes and loves him. But most prodigal sons bring their husks and their swine with them, nor ever condescend to say, "I have sinned." They appear, as Hal Trevena did, as he had always been in the habit of doing—neither hungry nor naked, but quite cheerful and comfortable. They may cry "Peccavi," but it never occurs to them to forsake their sins, or to feel any more penitence than is picturesque and convenient to show. This had been Halbert Trevena's character for the last forty years; and Susannah, suddenly meeting him after a long interval, and judging him by feminine instinct as well as by the bitter experience of the past, did not think he was likely to be altered now.

She walked rapidly on through the pleasant, solitary park, both to calm her mind and to consider how she was to face this emergency, which on the outside appeared nothing more than the meeting—supposed a welcome meeting—between long-separated brothers. But, underneath—she knew only too well what it implied. And not the least of the difficulties was her good, tender-hearted husband, who, absorbed in his books, never looked ahead for a single week, and whose own nature was so sweet and simple that he could not imagine the contrary in any human being.

Susannah hastened on with quick, troubled steps, till she saw Manette and little Arthur coming down the path.

"Mammy! mammy!"—he could just say that word now, and oh! what a thrill had gone through her heart when she first heard it! Stretching out eager arms, he tried to struggle out of his perambulator and get to her—"Up! up! in mammy arms!"

She took him up and clasped him tight—her one blessing that was all her own. More so, perhaps, than if he had been really her own, and had to call Hal Trevena "Uncle." As the thought smote her, involuntarily she said, "Thank God!" But the clinging of his baby arms, the kiss of his baby mouth, melted the bitterness out of her heart; after a few minutes she felt herself able to return to the house, and meet whatever was required to be met there. The sooner the better, for who could tell what might be happening in her absence?

She found the two brothers sitting together in the study, looking as comfortable as if they had parted only yesterday. At least Hal did; but Austin had a troubled air, which he tried to hide under an exaggeration of ease. When his wife opened the door, he looked up with great relief.

"My dear, this is Hal, from Australia. You must remember Hal, though it is so many years since you saw him."

"Twenty-four years. But half an hour ago he asked me to direct him to the rectory. He was not aware, I think, that he was speaking to the mistress of the house."

And she sat down, still without offering her hand, as if to make clear that she was the mistress of the house, and had determined to assert her position.

Captain Trevena was a shrewd man, a good deal shrewder and more quick-sighted than his brother. He too saw his position, and recognized that things might not go quite so easily with him as when the Reverend Austin was a bachelor. Still he smiled and bowed in bland politeness.

"I am delighted to come to my brother's home, and see it adorned with a wife. I only wish I had brought mine here. Mrs. Trevena (excuse me, but as the eldest son's wife she has the first right) is a very handsome person, and our eldest son, the heir to the Trevena name, takes after her. I should have liked you to see them, Austin; but, considering all things, I thought it best to leave them both in Australia for the present."

"Of course—of course," said Mr. Trevena. Mrs. Trevena said nothing. If for a second a natural pang smote her heart, it was healed immediately; for through the window she could see a pretty vision of Manette's blue gown, with two little fat legs trotting after it along the gravel-path. She turned round smiling—she could afford to smile.

"I am glad you are happy in your wife and son. But why leave them? What call had you to England?"

"To see my brother—was it not natural? An old *Times* fell into my hands,

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in which I read what (of course by some mistake) he had never told me—the presentation of the Reverend Austin Trevena to the living of Tawton Magna; value—I forget how much. So I thought I would come, just to—to congratulate him."

"A long journey for so small an object. And having accomplished it, I suppose you will return?"

"If my brother wishes it, and if he will give me a little brotherly help."

"I thought so."

Brief as this conversation was, it showed to both the brother and sister in law exactly where they stood. The big, hearty, well dressed man looked across at the homely little woman, and felt that times were changed: it was war to the knife between them, and could not be otherwise.

Had he come like the proverbial prodigal, in rags and repentance, Susannah's heart might have melted. She might have killed the fatted calf, even though fearing it was in vain; she might have put the ring on his finger, though with a strong suspicion that he would pawn it the very next day. But now, when he came, fat and well-liking, yet with the same never-ending cry, like the daughters of the horse-leech, "Give! give!" she felt herself hardening into stone.

"I am sorry, but your brother's income, of which you have evidently known the extent, is absorbed by his own family and his parish. He has for years supplied you with so much that he can not possibly do any more. He ought not."

"No, Hal," said the rector, gathering a little courage, and taking Susannah's hand as she sat beside him. "Indeed I ought not. You know I was telling you this before my wife came into the room."

"My husband is right," said Susannah, firmly. "Therefore, Captain Trevena, all I can offer you is a night's hospitality. After that we had better part."

"My dear sister, why?"

"A man with a wife and child has no business to leave them and go wandering about the world, even for the very desirable purpose of begging money from his relations. He had better stay at home and work."

"A gentleman work!" Hal laughed—that easy, good-natured laugh which made people think him so charming. "My dear lady, it is out of the nature of things; you can't expect it. I never did work—I never shall."

"I believe you." The only thing he could say, Susannah might have added, that she did believe. He was such a confirmed liar that she began to think even the wife and child might be mythical creations, invented in order to play upon Austin's feelings.

"Nor," he continued, lightly, "is there any special reason why I should work. My wife is an heiress: her father made his fortune at the gold diggings. The old fellow dotes upon her—even more than upon me. He likes to keep her all to himself, and so makes it easy for me to run away and amuse myself."

"How comes it, then, that you want money?"

"My dear Miss Hyde (beg pardon, but I heard of you as Susannah Hyde for so many years that I almost forget you are anything else now), a gentleman always wants money. But it is only a temporary inconvenience. I shall be delighted to repay Austin every farthing—with interest, too, if he wishes it—as soon as ever I get back to Australia."

"And when will that be?"

"*Cela dépend.* By-the-bye, there is a pretty young *bonne* upon whom I was airing my French an hour ago in the road. I see her now in your garden with her '*bébé*.' Whose child is that?"

"Mine," said Susannah, firmly.

"Yours? I thought Austin told me he had no children."

"Nor have we. This is our adopted child. We found him, and we mean to keep him and bring him up as our son."

"And heir? To inherit all you possess?"

"What little there is left—certainly."

As Susannah spoke, slowly and resolutely, Captain Trevena's handsome face grew dark; his bland voice sharpened.

"Truly this is a pretty state of things for a long-absent brother to come home to—a sister-in-law not too affectionate, and an unexpected—nephew! I congratulate you, Austin, on your son. Some beggar's brat, I suppose, whom your wife has picked up in the street and made a pet of, like a stray dog or half-starved cat. What noble charity!"

"Not charity at all," answered Susannah, seeing that her husband left her to answer, as was his habit on difficult occasions. "It pleased God to take away our only child, but He gave us this one instead. And, as I said, we mean to keep

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him. If we bring him up rightly, he will be the comfort of our old age."

"Indeed? But meantime a child is a rather expensive luxury—too expensive to make it possible ever to help others—your own flesh and blood, for instance. I thought, Austin, that charity began at home, and that blood was thicker than water."

Poor Austin! he regarded his brother with that worried, badgered, perplexed look so familiar to his face once, but which the peace of later years had almost driven away. Susannah knew it well enough; it brought back a vision of the long hopeless time of their engagement, when she was passive and powerless. But she was neither now. It was not necessary; it was not right.

"Halbert Trevena," she said, quietly enough, but with flashing eyes and glowing cheeks, "how dare you, who have been a drain upon your brother all his life—a perpetual thorn in his side and grief to his heart—how dare *you* talk of blood being thicker than water?"

"Susannah—my dear Susannah, be patient," said the rector, in a deprecating tone. "You see, Hal, we don't want to be hard upon you; but really you seem so well off, and your wife, you say, is an heiress. We, now, Susannah and I, can only just make ends meet, I assure you."

He spoke meekly, almost apologetically. But with Susannah the day of meekness was past. "Captain Trevena, it is best to be plain with you. I am mistress of this house. I will give you a night's lodging, but nothing more. With my consent, my husband shall not waste upon you a single halfpenny. What money he has left, that you have not robbed him of, he may leave you by will; but while he lives his income is not yours—it is mine."

Sternly as it was spoken, this was the truth of the case, both in law and equity, and both brothers knew it. The cunning one shrugged his shoulders, the weak one sighed; but neither attempted to controvert it.

"Of course," said Austin at last, "one's wife is nearer than one's brother; and Susannah never speaks without having well considered everything."

"Excellent wife! Admirable marriage laws!" said Hal, tapping his boot with his cane—a very handsome silver-mounted cane. In fact, all the attire of this poor prodigal was of the most expensive kind. "'What's thine is mine, and what's mine is my own!' is a well-known saying. But I always thought, Austin, that this rule applied to us, and not to the ladies. However, *tempora mutant mores*—especially family manners. Perhaps I had better go. 'It may be for years and it may be forever!' as the song says. Well—good-by, Austin."

Susannah's heart softened, her husband looked so very unhappy. After all, Hal was his brother. They had been boys together; and there was still between them that external family likeness not incompatible with the greatest unlikeness internally. The law of heredity has freaks so strange that sometimes one almost doubts its existence; yet it does exist, though abounding in mysteries capable of great modification, and above all, full of the most solemn individual warnings.

"I think you should go," said Mrs. Trevena; "but go to-morrow, not to-day. Your ways are so different from ours that we are better apart; still, do not let us part unkindly. And carry back our good wishes to your wife and child. May you live a happy life with them, and make them happy! It is not too late."

For a minute, perhaps, this man, who had never made any human being aught but miserable in all his days, felt a twinge of regret; the wing of the passing angel touched his heart—if he had one. He scanned his sister-in-law, half in earnest, as if questioning whether she was in earnest, and then the light sarcastic laugh returned. The good angel was gone.

"Oh dear no! Not too late at all. I am the most domestic man alive. I adore my home—when I am at home. And my wife—when I can get her. But as I said, she has such a devoted papa—a millionaire—that I rarely can get her. You see, Austin?"

Austin did not see, but his wife did, and turned away, remembering bitterly that hopeless proverb about the silk purse and the sow's ear, and thinking with a vague pity of her unknown sister-in-law—the mother who had a son of her very own.

But before she had time to speak came the pattering of little feet outside, and the battering of tiny hands against the study door. "I will leave you now," said Mrs. Trevena, rising. "You and Austin will like a chat together. We dine at two—our early dinner; we are homely people—as you see."

"But most delightful! I think I never

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saw such a picturesque house; or"—as the door flew open and disclosed "King" Arthur standing there—a veritable little king—with his rosy cheeks, his cloud of curly hair, and his sturdy, healthy frame—"or a more attractive child. Come in, sir! Let me see the young interloper."

And Hal made as though he would take him in his arms, but Susannah sprang forward and took him in hers, from which safe vantage-ground the child looked out, facing the man with his honest baby eyes.

Children have strange instincts—are often wonderful judges of character. Allure as Hal might, and did, nothing would induce little Arthur to kiss him, or even let himself be touched by him. The pretty under lip began to fall; he clung to his mother, and would shortly have burst into an open cry had not Susannah carried him away—as she wisely did—at all times when his angelhood melted into common babyhood. As she did so, she caught the expression of her brother-in-law's eyes, which made her clasp her little one all the closer. "King" Arthur—born amongst foes, having to be protected from his own mother, and from all his unknown kin—would, she perceived, have to be protected against one enemy more.

Glad as she was to escape, she knew she must not be absent long. She dared not. If ever man combined the serpent with the dove—the smoothest, most dainty feathered, and low-voiced of doves—it was Halbert Trevena. Many a time in old days he had wound his brother round his little finger; flattered him, cajoled him, and finally fleeced him out of every halfpenny he had. All right, of course, for were they not brothers? And have not a man's own family the first claim upon him, no matter whether they deserve it or not? So reason many excellent and virtuous folk. Are they right—or wrong?

"Poor Austin!" the wife muttered, in pity rather than in anger, as she thought of the two closeted together, and what harm might possibly ensue. And then Arthur came with his entreating "Up—up!" and the clinging of his innocent arms.

"My darling!" cried Susannah, almost sobbing. "No, blood is *not* thicker than water, unless love goes with it, and respect, and honor. My boy—my own boy!" she put back the curls and looked straight down into the pure, cloudless, infant eyes. "Be a good boy, grow up a good man, and no one will ever ask how you were born."

She allowed herself a brief rest in giving Arthur his dinner, and smiled to see how before he ate a mouthful himself he insisted on feeding the dog and the cat, and even offered a morsel to the woolly lamb—his pet plaything, which always stood on the table beside him. "The boy is father to the man;" and Susannah had already detected in her baby many a trait of character which all the education in the world could never have put into him. Even at two years old there was a natural courtesy about "King" Arthur—an instinct of tenderness to all helpless things. And Susannah was far-sighted enough to be soothed and cheered. The dread which every mother must have with every child, lest it should not grow up as she could wish, was in her case doubled and trebled; for of necessity she was ever on the watch for hereditary qualities, mental and physical, which must be modified and guarded against. And yet, perhaps, this battle with unknown evils was not worse than the pang which some parents must feel to see their own or others' faults re-appearing in their child.

"If I were Mrs. Halbert Trevena, and my son grew up like his father," thought Susannah, with a shudder; and almost thanked God that her child was not her own, or he might have been like his uncle.

But little Arthur—blessed child!—feared no future and no past. He was perfectly happy in his sunshiny nursery—the room in which the late rector had died, after inhabiting it for fifty years, and which the servants had been half afraid of till the baby voice exorcised all ghosts. There the little "King" reigned supreme with his two dumb companions. They lived in mysterious but perfect harmony—dog, cat, and child. They played together, fed together, slept together—for often Susannah would come in and find Arthur lying on the rug with his head on the dog's neck and the cat in his arms—all three sound asleep.

It was always hard to tear herself from that pleasant room, where two years of firm control and careful love had made a naturally healthy and sweet-tempered baby into a thoroughly good child, so that his mother and Manette had rarely any trouble with him, beyond the ordinary little vagaries of childhood—the worst being a tendency to cry after "Mammy" whenever he saw her preparing to leave him, as now.

"Mammy *must* go—she *must* have her

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dinner, my boy; but she will come back directly afterward. She promises."

Already the infant mind had taken in the fact that "Mammy's" promises were always to be relied on, that mammy meant what she said, and did it. And though he still could not talk much, Arthur understood every word she said, and obeyed it too—for absolute obedience was the first lesson Susannah had taught her child. The little face cleared, the detaining arms relaxed; he toddled back to his four-footed friends, and made himself quite happy. No sorrow lasts long at two years old.

But Mrs. Trevena, the instant she shut the nursery door, felt her cares leap back upon her with double fierceness. As she arranged her dress at the glass, she thought of that "very handsome person," her sister-in-law, not in envy, but in pity, wondering what was the real truth about her and about the marriage; for all Hal's statements had to be guessed at rather than believed. He had never held facts in the least degree necessary.

She looked out into the garden, expecting to see the brothers sauntering round it, for the rector was always proud to show his garden. Well he might be, for it was a perfect picture, with its green lawn in front, its background of stately trees, and its kitchen-garden at the side—a regular old English kitchen-garden, where flowers, fruit, and vegetables all flourished together. Polyanthus and auriculas edged the beds where the young peas were rising in green rows, and the high south wall, sheltered and sunny, was one mass of peach, apricot, and nectarine blossoms. But nobody admired them—the garden was deserted. Susannah went straight to the study, and there found her husband—alone.

"Hal has just gone out, but he will be back to dinner; unless, as he says, he finds 'metal more attractive.' Which is not likely, as he knows nobody in these parts. He came direct from London, and must go back again there immediately."

Mr. Trevena spoke lightly, but with a certain deprecation of manner which attracted his wife's notice.

"Immediately means to-morrow, I suppose?"

"Or perhaps to-night. Poor Hal! He is very poor, my dear. We ought to be kind to him."

"I wish to be kind to him—if he deserves it."

"He may do so. It is never too late to mend. And, my Susannah, you remember the command, 'seventy times seven.'"

Susannah, feeling almost like a wretch—a hard-hearted, unchristian wretch—clasped the long-beloved hand, generous as a child's—and often as unwise in its generosity. But that instant something roused her suspicions. "Why is your desk open, Austin? Shall I lock it for you? Your check-book is in it."

"Stop a minute, dear. That check-book—Hal really had not a halfpenny, though his remittances from Australia are due next week. He will repay me—I am sure he will; so I gave him a small sum—you won't mind, dear? It was very little."

"How much?"

"Only twenty pounds."

"Twenty-five pounds was all we had in the bank, and it will be six weeks before our next dividends are due."

This was all Susannah said—what good was it to say anything more? But she dropped her husband's hand, and sat down in passive acquiescence to fate. The old thing all over again! the same quiet endurance, but none the less the same bitter, resentful pain. All the bitterer that there was nothing actually to resent. Austin's invariable sweetness—his unbounded love for her—his trust in her, almost as implicit as a child's—she could not be angry with him.

"I am so sorry, my dear," said he, penitently, "but I had no idea of the state of our finances. As Hal says, it is you who manage everything. I will ask him to take a smaller check—say just five pounds—when he comes back again."

"When he comes back again!" repeated Susannah, bitterly. "He will not come back."

Nor did he. They waited dinner—half an hour—an hour—Austin was so certain that his brother had "turned over a new leaf"—except, perhaps, in punctuality at meals. They then sent down to the village in search of "the gentleman who had been at the rectory," not saying "the rector's brother," lest he might be found at the public-house, though that was unlikely, drink not being one of Hal's besetting sins. But they found him nowhere. He had vanished—probably by some field path to the nearest railway station—with the check in his pocket; and nothing more was heard of him for years.

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NAPLES, FROM POSILIPPO.

NEAPOLITAN SKETCHES.

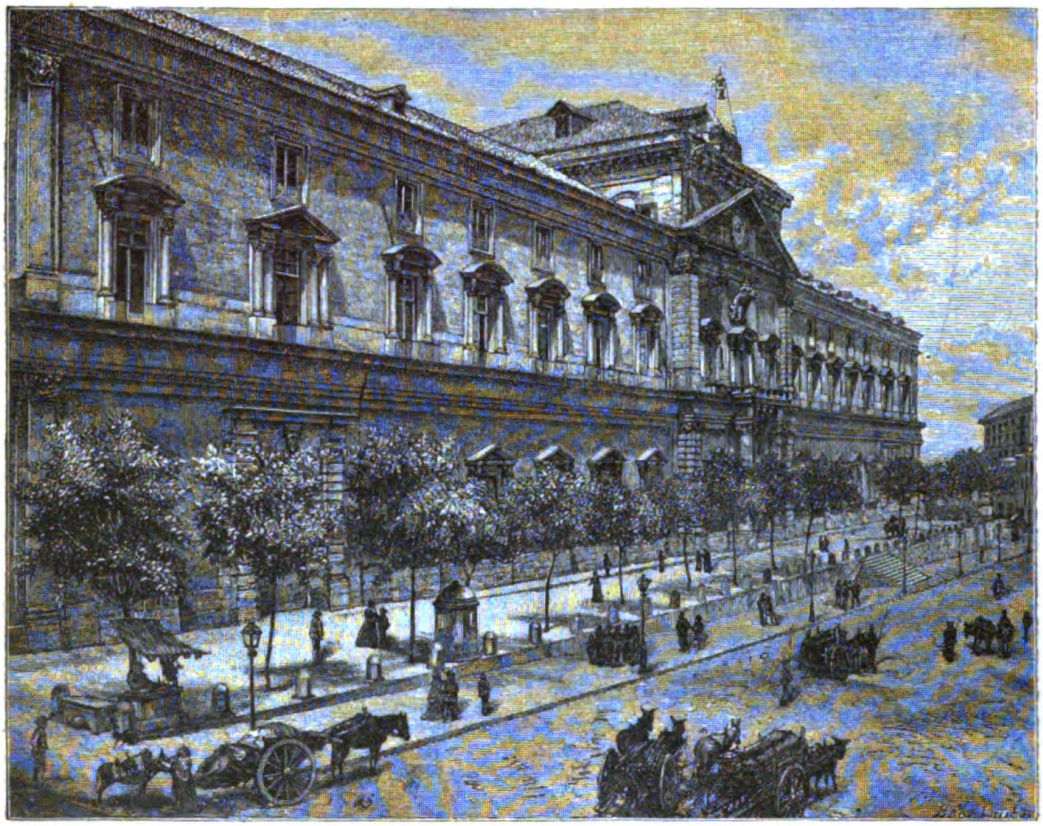
BY MARY E. VANDYNE.

LET the reader who does not know southern Italy or Naples picture to himself a city the leading characteristics of which are music, perfume, and color. In spite of all that has been said and written of the filth, squalor, and disgusting smells of Naples, and the too suggestive if not absolutely exact story of the English traveller who said that if the fleas could have been "quite unanimous" they would have dragged him out of bed, the fact still remains that this city is for beauty of situation and sensuous fascination one of the wonders of the world. Italy has majestic Rome, Florence, the centre of the glories of the Renaissance, and Venice, the Queen of the Adriatic, to be proud of; but for luxury, for brilliancy, for natural beauty and lazy enjoyment, Naples stands alone, and has stood alone from the time when the Cæsars set their seal upon it as a spot where all care might be laid aside, and existence become one protracted hour of soft delight.

Naples is a blaze of color. There seems to be a strife forever going on between nature and the inhabitants as to which shall produce the most gorgeous effects. Nature is responsible for the brilliant blue of the bay, the splendor of the sky, the varied greens of the olive and the vine wherewith the hill-sides are clothed, and the bright tints of the flowers which spread themselves like a carpet in every public park and garden. Man is responsible for the red and yellow buildings and the general gorgeousness of coloring which characterizes nearly every object, from the fresco on a ceiling to the cap of a beggar. I am writing in a room where the gilding on the walls is positively dimmed by the orange-yellow of my bed-cover, and the roses on my table are put to shame by the brilliant crimson of furniture and hangings. By an effort I have shut out the sunshine, but no curtains will keep out the heavy breath of the orange grove beneath my window, or the sound of the bagpipe, lute, and mandolin that now at ten o'clock in the morning have begun the song that will not cease until after midnight.

It would seem that Naples has been long enough on the face of the earth to be old and worn and shabby. Her history extends back to a very remote age.

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THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.

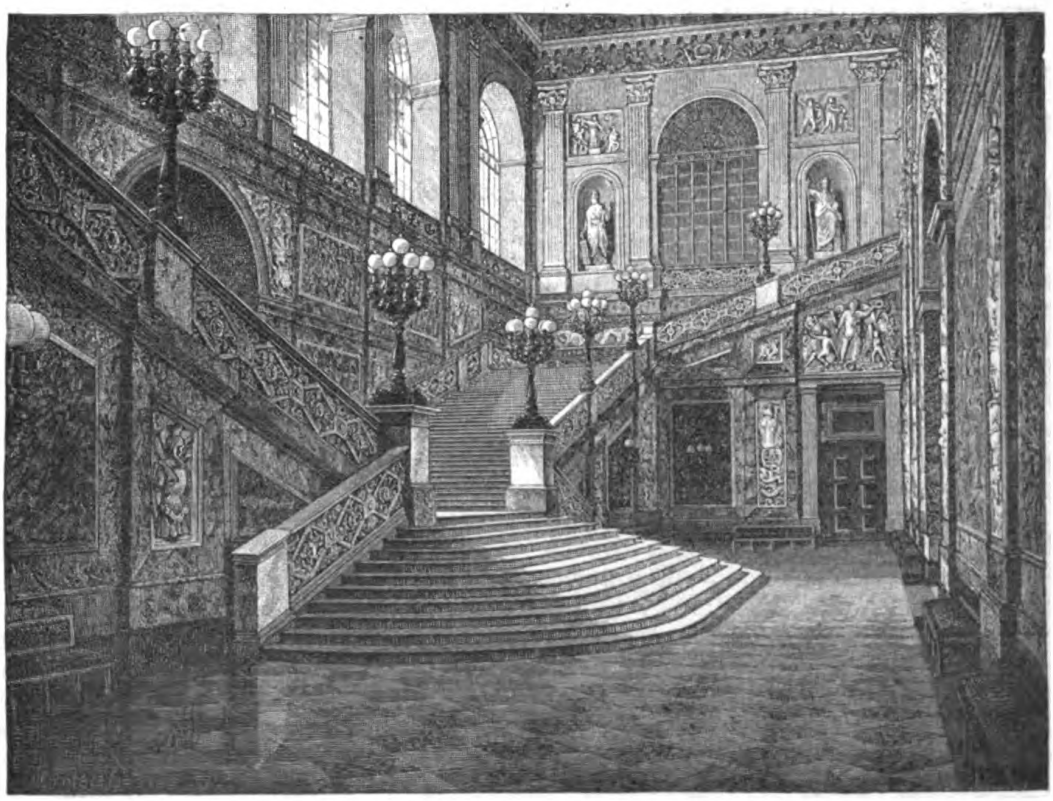
We read that somewhere about the year 1056 B.C. certain Æolians came from Chalcis in Eubœa and founded the colony of Kyme, or, in Latin, Cumæ, on a rocky eminence in the bay of Puteoli. The town of Puteoli, now called Pozzuoli, is to-day a suburb of Naples. It was the principal seat of the Jews in Italy. From Cumæ the colony Phaleron, or Parthenope, named, according to the elder Pliny, after the tomb of a siren of that name, seems to have emanated at a very early period, and to have been re-enforced at various times by emigrants from Greece. The latter founded the Neapolis, or new city, while Parthenope, the portion erected by the original colonists, was named Palæopolis, or old city, a distinction maintained until the conquest of Palæopolis by Rome in 326 B.C. Owing to the beauty of its situation, Naples soon became a favorite residence of the Roman magnates, but it continued to enjoy its municipal freedom and its Greek constitution. Its inhabitants spoke the Greek language, and were long distinguished by their attachment to the manners and customs of their ancestors. It was on this account, according to Tacitus, that Nero selected Naples as a place wherein to make his début on the stage, such a proceeding being less offensive to the prevailing sentiment among the people here than at Rome.

Wherever Rome went, she took her engineers with her. Naples, taken possession of by the Mistress of the World, felt at once the creative and adjusting impress of her touch. Public works were undertaken, roads were built, and to-day the visitor makes his way through the city and about the suburbs by way of thoroughfares built for the convenience of emperors. Among these undertakings the most remarkable are perhaps the tunnels that pierce their way through the great hill of Posilippo, which separates the town from what remains of Cumæ. One of these is called the Grotto of Posilippo, wrought—so mediæval legend tells us—by the magic arts of Virgil. Scholars insist that it was an outcome of the prolific age of Augustus; and Seneca and Petronius, writing in the time of Nero, speak of it as

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a narrow and gloomy pass. Alfonso I., about 1442, conceived the brilliant idea of enlarging it by lowering the level of the road, and a century later Don Pedro de Toledo caused it to be paved. Modern improvement has lighted it with gas, and today the long narrow passage, 757 yards in length, with a height varying from 87 feet at the entrance to 20 feet in the interior, and a breadth of between 20 and 30 feet, is the main thoroughfare between Naples and the small suburban towns lying toward the west. Just before the traveller enters the mouth of the gas-lit cavern he passes the tomb of Virgil. There is nothing but probability and local tradition to prove that the ashes of the Latin poet once rested here. No trace remains of the hallowed urn, but there can be no doubt that Virgil once lived and wrote upon the hill of Posilippo. Beyond the tomb, at the entrance of the passage, stands a small chapel, and in the interior are others, where the faithful stop and say a prayer. There are certain days in March and November when the sun sets directly in a line with the Grotto of Posilippo, illuminating the entire length of the gloomy cavern.

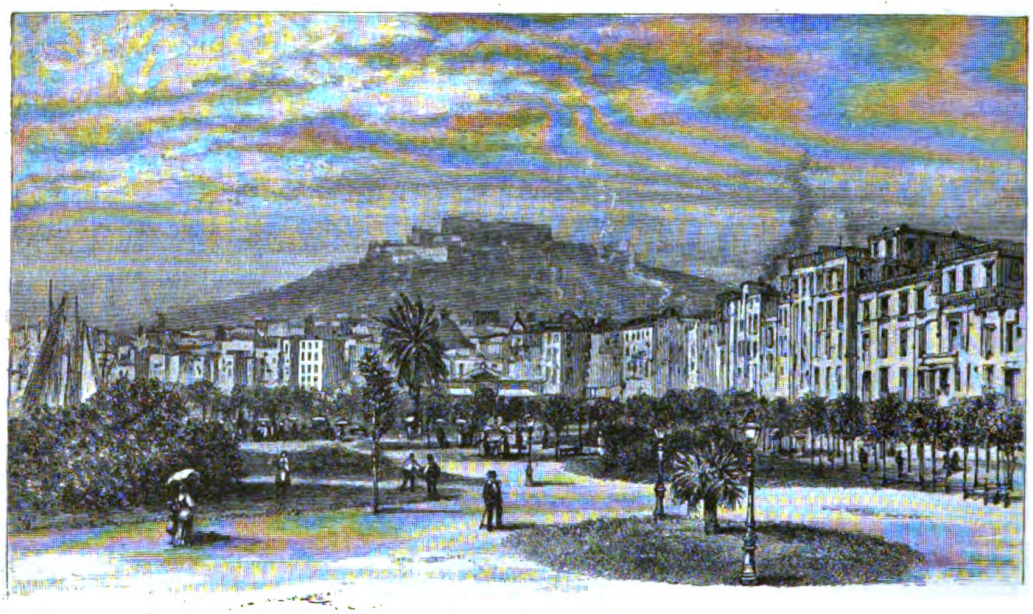
Naples owes little of her attraction to her buildings. Her National Museum was originally a cavalry barracks, erected by the Viceroy Duke of Ossuna in 1586. Subsequently it was ceded to the university, which was established there for a time, but in 1790 it was fitted up for the reception of the royal collection of pictures and antiquities. The museum contains treasures of antiquity from Herculaneum and Pompeii, together with rare objects from all parts of the world. The collection is unrivalled. Besides the various objects taken from the two great buried cities, it includes the Farnese collection from Rome and Parma, those of the palaces of Portici and Capo di Monte, and also treasures resulting from the excavations at Rome and Stabiæ.



STAIRCASE IN THE ROYAL PALACE.

Naples abounds in royal palaces. There are five in the city and suburbs, which the traveller may visit at pleasure, provided they are not at the time occupied by any

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THE VILLA NAZIONALE.

member of the royal family, simply by procuring a card from some one in Naples willing to vouch for his respectability and decent behavior within such hallowed precincts. Of these the grand Palazzo Reale is the largest, and most magnificent in its interior decorations and details, though on the outside it is a plain and monotonous building. It is situated in the midst of the city, in the Piazza del Plebiscito—so called from the popular vote which in 1860 united Naples with the rest of Italy. This palace, designed by the Roman architect Domenico Fontana, was begun in 1600 under the Viceroy Count de Lemol. It was burned in 1837, but some four years sufficed to complete the restorations. On visiting it we were first conducted by an obsequious guide up a side staircase to the Garden Terrace, which extends along the whole length of the palace, 185 feet, and affords a fine view of the harbor and arsenal immediately below. The magnificent grand staircase, constructed entirely of white marble, and adorned with reliefs and statues, dates from 1651. On the side toward the piazza are situated a small theatre and a superb dining-room. In the centre of the latter formerly stood a magnificent cradle, presented by the city of Naples to the present Queen Margherita in 1869. Beyond this apartment is the throne-room, furnished with crimson velvet embroidered with gold. The embroidery was made at the Neapolitan poor-house in 1818.

Adjoining the Palazzo Reale is the theatre of San Carlo, the native home of Italian opera.

Naples has a most beautiful public park. It was laid out just one hundred years ago, and has been enlarged and embellished and improved, until now it is one of the most attractive pleasure-grounds in the world. The Villa Nazionale, as it is called, or more frequently La Villa, was formerly a narrow strip of land close to the sea, but, like the Hollanders, the Neapolitans wanted more room for their flower beds and promenades, and they forced the waters back, planting long avenues of trees where the waves once danced and rippled. The grounds are all arranged in the profusely ornamented style characteristic of Italy, and imported trees and shrubs mingle their green with the splendid foliage natural to this favored clime. The most noticeable are the magnificent palms, which spread their fan-like branches more than a hundred feet above the heads of the passers-by. The statues which adorn the park are many in number, but they are chiefly imitations of ancient and modern works, and are sadly wanting in the merits of the originals. Formerly the celebrated group of the Farnese Bull stood in the Villa, but it was removed to the museum for preservation, and replaced by a large antique basin from Pæstum. Virgil and Tasso have here temples to their honor. During the early part of the day the Villa is

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comparatively deserted, but in the afternoon or evening, when the daily concerts take place, the scene is one of life and gayety almost beyond description. An Italian crowd is the brightest and gayest to be seen anywhere this side of the gorgeous East; and the Neapolitans bring their worship of light, perfume, and color to its utmost culmination in their daily promenade in the Villa.

In the centre of the Villa stands a large white marble building, the celebrated Aquarium of Naples. It belongs to the Zoological Station, and was established by the German naturalist Dr. Dohrn for the purpose of facilitating a thorough scientific investigation of the animal and vegetable world of the Mediterranean. The greater part of the expense was borne by Dr. Dohrn himself, but the German government has repeatedly contributed large subsidies. Several prominent English naturalists have also presented the institution with important sums.

The inhabitants of Naples number nearly half a million souls. Yet in spite of the generations of men of different races—Greeks, Goths, Byzantines, Normans, and modern peoples—that have dwelt in this beautiful region, Naples has rarely attained even a transient reputation in the annals of politics, art, or literature. All succumb to the alluring influences of the situation and the climate.

There are few people in the world with whom it is more difficult to arrive at anything like familiar acquaintance than with the higher class of Neapolitans.



EXTERIOR OF THE GROTTO OF POSILIPPO.

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THE PUBLIC SCRIBE.

They are exclusive to the last degree. Their pride seems to be in their birth, their lineage, the magnificence of their *entourage*, and the display they can make. The common people are at once the most careless, the most indolent, and the most indigent of the human race. Yet there is nothing that seems to be capable of depressing permanently the buoyancy of their spirits. Not all the political tempests that have swept over Naples, not the oppression of tyrants, or the terrible ills resulting from indolence, stupidity, and vice, have sufficed to take from its inhabitants the feeling that existence is a boon from the great Ruler of the universe for which they are deeply thankful, and which in their easy, unthinking, uncalculating manner they intensely enjoy.

The street scenes of Naples are a study in themselves, and would entertain a traveller for days even if he never entered a building. The curious garbs of the ecclesiastics, who seem to form a large proportion of the inhabitants, the grotesque appearance of the street venders, with their wares piled up above their heads, and hanging to all parts of their bodies, the brilliant dresses of the middle-class women, and the fantastic costumes of the beggars, who are picturesque in their very nakedness, give variety to the scene. The cat's-meat man, with his viands strung on a long pole, from which he detaches a piece and carves it with his knife for each of his four-footed clients, is a most extraordinary sight. The public scribe, protected from the rays of the sun by an umbrella, as he sits at a table inditing a love-letter, perhaps, for a Neapolitan damsel as beautiful as she is illiterate, is useful as well as picturesque. Another remarkable personage is the cigar scavenger, who at night goes about with his lantern hunting for old stumps, which he sells to manufacturers to be converted into the filling for fresh cigars. To these may be added the zampognari or bagpipers, and a host of other curious characters, ranging anywhere from a cardinal, attired in crimson and riding in a gilded coach, to a baby, bound up, after the manner of Neapolitan babies, in the straitest of swaddling-clothes, and looking more like a roll of linen just come from a draper's shop than a human being.

The advent of the zampognari in Naples always heralds the approach of one of the more important Church festivals. They come from their distant homes in the mountains of the Abruzzi to Naples and the surrounding towns to celebrate the Immaculate Conception and the ad-



ZAMPOGNARI PLAYING BEFORE A PUBLIC SHRINE.

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vent of Christmas. Wearing pointed felt hats, wrapped in long brown cloaks, under which occasionally appears a goat-skin jacket adorned with large metal buttons, their legs encased in tight-fitting breeches as far as the knee, and their feet

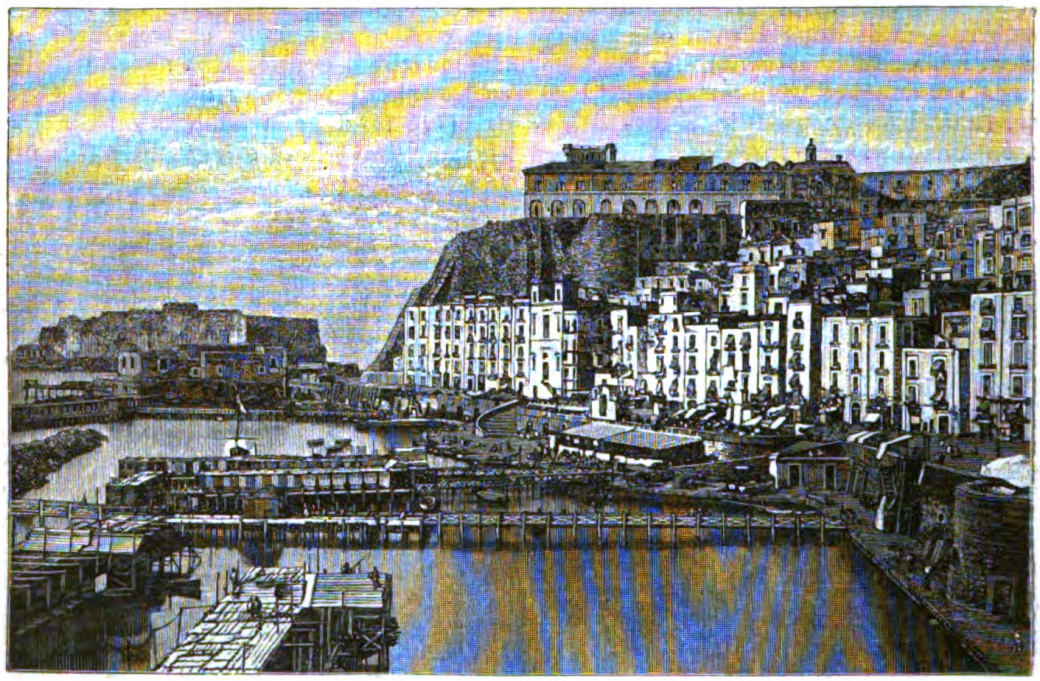


ZAMPOGNARI IN THE STREET.

adorned with rags fastened by leather thongs about the ankle and calf, they are most picturesque objects. Thus attired, the zampognari go from house to house, singing and playing before the little gilded images of the Virgin and the Child, and stopping before the street shrines, where they repeat their monotonous song. On Christmas Eve, when there is a spirit of liberality abroad, the zampognaro usually receives a large number of coppers, and as much in the way of food and drink as his stomach can accommodate. When the festival is over they return to their mountain homes, there to pass their time as laborers or shepherds until the next occurs. The bagpipers of the Abruzzi frequently act as models, their picturesque costume adapting itself readily to artistic purposes.

A capital place to study some of the leading characteristics of Neapolitan life is along the broad and pleasant thoroughfare of Santa Lucia. This is another part of the city reclaimed from the sea. To the east of the long embankment and bridge which connect the shore with the rocky island whereon stands the Castel del' Ovo stretches what was once a long and narrow strip of dirty sand, but is now a broad and handsome quay. Scenes of Neapolitan life may be witnessed here in perfection. The huts of the fishermen which once decorated the strand have given way to wharves and bridges, and handsome palaces form a background to the view from the water. But the people still claim a right to make this their lounging-place, the focus of the scene being a small promontory which is reached by a flight of steps, and where an elaborate fountain plays. Here, too, are the fish and oyster stalls, where passers-by may make a meal off the luxuries so expressively styled by the Neapolitans *frutti del mare*. The number of these aristocratic oystermen—for the majority traverse the city to sell their wares, carrying them in small baskets—is very limited, as the business and good-will can only be transmitted from father to son, or by extraordinary merit when the position is vacant. The stands are painted green, yellow, or black, and surmounted by sign-boards, on which

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SANTA LUCIA AND CASTEL DEL' OVO.

the names of the owners are inscribed in large letters, and followed by such imposing words as "Ostricaro d' Europa," "Ostricaro fisico," etc.

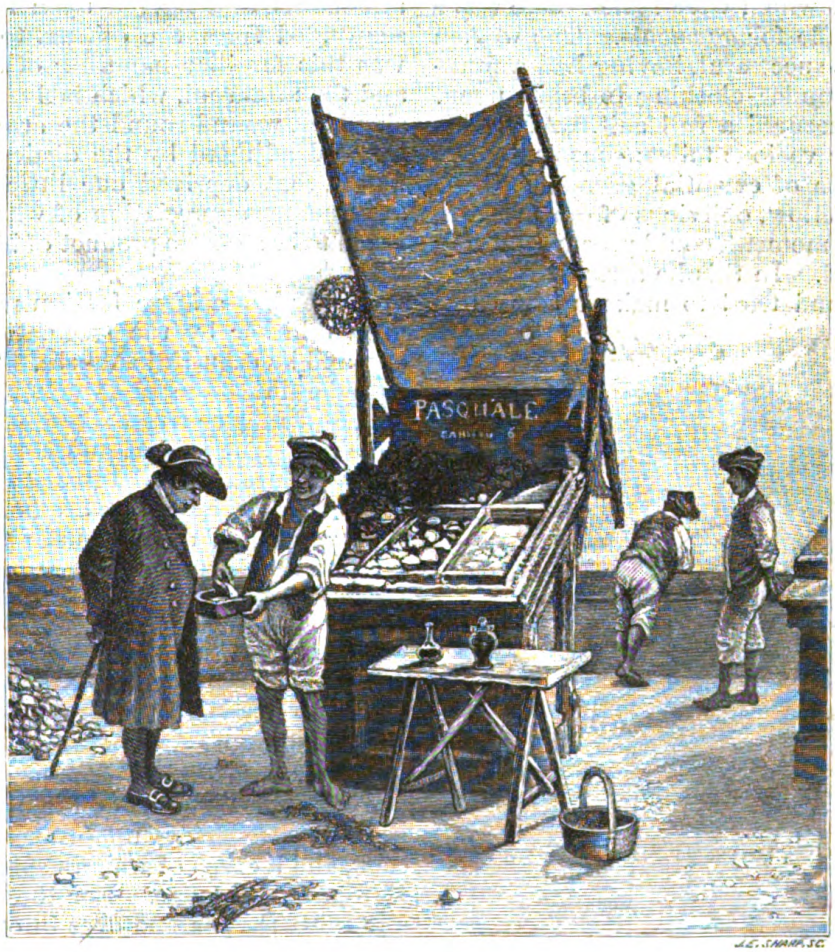
The lower class Neapolitans live positively in the street. They occupy the thoroughfares with more than the determination shown by the upper classes in keeping out of them. In Naples it is not so much the quarter in which one lives—though certain parts of the town are always avoided by decent people—as the height at which one lives. The third and fourth stories of a building, for instance, will be occupied by families of considerable means, while in the rooms opening upon the street two or three poor families will be huddled. One room is, indeed, abundant space for the accommodation of a poor Neapolitan family, and sometimes they even take several boarders within its limits. This, so to speak, renders necessary the appropriation of a portion of the thoroughfare, and it is not at all unusual to see the single apartment filled up with beds, while the cooking stove, the dinner table, and the pots, pans, and dishes are accommodated in the street. The Neapolitan never hesitates to perform any part of his toilet in the street. He combs his hair or changes his clothing, the women nurse their infants, and adults and children hunt for uncomfortable insects on each other's heads and garments, with the utmost carelessness as to spectators.

These people are quite as fond of operatic and theatrical entertainments as are their superiors, and Naples abounds in theatres, concert halls, and shows of all kinds. The theatre San Carlino, the diminutive of San Carlo, and the home of the famous Pulcinello, to whom it was dedicated in 1770, is perhaps the most popular among these places. Pulcinello is a most amusing personage, and of most ancient lineage. He is usually attired in a loose jacket and exceedingly baggy linen trousers, with a pointed cap and a small black mask that conceals the upper part of his face. In character he is a vivacious sort of wag, cunning and foolish, cowardly and quarrelsome, good-humored and malicious, caustic, lazy, gluttonous, and thievish. The image of Pulcinello is said to have been found in Herculaneum, and near the Esquiline at Rome. He also appears on ancient Etruscan vases, and in the frescoes taken from Pompeii. His name changes frequently; it may be Aniello, Cinella, or Fiorillo; but his character remains the same. The performances at San Carlino generally turn upon domestic infelicities of some kind—conjugal quarrels, disputes in regard to property—

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and the incidents are nearly always of a comic nature. Pulcinello is the life and soul of the whole, and generally succeeds in amusing a not overdifficult audience by his sharp speeches and ludicrous pranks.

The manner in which the people of Naples are supplied with food is most amazing to a stranger. The markets are peri-



THE OYSTERMAN.

patetic, and donkeys are the motive power. Indeed, without the donkey, it seems as if the whole business of living in Naples would be brought to a stand-still. Articles of every description are conveyed from house to house by him. He is loaded with wine and water, for in Naples the drinking water is all procured from certain fountains, and sold by carriers; he carries bushels of vegetables piled in panniers, and spread upon shallow baskets, until nothing but his nose and tail are visible; and he draws loads piled on primitive carts, which, whatever their weight may be, are at least a dozen times his own bulk. In his leisure moments the donkey takes his master, and frequently two or three members of the family, for a ride upon his back.

A staple article of food in all Italian families, as is well known, is macaroni. Having been convulsed with laughter one day by a sweet little American woman, who drew an immense endless attenuated pipe-stem into her mouth, and then announced, "It's peculiar, but very nice—where does it grow?" we organized a party to visit a macaroni factory. Our innocent little friend went with us, and has never eaten macaroni since. Nearly all the places where this commodity is produced are outside Naples, but a short drive brought us to a manufactory on the road toward Torre del Greco. We were re-

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ceived with *empressement*, not only by the proprietor, but by the whole staff of employés. The business of manufacturing macaroni is warm work, and the climate of Naples, save for three or four months in the year, excessively hot. As a general thing, there is a great indifference to the matter of clothing shown by the employés of such establishments; but on the appearance of a party of foreigners, two of whom were ladies, there was a grand scuffle for garments. The women were most successful, having had a foundation of under-clothing to begin upon. One boy secured a full suit. After this there were various toilets conspicuous by the absence of essential garments, while one poor fellow, oblivious of our presence to the last moment, could procure nothing but a towel. In this he arrayed himself, however, and tried to make up by extra



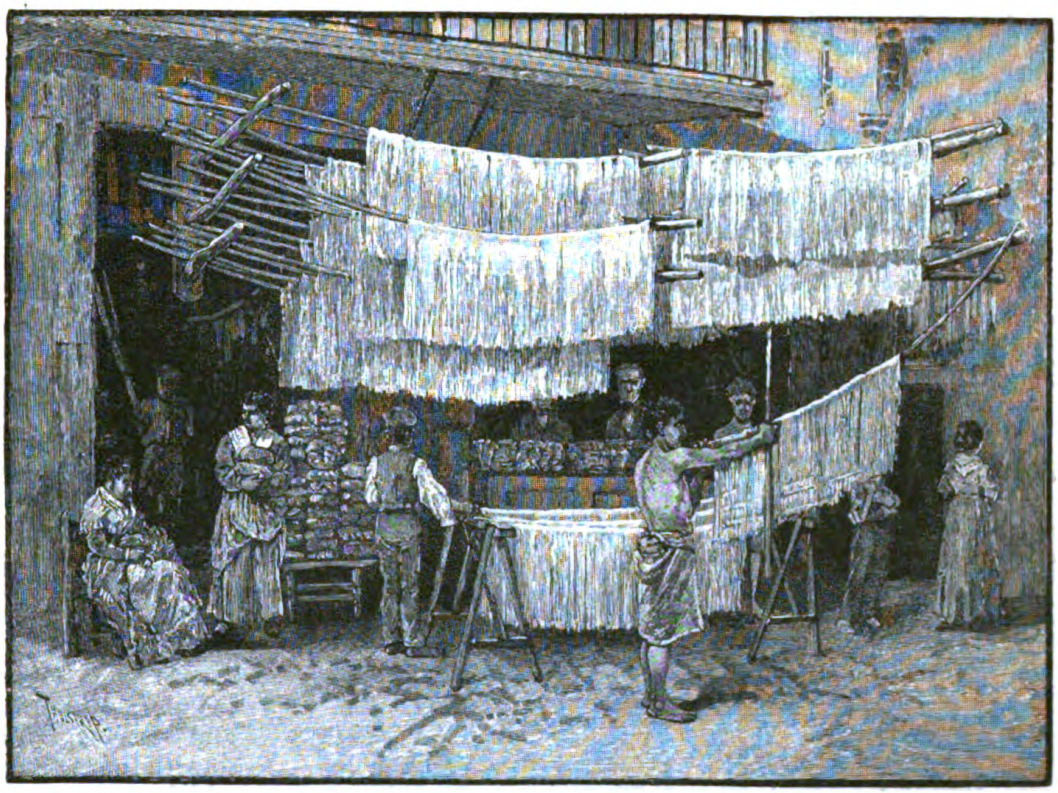
PULCINELLO IN A QUANDARY.

courtesy for what he lacked in the way of apparel. The process of manufacturing macaroni is very simple. The ground meal is mixed with water, kneaded or beaten by an immense wooden beam, and then transferred to the press. A perforated plate beneath, through which the dough is forced by means of a ponderous lever, produces the article. Upon this plate depends whether the macaroni has a diameter large or small, or whether it is flat like a ribbon. The sizes and varieties are many, and each is endowed with a different Italian name. When it issues from the press it is, of course, moist and limp. Large armfuls of it are seized by various attendants, and ranged upon long poles, suspended from the ceiling, to dry. It was this familiar handling of the dough and the macaroni, which is flung over the shoulder, wound round the arm, and patted and adjusted by the dirtiest of dirty hands, that deprived our little friend of any further appreciation of what she had taken to be a chaste product of Mother Nature.

Naples has a large foreign population, drawn hither by the fascination of the city and its beautiful suburbs. There is a considerable colony of Americans and English, and four or five Protestant places of worship. The largest and handsomest is Christ Church, situated in the Strada San Pasquali, where services are held on Sundays and saints' days, and the Holy Communion administered weekly by the English chaplain.

The city offers attractions as a permanent residence, if we except the few extremely warm summer months. The cost of living may be arranged very much as one pleases. There are the expensive hotels, arranged precisely on the plan of all other hotels throughout the world, with velvet carpets, heavy upholstery, a French cook, and a corps of waiters speaking any European language. For these luxuries one must pay, as one does in other large cities of Europe, anywhere from $3 to $5 per day, according to the length of stay. The Neapolitan *pension*, which is the refuge of a very large number of foreign residents, is usually kept by an English woman who has married an Italian, and found that he can not support a family without her assistance. At a *pension* one must pay from $1 to $2 per day. A very pleasant way of living in Naples is to take an apartment, the price of which varies according to the situation and number of rooms. A well-situated, comfortable apartment, with five furnished rooms, can be obtained for about $20 per month. Meals can then be procured either by going to or having them sent in from a trattoria,

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MAKING MACARONI.

or restaurant. By going out, an excellent breakfast, and a dinner of four or five courses, with wine included, may be had at a cost of from eighty cents to a dollar per day. Housekeeping may be conducted at a moderate expense, meat and vegetables selling at low rates, and servants' wages ranging from two to eight dollars per month.

The business of living having been arranged, the person must be difficult to please who can not pass his time comfortably, and with no small degree of satisfaction to himself, in Naples. There is opportunity for occupation and amusement of every kind. Days may be passed in the museum, where the treasures of art are inexhaustible, and where there is a library open to the public which contains some 200,000 volumes and 4000 manuscripts. The number of excursions that may be made to different points of interest in the city and its environs is almost without limit. To the west, beyond Posilippo, lies ancient Pozzuoli; Baiæ, once famous as a watering-place, now silent and deserted; the baths of Nero, the chambers of which were heated by steam from a natural spring; the famous Lake Avernus, across which, ancient story tells us, no bird could fly without meeting death; and last, but not least, the terrible river Styx. To the east are greater wonders. Here Vesuvius sends her clouds of smoke to heaven by day, and her glowing fires by night; Pompeii emerges from her twenty centuries of burial, and Herculaneum and other cities stand three deep upon the plain. Every foot of earth is classic ground, and replete with memories of the various races that have had their habitations here. When all other sources of entertainment have failed, hours may be passed in drifting about the shores of the bay, of which the poet Rogers writes:

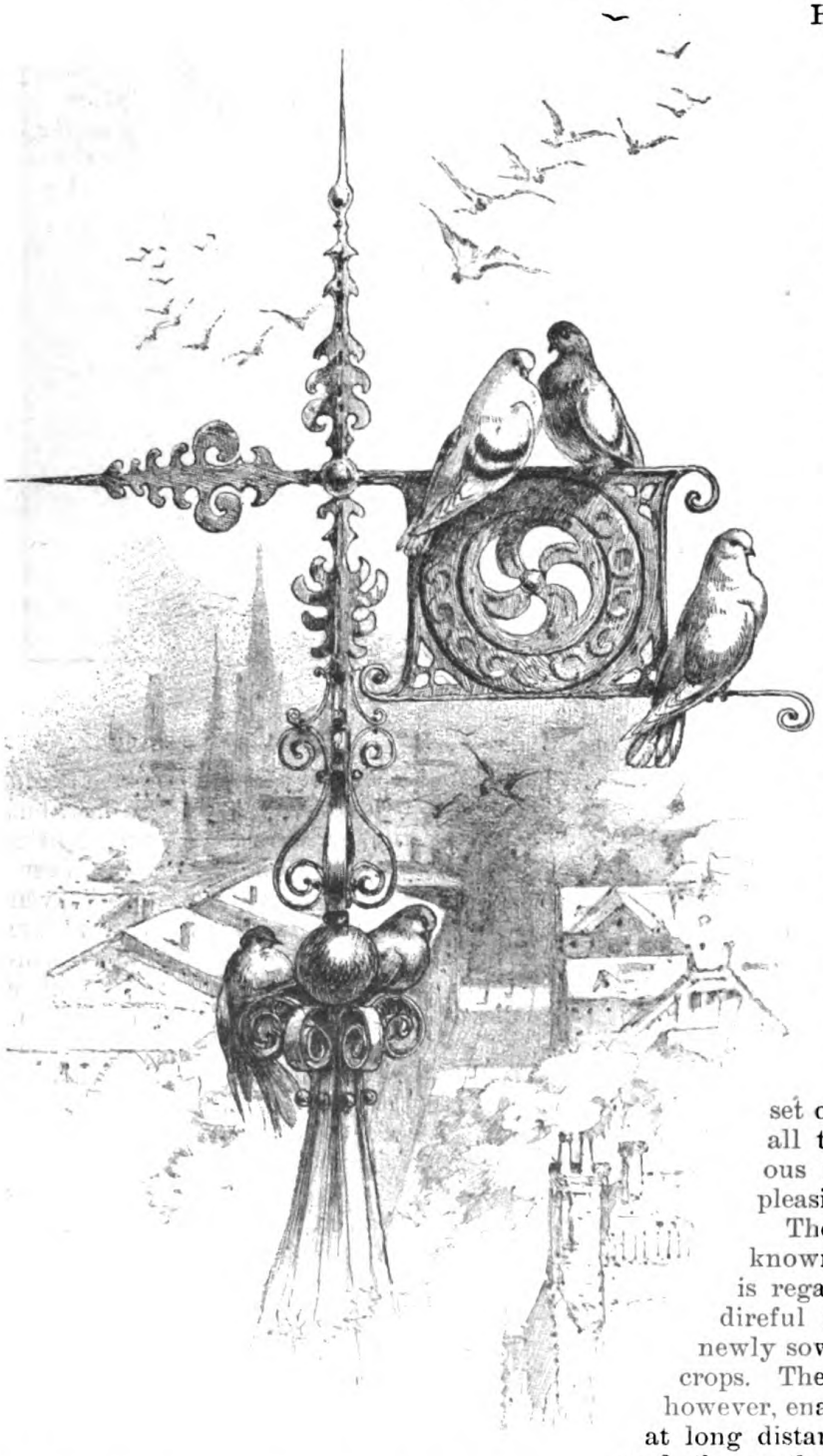
"Not a grove,
Citron or pine or cedar, not a grot,
Sea-worn and mantled with the gadding vine
But breathes enchantment. Not a cliff but flings
On the clear wave some image of delight,
Some cabin roof glowing with crimson flowers,
Some ruined temple or fallen monument,
To muse on as the bark is gliding by."

Naples the beautiful has the same fascination to-day that she had when Cicero and Lucullus built their villas here, and when the potentates of Greece and Rome left their great capitals to pass their days in indolence and luxury upon her shores.

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PLEBEIAN AND ARISTOCRATIC PIGEONS.

BY F. SATTERTHWAITE.



THE hobby of keeping pigeons comes down to us from a remote period. In this country the pigeon has always been a favorite, in the cities and towns as well as in the rural districts. But although it is almost always associated with the poultry-yard, its domain there is on an entirely different footing from that of the chickens, geese, and ducks. Of these, tribute is demanded and exacted. Not so with the pigeons, which are often permitted to increase without molestation, their graceful presence alone being considered a sufficient return for the expense.

These birds, like all other domestic fowl which are allowed to roam at their own sweet will, are nothing more or less than a set of mongrels; but, for all that, they are vigorous in their flights and pleasing to look upon.

The pigeon is a well-known forager, and hence is regarded by many as a direful marauder upon the newly sown fields or ripening crops. The rapidity of its flight, however, enables the bird to feed at long distances from its home, and the restlessness which it exhibits while on the ground precludes the belief that a bird which is provided neither with a bill nor feet to dig or scratch with, will do any serious damage in any one locality. From careful observation it is thought that the pigeon picks up only the grain which lies uncovered, and that it does not harm the farmer nearly as much as the birds whose homes are in the fields and in the woods. The rearing of common

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pigeons has therefore been found to be remunerative by a large number of persons, especially in the country districts close to our large Eastern cities. Many of the cots are kept up solely for supplying the various pigeon-shooting grounds, and a still larger number for the market. For these two purposes the common barn pigeons only are used. They have no individual intrinsic value. A healthy pair of these birds is not worth more than fifty cents, and unlike the fancy birds which are kept in lofts and are well fed, the barn birds which fly out and shift for themselves, feeding on every variety of food, are much less prolific. At best, the hen will not lay oftener than six times a year, nor do barn pigeons ever attain a greater age than fifteen years. Therefore, to make the keeping of common pigeons pay, the pigeon dealer must depend upon numbers, and devote some care to the rearing of his squabs; for, after all, a pigeon over six months old, whether potted or baked in a pie, is found to be objectionably tough and unsavory.

Of late years in America, as in Europe, where squab-raising has been carried on for many years, pigeon-keeping is becoming a substantial industry. From time immemorial, in England, the pigeon pie has been regarded a national institution. In America, while there was an abundance of so many choice varieties of game, the pigeon pie was less thought of; but now that the game supply begins to diminish, we may expect to see the squab usurp the position formerly occupied by the woodcock and snipe. The extraordinary demand in England for squabs has led to their importation in very large numbers from Germany and France. These are taken by professional feeders and fattened in a peculiar manner. I remember once witnessing the process in operation in London. The feeder was an elderly man with flabby, sallow cheeks and protruding eyes, long matted hair, and his general appearance was that of a man who had just emerged from a coat of tar and feathers. In his youth he had been one of the chief performers in the *Passion Play* at Oberammergau, but in the sere and yellow leaf he had degenerated into a "squab fattener," in which calling he was eminent. In a tub of water was a quantity of millet and split peas. The feeder crammed his mouth with them until his cheeks swelled out to hideous proportions. Catching up a young bird and inserting its open beak between his lips, the feeder injected its crop full, and in a second you could see, as Mr. Tony Weller would remark, "it a-swellin' wisibly before your wery eyes." The astonished bird at once assumed a complacent look. With the greatest rapidity bird after bird was picked up and the food thus blown into each. The feeders get about two cents for each dozen birds thus fed, and when it is remembered that they can fill a bird with a rapidity which excels the mechanical bottling of soda-water, it is easily seen that the professors are enabled to earn a tolerably good living at their novel calling. The birds are fed by this process twice a day, and in several days become fat and very tender.

Leaving the plebeian pigeon to be artificially crammed and introduced to the world as a "Philadelphia squab," we ascend to the higher platform where perch the birds of gentle lineage. Of these there are at least one hundred breeds, with an indefinite number of varieties as to feathering and color. Prominent among them are the English carriers, pouters, barbs, owls, fan-tails, blondinettes, satinettes, and tumblers. These are among the most valuable of the fancy pigeons. The trumpeters are also a valuable breed, while among the cheaper breeds known in this country are the turbots, swallows, ice-pigeons, nuns, and magpies. The owls are distinguished as the smallest breed, and the runts, which belie their name, and are known to have weighed two and three-quarter pounds, are the largest.

The "pigeon fancy" is of great antiquity, and thousands of cases could be culled from the classics to show with what earnest admiration and care several of the famous breeds were regarded in ancient times. Fulton says that the cultivation of fancy pigeons "is the pursuit of ideal beauty in its highest forms; it is the constant effort to approach a standard of perfection impossible of attainment; it is progress ever approaching completion, yet never completed, toward a beautiful shadow which ever and anon seems within reach, yet which is never grasped." The same conscientious exponent also compares the breeder of fancy pigeons with the enthusiastic and painstaking floriculturist who seeks to develop the beauties of his ideals. Thus it is that

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the true pigeon fancier is anything but a mercenary mortal, and his pets assume under his care the same position in the world as the orchids of the floriculturist, valued far more highly by the producer than by the world which looks on and wonders at their surpassing loveliness.

In this country the "pigeon fancy" dates back some fifty years. Recently its growth has been immense, and millions of dollars are invested in perfecting the fancy and toy breeds, which are scattered broadcast over the land.

There is not a more beautiful decoration to the lawn of a country residence than a collection of the principal breeds of toy birds. To appreciate this thoroughly one has only to visit the "loft" of Mr. Bunting Hankins, at Bordentown, New Jersey, and inspect his famous prize-winners.

"Look," he said to me, when I made him a visit early last spring: "there are ten pair of white African owls, for which I can readily get $1000. They are as near perfection in their class as twenty horses would be that could each trot his mile in 2.09½. What you see at one glance it has taken me over twenty-five years to produce. I paid $125 a short time ago for a pair of birds of this breed, which I imported from Tunis, Africa, simply to make a comparison with the birds of my breeding, and the new-comers were far from approaching the same high standard."

At the time Mr. Hankins was speaking, the green lawn alongside of the "loft" was covered with over a hundred white Scotch fan-tails, of both the booted and plain-leg varieties, which the owner values at from $20 to $100 a pair. It will therefore be seen that the intrinsic value of some of the fancy breeds of pigeons is very great. In Europe $1000 is frequently paid for a pair of pouters or English carriers. These are generally the winners at one or more of the principal shows.

The success, of course, of the pigeon fancier depends upon the proper management of his "loft," and the judgment he exercises in the mating of his birds. A hobby of this kind, especially when carried out on a grand scale, requires unceasing attention, and a thorough practical knowledge of the thousand and one things to be secured and to be avoided. As Mr. Hankins's "loft" is unquestionably a model in its way, a brief description of it will indicate how birds should be bred and kept.

The "loft," as the pigeon-house is called, is located in a large garden. The front has a southerly exposure, necessary to the welfare of the birds. The house is made of a frame-work of wood and iron, the front being entirely of glass. The building is fifty feet long by twenty-five feet wide, and nine feet high. The "fly," as the yard and lawn which surround the "loft" is called, is seventy-five feet long and thirty feet in width. This on all sides is hemmed in with wire netting, and roofed with the same material.

The loft contains 200 cages for toy birds, placed on tiers of six shelves arranged on the sides and back of the loft, besides two centre tiers with cages on both sides. Each cage is 2 feet deep by 3 feet 4 inches in length, and 1 foot 6 inches in height. These are faced with wire netting of 1½ inch mesh, and each provided with a wire door. Between the two centre tiers is a large fountain bedded with coarse gravel, in which the water is constantly changing. It is shallow enough to admit the birds to bathe, wade, and drink. The floor of the building, which is on the ground, is of cement. In winter a stove is used, and the temperature of the loft is kept at 60°.

Each cage contains a nest box 15 inches square, painted white, the front being of glass. The nest boxes for the fan-tails and owls are each provided with two nestings.

In the side of each box is a round hole nine inches in diameter. The boxes, which are supported by four legs, are movable.

There is a slide in the bottom of each nest box to permit the removal of the nest. The floors of the cages are cleaned every day, and then sprinkled with white beach sand. The nests are composed of salt hay, cut fine, and wet with a solution of carbolic acid to keep away vermin. It may be interesting for fanciers to know that this admirable solution is made by dissolving one pound of crystallized carbolic acid in two gallons of hot water. It then can be best used by means of a bottle with a split cork.

A great many fanciers advocate the keeping of their birds, while nesting, in dark boxes. This is the old-fashioned style. Mr. Hankins, however, originated and advocates the use of the glass-fronted nest boxes, whereby the birds are kept in the light, and thus can be watched at all times. The change has succeeded admirably. It was at once found that it caused the birds to become very tame, and even

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A PIGEON LOFT.

when strangers visited them they were less wild and "flighty." Moreover, as a result of the experiment, the birds increase one hundred per cent.

The visitor on entering the "loft" is astonished at the tameness of the birds. They come clustering about his feet, and some of the boldest will make free to perch on his head and shoulders. There is a continuous roaring of wings of the five hundred mated pigeons, a chorus of "cooing," and the "flip-flap" of the tumblers. Every fan-tail is a Turveydrop in its way, and a model of deportment. Their struttings and posturings are very amusing to witness. The floor is covered with some dozen breeds, which suggest to the mind of the novice the unavoidable mixture of much blood. It is soon explained to him, however, that once the birds have mated—which is done by placing the cock and hen in the same cage or contiguous cages for a few days—they are inseparably wedded to each other for life.

There is joy in the family when Mrs. Pigeon deposits her first egg. Proudly she stands over it to prevent its premature hatching, for, on the third day after, she

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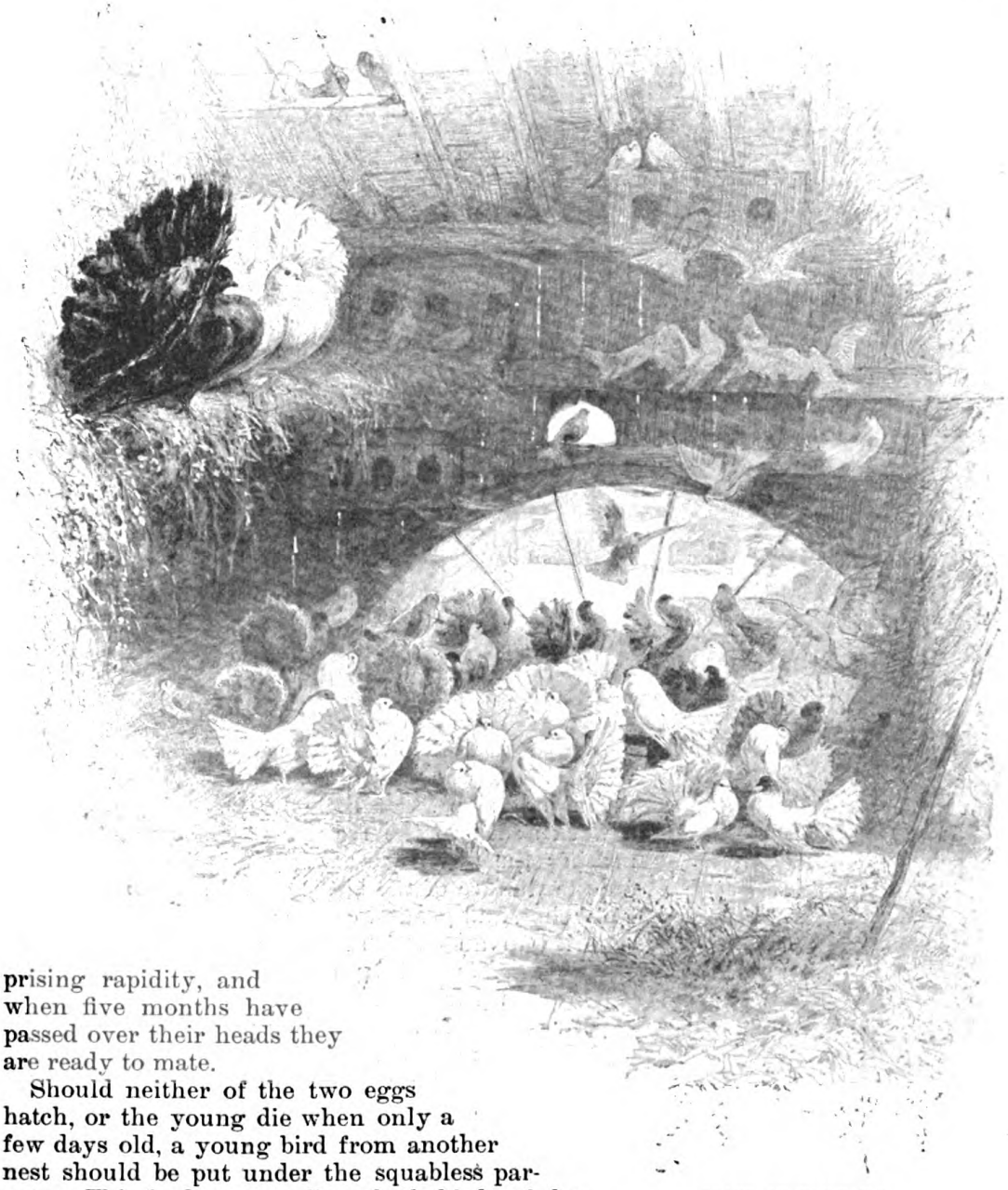
intends to lay another. This done, she nestles down upon the twain, and blandly receives the compliments of her spouse. During the eighteen days which is the period of incubation Mr. Pigeon is a paragon of devotion. He even takes his turn in sitting on the eggs. The hen generally sits from five o'clock in the afternoon until nine o'clock in the morning, and then she trips off to chat with her neighbors, while the cock at once takes her place on the nest. In rare instances when the hen bird displays carelessness in returning to her nest at the proper hour, the cock bird will go in search of her, and by pushing and pecking oblige her to take wing, when he drives her back to her nest, and then stands guard over her.

Five days before the eggs hatch, the old birds begin to secrete a soft milky substance in their crops. This is partly digested food, and is in reality the veritable "pigeon milk," regarded by so many as a myth. The younglings, which are almost always a male and female, on emerging from the shell are beyond question the most helpless and hideous offspring in the domestic animal kingdom. For ten days both parent birds feed, in turns, their offspring, taking the young birds' bills in their own, and by a pumping action ingesting this soft food into the young birds' crops. On this food the young birds grow with sur-



POUTERS, CARRIERS, AND BARBS.

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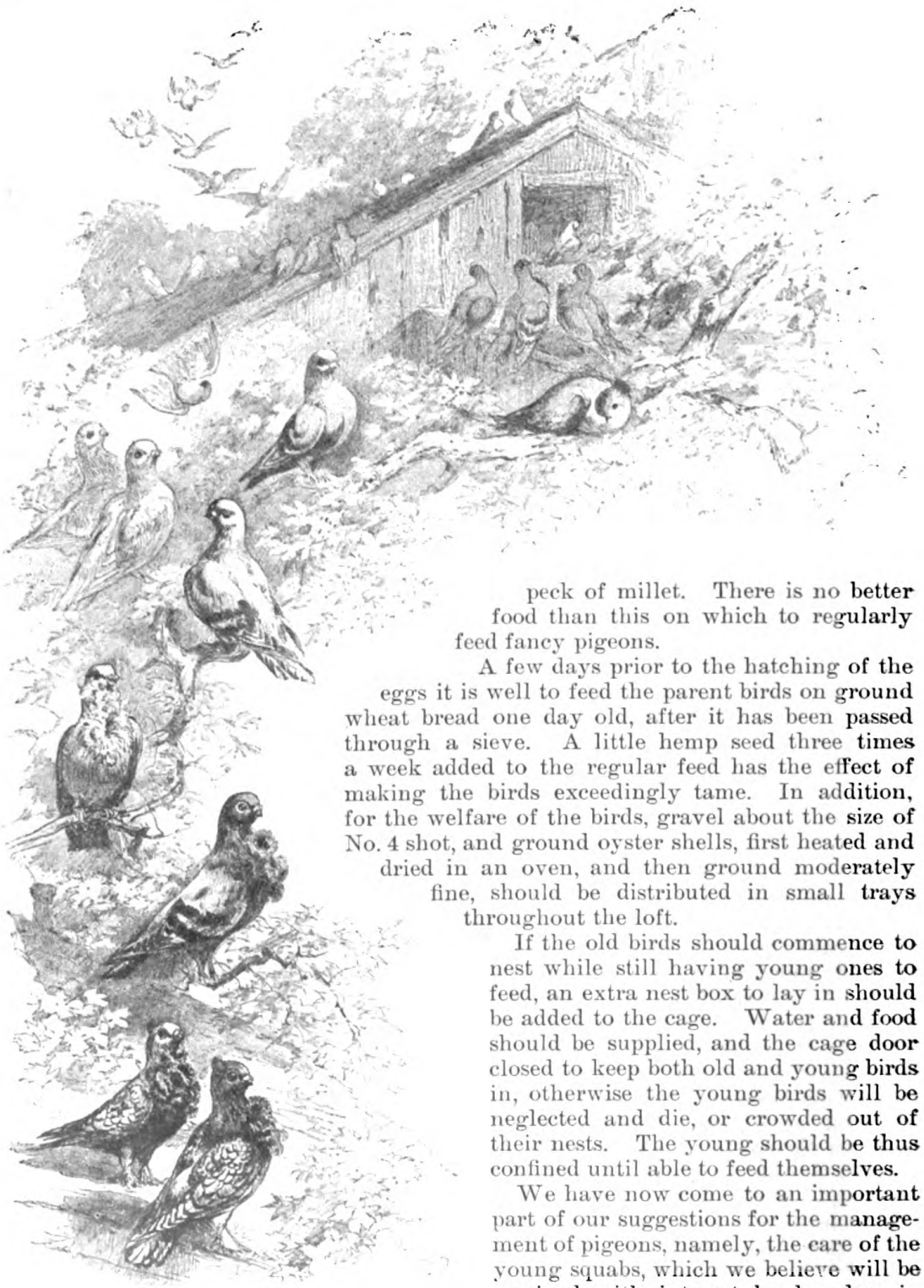
GROUP OF FAN-TAILS.

prising rapidity, and when five months have passed over their heads they are ready to mate.

Should neither of the two eggs hatch, or the young die when only a few days old, a young bird from another nest should be put under the squabless parents. This is done to relieve both birds of the soft food which, even if their young live, remains in their crops for exactly ten days after the eggs are hatched. If, however, it is neglected to give the old birds this means of relief, in their next subsequent hatching both eggs will miss, and again if no young bird is given to them to rid them of the soft food, the old birds at once commence to "grow light," and invariably die. The young bird is the only known means of relief, no artificial means having been devised to perform the same functions.

A good pair of "loft" pigeons will, with care, breed ten pairs of birds a year, this being four pairs in excess of the produce of barn birds, which, as already stated, lay not over six times in a twelvemonth. The "loft" birds moult in the spring and autumn, and during these periods do not breed. Good quality of food has much to do with the success of raising pigeons. After twenty-five years' experience, Mr. Hankins has found the following to be a mixture best suited to our climate: one bushel of Canada pease, one bushel of cracked Indian corn, half a bushel of the very best wheat (not screenings, which are unsatisfactory), and one-quarter of a

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TOY PIGEONS.

peck of millet. There is no better food than this on which to regularly feed fancy pigeons.

A few days prior to the hatching of the eggs it is well to feed the parent birds on ground wheat bread one day old, after it has been passed through a sieve. A little hemp seed three times a week added to the regular feed has the effect of making the birds exceedingly tame. In addition, for the welfare of the birds, gravel about the size of No. 4 shot, and ground oyster shells, first heated and dried in an oven, and then ground moderately fine, should be distributed in small trays throughout the loft.

If the old birds should commence to nest while still having young ones to feed, an extra nest box to lay in should be added to the cage. Water and food should be supplied, and the cage door closed to keep both old and young birds in, otherwise the young birds will be neglected and die, or crowded out of their nests. The young should be thus confined until able to feed themselves.

We have now come to an important part of our suggestions for the management of pigeons, namely, the care of the young squabs, which we believe will be received with interest by breeders in this country. The young birds require to be watched daily. The owner should make the rounds of the "loft" both morning and evening, and should be on the alert that the young birds are being well fed and are exempt from sickness. When the value of the birds and the success of the enterprise are considered, and when so much is at stake, it seems unnecessary to advocate untiring vigilance. Pigeons fall heir to as many ailments as human be-

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ings; neglect will cause a terrible mortality, but by attention and proper treatment most young birds can be reared. In Mr. Hankins's "loft" when I visited it, out of over five hundred birds there was not a sick one.

In the earlier stages of the squab's life it is frequently subject to colds. Arising from these, when the bird is about ten days old, canker appears in its throat. It forms a hard yellow pus, and is discerned by the fancier on opening the beak and holding the bird in a strong light. The only sure way to relieve and save the bird is by this method, which is known to but very few, and which we confidently recommend as being the most successful ever adopted: Hold the young bird in one hand, and with the thumb and forefinger pressing against its jaws, open the mouth to its greatest extent, then, with the bent portion of a small hair-pin run down the throat, pull out the canker, which can be done by an upward scraping movement. The throat should then be swabbed out with a camel's-hair brush, using Munsel's persulphate of iron in liquid, diluted with a little pure water. The young bird's crop should then be filled by means of a glass syringe charged with cooked oatmeal such as is used on the table. In going the rounds of the loft in the evening, those young birds which have not been properly cared for by their parents should receive a similar dose from the life-saving syringe.

Much has been said and written about the proper methods to pursue to insure successful results in breeding. The main point to be observed is to secure good birds in the first place, and then use discretion and judgment in making the crosses. The breeding of toy pigeons is conducted on the same principle as breeding horses and dogs. The defects of the birds must be studied and overbalanced by proper crosses. That this is Mr. Hankins's method is apparent from the fact that at the second annual show of the New York Fanciers' Club, held at Madison Square Garden, he secured seventy prizes out of an entry of seventy-four pairs of birds, all of which were bred in his loft. In pigeon-breeding the birds generally get their constitution from their mothers, and knowing this, the breeder can either weaken or strengthen the breeds he has in hand. Owls and tumblers are always interbred to produce small and weak birds; still, the infusion of new blood is necessary when the strain becomes too weak or sickly. Barbs, pouters, and English carriers, which are termed the high-grade birds, should never be interbred, even in the most remote degree. The "toys," which include the owls, blondinettes, satinettes, parlor tumblers, magpies, nuns, fan-tails, swallows, turbots, German helmets, and ice-pigeons, are all more or less interbred.

The carrier-pigeon, in the opinion of many high-grade bird-fanciers, stands pre-eminent; and as a model bird of this breed embraces so many "points" or "properties," to create a perfect one is almost impossible. A proper carrier should measure about seventeen inches from tip of beak to end of tail. The beak wattle is considered by the "fancy" to be the most important quality, and next to it the eye wattle. The bird is bred in a variety of colors, such as whites, blacks, duns, blues, and dun pieds. Its name, "carrier," strange to say, sadly belies the bird, for of almost all the breeds it is the least adapted to carry messages. The extravagant prices which first-class specimens of this breed command have already been mentioned in this article.

The pouter, though confessedly one of the best known and most popular birds in England, is not as well known in America. Of it Mr. George Ure, of Dundee, Scotland, in *Cassel's Illustrated Book of Pigeons*, writes: "The pouter is beyond question one of the very finest of all the fancy pigeons; in fact, if those who tell us that *all* our fancy birds are derived from the blue rock are in the right, then I would say he is at the very top of the whole, as no bird has been bred showing such a divergence from the original type as the pouter, and therefore no bird shows the amount of *breeding* which it does. This is apparent, whether we look at the extraordinary length of limb, the wonderful crop, the great length of feather, or the thin girth and lightness in hand (the last is a sure test of a well-bred bird, for no highly bred pouter carries much flesh); and, in addition, the lovely colors and beautifully arranged markings all combine to form a most beautiful and striking-looking bird. They are also very gentle in temper and easily tamed." The standard colors of the pouter are yellow, pied blue, red, and black.

The barb, which was first known in

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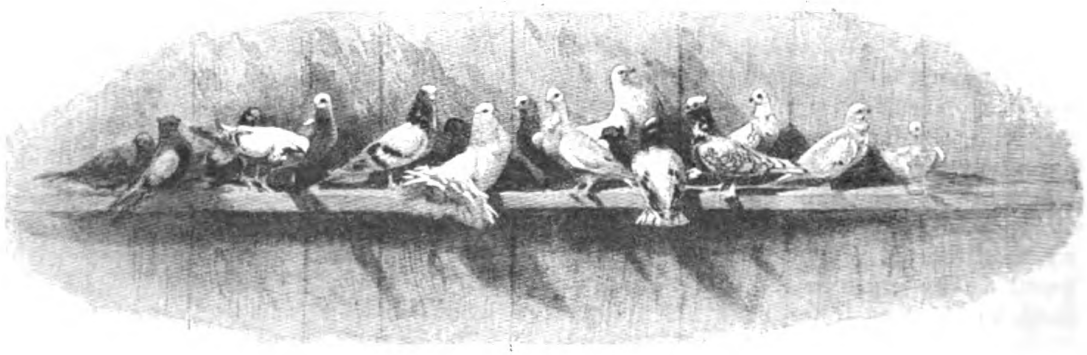
Shakespeare's time in England as the Barbary pigeon, has admirers in this country. The chief points of this bird lie in its head. The birds are small in size, and in color are white, yellow, dun, red, and black. Good pairs range in price from $10 to $100.

The owls, next to the English carriers and pouters, command the largest price of all the toy breeds. They were first introduced in England, coming from Tunis, Africa. The finest specimens weigh but from five to eight ounces each. They are remarkably aristocratic and docile birds, and stand foremost among the "toy" breeds. White African owls with black and blue tails are valued at from $20 to $100 a pair. In color they are white, silver, blue, red, yellow, and black. The Chinese variety is called the sacred bird of China; their colors are the same as the African birds, and they are nearly as valuable. Another variety is the English owl, whose standard colors are black, red, yellow, blue, and silver.

The fan-tails are divided into a number of varieties, such as white Scotch fan-tails, both booted and plain-legged; black booted fan-tails, originally imported from Calcutta; red fan-tails with plain legs, and black fan-tails with plain legs. They are valued at from $20 to $100 a pair, and are a most showy and beautiful bird, whose carriage of head and swan-like neck are regarded of the utmost importance. The pretty blondinettes and satinettes, with their lovely pencilled plumage and grouse-muffed legs, are called Oriental birds, and are natives of Turkey.

The breed of tumblers includes a large number of varieties. In solid colors they are white, black, red, yellow, and also black mottled, yellow mottled, and red mottled. From incessant interbreeding for many generations, Mr. Hankins has been enabled to create a variety which he calls "parlor tumblers." These birds can not fly but six inches from the ground, and in this attempt they turn a complete double somersault.

In closing we may say that if our eyes and ears do not misguide us, the charming custom of breeding choice pigeons will soon attain the same popularity in this country as it now enjoys in England and on the Continent.



EAST ANGELS.

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"YES, I have waited. But it was because I have been trying to—to arrange something," Margaret answered.

She had taken her hand from the old pillar; she stood erect now, with the white shawl she was wearing folded closely round her.

"Something nicely calculated to make me suffer more, I suppose. I haven't been punished enough for speaking as I did."

"It wasn't anything that concerned you."

"That everlasting self-possession of yours, Margaret—what a thing it is! Here I come upon you suddenly. You're not a hard-hearted woman at all, and yet, thanks to that, you can receive me with-

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out a change of expression; you can see all my trouble and grief, and talk to me about arrangements."

"You asked me—you accused me—" Her calmness was not as perfect as he had represented it.

"What are these arrangements?" he said, abruptly.

"Do you think we had better talk about them?"

"We will talk of everything that concerns you. But don't be supposing I haven't heard. I have seen Aunt Katrina, and forced it out of her. I know you intend to go back to Lanse—intend to go to-morrow."

She did not reply.

"You don't deny it?"

"No, I don't deny it."

"And these arrangements?" His face had a dull white hue of suffering under the bronze which the surface always wore.

"I—I had thought of living here."

"Here, at East Angels, you mean? Oh, you wish to bring *him* here? An excellent idea. Aunt Katrina, then, would not be separated from her dear boy, and Lanse and his retinue would fit in so nicely among all the comforts and luxuries we have between us collected here. Yes; I see. It was my place, to be sure, in the beginning. I selected it—the house—Gracias—the whole. But I can go away, of course, and stay away. I can leave it to Lanse, to the devoted colony of his admirers, who want free range here to make him comfortable."

There was a quiver for an instant in Margaret's throat, though her face did not alter. "My only thought was that perhaps it would be more of a home for me," she answered, looking off over the green open space and the thicket beyond it.

His hardness softened a little. "Of course it would. That is, if you *must* take up that slave's life again. But I am not yet convinced that you are really going to do it."

"I am convinced."

"It will kill you."

"Oh no; it won't be so simple as that. It would be simple enough to die: the difficult thing is to live. And I shall live—you will see; I shall live to grow old. I feel it."

"It will be death, all the same, Margaret—a death in everything save the actual drawing of your breath."

"Yes, it will be that."

"You acknowledge it?"

"Why should I deny it?"

Her eyes were still turned away. He changed his position so that he could have a better view of her face. It was immovable.

"You would let me come and see you now and then?" he said, beginning again. He spoke in what he himself would have called a reasonable tone. "I could help you in a good many ways. Of course, in saying this, you will understand that I agree to accept Lanse—as well as I can."

"You must never come." There was no quiver now; her voice was firm.

"Do you really mean that?"

"I mean it unalterably. Forever."

"It's because I spoke as I did—this is my punishment. But if I promise never to speak in that way again?"

"You must not come."

"Tell me just what it is you intend to do: we'll have it out now. Tell me the whole—you needn't spare."

"After to-day, I wish—I intend—never to see you again—that is, alone. It is hard that you should make me speak it out in so many words."

"Oh—make; you are capable of saying whatever you please without being made. Whatever will do me the most good and hurt me the most—the two are synonymous in your opinion—that is what you delight in."

She stopped. She had turned away with her hand over her eyes.

"You are not as strong as you thought you were; it does hurt you, Margaret, after all, to say such things to me."

There was an old stone seat, with a high back, near the pillar. She sank down upon it, her hand still over her eyes.

"What you wish is to have me leave you—tire you and vex you no more. But I can not go quite yet. I tell you that I will accept Lanse, as well as I can; I promise never again to open my lips as I did that day on the palmetto—island; and still you are going to shut your door in my face, and keep it shut; and you assure me it is forever. This is unreasonable—a woman's unreason. And it's an insult, too, as though I were not a safe person to have about. Why shouldn't I come occasionally? What are you afraid of? You will be surrounded by all your safeguards, your husband at the head. But your own will is a safeguard no human power could break; you are unassail-

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able, taken quite by yourself, Mrs. Lansing Harold."

She did not look up.

"And you wouldn't be able, either, to carry it out—any such system of blockade," he went on. "Aunt Katrina would send for me; leaving that aside, Lanse himself would send. Lanse doesn't care a straw what my real opinion of him may be, so long as he can get some talk, some entertainment out of me, and it will be more than ever so now that he is permanently laid up. And if you should tell him of my avowal even, what would he say? 'Of course you know how to take rubbish of that sort'—that is what he would say. And he would laugh delightedly to think of *my* being caught."

Still she did not stir.

He walked off a few paces, then came back. "And here, again, Margaret, even if you should be able to influence both Aunt Katrina and Lanse against me, do you think that would prevent my seeing you—I don't mean constantly, of course, but occasionally? Do you suppose I would obey your rules—even your wishes? Not the least in the world. I should always see you, now and then, in some way. I shouldn't make myself a public annoyance. But—I give you warning—I shall never lose sight of you as long as I breathe, as long as I am alive."

Her hand dropped at last. She looked up at him.

"Yes, I see you are frightened; you wish me to let you go—escape, go back to the house and shut yourself up out of my reach, as you usually do. But this time I'm merciless; I feel that it's my last chance; you can not go (you needn't try to pass me) until you have given me some further explanation of that fixed idea of yours not to see me again—not to see me in spite of your many unassailable protections (including yourself), and my own promises."

She sat there, her eyes on his set, insistent face.

"Why do you make me more wretched than I am?"

"Because I can't help it. There is a reason, then?"

"Yes." She had bent her face down again.

"I thought so. And I am prepared to hear it," he went on.

His voice had altered so as he brought this out that she looked up. "What is it you expect to hear?" she asked, almost in a whisper.

"It's a new discovery, I admit—something that has only just come to me. But it explains everything—your whole course, conduct, which have been such a mystery to me. You love Lanse; you have always loved him. That is the solution. You haven't been truthful in pretending that you didn't. I suppose no woman in such a position as yours could be expected to be truthful. You love him; that is it—you love him so that, in spite of the insult of his long neglect of you, his second desertion, you are glad to go back to him. There have been such cases among women, and yours is one of them. But you do not wish *me* to see the process of your winning him over, or trying to, now that he has at last condescended to come home; so *I* am to be sent away."

She got up. "And if I should say yes to this, acknowledge it, that would be the end? You would not wish to see me again?"

"Don't flatter yourself. Nothing of the kind. Recollect, if you please, that I love you. With me, unfortunately, it's for life. You may be weak enough—depraved enough, I might almost call it—to worship Lanse. Do you suppose that makes any difference in my worshipping you? Do you think it's a matter of choice with me, my caring for you as I do? Do you think I enjoy being mastered in this way by a feeling I can't overcome—I who have always mastered other people and things and circumstances, and have never been mastered myself?"

"I am going to tell you my life," she said.

"I know it already. How beautiful you look!"

"I ought to look hideous." She walked about restlessly for a moment or two, and finally stopped, facing him, behind the old stone seat. Her clasped hands rested on the high top.

"It will make no difference what you say. I can tell you that now," he said, warningly.

"I think it will make a difference. You are not cruel."

"Oh yes, I am."

"I never loved Lanse," she began, hurriedly. "In one way it was not my fault; I was too young, too—too immature to appreciate what love meant; I was pecul-

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iarly immature in my feelings—I see that now. But in other things I had high ideals, too high, probably, as girls are apt to have.

"When the blow came, the blow of my discovering—what Lanse has already told you, I was crushed by it. I had never known anything of actual evil. All knowledge of that sort had been carefully kept from me.

"He told me to 'take it as a lady should.' He seemed to have no idea of a moral view of it.

"I had no mother to go to, and I was very young. I felt instinctively, even then, that Aunt Katrina would be of no use. In the overthrow of everything I had depended upon, the best I could think of to do was to hold on to one or two ideas that were left, and that seemed to me right, and one of these was silence; I determined to tell nobody what had really happened; I would be loyal to my husband, or rather to my marriage, as far as I could be, no matter what my husband was to me.

"So I went back to Aunt Katrina (as Lanse preferred). And I told nothing.

"I have no doubt I appeared cold enough. In the beginning there *was* a good deal of coldness, though there was always suffering underneath; but later it wasn't coldness, it was the constant effort to hide, to crush out of existence. I had thought my life difficult, but I had yet to learn that there was something more difficult still. I had not loved Lanse—no; but now I was finding out what love meant, for—for I began to love—you."

Winthrop started, the color rushed up and covered his face in a flood; in his eyes shone the light of a transforming happiness which had never been there before. For this man, in spite of his successes, had never attained much positive happiness for himself in life; Lanse, Lucian, many another idler, attained more. Happiness is an inconsistent goddess, by no means has she always a crown for strenuous effort; very often she seems to dwell longest with those who do not think beyond the morrow; there she sits and basks. However, she had come to Winthrop now, and royally, bringing him that which he cared the most for. He thanked her by his glowing face, the ardor in his eyes.

"It's nothing to be glad about," Margaret had said, sadly. "It's only another trouble. I tell you because I can't endure that you should believe of me what you thought—about Lanse. And also because I am weak—yes, I confess it. You said you intended to see me, follow me. But now that you know how it is with me, you won't do that."

Winthrop's face remained triumphant. "Strange reasoning, Margaret."

"The best reasoning. So long as it was only you, you could do as you pleased. But now that you know that—that others will suffer too—" She paused. "I am sure I have not trusted you in vain?" she said, appealingly.

But he shook his head; the delight still animated him. "You can trust me in any way; I won't take advantage; that is, not now; I won't come a step nearer. But you needn't try to make me think, Margaret, that it's not something to be glad about—to know that you care for me." He laughed a little from his sheer satisfaction; then, in his old way, he put his hands compactly down in the pockets of his coat, and stood there looking at her.

"Is it anything to be glad about—my wretchedness?" she asked, strengthening herself for the contest.

"It makes you wretched? Strange!"

"I am so wretched—I have been wretched so long—that only my firm belief that my Creator knows best has enabled me to live on, has kept me from ending it."

"Why should you be more unhappy than I am? Nothing could make *me* end my life now."

She looked at him in silence.

"If you look at me in that way—" Winthrop began.

She left her place. He stood where he was, watching her; but he was not paying much heed now to what she was saying, or to anything that he might reply. He had the great fact. Man-like, he was enjoying it. It was enough for the present—after all these years.

She seemed to see how little impression she had made. She came back to the old stone a second time to complete her story. "I tried so hard—I was so glad when I saw how you disliked me—"

"It wasn't dislike."

"I thought it was. And I was miserably glad. What did I take charge of Garda for but because I thought you loved her? That should be my penance; she should be like my own sister, and I would do everything that I possibly could for her, for her sake and yours. She was so very beautiful—"

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He interposed here. "Yes, she was beautiful; but beautiful for everybody. Your beauty is dearer, because it is kept back, in its fullest sweetness, for the man you love."

But no blush rose in her face; she was too unhappy for that. She was absorbed, too, in trying to reach him, to touch him, so that he would see what must be, as she saw it. "I did all I could for her," she went on, earnestly—"you know I did. I tried to influence her, I tried to love her. And I did love her, in spite of everything—there is much that is fascinating in Garda. And I was sure, too, that she cared for you—"

"It isn't everybody, you must remember, that has your opinion of me," interrupted her listener, delightedly.

"But she herself had told me—Garda had told me. However, I begin to think now that I have never comprehended Garda at all."

"Don't try."

"But I love her just the same. That afternoon when she was on her way to Madam Giron's to meet Lucian and I took her place, it seemed to me that day that a wonderful opportunity had been given to me suddenly to complete my penance to the full, and crush out my own miserable folly. I could save her in your eyes (I thought she meant no harm, she was only lawless), and I could lose myself. For, after that, you could have, of course, only contempt for me. I believed that you loved her; I didn't see how you could help it; I don't see very well even now. And I believed, too, that under all her fancies—I confess they seemed to me strange—her real affection was yours, or would come back to you."

"All wrong, Margaret, the whole of it. Overstrained; morbid, too."

"It may be so. I was very unhappy, I had brooded over everything so long; at least I was trying to do what was best. Next Lanse came back. And that was a godsend."

"Godsend!" said Winthrop, his face darkening.

"Yes. It took me away from you."

"To him."

"You have never understood—I was only the housekeeper—he wished to be made comfortable, that was all. It was infinitely better for me there."

"Infinitely! You looked so well and happy all that time." His joyousness was all gone now; anger had come again into his eyes.

"I could not be happy. How could I be? But at least I was safe. Then he left me that second time, and you were there; that was the hardest of all."

"You bore it well! I remember I found it impossible to get a word with you. The truth is, Margaret, I have never known you to falter. You are not faltering in the least even now. I can't quite believe, therefore, that you care for me as you say you do. You certainly don't care as I care for you; perhaps you can't. But the little you do give me is precious; for even that, small as it is, will keep you from going back to Lanse Harold."

"Keep me from going back? What do you suppose I have told you this for? Don't you see that it is exactly this—my feeling for *you*—that sends me, drives me back to him? On what plea, now, could I refuse to go? The pretense of unhappiness, of having been wronged?" She paused. Then rushed on again. "The law—of separation, I mean—is founded upon the idea that a wife is outraged, insulted, by her husband's desertion; but in my case Lanse's entire indifference to me, his estrangement—these have been the most precious possessions I have had! If at any time since almost the first moment I met you he *had* come back and asked for pardon, reconciliation, promised to be after that the most faithful of husbands, what would have become of me? what should I have said? But he did not ask—he does not now; I can only be profoundly grateful."

"Yes; compare yourself with a man of that sort—do; it's so just!"

"It is perfectly just. I am a woman, surrounded by all a woman's cowardice and nervousness and fear of being talked about; and he is a man, and not afraid; but at heart—at *heart*—how much better am I than he? You do not know." She stopped. "I consider it a part of my offense against my husband that I have never loved him," she added.

"The old story! Go on now and tell me that if you had loved him, he himself would have been better."

"No, that I can not tell you. Even if I had cared for him, I might have had no influence." She spoke with humility.

"You sweet woman—" He left his place.

She moved back.

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"Don't be afraid." He stopped where he was.

"Lanse knew perfectly that I did not love him, and never had loved him; he knew it when I didn't," she went on. "And I really think—yes, I must say it—that if I had cared for him even slightly, he would have been more guarded, would have concealed more, spared me more: in little things, Lanse is kind. But he knew that I shouldn't suffer, in that way at least. And it was quite true. My real suffering — the worst suffering—has not come from him at all; it has come from my feeling for you. At first I had plans —I was too young to give up all hope of something better and brighter for myself, some time, in spite of what had happened. But my plans came to an end; as soon as I knew—discovered—that I was beginning to care for you, all my plans turned to keeping in the one straight track that lay before me. I did not think I should fail—"

"I can well believe that!" he interrupted.

"Oh, do not be harsh to me! you do not know. You think my will is strong. But oh! it isn't—it isn't. When Lanse left me that second time, and you were there, I knew then that there was nothing for it but to go, go as far from you as possible; anything less, no matter how I might disguise it, would be staying because I wanted to stay. And I did try to go; I would not stop at that hotel when I saw you on the shore—I went back to the empty house. You kept saying, 'Who should help you, under this blow, if not I?' But you were the last person. And it wasn't a blow—that was the horrible part of it; it was freedom, joy. I dared not stay then. I *will* not now."

"You do well to change the terms," he answered, with unsparing bitterness. "It's nothing but will to-day, whatever it may once have been. I don't believe about your not daring; I don't, in fact, believe—that is, fully—anything you have said."

"Very well; why, then, should I stay here talking longer? You must let me go." She left the place and entered the orange grove, which she was obliged to pass through on her way to the house.

But he overtook her; he stepped in front and barred the way. "You have been remarkably skillful. I demanded an explanation; I was evidently going to make trouble. So you gave me this one: you said that you had, unfortunately for yourself, begun to love me; that was the explanation of everything. You threw me this to stop me, like a bone to a dog, so that you could get comfortably away. But I have this to tell you: if you had really loved me, you couldn't have argued quite so well. And you couldn't go now, either, so self-complacently and contentedly, leaving me here in my pain."

"So be it," she said. She looked through the blossoming aisles to the right, to the left, as if in search of some rescuer, some one.

"But what does a woman like you know of love, after all—real love that burns and throbs?" he went on, with angry scorn. "As a general thing, the better she is, the less she knows. And I have never denied that you were good, Margaret."

She moved to pass him.

"Not yet. You have reasoned the whole case out too well; there was rather too much reason. A lawyer couldn't have done it better."

"I have had time to think of the reasons. How often each day do you suppose I have gone over everything—over and over? And how many days have there been in these long years?"

"It isn't the time. It's your nature."

"Very well. It's my nature."

"But you needn't suppose that your having that nature will stop me," he said, with a certain violence of tone roused by her agreement with these accusations. "You have confessed to some sort of liking for me; I shall take advantage of it as far as it goes (not far, I fear); I shall make it serve as the foundation of all I shall constantly attempt to do."

Her arms dropped by her sides. "Constantly! I believe there is nothing in the world so cruel as a man when he pretends to care for you." She moved off a step or two. "I do not love you, you say? I adore you. From almost the first day I saw you; yes, even from then. It is the one love of my life, and remember I am not a girl; it's a woman who tells you this—to her misery. And it is everything about you that I love—that makes it harder; not only what you say and how you say it, what you think and do, but what you *are*—oh! what you are in everything. The way you look at me, the tone of your voice, the turn of your head, your eyes, your hands—I love them, I love them all. I suffer every moment. It has been so

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for years. I am so miserable away from you, so desperate and lonely! And yet, when I am with you, that is harder. Whichever way I turn, there is nothing but pain. It is so torturing that I wonder how I can have lived. Yet would I give it up? Never!"

The splendor of her blue eyes, as she poured forth these words, her rapt expression, the slight figure, erect and tense—he could no more have dared to touch her then than he could have touched a beautiful seraph that had lighted for an instant in his path.

Her eyes suddenly changed. "When I have hurt you," she went on, "it has been *so* hard to do it, Evert—so hard!" She was the woman now; a mist had suffused the blue.

He came toward her; he sank down at her feet. "I am not worthy," he murmured, in real self-abasement.

"No, you are not. But—I love you."

He sprang up. "I *will* be worthy. You shall do all you think right, and I —will help you."

"Yes, help me by leaving me."

"For the present—I will go."

"For always."

"Margaret, do not be too hard. And now, when I know—"

"You *do* believe me, then?" she interrupted, with winning sweetness.

"Yes, I believe you! It makes me tremble to think what it would be if we were married: they *say* people do not die of joy."

She came out of her trance. Her face changed, apprehension returned—the old pain. She rallied her sinking courage. "We will not talk of things that do not concern us," she said, gently. "All my life—that is, the peace of it—is in your power, Evert, now that you know the truth about me. But I am sure I have not put faith in you in vain."

"Don't you remember saying to me once—I have never forgotten it—'Do you wish me to die without ever having been my full self once, always kept back, restrained?' So now I say to you, do you wish to die without ever having lived, fully lived? You have never lived yet with anything like a full completeness. I am not a bad man, I declare it to you; and you are the most unselfish of women. You have a husband who has no claim upon you, either in right or law. Margaret, let us break that false tie. And then!—see, I do not move a step nearer. But I put it before you—I plead—"

"And do you think I need that?—do you think I have not felt the temptation too?" she murmured, looking at him. "When Lanse left me, over there on the river, don't you remember that I went down on my knees? It was the beating of my heart at the thought of how easily after that I could be freed—freed, I mean, by law—that was what I was trying to pray down. To be free to think of you, though you should never know it, even that would have been like a new life."

"Take it now," said Winthrop. He grasped her hand.

But she drew it from him. "Surely you know what I believe, what all this means to me—that for such mistakes as a marriage like mine there is on this earth no remedy."

"We'll *make* a remedy."

Again she strengthened herself against him. "Do you think that a separation—I will use plain words, a divorce—is right when it is obtained, no matter what the outside pretext, to enable two persons who have loved each other unlawfully to marry?"

"Unlawfully—you make me rage! *Lanse* is the unlawful one."

"That doesn't excuse me."

"Don't put the word excuse anywhere near yourself when you are talking of Lanse; I won't bear it. And nothing is wrong that we can not possibly help, Margaret; any one would tell you that. If it is something beyond our wills, we are powerless."

"Against my love for you I may be powerless—I am. But not against the indulgence of it."

"You are too strong," he began. "*I* couldn't pretend—" Then he saw how she was trembling.

From head to foot a quiver had seized her, the lovely shoulders, the long lithe length of limb which gave her the step he had always admired so much, the little hands, though she had folded them closely as if endeavoring to stop it, even the lips with their sweet curves—the tremor had taken them all from her control; she stood there helpless before him.

"I can't reason, Margaret, and I won't; in this case reason's wrong, and you're wrong. You love me—that I know. And the power for good of such a love as yours —you magnificent woman, not afraid to

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tell it—that power shall *not* be wasted and lost. Have you I will!" It was more than a touch now; he held her white wrists with a grasp like iron, and drew her toward him. "I hold you so, but it won't be for long. In reality I am at your feet," he said.

She had not struggled; she made no effort to free herself. But her eyes met his, full of an indomitable refusal. "I shall never yield," she said.

Thus they stood for a moment, the two wills grappled in a mute contest.

Then he let her hands drop.

"Useless!" she said.

"Though you love me."

"Though I love you."

"It's enough to make a man curse goodness, Margaret; remember that."

"No, no."

"Oh, these good people!" He threw his arm out unconsciously with a force that would have laid prostrate any one within its reach. "You are an exception — you are going to suffer; but generally these good people who are so hard in their judgment of such things, they have never suffered themselves in the least from any of this pain; the comfortably married, who have had all they want in the way of love and home, they are always the hardest upon those who, like me, like you, have nothing, who are parched and suffering, and lonely and starved. They would never do so—oh no! they are too good. All I can say is, let them try it. Margaret"—here he came back to her—"think of the dreariness of it; leaving everything else aside, just think of that. We are excited now; but, when this is over, think of the long days and years without anything to brighten them, anything we really care for. That breaks down the best courage at last, to have nothing one really cares for."

She did not answer.

"I could make you so happy!" he pleaded.

Her face remained unmoved.

"I long for you so!" he went on. "Without you, I don't know where to turn or what to do." He said it as simply as a boy.

This overcame her; with bent head she left him, and hurried through the grove on her way to the house. He could hear her sob as she went.

Dr. Kirby's figure had appeared at the end of one of the orange aisles; when he saw Margaret hurrying forward, he hastened his steps. Then he ran. For now Winthrop was supporting her; her foot had slipped, and he had caught her. Both her hands were over her face: but her strength was gone; the sobs that shook her she could no longer control.

The Doctor came panting up. "Faintness, probably," Winthrop explained. "Perfumes affect her so, I believe. It's the grove." He got this out as well as he could.

"My dear Mrs. Harold—" began the Doctor.

But she seemed to hear neither of them.

The Doctor put his hand on her pulse. "Nervous prostration," he murmured. "Will you go to the house for help to carry her in? Or shall I?"

"I can carry her myself," said Winthrop, shortly.

"She's light, I know. Still, it's quite a distance," the Doctor answered, objectingly.

But Winthrop had already lifted her. Her hands had dropped; unconsciousness was coming over her, had already come; the garden hat she wore had fallen; her head with the closed eyes, her fair cheek, the soft mass of her hair, lay against his shoulder.

The Doctor went on with them for several hundred yards; he was not sure that Winthrop's strength would hold out. (If he could have had a glimpse of this Northerner's trained muscles he would have doubted no longer.) In his anxiety he advanced all the distance on tiptoe, in order to be able to peer over Winthrop's arm and watch the patient's face.

Winthrop's strength appeared to be perfect.

"I will hurry forward, then, and have everything ready," the Doctor said.

He let himself down on his whole foot again. Then, after one good breath, he set off. He would have liked to think that he was running; he was certainly going as fast as he could, but the gait was a trot. Thus trotting bravely, he passed out of sight.

The grove was long. Winthrop walked steadily. He reached at last the end of the white-blooming forest. Here the path entered a high thicket that lay beyond.

The fresher, unperfumed air brought Margaret to herself. She stirred. Next her eyes opened; they rested uncomprehendingly on his face.

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Beyond this thicket lay the garden, where their figures would be in full view; then came the open space and the house. He was human, and he stopped. "You fainted. The perfume of the grove, I suppose," he said, explaining.

Then it all came back to her. He could see remembrance dawn in her eyes, the fear return.

It seemed a cruel thing, her fear—cruel that she should have to suffer from that.

But he had her—he had her! Perhaps he could calm it. "Margaret," he said.

She tried to put her hand up. But it fell lifelessly back.

This sign of weakness struck him to the heart. What if she should die! Women so slight in frame, and with that fair, pure whiteness like the inside of a seashell, were often singularly—to a man inexplicably—delicate.

Her eyes had closed again. He held her closely; but now, save for the holding, he would not touch her. For it seemed to him then that if he should allow himself to yield to his longing wish and put his lips down upon hers, she might die there in his arms. It would be taking advantage; in her present state of physical weakness her will might not be able to help her as it had helped her before; she was powerless now to resist, and—she loved him. But as soon as she should become fully conscious that she had yielded, then the reaction might come. For between the depth of her love and the sensitiveness of her conscience, this proud will of hers had held the balance, and if he should break it, brutally crush it, her life might yield too.

He hastened on now. He went hurriedly through the garden and across the open space toward the house. He had conquered himself for her sake. But of course he was not in the least content. "This is temporary," he thought—"only temporary. She will be better soon. Then I can convince her."

She seemed to have comprehended in some vague way that he would not disturb her, for her breathing had become less hurried; now she appeared to sleep. Yet as he looked at her again, just before he reached the house, there was in her sleeping face an expression that frightened him, a lassitude as of a person whose strength is exhausted, who has struggled to the utmost, and given up.

The Doctor and Celestine were waiting at the lower door.

The Doctor had ridden down to East Angels that day to pay one of his regular visits to Kate. And that lady, still under the disturbing influence of Winthrop's abrupt appearance and still more abrupt tone, had asked him to go out and "rescue" Margaret, who was in the garden, or "somewhere about." "I am sorry to say that my nephew—I refer now to Evert—does not approve, strange as it may seem to you, of my niece's returning to her husband," Kate announced, with stateliness. "Evert is at times subject to singular aberrations of judgment. It was the same with his father, Andrew Winthrop. Ah, my poor sister could have told a tale! But she has gone where there are no more"—it almost seemed as if she meant to say "Winthrops," and the Doctor had a quick vision of where it was she must consider them to be, but she substituted "troubles," and added that she should be much relieved if Margaret could be "brought in" (from the harassing Winthrop who had not yet gone) to that fold of peace which, she gave the Doctor to understand, always existed at her side. That day of happiness (to-morrow), when Margaret was to return to her "dear husband" (Lanse), ought not to be marred by any "unseemly contentions" on this. "Poor Gertrude! how it reminds me!" (Handkerchief.)

Much as he admired Katrina, the Doctor had not on the present occasion taken the trouble to return to her sitting-room to inform her that her niece was being "brought in" now by a harassing Winthrop in person, and that she was ill; he considered that he and Celestine were quite enough.

Winthrop refused their aid. He carried Margaret up the stairs and across the hall to her own room, where he laid her down upon the bed. It had not been sleep, after all; she was again unconscious.

"I will wait below, Doctor. Come and tell me, please, what you make out."

The Doctor had divined a good deal during this last quarter of an hour. In this stricken woman, this abruptly speaking man, he felt the close presence of something he fully believed in, old though he was—overwhelming love. Placid as they were, it could bring only unhappiness. He had no confidence whatever in

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Winthrop, simply because he was a man. In such situations men were selfish (he himself should have been no better). Of course at the time they did not call it selfishness; they called it devotion. But in Margaret his confidence was absolute. And it was with a deep, tender pity for her, for all she had still to go through, that he now bent over her.

Winthrop had gone down-stairs; he paced to and fro in the long stone-flagged hall below. The door stood open; the deep soft blue of the Florida sky filled the square frame. "If she only lifts her head again—if only she doesn't die!" This was the paralyzing dread that held him now like a suffocation. He kept thinking how like a dead person she had looked as he laid her down. "If she only comes to, if she only revives, I will go away, and stay away." In his fear, he could consent to anything.

The Doctor came down after a while. They were two men together, so their words were not many; they were just enough to answer the purpose. "I think I can assure you that she will come out of it safely," the Doctor said. "She seems unaccountably weak: she will have to keep her bed for a while; but I am almost positive that it is not going to be one of those long illnesses which sometimes follow attacks of this sort."

"I am very glad to hear it," Winthrop answered. "If you would let me know from time to time? This is my New York address." He scribbled it on a card. "It will be more satisfactory to hear directly from you."

"You are going?"

"Back to New York. Immediately."

"Oh," said the Doctor. Then, "Ah," he added, this time with the accepting falling inflection.

Winthrop was behaving much better then he had thought he would. All the same, it was now the part of every one to speed him on his way. The Doctor was a good man; he was also a High-Churchman, with the deepest veneration for the sanctity of marriage. He was a conservative in all things. Yes, then, in spite of everything, this Northerner must be speeded on his way.

All the same, he was ardently sorry for him. "I will write with great regularity," he said, extending his hand in good-by. "I will write three times a week," he added, with heartiness. He wanted to do something for the man, and this was all he could do.

He returned to his patient. Winthrop went out to order the negroes to reharness the horses that had brought him from the river.

He came back while they were making ready. The lower door still stood open; the house was very quiet. He stole upstairs and listened for a moment in the hall, near Margaret's room. There was no sound within. He had the man's usual fear—non-comprehension—of a woman's illness. "Why are they so quiet in there?" he thought. "Why don't they speak? *What* are they doing to her?"

But there was a very good reason for the stillness: the Doctor had given Margaret a powerful sedative, and he and Celestine were quietly waiting for the full effect.

Winthrop at length left the door; he realized that this was not a good beginning in the carrying out of his promise to himself. The Doctor was not a man to lie. Margaret of course was not seriously ill, or he would at once have said so.

As he passed down the hall on his way to the stairs again he happened to have a glimpse into a room whose door stood partly open; here, ranged in order, locked and ready, were Margaret's trunks, prepared for the journey to Fernandina.

Well, if he was to get away at all, he must go at once.

Two weeks passed before the Doctor would allow his patient to begin her night without an opiate to numb her constant weariness into some semblance of rest. During this time he himself did not leave East Angels.

If he had known these facts, Evert Winthrop might have had grounds for accusing him of some concealments. But when the Doctor gave his first answer he really believed what he said. Margaret had not rallied as he had thought she would; her strength had not come quickly back. Celestine was her devoted nurse by night and by day. And the two powers together, physician and attendant, kept every one else from the room; without a word to each other on this subject, firmly they maintained the rule.

Aunt Katrina, as usual, made her lament over the plain facts before her: Aunt Katrina always held to the facts. "What a pity that it should have hap-

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pened now, at the very moment when Lanse is expecting her! Now he will have to wait. Margaret, poor child, has next to no stamina, and in the long-run that tells. I have often wished that I could give her some of *my* endurance, which has borne me through so much! But all the Beekmans are noted for their wonderful fortitude; it's constitutional with us, I think."

At the beginning of the third week the pale woman in the darkened room began to recover some of her vitality; she asked to have the curtains drawn aside so that she could see the sky again; she spoke to them; she refused their opiates, even the mildest. The Doctor remained several days longer. Then, as the improvement continued, he went up to Gracias; he thought he might as well see what the student whom he had taken into his office had been making of his other patients meanwhile, this student being Reuben Boise, brother of Jeremiah Boise, the lawyer from Maine (whose chest had gained in breadth two full inches under the Doctor's ministrations).

That night, about one o'clock, Margaret spoke. "Celestine?"

A tall figure appeared from a dark corner.

"I told you not to sit up to-night; I feel perfectly well."

"There's a lounge here, Miss Margaret. I can lay down nice as can be."

"No, you are not to stay; I do not wish it."

Celestine demurred. But as Margaret held to her point, she yielded finally, and went out. Some minutes after the door had closed, with a slow effort Margaret raised herself. Then she sat resting for a while on the edge of her bed. Her hair, braided by Celestine in two long plaits whose soft ends curled, gave her the look of a school-girl. But the face was very far from that of a school-girl; in the faint light of the night-lamp, the large sad eyes and parted lips were those of a woman. She rose to her feet at last, feet fair on the dark carpet; her long white draperies, bordered with lace, clung about her. With a step that still betrayed weakness, she crossed the room to a desk, unlocked it, and took something out. It was a little picture in a slender gilt frame. She stood looking at this for a moment. Then she sank down beside the lounge, resting her arm and head upon it, and holding her poor treasure to her heart. She held it closely; the sharp edge of the frame made a deep dent there; and she was glad that it hurt her, that it bruised the white flesh and left a pain. At first her eyes remained dry. Then her wretchedness overcame her, and she began to cry: being a woman, she must cry. Her life stretched out before her. If only she were old; but she might live forty years more—forty years! "And I have sent him away from me. Oh, how can I bear it!"—this was what she was saying to herself over and over again.

If the man whose picture she held could have heard the words her heart spoke to him that night—the unspeakable tenderness of her love for him, the strength, the unconscious violence almost, of its sweet overwhelming tide—no bolts, no bars, no promises even, could have kept him from her.

But he could not hear. Only that Unseen Presence who knows all our secrets, our pitiful, aching, closely hidden secrets —only this Counsellor heard Margaret that night; guardian angel, is it? or may it be sometimes the mother's spirit that comes back to help her daughter? (For our mother never forgets us, I think, even in heaven.) This Unseen Presence is always merciful; much more merciful than man would ever be. Margaret, walking up and down the floor, now with sobbing breath and bent head, now with dreaming happiness in her eyes as she lost herself for a moment in adoring fancies; and now again with the pallor of exaltation and self-sacrifice, only to be succeeded by another access of despair, when, prone on the couch, the picture held again to her heart, she realized what it would be to go on, day by day, without him, never to see him (for to that it must come), the man who held her whole being in his hand—this is what the Unseen Presence beheld that night in the faintly lighted room without one word of reproach.

Women who love but once, women reserved, restrained, apparently cold, love, if they love at all, like that.

As she herself had said, "Oh, not to care so much!"

And again, in her self-abasement, she had moaned, "It is of such that the good are made."

Some of the good, no doubt. But those who can feel temptation in its utmost force, and yet resist it, stand higher, Mar-

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garet, than those who have never felt it at all, or only in small degree. They are very sweet—some of these saints in whose gentle breasts nothing answers when Temptation calls. But there is another sweetness, that which, after long pain and suffering and struggle, comes with the hard-won victory.

For these tempests of fiercely torturing feelings, the longing love, the relapses into hopelessness, and then the slow, slow return toward self-control again, the merciful Unseen Presence had no rebukes at all—not one; only pity the most tender. For it knew that this was a last struggle; it knew that this conscience would at the end, though torn and crushed, come out on the side of duty and of right—that strange hard right which, were this life all, would be plain wrong. And Margaret herself knew it also, yes, even now miserably knew (and rebelled against it) that she should come out on that hard side, and from that side go forward. It would be blindly, stubbornly; there could be for her no hope of happiness; she scorned make-believes and substitutes; lies were no better because they were pious lies. She could endure, and she must endure; and that was all. She could see no further before her now than the next step in her path. But that was the way it would be—from step to step only: dreary, dull, always the same effort: that would be her life.

She did not come fully to this now; her love still tortured her; she still wept, and wept. And then at last the merciful Presence gently touched her hot eyes and despairing heart, and, with the picture still in her hand, she sank into dreamlessness, a lethargy of exhaustion.

When Celestine ventured to steal softly in an hour later, she found her charge, like a figure of snow, on the floor, the lamp-light shining across the white throat, the only place where its ray touched her.

The New England woman bent over her noiselessly. Then she lifted her. As she did so the little picture dropped; she had no need to take it up to know whose face was there. "Poor child!"—this was the old maid's mute cry. She had the pity of a woman for a woman.

She placed Margaret in bed; then lifting the picture with a delicate modesty which there was no one there to see, she put it hurriedly back into Margaret's hand without looking at it, and laid the hand where it had been, across the fair breast. "When she comes to, first thing she'll remember it and worry. And then she'll find it there, and think nobody knows—she'll think she went back to bed herself." Thus she guarded her.

Grim, flat-chested old Celestine believed ardently, like the Doctor, in love. But like the Doctor, too, she believed that marriage should be held indissoluble; the Carolina High-Churchman and the Vermont Calvinist were agreed at least in this. Mistakes were plenty, of course; but when once they had been made, there was no remedy in this life; of this she was sure. But how if one happened to be bound upon the rack meanwhile—a woman, for instance—how then? Margaret was on the rack now.

The dress-maker, after looking at her tear-wet face, went off and dropped down on her knees in the dark corner to "offer prayer." But for the first time in her life she found no words ready; what, indeed, should she pray for? That Margaret might die? She was too fond of her for that. That Lanse might be taken? That had a murderous sound, even if you called it "taken." That Margaret's love might cease? But she knew very well that it would not. So all she said was, "O Lord, help her!" very fervently. Then she got up and briskly set about applying restoratives.

A week later, when Margaret had left her room for the first time, Celestine, at work there alone, restoring for her own satisfaction that folded, speckless, lavender-scented order over every inch in which her soul delighted, found upon the hearth, mixed with the ashes, some burned bent metal fragments that had once been gilded—the top of a little frame. She knew then that the last sacrifice had been accomplished. A small one, a detail; but to women the details are hardest.

Celestine thereafter thought of Margaret with almost the same reverence (her highest for human beings) which she gave to missionaries. Missionaries to Africa.

Nothing, however, could have made the dress-maker put any of these feelings of hers into words, not even mute ones, spoken to herself alone. For the subject, pure and beautiful as it was (and her spinster mind dimly recognized that it was the most beautiful thing it had ever

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come near), this subject in itself lay too near the border beyond which began what she called "Iniquity." That it stood there without yielding, that it would never overpass, this she knew absolutely. And this she was proud of. But instinctively she felt, too, that it was "no place for single women." And she kept up all the time a belief, like a tall screen, that in reality she knew "nothing about it—the whole affair." Her virginal old feelings, shy, shrinking, and a little dry, had to have that as a refuge.

"I say, Morehouse, I've never known Evert Winthrop to work as hard as he's doing now," a man in "iron" remarked one day, in New York, not long after this, to another of the same guild. "I thought he'd got through. He made enough for ten when he was in before, and I never thought he cared about money-making just for its own sake."

"Then that's where you're mistaken," Morehouse responded. "Winthrop's ambitious—that's it. Awful thing—ambition; curse of the country. I can tell yer that, Jackson." He spoke in a moralizing tone.

"Oh, is it? Who made a clean sweep not three months ago, and left us all sprawling?" demanded Jackson, sarcastically.

Winthrop was ambitious; ambitious of fully occupying himself, if that were possible. It was not always easy. His face began to wear a stern expression. "How he drives things!" people said.

The Doctor had kept him strictly informed of Mrs. Harold's health. At first the letters were all the same. But after a while he had written that he was glad to say that she was much better. And then he wrote that she was well. For a long time to come, however (he added), any over-pressure or excitement would be sure to prey upon and exhaust her nervous energy. And then, in case of a second attack, he should not be able to answer for the consequences; an illness, months long, would probably be the least of them. Later he wrote that Mrs. Harold's strength would not now be taxed by any more "untoward interruptions"; she had made her intended journey to Fernandina, he was glad to say, and had returned in safety, Mr. Harold having returned with her. Everything was now very comfortably arranged at East Angels; Mr. Harold had the west rooms, and the men he had brought with him—he had three at present—seemed to understand their duties fairly well. Mr. Harold was carried every evening into Mrs. Rutherford's sitting-room, which was an agreeable change for all. Mrs. Rutherford herself had improved wonderfully since her nephew's arrival.

Concerning these letters of his to Evert Winthrop the Doctor felt such a deep sense of responsibility that, short as they were, he wrote them and rewrote them, inspecting each phrase from every possible point of view before his flourishing old-fashioned quill finally set it down.

This last result of his selection of the fittest, Winthrop received one morning at breakfast. He read it; then started out and went through his day as usual, having occupations and engagements to fill every hour. But days end; always that last ten minutes at night will come, no matter how one may put it off. Winthrop put off his until after midnight. But one o'clock found him caught at last; he was alone before his fire; he could no longer prevent himself from taking out that letter again and brooding over it.

He imagined East Angels, he imagined Lanse; he imagined him in Aunt Katrina's pleasant room, with the bright little evening fire sparkling on the hearth, with Aunt Katrina herself beaming and happy, and Margaret near. Yes, Lanse had everything; he had always had everything. He had never worked an hour in his life; he had pleased himself invariably; he had given heed to no one and yielded to no one; and now when he was forced at last by sheer physical disability to return home, all comfort, all devotion awaited him there, bestowed, too, by the very persons he had most neglected and wronged. "Unjust! unjust!"—this was his bitter thought.

If it had not been for the fear that kept him all the time fettered he would have thrown everything to the winds and started again for Florida that night; he would have swept the woman he loved out of that house, and borne her away somewhere—anywhere—and he should have felt that he was justified in doing it. But Margaret—he had always to reckon with that determination of hers to do what was right, even in the face of her own despair. And as to what was right he had never been able in the least to confuse her, to change her, as a man can often change

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the woman who loves him. Just the same she saw it now, and had seen it from the beginning, in spite of all his arguments and pleadings, in spite of all her own.

She loved him; but she would not yield; and these two forces, both so strong that they bent her and swayed her like torturers—if the strife should begin again between them, as it must if he should go to her entreating, was there not danger (as the Doctor, indeed, had written) that her life would give way under it, perhaps end? He had never forgotten the feeling in his arms of her inert form as he laid it down that day upon the bed, the helpless fallen hands, the white still face. He should not be able to overpower—he felt that he should not—that something, something stronger than herself, which he had seen looking from her eyes that day in the orange grove; this would remain unchanged, unconquered, though he should have carried her away from everybody, to the ends of the earth, and though—she loved him.

He buried his face in his hands. No; first of all she must not die. For there was always the chance that Lanse himself might die: this did not seem to him a murderous thought, as it had seemed to poor Celestine; if it was to happen, it was to happen, and nothing he could do would hasten or delay it. Meanwhile the chance existed. It came across him suddenly that Lanse would probably be quite willing to discuss it with him; he would say, "Well, you know, I can't quite die to please you; but if things are as you say, I perfectly appreciate how very convenient it would be." Lanse had no fear of death. He called it "a natural change." None but a fool, he said, could fear the natural.

Winthrop got up at last and went to the window. The brilliantly lighted street lay below him; but he was not thinking of New York. He was thinking of that old gray-white house in the South, the house he had been fond of, but whose door was now closed to him, perhaps forever. For, unexplainably, though he hoped for Lanse's death, he had not the slightest expectation of it in reality. Both he and Margaret had the sense of a long, long life before them. There would be no change, no relief, nothing unusual or exciting; only the slow flight of the long days and years, and that would be all. He came back to his hearth; the fire had died; he sat down and stared at the ashes.

The picture he had seen had been a correct one. That same night the little light-wood glow that Aunt Katrina liked to see in the evening had shown itself gayly on her hearth at East Angels, throwing out its faint sweet odor of the pine; the three lamps were shaded in rose-color; a little table in one corner held delicate cups and the old silver coffee-pot of Cornelius Beekman. Lanse always wished coffee after his dinner, and Aunt Katrina, learning this, was determined that he should have it "properly"; so she sent north for the cups and the massive squat old coffee-pot and sugar-bowl of her grandfather, a highly respectable old Dutchman, whom his granddaughter considered still (in memory) one of the bulwarks of the Hudson.

Lanse himself was extended upon a sofa, luxuriously propped with cushions. He looked well; he even looked handsome. Aunt Katrina declared that all his old beauty was coming back to him; he had lost flesh, and the well-cut line of his features, the light of his deep brown eyes, had the predominance now over the once threatening aspect of bulk. His roll of fish-nets—for he had carried out his idea of learning to make them—lay near him; within reach, too, was the beloved volume of Mino outlines. But at present he was occupied with neither of these, he was absorbed in the contemplation of a bird. The little creature lay extended on the palm of his right hand; Lanse was surveying it thoughtfully, while with his left he stroked his thick short beard, in the way that was habitual with him.

He knew much of birds. But he was not sure about this one. It had been shot that afternoon on the barren by one of his men, and he had given the fellow a piece of his mind, too, about it! To shoot harmless creatures that were not to be used as food—Lanse detested that. The little dead songster was very beautiful; his tiny throat was like dark green velvet, his plumage of brighter green and gold.

Margaret sat near a table which held one of the lamps; she was sewing. Her dress of pale soft silk, the old gleam of a few jewels, the mist of lace—all this was as it had been in the house on the point.

At the corner of the hearth was Aunt Katrina; as Winthrop had imagined, she had a very beaming face. She cared

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more for Lanse than for any one in the world. Real tears of motherly joy had filled her eyes the first time he had been brought in to see her after his arrival.

"Comical, isn't it, Aunt K., that neither of us can stir a step?" had been Lanse's greeting. "There must be rheumatism on one side of the family tree, gout on the other."

"Gout, gout," said the lady. "*Suppressed* gout," she explained, with gentle emphasis.

On the present evening Dr. Kirby had been paying them a visit. He had had two cups of the delicious coffee; he had played several games of backgammon with the fascinating Kate. Then he had been obliged to take leave, as he was to ride back to Gracias that night, the moon being full.

Aunt Katrina had enjoyed his visit: she always enjoyed his visits. But even more did she enjoy the presence of her boy; she now sat leaning back and looking at him in placid satisfaction, holding up, meanwhile, according to her custom, her little silken hand-screen between her face and the fire.

"Oh, isn't this comfortable?" she broke out at last—exclamation of sheer content. "And to think how many *years*, Lanse, we were without you!"

"I'm not satisfied about this bird yet, Gretchen," remarked Lanse, still absorbed. "I wish you would write to-morrow to Greeno about it for me. If you like, I'll dictate the description, now to save time."

And then his wife put down her work, and rose to get pen and paper.

CATTLE-RAISING ON THE PLAINS.

BY FRANK WILKESON.

ALL the region lying between the Sierra Nevada Mountains and the 101st meridian I rightly designate as the arid zone. The tract of land lying between the 97th and 101st meridians I properly designate as semi-arid. The western portion of the semi-arid belt is much drier than the eastern. West of the 101st meridian the land is, as a whole, unfit for agriculture, owing to insufficiency of rainfall. Westward from the 95th meridian the rainfall steadily diminishes, and the altitude of the land increases. Along the 95th meridian there is an annual rainfall of about 37 inches, 15 of which fall during the autumn and winter; along the 97th meridian, about 32 inches, 10 of which fall during the autumn and winter; along the 99th meridian, about 27 inches, 10 of which fall during the autumn and winter; along the 101st meridian, about 17 inches, 5 of which fall during the autumn and winter; at Denver, about 13 inches. In the basin lying between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada Mountains little rain falls. The peculiarities of the climate west of the 101st meridian are determined by the direction of the wind and the physical configuration of the country. The prevailing winds on the Pacific coast are westerly. Sweeping over the warm Japan stream, they strike the coast heavily laden with vapor. During the summer, when the land is warmer than the water, the moisture these winds carry is not precipitated in crossing the Sierra Nevada Mountains or the Rocky Mountains, nor is it precipitated in the arid basins, or on the parched plains, where the air is heated as if by a furnace. In the winter the land is colder than the water. The air is chilled as it sweeps over the Coast Range of mountains. Precipitation sets in. Then crossing the Sierra Nevada Mountains, the westerly winds sweep across the arid basin lying east of that mountain system, and strike the Rocky Mountains, consisting generally of three lofty and parallel ranges. The excessive cold encountered on these snowy heights, where the mercury stands far below zero for months, wrings the last particle of precipitable moisture from the clouds, and they disappear, leaving a cloudless sky over the great plains. The truth of this theory is shown by the snowfall in the mountains. From fifteen to twenty feet of packed snow falls in the Cascade Mountains in Washington Territory. The snowfall in the Sierra Nevadas is almost as great. In the third range of the Rockies I have seen sixteen feet of snow in the timber; in the second range, seldom more than six feet;

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in the front range, not more than three or four feet falls. The rain-storms that occasionally rage over the arid plains during the summer are probably bred among the mountains, where the snow lies. The peculiarities of the climate of the cattle or range country are probably unchangeable, and if it is to remain a grazing country, it is essential that it remain arid.

By the middle of July the grass on nearly all the cattle ranges is dry. It has ripened. It is dead. Nature has not saved the cattle-growers the labor of providing winter's food for their animals, as they would have the ignorant believe; but she has, in conformity with her laws governing plant life in an arid land, hastened the growth of the grass, and brought it to early maturity. After the grass is thoroughly dry, every rain that falls injures it by washing out some of its nutriment. This being so, it is easy to see why the rains that fall in late summer and autumn are dreaded by the cattle-raisers. If but little rain falls after the grass is dead, the stronger cattle can live through almost any winter, it matters not how severe it may be, provided the range is not overstocked. But if a large portion of the nutriment has been washed out of the grass by unseasonable rains, and this disaster is followed by a hard winter, many thousands of range and pilgrim cattle die. It is not possible for an animal to eat sufficient quantities of dead, water-soaked grass to supply the fire of life with fuel.

During the winter of 1871 and 1872 I engaged in the handling of Texas cattle in the semi-arid belt of Kansas. I had provided no food for my stock. I knew that cattle could and did winter on the plains far north and west of where I was; but I did not know that there was a difference in the nutritious qualities of the different prairie grasses. I did not understand the peculiarities of the climate of the semi-arid belt, nor the effects of rain falling on dead grass. Stupid of me, of course, but I had plenty of company. My neighbors were bright Germans, intelligent Englishmen, and keen Americans from almost every State in the Union. We were a hopeful band, young, strong, and eager. When we gathered into our wretched hovels o' nights, and the pipes were glowing, our talk was of cattle, cattle, cattle. The sales of steers off the range at six cents per pound, live weight, made the previous spring, were strongly dwelt upon. I was repeatedly assured that the Kansas winters were so mild that I would not need a coat. The height the new prairie grass would surely be on the 1st of March was measured on table legs by outstretched and dirty index fingers for my instruction and encouragement. There was not one of all the band of eager men who rode the Kansas plains in those days who did not firmly believe that our fortunes were made. The country was full of cattle. November came in with a blizzard, and, with slight interruptions, kindly allowed by Nature for the purpose of affording us opportunities to skin dead cattle, the blizzard lasted until March, and the cold, stormy weather for two months longer. There was no new grass until the middle of May. In all the Texas herds held in Kansas the losses were heavy. Hardly a herd lost less than 50 per cent., and 60, 70, and 80 per cent. losses were common. By spring we learned that great herds of heavy beef cattle, held on the Smoky, Cottonwood, and Arkansas rivers, had been frozen on the range, and that the Texans had saddled their horses and gone home. The creeks were dammed with the decaying carcasses of cattle. The air was heavy with the stench of decaying animals. The cruelties of the business of starving cattle to death were vividly impressed on me. Every wagon sent from the cattle ranges to the railroad towns was loaded with hides. The next summer, bankruptcy stalked over the Kansas plains and struck men down. Our trouble was that none of us knew that the tall blue-joint grass was worthless for winter feed unless it were made into hay, none of us knew that the fall rains had washed the nutriment out of it, and none of us knew that about once in ten years there is a hard winter in the far West, during which the mercury modestly retires into the bulb of the thermometer, and blizzard chases blizzard over the plains in quick succession. Some of us learned the lesson at once; others, who claimed that the cattle needed protection, not food, erected sheds, which proved to be death-traps, the cattle "stacking" under them during cold weather, and tried it again, and went into bankruptcy promptly after the second venture. As it was in Kansas, so it is, in a less degree, in the so-called "cattle country." A wet autumn, followed by a hard winter, kills the cattle held on Northern ranges by the thousand.

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Where are the cattle? The cattle-growers who graze their herds on the northern ranges have kept the fact of their being engaged in that business so constantly before the public that they have created the impression that the larger portion of the cattle in the country graze on the arid plains or in the Rocky Mountain valleys and parks. This is a mistake.

Given a country where corn thrives, there will be found cattle and hogs in large numbers. All intelligent agriculturists know that the Mississippi Valley is divided into great belts of land, each distinguished by some marked peculiarity of soil and climate that determines the use to which it is devoted. The upper Mississippi Valley is wheat land; the lower upper, corn land; the upper lower, cotton land; and the lower, so-called sugar land. It is true that corn can be raised in the wheat and in the cotton belt, and even in the sugar belt; but it is not corn as the Western corn-growers use the word. The corn belt proper includes Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, and Eastern Kansas and Nebraska. Portions of Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, and Tennessee properly belong in this belt. But I use the first division for convenience of illustration. Where corn grows to perfection there is always plenty of feed for cattle. Millet will grow and yield bountiful crops throughout the region. The same is true of oats; and wheat, though not a sure crop in the corn belt, is extensively sown.

In 1870 there were 22,501,337 domestic horned cattle in the United States. In 1880 the census shows that there were 34,931,670 cattle in the country—an increase of 12,430,333 during the decade. Of this increase 5,022,968 were in the five corn States of Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska. When the last census was taken, more than one-fourth of the cattle in the country were in those States. In 1880 our production of corn was 1,754,591,676 bushels. The five corn States produced 1,071,505,344 bushels — more than half the crop. It is plainly seen that where the land yields large crops of corn, there the cattle naturally gravitate.

In 1880 there were, in all that extensive area composed of Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, Idaho, Nevada, Oregon, and Washington, 1,786,262 cattle, or 594,714 less than there were in Illinois, and but 351,974 more than there were in the young State of Kansas. New York, which is never spoken of as a cattle-growing State, contained in 1880 2,300,088 cattle—613,826 more than then grazed on the whole of the arid belt, the much vaunted grazing grounds of the West. In my opinion the census of 1890 will show that there will be more cattle in the three corn-growing States of Illinois, Iowa, and Missouri than in the entire plain region, excepting Texas, of course. And there will not be as much acute suffering, nor as many miserable deaths from starvation and cold, in the three States as there will be among the cattle existing through the winter in a single county in the so-called cattle country.

In 1880 there were 3,994,102 cattle in Texas. The Texas cattle men so thoroughly understand their business, and the State is so well adapted to raising cattle, that nothing need be said of them or their lands. All Texas cattle-growers realize that they must not overstock their range, now fully stocked. Those at all familiar with Texas know that as long as grass grows and water runs that State can be relied upon to supply from 750,000 to 1,000,000 cattle annually; cows can raise calves on the Texas ranges and live, and the same is true of New Mexico and Arizona and portions of the Indian Territory.

The map of the United States shows that the unoccupied western portion, where the arid grazing lands lie, is about equal in area to the eastern or agricultural portion. It has been the fashion of Americans to boast of these uninhabited lands, and to assert, with intense self-satisfaction, that we have room for all the oppressed of all nations. The truth is that the agricultural lands of the United States are practically exhausted. The land that figures so brightly on the maps is but an arid tract scantily covered with herbage. A large portion of it lies so remote from water that it has no value at all, even to cattle-growers; other portions are sandy deserts; still others, alkaline plains. How large an area of the uninhabited West is available for cattle-raising? An accurate answer can not be given to that question, but I will state some facts that are vital factors in all estimates of the value of the grazing ground.

On the trail, when the cattle crowded off the Texas ranges are travelling north, they are driven an average of fifteen miles per day—some days a little more, some a little less. They are the best

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travellers of all domestic cattle: they travel free; they do not fret; they are easily guided. Many years' experience has taught the Texas cattle men that fifteen miles per day is the utmost distance these cattle can travel without serious loss of flesh. Driven that distance, they about hold their own. It is true that the yearlings and calves do not thrive when on the trail, but they live, and, if not driven over alkaline plains, are not seriously injured. The distance these cattle can travel being known, it is easy to compute the value of high-lying and waterless land. If the range is more than ten miles from water (and there are many extensive areas within the arid zone that are twenty miles from water), it is worthless, it matters not how plentiful the feed. It is true that cattle ranging at will, and free from the control of man, which they resent, will travel farther and hold their flesh better than if driven. Say they can thus travel twenty miles per day. Then, if their grazing ground is not more than ten miles from water, they can live, and maybe thrive. So far as the range lying beyond the ten-mile line is concerned, it might as well be a grassless desert. The cattle can not use it. The cattle like to loiter along the streams, to graze on the low lands, to make the valley their home. They journey long distances for food only when compelled. The effects of the cattle loitering in the valley can be plainly seen in the upper Arkansas Valley, in Colorado, where they have tramped the grass out. What has occurred in the Arkansas Valley will inevitably occur in other valleys if the range is overstocked. Once the destruction of the grass in the valley begins, the lines of destruction will annually recede farther and farther from the water, until all the grass within grazing distance of the stream is destroyed, and the range rendered valueless. In 1873 the Arkansas Valley in Colorado was carpeted with nutritious grass; in 1881 it was a desert where dust clouds coursed. The destruction of the grass in this valley was the direct outcome of overstocking the ranges. Fifteen miles from the river, on the uplands, the grass is as good as ever it was.

The native grasses of the arid belt do not stand close grazing, as the pastures of the Eastern States do. During the summer of 1871 I was in northern Montana, in the region between the Rocky Mountains and the Belt range, and northward to the Belly River in the northwest territory. At that time the Dearborn Valley range was virgin. On it was the best bunch-grass I saw in the Territory, excepting on the upper Milk River. The Sun River Valley was a famous cattle-feeding ground in those days. To-day the whole region, that was in 1871 covered with tall bunch-grass, has been practically abandoned by the cattle men. The grass is eaten out. The range was overstocked. Its value has been destroyed. The per cent. of loss among the cattle unwisely held there during the two winters last past was very large.

In 1883 the grass in northern Colorado was very badly injured by overstocking—so much so that many cattle men believed that it had been permanently injured.

The number of acres of arid land necessary to carry an animal without injury to the grass varies widely. The species of the grass, whether bunch, buffalo, or gamma, and the quantity standing on an acre, as well as the character of the soil, whether it is sandy or gravelly, must be taken into consideration. Intelligent cattle-growers assert that on a new range, such as the Yellowstone Valley was a few years ago, fifteen acres per head of cattle is sufficient to insure the permanency of the range. Others, more conservative, or maybe more greedy for range, assert that twenty-five acres is not too much if the range is to be a permanent one. This in the arid belt, of course.

In the semi-arid belt the grass forms a thick sod, and when the region is virgin there are but few weeds among the grass. But let this prairie be closely pastured for two years, and weeds, rank, unwholesome, and worthless, make their appearance. If the cattle are held on the ground, the grass will almost disappear in four or five years, and what looked to be an indestructible pasture will be only a field of weeds.

Westward from the 96th meridian all prairie grass lacks vitality. Close feeding injures it. Mowing seriously affects it. When the natural meadows lying within the arid belt were first mown, they yielded large crops of the most nutritious hay in the world. The first cutting was heavy; the successive crops were lighter and lighter, until now all these meadows must be carefully irrigated, or the grass

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crop will be so light as not to be worth cutting. So to a great extent is it in the semi-arid belt. But there, owing to the slight fall in the streams, irrigation can not be practiced. In the semi-arid belt land that has once been good hay land is always good corn land, and many meadows that no longer yield sufficient hay to pay for cutting will be ploughed and devoted to corn.

I have said that the annual drive from Texas will probably be from 750,000 to 1,000,000 cattle. A large proportion of these will be stock cattle—cows, heifers, and young steers. Where are these cattle to be held until fit for market? At the Cattle Growers' Convention, held in St. Louis, November, 1884, the Texas cattle-growers were unanimous in advocating the creation of a national cattle trail, six miles wide, and extending from Texas to our northern boundary. The Northern grazers opposed the proposed trail on the ground that the Texas cattle were infected with a disease known in the business as the Spanish fever. They asserted—and truthfully, too—that the driving of through Texas cattle along the trail would infect their herds. The Spanish fever does not injure Texas cattle; but all native cattle—that is, all Northern stock, no matter what their blood—catch the disease by grazing on the ground over which through Texas cattle have passed, and they generally die. Here were two parties disputing about a fact that both knew to be a fact, both cunningly endeavoring to conceal their real hopes and fears. There are Territorial and State laws in force in the West that forbid the driving of through Texas cattle on to many ranges. A national law enacted for the purpose of providing a cattle trail would override these local laws, which many lawyers pronounce unconstitutional, and open the Northern grazing ground to the Texas cattle. The Southern stock-growers want the trail created so that they can drive young steers that are strong enough to endure the severe winters of the Northwest through to the bunch and buffalo grass pastures of Wyoming and Montana in one season, and so avert overstocking their home range, which is secure from invasion of Northern herds, as no native cattle can be driven on to the grazing ground of Texas and live. The Spanish fever stalks abroad there. The Northern men assert and re-assert that the opening of the trail would endanger their herds. They ignore the fact that the first heavy frost kills the Spanish fever, and ends all danger. They endeavor to conceal their real reason for opposing the opening of the trail, which is the danger of overstocking the Northern grazing ground if the Texas men are allowed to drive their surplus young steers there. They dread having from 200,000 to 300,000 young steers annually driven North to feed on a range that they all realize will, under the present land laws, be speedily overstocked, and eventually destroyed, and destroyed by the greed of the cattle men.

Underlying all talk of renting the public lands, or of buying them, and of any and all schemes concerning the disposition to be made of the public domain that emanate from the cattle-growers, is the determined purpose to secure the land, and to place it under the control of the cattle-growing associations, and then limit the number of cattle that shall be allowed to graze on it. The spectre that is ever present to the Northern cattle-growers is overstocking. All talk of their desire to conserve the public domain is false. They desire to secure absolute possession of the range; and if they succeed, they will as surely stop agricultural settlers from entering the arid belt to acquire low-lying farms along the streams as if they owned the land in fee-simple.

During the few years last past cattle ranches have changed hands freely, at very extravagant prices. The price of beef has been high, and the profits of cattle growing or grazing exceedingly large. During this same time the tendency has been to the consolidation of individual cattle owners into corporate associations, for the more economical administration of the business. Corporations can manage the business of growing cattle cheaper and better than individuals, provided the active officers of the company hold its stock, for which they have paid either money or cattle. But if the stock is held by Eastern men or by foreigners, and their agents on the plains do not own stock for which they have paid, the stock of that cattle-growing association would be about as valuable as that issued by some of the silver-mining companies of Colorado.

The reason for the high price of cattle during the past four years has never been fairly stated so that Eastern investors could understand it. For three years

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previous to 1884 the West did not make a full corn crop. The failure of the corn crop forbade the breeding of swine on a sufficiently extensive scale to keep pace with our increase in population, and at the same time supply the foreign demand. With corn worth forty-five and fifty cents per bushel, the farmers could not afford to assume the risks incident to breeding swine in large numbers. They bred, to be sure, but they did not stock their breeding pens. The small supply of pork increased the demand for beef, and the price of the latter rose. But since 1884 large corn crops have reversed the situation, and we have entered upon an era of low prices.

The grazing grounds of great altitude are the grave-yards of cows. For years the trails leading from Texas to the Northern ranges have been crowded with stock cattle that were driven North to be used in establishing ranches. The number of cattle in Texas is so great, and so near the capacity of the land to carry, that during the decade ending in 1880 from 500,000 to 700,000 cattle, old and young, male and female, were driven from the State annually. It is fair to assume that in the past at least one-fourth of the Texas drive were females, and young females generally. Where are the cows that have been driven from the mesquite and gamma ranges of Texas during the past decade? The business of raising cattle on the Northern plains is not old. It is safe to assert that at least 1,000,000 female cattle have left Texas for the Northern grazing ground during the ten years last past. In a suitable climate these cattle would have been alive to-day. Where are they? The bones of thousands of them lie bleaching on the wind-swept flanks of the foot-hills of mountain ranges; they pave the bottoms of miry pools; they are scattered among the pines standing below the eternal snow-drifts of the Rocky Mountains; they lie in disjointed, wolf-gnawed fragments on the arid, bunch-grass ranges; they are scattered over the short buffalo-grass, low-lying monuments of man's inhumanity to the dumb animals he has arrogantly assumed charge of; they have died of hunger; they have perished of thirst, when the icy breath of winter closed the streams; they have died of starvation by the tens of thousands during the season when cold storms sweep out of the North and course over the plains, burying the grass under snow. Other thousands have been frozen into solid blocks during blood-chilling blizzards.

There has been a movement of young cattle, steers generally, from the corn States to the plains, for several years. Many of the men who own or control Wyoming, Dakota, and Montana ranges have practically abandoned the business of breeding cattle, driven out of it by the severe losses of female cattle during the winters, and now confine their attention to grazing young steers, known as "pilgrims," which they bring upon the range from Eastern States. These animals are generally high-grade steers from the corn States, or long-horned cattle from Texas. If the latter are bought, those that have been held over one winter in Kansas or Nebraska or Indian Territory are preferred. In the past, this business has proved to be fairly remunerative, because, since it has been started, the price of beef has been high, and there has been no exceedingly severe winter on the plains. The country these cattle are held in has been in the white man's possession for but a few years. The men who have accurate knowledge of its climate can be counted on the fingers of one hand. The Northern cattle-growers assert that the climate is mild and the winters balmy. There are a few men in the Northwest who have traded in the Yellowstone Valley in the winter and early spring when the Sioux occupied the land. Some of these men have told me that during some winters the snow was deep on the ground for weeks, and the cold was most intense. They said that occasionally the winters were so severe that large numbers of hardy Indian ponies died. It is a well-known fact that Indian ponies can endure a greater degree of cold than American horses, and that American horses can endure a greater degree of cold than cattle, it matters not where the latter are raised.

It is estimated that 220,000 cattle were driven or carried into Montana and Dakota during 1884. The larger portion of this stock was brought on to the range to be fattened. They were young steers. It is also estimated by competent authorities that 100,000 of the 220,000 cattle that entered the far Northern range during 1884 were young native cattle from the corn States. The number of "through" cattle that were included in the great herd of Texans no man can tell. The Texas

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drover is famous throughout the arid belt for never telling the truth as to where his cattle come from. He is always willing to swear that they passed the previous winter in Kansas or Nebraska, and as cold weather kills the Spanish fever, his cattle are sound, and he is not responsible for damages if the disease makes its appearance in Northern herds. The truth is that a large proportion of the Texas cattle driven into Montana and Dakota during the season of 1884 were fresh from the Southern range. The young cattle that are brought on to the Northern grazing grounds from the agricultural States come from a land of plenty. They have been well fed and attentively watered from the day of their birth until they are sent West. They have been protected from severe winter storms. They have had intelligent and anxious care. Their instincts have been blunted by the protective care of man. These immature animals have been taken West and turned on the range to shift for themselves. They can do so in a mild winter. Last year, up to September 8, the Northern Pacific Railroad carried 68,860 young cattle from the East into Montana and western Dakota. Many thousands have been driven in, and other thousands carried in by other railroad companies. But let a hard winter come, following a wet autumn, and the grazing ground be covered with snow, and blizzard after blizzard sweep out of the frozen North in quick succession. Then how will these cattle fare? and how will the through Texans fare? I answer, just as they did in Kansas in the winter of 1871–2. They would disappear from the range. And if the winter should be as severe as some of the Indian traders told me they had seen in the Yellowstone Valley, so severe that the Indians were forced to cut cottonwood-trees so that their ponies could feed on the buds and tenderer limbs, the toughened range cattle will be decimated before spring.

It has frequently been asserted by interested parties that cattle keep fat on the range all winter. If this were true, the cities situated in the heart of the cattle country would be supplied with beef from the adjoining ranges. A stranger walking through the streets of Denver would, knowing himself to be in the cattle country, suppose that the prime quarters of beef he saw hanging in the butchers' shops were the carcasses of range cattle. But if he will go to the railroad depots he will see those choice quarters, or others just like them, unloaded from cars that came from the corn belt. If a Denver butcher is remonstrated with for charging exorbitant prices for his beef, he defends himself by saying that he has to bring his meat from Kansas City, and that transportation charges are high on the Union Pacific Railroad.

Recently a new method of handling beef cattle on the range has sprung into existence, and one that has made one branch of the cattle business on the plains safe, reasonably profitable, and humane. The hay cut on the irrigated meadows lying within the strictly arid belt is the most nutritious in the world. The rule seems to be that the greater the altitude of the meadow, the finer and more nutritious the hay it yields. A few years ago it was discovered that steers that were full fed on this hay would gain flesh during the winter. I have seen as fat beeves killed in Wyoming in March as are killed in the smaller towns in the corn belt.

There are many small meadows lying along the streams that flow through the grazing country that, with irrigation, would annually yield from 100 to 150 tons of hay. Each of these spots would afford a young man of modest means a home, where he could live in comfort and save money for his old age. He could keep a hundred head of stock cattle, or he could feed from fifty to seventy-five steers, every winter. That the industry of feeding steers hay during the winters will rapidly increase is inevitable, and many men of small means, or who are conscientiously opposed to freezing and starving cattle to death, will engage in it, providing that the cattle-growing associations do not seize all the water rights and all the meadows, which they will surely do if they can. It is the aim of all cattle growing or breeding associations which operate in the arid belt to secure the water rights in the plain country, and the natural meadows of the grazing land of high altitude. On the plains the water determines the value of the land. In the highlands there is plenty of water; but hay is an article of prime necessity to the man of small means who seeks a home. So when an unoccupied meadow is found in the range used by a cattle-growing association, one of the employés of the association is instructed to homestead or enter it, which he prompt-

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ly does. When he procures a patent from the government, he deeds the land to the association employing him. Another poor man has been deprived of a home, but the association has been benefited.

Where is the best cattle country? Where can cattle be handled or raised with small loss and sure profit and no cruelty? Unhesitatingly I answer in the semi-arid belt. Here are the requirements of a perfect cattle country. Grass to usually start early in the spring, say by the middle of April. The summers should be warm. The winters dry, so that the cattle will not tramp their feed into the ground, where the hogs that follow them can not find it. Corn should grow to perfection. The land should be comparatively free from hog and cattle diseases. Such a land is the semi-arid belt, lying between the 97th and 99th meridians, and extending from Dakota to Texas. Within that area hog cholera is almost unknown. The cattle are free from disease. There is plenty of cheap corn. Large crops of millet can be grown on all the land. Wheat is almost a sure crop. The corn stalks, wheat straw, and millet supply the cattle with an abundance of roughness during the winter. All points of the belt are convenient to market. The creeks seldom freeze over solidly, and the cattle have free access to water. The ground seldom becomes miry, and the cattle's feet are always sound. The business of raising cattle, or of feeding them, in the semi-arid belt is profitable. There are plenty of well-bred and intelligent people in the country. The country is healthful. There are good schools in every town. Land may be purchased on reasonable terms, but only the bottom land in the western portion of the semi-arid belt is corn land. The best of corn land, say twenty miles from a thriving town, can be bought for from $20 to $30 per acre. Near the towns good bottom land can be bought for from $50 to $75 per acre. The upland of the western portion of the belt is dear at any price.

The increase in the number of cattle in the semi-arid belt during the five years last past has been most remarkable. As long as wheat sold at remunerative prices the farmers did not pay much attention to cattle-growing. But when the price of wheat began to fall, and the value of cattle to increase rapidly, they realized that it was no longer wise to burn their straw, or to devote corn land to wheat culture. To show how closely intelligent men who are engaged in the same business employ the same methods of thought and arrive at the same conclusions, I instance the farmers of Kansas. Up to the autumn of 1881 calves were freely sold by these men. After the crop of calves of 1882 was born, it was rare to see veal hanging in a butcher's shop. Almost all the calves born in the semi-arid belt of Kansas since 1882 have been raised. Last spring, when travelling in Kansas, in a region where but few cattle were held three years ago, I saw small herds of cattle in every barn-yard. The statistics of Kansas for 1883 show that there were 1,801,348 in the State in the spring of that year. There are about 2,500,000 in the State now. There has been a similar increase in Nebraska; and there has been an astonishing increase since 1880 in the number of cattle in the five corn States—amounting now to 13,000,000.

A BIRTHDAY.

BY JENNY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

O BIRTHDAY of the long ago,
The joy that filled my bosom then
But makes the darker seem the woe
With which the days now overflow.

Like bird in safely sheltered nest,
A child within my arms was pressed,
And sipped life's blossoms at my breast.

The bird to safer shelter flown,
The nest is empty, and alone
I make my broken-hearted moan.

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A POSTMASTER'S EXPERIENCE OF CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

AN experience of over two years in one of the large offices to which the Civil Service Act applies has given me an opportunity to observe its workings, and to compare its merits with the old system of making appointments.

Many years of continuous employment in the government service had taught me the absolute necessity of some change in the mode of selection for subordinate positions, and had also convinced me that even isolated cases of administrative reform were not to be looked for in our larger cities, no matter how high the character, honest the purpose, or marked the attainments of the head of the office might be.

It required the sanction of a law of Congress and the support of an honest and conscientious Chief Magistrate to enable a postmaster or collector to stem the current for the first two years in which he was engaged in "commending an unwelcome law to an unwilling people." In some few cities, to be sure, a system of examinations had been inaugurated, and a board of examiners had been appointed; but their duties were merely nominal, and their functions were never exerted to the exclusion of a political favorite whose appointment was necessary, or, if already appointed, whose promotion would advance the interests of the appointing officer or his political friends.

When, therefore, the announcement was made that on and after July 16, 1883, in the larger offices of the country and in the departments at Washington, all save a few excepted places were to be filled only by those who had passed a competitive examination, there was at first a feeling of incredulity on the part of the Old Guard of office-seekers, which soon became one of indignation and astonishment when it was found that the law was really to be enforced.

To be sure it only applied, outside of Washington, to the post-offices and customs offices having more than fifty employés, but as these offices had heretofore afforded the largest number of political places, their loss was sure to be severely felt.

The head of a large office (to which it was subsequently found the law did not apply), meeting me in Washington about the time the law was to go into effect, inquired, gravely, "What are you going to do about it? how are you going to get round it?" and seemed paralyzed with astonishment when I replied that I was not going to do anything about the new law except to enforce it in the office under my charge, and that I did not intend to try to "get round" it. "But," he replied, "it will break up the party in my district. I must take care of the 'workers'. How is it to be done?" I answered that, melancholy as it was, the workers must now take their chances with others in passing the examination. The look of disgust on his face convinced me that he did not regard this as practical politics, nor the plan suggested as a feasible one; nor did my further suggestion, that possibly leaders without sufficient intelligence or education to enable them to pass a simple examination in the rudimentary branches might be supplanted without serious detriment to the body-politic, meet with any better reception. I concluded that Ephraim was joined to his idols, and left him to ruminate on a plan of "how not to do it."

When it became known that the law was really a fixed fact, and that an examination had actually been held at the office under my charge, there was no little curiosity to see the new appointees. Had they been men of an entirely different race from ours, their advent in the office would hardly have been awaited with more interest. There was something so extraordinary in appointing to a place in the public service a man entirely unknown to the representatives of the old *régime*, gathered from every ward in the city, that the representative of this departure from a time-honored custom naturally became the centre of discussion and speculation.

The office at this time had been pretty thoroughly weeded out, not in the sense of general and sweeping removals, for changes had been made only for cause, but rather in the policy of the survival of the fittest, and it therefore afforded in the character, intelligence, and standing of its employés a high standard of comparison by which to judge the new appointees.

The annual allowance made soon after the 1st of July gave the office an increased force that year, and there was therefore an early opportunity to carry the law into execution.

The two persons first appointed, select-

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ed from the highest on the eligible list, did not prove satisfactory, and both were speedily dismissed, one for intemperance, and the other for general unworthiness, insubordination, and absence without leave during business hours. These two men were at once compared with two others appointed to fill vacancies occurring a short time before the law went into effect, and who, as it happened, were both thorough representatives of the old system of official rewards for faithful party service, but who proved, in this instance, to be capital clerks, and soon earned advancement by intelligent and quick perception of their duties.

Had I entered upon the duty of administering the new law with preconceived prejudices, and with doleful forebodings as to the future, the comments made at this juncture would have been consoling in a melancholy degree; but with the certainty that the principle was right, with the knowledge that all things must have a beginning, and that all is well that ends well, I replaced the dismissed men with the next on the list, and with this unfortunate episode the unfavorable aspect of the new law ended. Only a single additional case of this character occurred during the ensuing two years, and these, with one other case growing out of a disposition to incur debts which the employé could not possibly liquidate, and which were assumed on the strength of his official position, constitute the sum total of removals during the two and one-sixth years in which the law has been in operation, and embracing a total of about seventy-five appointments.

Not one of the number has failed to secure a favorable report at the end of his six months' probationary period, and all at the end of that time have been recommended for permanent appointment.

This report has been made upon the daily record kept by the different superintendents to whom they have been assigned, and who, themselves appointees of the old system, and most of them party men of the strictest sect, could hardly be suspected of undue leniency or favoritism in making up their estimate of the six months' work.

One of the assistant superintendents, who was known to be hostile to the law, and who was sharply critical in his estimate of the work of the new men, came into my office one afternoon, in the absence of his superintendent, who was absent on his annual vacation, and remarked that Mr. A——, one of the civil service men, who had been in the office a couple of months, was exceedingly slow, and apparently unable to master the details of the work, and at the same time desiring to know if the instructions I had previously given to report for dismissal men found to be incapable after a fair trial were to be applied to the "civil service men," or if they were to be allowed to serve out their six months' probationary period, regardless of the character of their service.

I informed him that although a six months' probationary period had been fixed before granting a permanent appointment, it was not my understanding that the government was bound to be afflicted during this time with the services of an appointee found hopelessly dull or incapable of practical work, but that after a reasonable trial such a clerk would be reported to me for dismissal for cause; all that I should require would be satisfactory evidence of the man's inefficiency and his inability or indisposition to do the work assigned him, and that I should expect this fact to be ascertained and reported without the slightest prejudice. He stated that he wanted a little more time in which to observe the progress of the clerk in question.

Two weeks later he reported marked improvement, and at the end of six months he joined with the superintendent in cordially recommending the man for permanent appointment. The responsibility for the clerk's retention resting with him aroused his American sense of fair play, and his personal honor was enlisted in seeing that justice was done, notwithstanding he came into my office with, I believe, a strong prejudice that would have grown stronger had he found a disposition on my part to keep an appointee of the new system beyond the time allotted to others who failed to come up to the average standard of good office work.

Little by little the ice was broken, and the relations between the old and the new men became less strained. The "civil service men" were joked and chaffed, not unpleasantly, about being "school-masters," and were plied with absurd questions picked up from the opposition papers, which teem with impossible questions and burlesque examinations; they sensi-

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bly took it in good part, and soon a spirit of comradeship was manifested in good words and kind deeds, and now the last signs of jealousy and ill feeling are rapidly disappearing. I attribute this result, in part at least, to the policy I have deemed it not only wisest but manifestly fairest to pursue, that of placing the new men in the lower grades and at the minimum salaries paid in the office, and leaving it entirely with themselves whether they staid there. Occasionally where good penmanship was an indispensable requisite, or where record work was to be done, and none of the old employés in the lower grades could well be promoted, or where, as in some cases, they did not desire a change of work, the new men were assigned at once to the advanced work, but always at the minimum salary, which was never increased during the probationary period, and often not within the first year.

Many of the new appointees came from the rural districts, and nearly all of them were entirely unacquainted with office work of any description. Their progress, under the circumstances, was something remarkable, and indicated a degree of intelligent appreciation and close study for which I was unprepared, although hopeful of good things from the new system, and entirely confident of the final result. Many of those who had passed the examination and had been certified for appointment seemed to be imbued with the spirit of doubt and uncertainty about the new law "meaning anything" which was so generally prevalent, and upon being ordered to report for duty manifested considerable anxiety to know if the appointment was permanent, and if an opportunity would be given them to learn the work before requiring full and efficient service. On being assured that impossibilities were not expected, and that precisely the same chance would be given them that had been extended to clerks now experienced in the service, they took hold with alacrity, and soon overcame the nervousness incident to new duties performed under the observation of a large number of skilled employés.

My greatest fears were for the letter-carriers, who, in addition to mastering the details of the new work, had also to learn the city, to which many of them were almost entire strangers. In this work, as in the office, however, I found that there was no ground for apprehension; they entered upon their work vigorously and with marked intelligence, and I do not now recall a single reasonable complaint, except in the case of one or two who became financially embarrassed by reason of anticipating and exceeding the small salary earned as substitute or auxiliary carriers.

But while the new employés were growing in grace and favor with the public and their fellow-clerks, what shall be said of the effect of the adoption of the new system upon the appointing officer? On this subject it is impossible to convey to the general public any conception of the relief experienced. Senators, Representatives, and heads of bureaus in Washington may have some idea, but even they can not adequately estimate the completeness of the change that followed. The former could sometimes escape the army of office-seekers and their friends by absence from their hotels or rooms, or by pleading the necessity for their presence in the House, while the bureau officer could always secure a certain degree of privacy not attainable in a local office. The general public are properly very sensitive on the subject of the exclusiveness of government officials. There was accordingly nothing for it but to face the music, and receive day after day the ceaseless throng of office-seekers and their friends. From early morn till dewy eve they came in singly, in twos and threes, in half-dozens, and in dozens.

If the aggregate influence they represented and the number of votes they controlled had been accepted at their own estimate, the Republican party in our city would have had such a majority that nothing would have been left to the unfortunate Democrats but to move to make it unanimous. Some of these interviews terminated in a manner that would have been as startling to the applicant, could he have heard the conversation, as it was disgusting to myself, who, less fortunate than he, was bound to stay and listen. After a long and fulsome encomium on the merits and political solidity of the applicant, and a full statement of his varied services to the party in his ward, he would be dismissed with the remark that they wished to see me personally for a few minutes. The door would scarcely be closed before I was saluted about as follows: "Say! we don't want that feller appointed; he's no good. We want So-

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and-so appointed. We had to show up with him, you know, to keep his friends from kicking." In one case, on being pressed for the name of their real candidate, and the reason for his absence, it appeared that he was in durance vile for some "indiscretion," and therefore could not be produced. The man thus shamefully betrayed and fooled was often an intelligent, upright citizen, who had probably rendered his party far more valuable and certainly more gratuitous service than the "heeler" who came to recommend him, and whose measure of fealty and usefulness in a campaign was generally in exact proportion to the amount of funds he was allowed to handle.

One of the peculiarly unfortunate features of the old system was that the pressure for places was greatest at the very time when the officer was most engrossed with the pressing duties incident to assuming control of a new office. For three months after the commencement of my term of office I did not find a single hour of the day when I was free from the importunities of office-seekers, and often for a week at a time I would dismiss one man or delegation only to receive another, and finally, worn out with the unequal contest, would run the gauntlet on my way home only to find a delegation awaiting me there. Had I desired to do so, it would have been impracticable, if not unjust, to attempt to deny these men a hearing. It was not the applicant, but the system, that was in fault. Times were hard. These men were poor, and needed employment. They believed that my appointment meant the removal of a large number of employés. That I was going to retain any considerable number of the old employés to the exclusion of my own "friends," present or prospective, they could hardly persuade themselves to believe. The realization that vacancies would come singly and for cause only, instead of by dozens and scores, as they had fondly anticipated, never did fully come home to them until the advent of the new law extinguished the last lingering hope of somehow obtaining a place through favoritism or influence.

The change that followed the adoption of the new system was greater than I had dared to hope, although I had expected a great deal. There was at first the usual protest when some man unknown in local political circles was appointed through the examination, and this protest changed into angry denunciation and unmeasured personal abuse of the appointing officer when it became known that the appointee was of the opposite political faith to the party in power. Some even of the more thoughtful men of the party, men really entitled to rank as leaders, and presumably acquainted with the mandatory character of the civil service law in its application to the appointing officer, called to remonstrate at this point, and suggested that this was perhaps going a little too far. A reference to the law and regulations, however, satisfied them at once, and after the first few days the situation was quietly accepted by these gentlemen, and no further objections were ever made—at least not to me. But there was a class into whose souls the iron entered deeply, and for a long time they refused to be comforted.

The relief from pressure for places was felt at once, and grew more marked when it became known that no exceptions were to be made to the rule requiring examinations for positions in the office. If one of the places exempt by law became vacant, it was filled by promotion from a lower grade, and this vacancy by another promotion, and the place finally left vacant by the appointment of the civil service eligible, and in almost every instance in the exact order in which they passed, beginning with the highest on the list, and working down to the lowest. Unless there was delay in responding to the notification to report to the office for appointment, or unless some one of the four certified possessed peculiar knowledge or experience rendering him more immediately available and valuable than those above him, the first of the group was always selected. The knowledge that promotions would be made from the inside instead of from the outside has had an inspiring effect, and has insured a service not otherwise possible. The time previously given to applicants for office has been devoted to the vast accumulation of details that are constantly arising in a large office, not individually perhaps of great importance, but making up in the aggregate that indefinable something which, if properly attended to, makes good service, and which, if neglected, gradually leads to demoralization.

It was not alone the pressure for appointments that so severely taxed the head of

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an office, but the pressure for removals was equally great. I do not believe that a more severe trial of the patience and temper of an officer could be devised than an interruption at some unusually busy time by a delegation whose business it was to urge the immediate removal of some thoroughly efficient clerk, about whose character and standing as a citizen there was no question, and whose ability and usefulness in the office had been established by years of good service and an excellent record. Often no attempt was made even to assail his political fidelity to the party; it was conceded that as a voter and contributor he was all right, but the place was wanted for another man—a "worker." In one instance an attack was made on a clerk of the highest character and responsibility, and of known loyalty to the party, and his summary removal demanded, to make place for a man who one week later was before the police court, a candidate for work-house honors.

It is impossible for a man of candor and unbiassed judgment to look back over four years' control of an office having large patronage and say that he has not made some mistakes in his appointments, but I can review the situation from the advanced stand-point I now occupy, and say, with much confidence, that I have not made a mistake in my removals. I started out with the determination to make removals only for cause, and adhered to it, notwithstanding the fact that more than half the employés of the office were at one time or another selected by outsiders for removal, and pursued in many instances with a malevolence that could hardly have been exceeded had it come from unscrupulous political enemies, instead of being, as it was, the work of their own party friends.

It has not been deemed best to institute an examination for promotions other than a practical test of the knowledge gained in the office; in this way the old employés have not only had a fair chance, but a manifest advantage, growing out of greater length of service and experience in the different branches of the work to be done. Notwithstanding this fact, the civil service appointees have earned their full share of promotion, and in case examinations and on the average found by checking errors they have attained a high rank, while their general superiority in penmanship has given them an advantage in promotions and assignments to purely clerical positions. The interest in the work and the evident ambition to succeed have increased in a marked degree throughout the office since the passage of the law, and it is no longer treated as a make-shift position intended to last simply during the term of the present head of the local office, but as one promising permanency and promotion, if earned by good work and strict attention to the business of the office.

Wherever the law has failed—if it has failed anywhere—the cause will be found to be the prejudice of the appointing officer, or exemptions made to defeat the purpose of the law. Let the Commission define just who in each office shall be exempt from the operation of the law, let this exempted list be made as small as the law itself will admit, taking especial pains to see that the lower grades in an office are *not* exempt from examination, and many of the so-called imperfections will disappear. Let it be further understood that this law is to be obeyed like any other law, without discussion or comment, and that its evasion will be attended with the same consequences that would inevitably follow conversion of government funds, appropriation of government stamps, or any other unlawful act, and the "crudities" of the law will soon be forgotten.

Appointing officers do not seem called upon to assume the arduous duties of critics or censors, nor to construe laws of Congress. The scope of the reform might be largely extended. It is difficult to see why a post-office having more than fifty employés should come within the scope of a law from which the internal revenue office in the same city, with an equal or greater number of employés, is exempt. No thinking man will insist that the duties of an internal revenue officer are less important than those of a post-office clerk, or that a lower standard of education and intelligence suffices to discharge those duties properly. Upon these officers devolve the collection of almost one-half the revenues of the government. There will not, I judge, be any dissent from the opinion that there was never a time when examinations were more imperatively demanded than now, when this service seems selected for sweeping and rapid changes.

To say that the head of an office will of his own volition institute an examination tending to show the fitness of an appli-

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cant, or that he will select for appointment only intelligent, capable, and worthy men, is to belie the experience of every competent observer during the last fifty years. So long as appointments are made the mere stepping-stone to some advanced political position, so long will subordinates be selected, unless the law intervenes to prevent, solely for their ability to advance the political interests of their superior, and to satisfy the demands of the worst elements in each party. Confident of the support of the ward and precinct boss, sure of the delegation in the next convention, he is in position to make to the long-suffering people the same dreary old answer, "What are you going to do about it?" Let the civil service regulations be extended so as to embrace offices having very much less than fifty employés, let it include all branches of the civil service, enforce it as other laws are enforced, and the reign of such bosses will soon come to be regarded as impossible as would now be the revival and enforcement of the old blue laws, the trials for witchcraft, or the persecution of the Quakers.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THERE is always a pleasant strain of comedy in the most solemn and imposing public affairs, and the utmost official decorum is always at the mercy of a joke. If Dr. Parr's wig was awry, his most serious exhortations in the pulpit ceased to be impressive; and the sense of humorous incongruity between traditions of costume and conduct and the spirit of the age or the consciousness of the spectator—as if a Lord Chancellor should wear motley—is sometimes so acute that all gravity is lost. Nothing is more important at the time than the due observance of social conventions. It is as foolish and unavailing to protest that the immortal soul of man is superior to mere fashions of dress as it was for the indignant friend to assure the incumbent of the stocks that he couldn't be put in the stocks for the offense alleged. "Perhaps not," was the philosophical reply; "but here I am." To violate the social conventions is to be laughed at. The instinctive feeling is that a man who insists upon wearing knee-breeches and a scarlet coat flowered in gold upon an occasion when everybody else wears a black broadcloth coat and trousers is to betray an eccentricity which does not comport with sound judgment.

The Easy Chair knew a well-meaning youth who was much oppressed with a sense of the artificiality and insincerity of society, and he resolved for his part to protest by drawing nearer to nature. He decided to begin the protest with his dress. "Can any sensible man," said the ingenious youth, "give a good reason for the shape of our trousers?"—they were then made very loose around the ankle. "Why should not our tailoring follow nature, and our trousers conform to the shape of the limb? The leg does not expand toward the foot—why should the trouser?" To this great question the child of nature prepared a practical answer which would have charmed Rousseau. It was summer, and he caused a pair of white duck trousers to be made which fitted his legs closely, and buttoned around the ankles. But when he issued from his room arrayed in a garment conformed to the leadings of nature, although his legs were dressed like those of our ancestors who wore "tights," the impression was irresistible that he had forgotten to put on all his clothes. The courage which sustained the well-meaning youth during the storm of chaff that accompanied his very brief appearance in this garb was admirable. But it was also wasted. The courage was excellent, and it is a great quality. But so is common-sense.

The heroism of this good youth is kindred to the patriotism which greets with uproarious enthusiasm "the plain evening dress" of the American Minister at foreign courts amid the glittering embroideries of the court dresses of royal and imperial ambassadors. Fashion is a great humorist, and it happens that the dress which an American gentleman properly wears in the evening at the President's reception is also that of a waiter in many a fine foreign house. Our republican pride is naturally great, but it is not wholly clear that it must be agreeable to republican pride to have the Minister of the republic mistaken for a waiter. Undoubtedly man is superior to his accidents, and dress is the merest accident. Undoubtedly, also, the resplendent costumes of courtly ceremony are mediæval and even grotesque, like the triple crown of the Pope, or the uniform of the British beef-eaters. And, again, undoubtedly simplicity is the best decoration of the lady or the gentleman. But these comfortable axioms do not atone for the possible indignity of ordering the American Minister to bring a glass of negus, nor do they console his compatriots who have their own opinions of titled flunkies and a lofty scorn of royal liveries.

At the state receptions of the first President of the French Republic in the palace of the

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Élysée, the President, whose name was Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, stood in a military uniform beneath a portrait of the first Napoleon, who was depicted in imperial velvet and ermine and lace—a costume in fact which would cover an American President with the utmost ridicule. But it was not ridiculous when Napoleon wore it, as the four stars upon the shoulder of General Sheridan are not ridiculous now. It was simply the conventional costume of an Emperor, as the distinctive buttons and stars upon the coat are the conventional uniform of the American General. But the dress in both cases is symbolic as well as ceremonial.

Charles Fox used to rise on his field days in the House of Commons dressed in blue and buff. They were the traditional colors of the Whigs, and Daniel Webster, the great American Whig, also wore them when he made an important speech. The colors were traditional and conventional symbols. Blue, as the Liberal color, was adopted by the Covenanters as against the scarlet of the King's troops, and they took the color from the Book of Numbers, in which the children of Israel were directed to make fringes to their garments, and to put upon the fringe a ribbon of blue. Gradually the reason fades out of memory. The colors become conventional, but they are symbolic, like the crown and sceptre of royalty. Now, fellow-republican, why not a ceremony of dress, since royalty's self is but a ceremony? A man should dress with propriety. But what is propriety in such a matter but a nice regard for the fitness of the occasion?

In the same sense ambassadors and ministers are but ceremonies, and if a republic chooses to send a minister to a foreign court, what better guide in regard to social conventions can there be than common-sense? When a sensible Protestant enters a Roman Catholic church, he does not emulate Brown or Jones or Robinson in Doyle's delightful picture, and stand bolt-upright staring about him while the congregation around him is reverently kneeling toward the altar, nor does he abjure the Lutheran heresy and become reconciled to Rome because he behaves like a gentleman and not like a Hottentot. So when the Misericordia passes in Florence, and everybody lifts his hat in salute to that swift errand of mercy, does the American who is worthy of the name pull his hat over his forehead and sneer at superstition?

There is no court dress at the White House. That is happily true, and it is recorded that fellow-citizens in their shirt sleeves have entered at a public levee to pay their respects to the President. It follows, then, probably, that the American Minister, the official representative of republican simplicity, should salute the Queen in his shirt sleeves. Away with flummery and toggery and liveries! But, *siste, viator!* The Easy Chair read this very morning that the President received last evening at the White House in full evening dress. Alas! away with flummery and toggery and liveries! What is a white cravat but flummery, and a dress-coat but toggery and livery? Why did not true republican simplicity dictate to the President the morning business suit of plain tweed? Alas! alas! again, what is a business suit in the morning but a miserable livery?—that is to say, a dress suitable to the occasion.

That, indeed, is the dictate of common-sense, and our tornadoes of republican wrath with official gold-lace and the courtly liveries of snobs and flunkies may be calmed by the consoling reflection that a man who is fit to be a minister of the republic is capable of dressing himself and of behaving himself properly. The free and independent fellow-citizen whom it is necessary to warn not to stir his neighbor's tea with his own finger, nor to wear arctics into the Queen's drawing-room, nor to don the dress of a Feejee when he goes to a court dinner, may be a paragon of all the virtues, but he is not fitted to be a foreign minister of the republic. If for that reason—that is, because there are Americans who can not be trusted to dress with propriety—all the American legations in foreign countries should be abolished, so let it be. But, brethren—for that reason?

It was hoped that the worthy people who have been in the habit of disturbing the opera with loud talking and laughing had returned to the congenial circles of miners and Indian reservations upon the frontier. But they have delayed their departure, and are still to be heard and marked at their old tricks of annoying the intelligent and well-bred persons whom an unkind fate dooms to sit near them. The wrath of some of these latter sufferers is great, and it has found expression in the newspapers. But the expression is a cry of despair rather than a suggestion of practical relief. It is evident that the sufferers regard the offenders like a swarm of mosquitoes, or an epidemic of the measles, or an obnoxious stench, for which the only remedy is flight.

It is not a fault that an ear for music has been withheld from a man or woman, or that circumstances have deprived them of the benefit of refined associations, or that nature has denied them that fine instinct of courtesy which is not due to training, but is found equally in savage and civilized life. But as the city regulations protect the innocent citizen by prohibiting the driving of wild cattle through the streets, and as public nuisances are abated by law, it should seem that the wisdom of educated men might devise some effectual method of suppressing this common enemy in a place of amusement, and even in so choice a retreat as the opera-house.

On behalf of the excellent people who chatter and giggle in the boxes, however, and who are wholly ignorant of good-breeding, it must be said that they behave after their kind, and furnish a spectacle and entertainment which were not promised in the bills. While we expected to hear and to see the beauty and the melody of imaginative genius, to be touched,

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elevated, and inspired by the sweet enchantment of the musical drama, and to watch the idealized play of human emotions and passions, we are suddenly summoned by the neighboring box to behold the manners and the decencies and the vulgarities of Dead Man's Gulch, or Sandy Barren, or Poker Flat, or some other semi-civilized community—vulgarities which are made the more ludicrous because they are presented by persons dressed in the most extravagant fashion of the hour and showing the usual signs of good society, although with the under-breeding of excess. It must be said, also, that the rival side company in the box is usually quite as successful in its performance as the more legitimate company upon the stage. However skillfully the singers upon the stage may represent the romantic or fairy world which they feign, not less admirably is the world of the Gulch and the Flat and the mines depicted by the rival company in the box, without the advantage of scenery or costume, and in ordinary evening dress.

But the most amusing suggestion in regard to the side company from the Gulch, and which might be therefore called the Gulchers, is that they are really masqueraders, and not true Gulchers at all. Indeed, the Easy Chair has heard the names of the reputed revellers, and there can be no violation of trust in saying here, in the strictest confidence, that the side company in the box which so accurately presents the social characteristics of the Dead Man's Gulch and other centres of fashion at the mines is declared to be no other than Mrs. Tiptop and her friends. This is an excellent jest, and shows the best spirits upon the part of the jester. But it lacks the charm of probability which gives so fine a point to such jokes. Mrs. Tiptop is a lady who would not giggle and chatter in her pew at church, and she knows that, so far as mere manners or consideration for others are concerned, it is as ill-bred to disturb your neighbors at the opera, or a concert, or a lecture, as at church.

The basis of good manners is good feeling. Their very purpose is to spare annoyance to others. It is ill-bred and vulgar to whisper audibly, or to laugh, or to rustle and move constantly, in a room where others are intent upon a song, or an address, or any other subject of common interest. And why? Because it disturbs others. That is the simple reason; and does the jester suppose that Mrs. Tiptop does not know it? Would he assert, or, as legislative debaters say, is the honorable gentleman from Skittles prepared to affirm, that Mrs. Tiptop, knowing this fundamental rule of good manners, deliberately breaks it? To maintain that is to argue that Mrs. Tiptop is vulgar. For surely the honorable gentleman is not prepared to affirm that ladies who occupy boxes at the Metropolitan Opera are vulgar. For if he be ready for such an appalling assertion, what is to become of the foundations of society?

But we must not be lured from our trail. Whether the side company whose performances distract the unhappy neighbors from the music, and destroy the pleasure of the evening for which they have paid, be in truth a party of genuine Gulchers from Poker Flat, which is the only probable theory, or Mrs. Tiptop and her friends masquerading—a supposition which pains every polite mind—the pressing question is that of relief. How can the nuisance be abated? If people disturb the reverent silence of a church, they are either overwhelmed by the indignation of the congregation or they are removed from the building by the proper officers. Could such a process be employed in the opera-house? The directors are not exactly deacons, but might they not have power? A desperate correspondent suggests "a strong, shrill policeman's whistle." But, as he hints, that might be mistaken for a fine Wagnerian outbreak in the orchestra. The effect of a personal appeal was tried a year or two since. But the Gulchers have held their ground, and Poker Flat still reigns triumphant in certain boxes. Hissing would be a well-meant remonstrance, but sure to be misunderstood, and the hissers might be hissed, which would produce confusion, and consequent failure of moral effect.

The case plainly demands heroic treatment. Theodore Thomas was equal to the occasion when he stopped his orchestra and feared that the music interrupted conversation. His example gives the precedent. Let the performance be arrested in mid-career, and an appeal be made to the audience whether the singers or the talkers shall stop. As the disturbers might say, in the choice dialect of their native flats, that would smoke out the Gulchers. Would this course threaten the summary closing of the house? Well, then, there is another heroic method. It is the way of the sun, not of the wind. When the Gulchers, masquerading as Mrs. Tiptop and her friends, display the manners of the mine, and talk and laugh without regard to the hideous disturbance of neighbors interested in the music, suppose that all the neighborhood, all the sitters in boxes and in the parquette who are annoyed, should turn *en masse* and silently fix their gaze upon the vulgar disturbers! That still, concentrated look would quell the rioters. As the lamia, under the steady eye of the philosopher, shrank to a snake and glided away, the long-tolerated nuisance would be abated.

If a man were compelled to choose which sense he would lose, he would not relinquish his sight. That, indeed, is the last sense with which he would part. How precious it is is shown in the pathetic tenderness of feeling with which we regard the blind, and the feeling is deepened by the sweetness of disposition and manner which is characteristic of them, as if nature would atone for that deprivation. They have also a fondness and often

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a striking talent for music. The story of the blind Milton at his organ always recalls to those who knew the blind organist Oliviero that devoted and diligent musician, whose hand every Sunday seemed to the young fancy to evoke the voices of cherubim and seraphim as he pressed the keys of the great organ and filled the church with heavenly harmony. Those young pietists in the pews used to shut their eyes to have a more vivid sense of the actual darkness in which Oliviero lived, and nothing touched the young hearts with softer pity than to see him passing in the street, led by a child in whom he confided so fully that he walked without shrinking.

But to add to blindness extreme poverty is to produce as sad a situation as can befall a human being. There is no figure which appeals more strongly to sympathy than that of the blind child in the squalor of the tenement-house, or in any "den" of utter destitution. With eyes, a child may somehow emerge and fight his way. In any event, he will not seem to the parent a hopeless, helpless, life-long burden; and it is the tragedy of such destitution that the parental heart is often hardened, and the helplessness that naturally softens merely exasperates. The fate that follows is terrible. In that unbroken night, without occupation, without education, without the kindly society of fond comrades, alone in an unspeakable sense of solitude, the young soul shrinks and wastes; the human child sinks toward the brute. It is a horrible enchantment, one of the sorest trials of human faith, as well as a fearful form of human suffering.

When the late Dr. Howe—one of the noble and heroic Samaritans who in every age and in every sphere of suffering and sorrow vindicate human nature and restore the faith that wavers—first opened the School for the Blind at South Boston, he was accustomed to receive the youngest blind children from the most squalid retreats and renew their lives with the sweet magic of affection and intelligence. No man in this country, whatever his ambition or his career, pursued his purpose with a loftier enthusiasm and success than Dr. Howe, and the institution which owes so much to him still feels his animating impulse under the conduct of his daughter and son-in-law, who, with the same earnest and disinterested devotion, seek like him to lead benighted childhood with that kindly light which shines on when the clearest eye is dimmed.

Some time ago, the Easy Chair—assured of the patience and sympathy of its parish, or, more truly, its diocese—mentioned the hope of Mr. Anagnos to establish a Kindergarten, or primary school, for the blind. This would be "a complete and sunny nursery" into which the poor waifs who are resistlessly drifting toward mental barbarism could be gathered from their mournful and degrading circumstances, and under friendly intelligence and experience and care acquire the command of powers which would make them self-helpful, contented, and happy, but which otherwise, like limbs absolutely dormant, would shrivel and waste into imbecility. The experiment of the Kindergarten for the blind, as far as it has been tried, is most successful. The result is inspiring. By the gentle and unconscious tutelage of plays and exercises and occupations, the young children learn to observe attentively, to perceive correctly, to listen intelligently, to apprehend readily, to think spontaneously, to express themselves clearly, to gain bodily activity and manual dexterity, to acquire a taste as well as capacity for labor, an appreciation of beauty, and a love of truth and goodness.

So says the director of this good work. The spell-bound soul is awakened to its powers as the helpless hand is taught first to feel, then to move, then to grasp, and on and on until the flying fingers hover over the keys of an instrument and draw out its melody, or, busy in some other form of pleasant industry, enable the blind child literally to work his way with those who see. Nothing is more interesting and touching than the zeal with which the children who have been trained at the Kindergarten contribute their labor and share their gifts to promote the extension of the opportunity to their fellows. One little girl gave part of her Christmas presents to a bazar to aid the enterprise; one little fellow sent his top. The generous benefactors of all good works have not forgotten the Kindergarten for the destitute blind children, and already a pleasant estate is bought, upon which the buildings, cottages for homes, school-rooms, music-rooms, libraries, workshops, museum, gymnasium, will be created as the means are furnished.

It is a noble and pathetic charity, which among all the worthy and necessary and humane beneficences makes its own penetrating appeal. To rouse the dwindling soul, to open the inward eye of the poor young children who shall never see the beauty of the world, to enable the most helpless to help themselves—this is the charity for which this little sermon is preached, and for which the box will now be passed around.

When, a month or two since, the Easy Chair playfully spoke of erecting a statue to the authors of the Gilbert-Sullivan opera as public benefactors, it had little thought that Mr. Gilbert himself would so soon pose himself upon a pedestal. *Punch* used to make great fun of the statue of the Duke of Wellington in London. But, at least, the Duke was not his own sculptor. Mr. Gilbert, however, has chosen to make so comical a figure of himself that it is impossible not to laugh at it. He has written the libretto of several comic operas which Mr. Sullivan has set to music, and which have been justly very popular in this country, to the great emolument of Mr. Gilbert and his associate. The verses of Mr. Gilbert are very amusing, and although he

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could sell no right to their publication in this country, and no publisher who should issue them could have the least protection, or be sure that the fact of the publication would not attract a dozen competing editions the next day, yet the publishers who chose to issue them at this risk also chose to show their good-will to Mr. Gilbert, the author, which is all that they could do under the existing law, by sending him a draft for a small amount.

It was a simple act of courtesy, which showed that the publishers were disposed to recognize the claim of the author to his own work, although the law did not acknowledge it, and in fact the publishers had been actively engaged for some years in securing such a legal acknowledgment for the foreign author. But the courtesy of this particular foreign author led him in hot wrath to send the letter of the publishers to the newspapers, and to take the air of holding them up in some way to public reproof for assuming to send to him for the republication of his verses money which the law did not require them to send. This author's courtesy rested this extraordinary conduct upon the plea that he was not a beggar, and that other publishers in this country had pillaged him right and left. His courtesy selected as proper objects of public opprobrium the publishers who had not pillaged him, but who, on the contrary, had sent him a perfectly fair consideration for issuing his work without any kind of security against competing issues. There is really no situation in any comic opera of Mr. Gilbert's so farcical as this. He has chosen to surpass in his own conduct the utmost absurdities of Sir Joseph Porter and Pooh-Bah and Bunthorne.

There is no international copyright. Mr. Gilbert may properly think that there ought to be such a copyright. He may hold that American publishers have no moral right to issue his verses without his authority. But since he can not confer such authority, and if he could, the object of conferring it would be to receive compensation, and since, although he can not confer it, nor secure any advantage to the publisher, the publisher chooses nevertheless to acknowledge the claim which Mr. Gilbert asserts, but which the law does not allow nor protect, and chooses also to send him compensation, is there off the deck of the *Pinafore*, or out of the streets of Titipu, a being who would gravely and defiantly shout, "Sirs, I am not a beggar, and I scorn your gift; I have been outrageously robbed by somebody, and therefore I kick your money into a poverty-stricken hospital"? It is a situation which moves pity. The best advice to give to a man overtaken by such a whim of melancholia as this would be to go and see one of Gilbert's operas.—What does he say? Alas! alas! I am Gilbert!

This is a case in which Doctor Charles Lamb would have called for candles to examine the bumps of the patient. If the sufferer were not plainly for the nonce beyond the pale of common-sense, he might be asked why, if he be not a beggar, he does not promptly toss back money which he stigmatizes as alms, or how it is that, if sending the money be so gross an outrage, keeping it is not equally outrageous, and giving it to a hospital simply absurd. Or, again, in the absence of an international copyright law, and consequently of any protection to the American publisher who issues an English book, would it seem to anybody but Ko-Ko an abominable iniquity for that publisher to prove in a substantial way that, law or no law, he recognizes the author's right? If Mr. Gilbert were resolved never to touch an American penny until the great wrong of the copyright should be rectified, very well; but why, then, does he take the money which he so publicly disdains? and why does he pocket the dastardly American receipts from the performance of his operas?

There are other English authors, and of a larger and somewhat different renown from that of Mr. Gilbert, who, pending an international copyright, have hitherto made such arrangements with American publishers, each for his own interest, as the situation permitted, and with mutual satisfaction. Recently such arrangements have become impossible, and less compensation has been paid to English authors than for many years before, and American authors and publishers are now actively co-operating in the most friendly spirit to secure by law an equitable adjustment for the authors of both countries. This is the felicitous moment that Mr. Gilbert has chosen for sneering at American publishers who offer him the best possible proof of their good faith. He steps up not to the pedestal of the public benefactor whom the Easy Chair had in mind, and who moves the public laughter at extravagance and folly, but to the seat of the common scold, who moves the public laughter at himself as a more ludicrous figure than his most ridiculous creation.

Ever since Jeremy Collier took a short view of the immorality and profaneness of the English stage, when, under Charles the Second, the reaction against Puritanism was extreme, the protest against the theatre has been constantly renewed, but without relaxing its hold upon public interest. The proof of this, in our own experience, is not only the number of play-houses which are open day and night in every great city, but in the large space which the daily papers give to descriptions of plays and criticisms of actors and the gossip of the theatre. Amusement, indeed, is a business of the utmost importance, and those whose profession it is to amuse others are naturally solicitous of their professional honor, and remark with indignation and censure what they feel to be its decline or degradation.

In generalizing the function of the stage as amusement the Easy Chair does not depreciate it. The word includes the instruction, the quickening of lofty impulses and of gener-

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ous sympathy, indeed, every form of influence and impression which belongs to the stage. To amuse is to entertain, and to entertain is to hold the attention agreeably, as a fine picture or statue or building holds it. The most sensitive "professional" need not disclaim his part of entertainer of the public, and his views of the true canons of such entertainment are worthy of attention. When, therefore, a veteran speaks—a comedian of an older day—his words are those of one who cherishes a high sense of the honor and duty of the stage, and may well be heeded.

Such a veteran lately deplored the decline of true dramatic art since he began to act. Scenic effects, he admits, have improved amazingly, and the payment of players is much more liberal; but the stage now, he thinks, appeals to the eye rather than to the mind. Fine scenery, he says, insures the success of a poor play, but "long runs" are injurious to young actors. This is worth heeding; but before testing the justice of the censure it is necessary to remember how much larger were the peaches of boyhood than the attenuated fruit of to-day, and how much more exquisite the enjoyment of the balls at which we danced when Hercules Jackson was grappling with the hydra-headed Bank than the wild and unseemly revels in which our grandchildren whirl to-day.

Edmund Kean, says our veteran, used to play Othello in a costume that no human being on the earth or below it ever wore. But Lamb and Hazlitt, Dana and Verplanck, sat in the pit upon a bench without a back, and thought of the acting, not of the clothes. Garrick, too, or some other great actor, used to play Hamlet in a full-bottomed wig, and amid the chairs and tables of contemporary England. And did not Rachel lay her superb spell upon the New York of thirty years ago in a grotesque poverty of scenery which added severity to the stern old tragedy? Yes, genius surmounts and confounds circumstance. The Easy Chair has seen the elder Booth in a barn, and that particular peach is one of the hugest that it recalls. But had the stage presented the scene of Phedre as truly as Rachel the unhappy woman, would the art have been injured or the effect have been weakened? If Booth's bare scenic environment in Shylock had been enchanted into the vivid semblance of Venice, with the fit perspective and tone and suggestion and romance with which Irving surrounded it, would the scene have dominated the actor's power, or Shylock have seemed less Shylock? If, indeed, the scenery be more faithful than the actor, and bear off the honors of the play, it is unfortunate for the actor; but is it the faithful scenery that should be discarded? Might not the actor wisely ponder that deep saying of the æsthete, "I hope to live up to my tea-pot"?

It is easy to see that the "long run" may deprive the younger actor of his chance. He is cast in a poor part, and must remain in it so long as the public demands the play, and consequently there is no opportunity of trying another part that might reveal his genius and make his fame. It is hard for the young actor. But shall the public lose the beautiful play of genius that creates Rip Van Winkle in order that the young actor may discover whether he also may not have genius? Moreover, as our veteran admits, the question of dollars must be considered also, and if the manager fills his house nightly with a play which gives unquestioned genius full scope, could he do better for himself or please the public more?

Into the mazes of the veteran's comments upon the ballet how shall an Easy Chair venture? It did not see the *Black Crook*, but it saw Taglioni and Cerito and Fanny Elssler, and the ballet then was a pretty pantomime with marvellous grace of movement. But all except the famous dancers were ludicrous and painful posturers. And in the latter day there seem to be few famous dancers. The coming of Fanny Elssler to New York was almost as great an event as that of Jenny Lind. Is there any dancer now whose horses the gilded youth of the Metropolitan and the Academy would unharness that they might draw the peerless *diva* home? The realm of the ballet is like that of the opera. They are both a fairy-land in which the only absurdity is to think it absurd that men and women should sing instead of talk, or communicate by kicking up their heels. The wise man must take care lest he turn the laugh against himself by declaring that a man who expires in a roulade, or a woman who expresses fond affection by poising herself upon her foot and twirling on her toe, is unworthy of serious consideration. True, good sir, and so are Puss in Boots and Jack the Giant-Killer. They are palpably untrue stories. How could a boy climb to the sky upon a bean-stalk? It is sheer nonsense, as you say, quite unworthy of serious attention. And meanwhile, good sir, the smile is general.

Our veteran will not misunderstand, nor doubt, the Easy Chair's hearty acquiescence in his honest denunciation of every abuse of his ancient and honorable profession which tends in the slightest degree to relax the rule of innocence and propriety which the self-respecting player in his gayest moment instinctively respects. But spare us the wholesome nonsense, the merry laugh, the genuine rollicking fun of—for instance—the *Rehearsal of the Christmas Pantomime* with which Rosina Vokes's company amused the town during the last holidays. It would not bear serious consideration. No, indeed; that was its great merit. Seriousness was impossible.

The Autocrat of everybody's breakfast table lately reminded everybody, in his delightfully incisive way, that he was extremely sorry that he could not mind everybody's business. He has learned by much experience one of the

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chief penalties of fame and popularity, and he has discovered that a man who shows himself worthy of universal confidence is very sure to receive it. When an author proves by his published word that he knows the mysterious working of the heart of young women and the generous impulse and aspiration of young men, and when by sympathy and delicate skill he reveals the mother and the father to themselves, he has attracted them to himself with a force as fine and resistless as that of the magnet rock which drew out the nails from Sindbad's ship.

These good people will all instinctively seek to draw him in turn into their lives. They will overwhelm him with confidences of every kind, in many sheets closely written, and they will require his counsel upon the most delicate questions, stated in full, with copious explanatory details. Above all, whoever reads, whoever sees, his name, or catches a whisper of his fame, will demand the autograph of such a friend of mankind, with a few appropriate sentiments, and at no cost to himself but time and paper and postage stamp and the invention of a crisp and witty phrase, and this only twenty times a day. Nothing could be more reasonable. Is not the request for an autograph the most delicate flattery? Does it not say, without saying, that you are somebody, and would any churl decline to pay the small price demanded for such interesting personal intelligence?

A pleasant paper in a recent number of the *Magazine of Popular Science* describes the flight of some arctic birds at certain seasons. They darken the air, it says, and fill it with a murmuring sound. The paper would doubtless recall to the Autocrat, and all who like him have climbed the height where Fame's proud temple shines afar, the flight of the autograph seekers, not at certain times, but at all seasons. They also darken the air; but the murmuring sound is heard from another source—"not where they eat, but where they are eaten." These are the birds whom the Autocrat chiefly takes in hand. He does not chide, he counsels; he provides a short and easy way with autograph seekers. Let them send, he says, a card in an addressed envelope stamped. There are other victims who pursue a more relentless method. They confiscate the stamps inclosed, as a just remuneration for the time and temper expended in opening and destroying the letter.

But there is another and a less severe view of this kind of bird which is arctic only in its demand. The autograph seeker shows sometimes, indeed, his habits of confirmed seeking. His collection becomes like a rich man's library furnished to order with books that no gentleman's library should be without, but which no gentleman of this kind reads. Such a library is not indicative of the owner's literary tastes and studies, for he has none. It is a general tribute to the settled renown of the authors whose works are placed upon the shelves. So autograph collections are not revelations of individual preferences. They are omnivorous. Eugene Aram's autograph and Housman's, whom he murdered, are alike welcome; Vittoria Colonna's and Lucrezia Borgia's—even before Mr. Astor restored her—are of the same value.

But the larger part of the requests disclose the honest wish of ingenuous youth to possess some personal memorial of the author whom they admire. It is not always so, indeed. When the young woman in her romantic years wrote to Mr. Mark Twain that she had only just read his *Reveries of a Bachelor*, and that her intellect was led captive by the soundness of its reasoning, Mr. Twain may have winced, but surely he returned a specimen of his firmest hand. So when the Washington belle, as she leaned upon the arm of a young poet, fervently praised the poem of a rival bard as his own, it was a trying situation. But it had this alleviation, that it showed the fair lady knew him to be "somebody."

But when the tribute of admiration for the poet or the author takes the form of a request to read the manuscript of an epic poem or a novel, the burden of honor is too great to be borne. It is not a demand for a few moments, a sheet of paper, and a postage stamp, but for a day or two and a critical letter. Have these unconscionable but excellent birds of prey ever reflected upon the significance of Emerson's description of certain people as "devastators of the day"? Do they know that authors are the most laborious of men, and that nobody works longer or more constantly than the professional man of letters, and that it is as preposterous to ask one of the laborious guild to renounce his work and to give a day to your manuscript as to request a lawyer in full practice to stop and devote a day to examining your papers and decide whether you have a case? Lawyers do such work undoubtedly. But they do it professionally as work, and they are paid prodigious fees for doing it, if they have the standing in their profession that the Autocrat, for instance, has in his.

Reading manuscript with a view to publication is a professional work as much as examining titles to property; and the fact that we like the Autocrat's books—which we read because we like them, and, with Oliver Twist, ask for more—gives us no right to require him to read ours, and in difficult manuscript too. That we like an author places him under no obligation to us, and gives us no right personally to obtrude ourselves upon him. He is human, undoubtedly, and receives with pleasure every token of honest admiration. But if the request for an autograph may be considered such a token—and of this many authors are in serious doubt—the request to examine our poems and philosophies and histories, and give an opinion upon them, is not a tribute of admiration. Indeed, just what it is the Easy Chair forbears to say.

But it will not forbear to say—nay, it says

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with great pleasure—that this is the very work which is done, as it should be done, professionally, by its friend and fellow-laborer in letters, Dr. T. M. Coan, in New York, who will give the advice which none of the Autocrats will give; and which rightfully they can not be asked to give. The Doctor, however, can not furnish any autograph but his own. Yet if the diligent seeker will follow the advice of the Autocrat, he may be very sure of his reward. The stamped addressed envelope and the card are the wonder-workers.

Editor's Study.

I.

THE evolution of a believer in a God sensible to human need and in the life hereafter, from a metaphysician so purely scientific as Mr. John Fiske, is certainly one of the most interesting phases of Darwinism. Of course it proves nothing very conclusive, but for the moment one does not realize this; and if one's heart is not altogether at rest in orphanage and nonentity, as we suppose very few hearts are, it comforts, it encourages. So many scientists have denied so many things that it is hard to understand that Science herself denies nothing, to begin with, but seeks only and always to know the truth. The emotions and desires concerning our origin and destiny which seem innate are as fit subjects for her inquiry as the material world; it was to the satisfaction of these that Mr. Fiske lately addressed himself in his little book on *The Destiny of Man as viewed in the Light of his Origin*, and now again he addresses himself to the same end in *The Idea of God as affected by Modern Knowledge*. We need not say what spirit he has brought to his work, or what literary grace: his humane and high intent, his admirable art, are present in all he does; and we do not think they have ever been more sympathetic than in this essay, where he arrives at the conviction that "the everlasting source of phenomena is none other than the infinite Power that makes for righteousness," or that "however the words may stumble in which we try to say it, God is in the deepest sense a moral Being." This will not seem much to those who are accustomed to accept God from authority, and who have always believed what they were bid (which is no bad thing, perhaps, and seems to save time); but it is a good deal as the result of reasoning that begins and ends outside of all authority except that of fact scientifically ascertained; and it is still more as an induction from the Darwinian theory, which teaches Mr. Fiske that in natural selection psychical variations were preferred to physical variations, that infancy was prolonged in the interest of the family and morality, and that man, thus differentiated from the other creatures, has been perfected by the gradual predominance of the soul over the body; that the long period of his development is closing; that strife and the habits bred of war must cease as naturally as they began, and that "a stage of civilization will be reached in which human sympathy shall be all in all, and the spirit of Christ shall reign supreme through the whole length and breadth of the earth."

Throughout his essay it is interesting to find Mr. Fiske unable to language his thoughts of infinity at supreme moments except in the words of the old Book of those Semitic tribes so remote from Darwin; and it is remarkable that modern light and knowledge have no hope or type more sublime than Christ and His millennium. At the moment when we were reading the argument which could culminate in nothing higher than faith in these, there came to us another book which we think others may find it well to read together with Mr. Fiske's. It is not a new book in Europe, but we believe the American translation gives it for the first time to English readers, and it may not be superfluous to say that the great Russian novelist, incomparably the greatest writer living in that sort, who has set forth in it his doctrine of the right life, is fully a believer in Christianity; too fully, perhaps, for those who believe it ought to be believed, but not that it ought to be practiced. He supposes that Jesus Christ, being divinely sent to make God known to man, was serious when He preached meekness, submission, poverty, forgiveness, charity, and self-denial; and that He actually meant what He said when He bade us resist not evil, eschew courts of law, forbear judgment, refuse to make oath, take one wife and cleave to her till death, have no respect to persons, but love one another. The author says all this is not only possible, but easy, and he does not relegate the practice of the Christian life to some future period, but himself attempts it here and now. This must of course strike Christians who kill, and litigate, and divorce, and truckle to rank, and hate, and heap up riches, as very odd; but none of the sort who take Christ in the ironical way can help being startled by the attitude of this literalist, and suffering perhaps some pangs of disagreeable self-question. We can not help being moved by certain appeals which the author of *My Religion* makes to our experience and our reason in behalf of the life taught by Him who said His yoke was easy and His burden was light; he certainly seems to show that the yoke of the world is not easy and its burden is not light. He tells us that in this century thirty millions of men have perished in war; and he asks us how many have given up their lives for Christ's sake. These things give one pause, but

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probably an average American humorist could dispose of his arguments in a half-column funny article. A graver critic might point out that the Society of Friends, except in the single matter of heaping up riches, which they have been rather fond of, long lived the life he commends; and that it is no new thing, either, in the practice of the Moravians, who were possibly somewhat nearer his ideal. One might readily believe one's self to be reading the confession of an early Quaker or a despised Herrnhuter in these passages from the pen of one of the subtlest, the deepest, the wisest, students of human nature in our time: "Everything that once seemed to me important, such as honors, glory, civilization, wealth, the complications and refinements of existence, luxury, rich food, fine clothing, etiquette, have become for me wrong and despicable. Everything that once seemed to me wrong and despicable, such as rusticity, obscurity, poverty, simplicity of surroundings, of food, of clothing, of manners, all have now become right and important to me.... I can not, as I once did, recognize in myself or others titles or ranks or qualities aside from the quality of manhood. I can not seek for fame or glory; I can no longer cultivate a system of instruction which separates me from men.... I can no longer pursue amusements which are oil to the fire of amorous sensuality, the reading of romances and the most of poetry, listening to music, attendance at balls and theatres.... I can not favor the celibacy of persons fitted for the marriage relation.... I am obliged to consider as sacred and absolute the sole and unique union by which man is once for all indissolubly bound to the first woman with whom he has been united."

But it is not Thomas Ellwood, or Zeisberger, the Apostle to the Delawares, who says these things; it is Count Leo Tolstoï, a Russian nobleman of our day, born rich, an accomplished scholar, a brave soldier, a brilliant man of society, the greatest creative talent in fiction which his country, fertile in such talents, has produced, except, perhaps, Tourguéneff. To him the dream of the Christ-life on earth, the heavenly vision which again and again has visited generous souls, comes once more; and in his hope of realizing it he has turned from the world and its honors and embraced poverty and toil. He works with his own hands among his peasants in the fields, and he celebrates his happiness in this life as a final fruition, for, strangely and sadly enough, this latest of the apostles does not believe in the personal or individual life after death. At the time when Mr. Fiske finds the hope of this in Evolution, Count Tolstoï discovers no promise of it in Scripture, but regards it as a survival from savage times, when death and sleep were confounded in the minds of men.

II.

This curious trait of agnosticism in such a devout Christian seems like a survival itself, a projection into the hopefulness and ardor of the early Christianity which Tolstoï's doctrine and practice recall, of the vast, passive Asiatic melancholy which seems to tinge all Russian character. One is familiar with it in Tourguéneff's people, and it is a pensive light, if not a positive color, on the wonderful pages of Tolstoï's novels, where a good heart and a right mind, sensible from the first word, console and support the reader against it. After one has lived a certain number of years, and read a certain number of novels, it is not the prosperous or adverse fortune of the characters that affects one, but the good or bad faith of the novelist in dealing with them. Will he play us false or will he be true in the operation of this or that principle involved? We can not hold him to less account than this: he must be true to what life has taught us is the truth, and after that he may let any fate betide his people; the novel ends well that ends faithfully.

It is this conscience, present in all that Tolstoï has written, which has now changed from a dramatic to a hortatory expression. The same good heart and right mind are under all and in all. Their warmth and their light are not greater in *My Religion* than in *Anna Karenine*, that saddest story of guilty love, in which nothing can save the sinful woman from herself—not her husband's forgiveness, her friends' compassion, her lover's constancy, or the long intervals of quiet in which she seems safe and happy in her sin. It is she who destroys herself, persistently, step by step, in spite of all help and forbearance; and yet we are never allowed to forget how good and generous she was when we first met her, how good and generous she is, fitfully and more and more rarely, to the end. Her lover works out a sort of redemption through his patience and devotion; he grows wiser, gentler, worthier, through it; but even his good destroys her. As you read on you say, not, "This is like life," but, "This is life." It has not only the complexion, the very hue, of life, but its movement, its advances, its strange pauses, its seeming reversions to former conditions, and its perpetual change; its apparent isolations, its essential solidarity. A multitude of figures pass before us recognizably real, never caricatured or grotesqued, or in any wise unduly accented, but simple and actual in their evil or their good. There is lovely family life, the tenderness of father and daughter, the rapture of young wife and husband, the innocence of girlhood, the beauty of fidelity; there is the unrest and folly of fashion, the misery of wealth, and the wretchedness of wasted and mistaken life, the hollowness of ambition, the cheerful emptiness of some hearts, the dull emptiness of others. It is a world, and you live in it while you read, and long afterward; but at no step have you been betrayed, not because your guide has warned or exhorted you, but because he has been true, and has shown you all things as they are.

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III.

At the close of some vivid *Scenes of the Siege of Sebastopol*, lately translated in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Tolstoï, who had seen what he describes, and had been part of it, exclaims: "It is not Kalougine, with his brilliant courage, his *bravura* of gentleman, his vanity, the principal motive of all his actions; it is not Praskoukine, null and inoffensive, albeit he fell on the field of battle for the faith, the throne, and the country; nor Mikhaïlof, so timid; nor Pesth, that child without conviction and without moral principle—who can pass for traitors or heroes. No, the hero of my tale, that which I love with all the strength of my soul, that which I have sought to reproduce in all its beauty, that which has been and ever will be beautiful, is the True."

It is the might of this literary truth, which is also spiritual truth, that has made the Russians so great in fiction, so potent to move the heart and the conscience. In another paper of the *Revue*, on "Les Écrivains Russes Contemporains," which we commend to any one interested to know the sources of the present universal literary movement, the writer says of Nicolas Gogol: "A realist in the best sense of the term, he has furnished a fit instrument for the thought and the art of our time; he has clearly foreseen its future use; he has discerned the issue in Russia, at least, of that exact study of phenomena and of men which he began. If any one doubts it, let him take this sentence, one of the last that fell from his pen, in *The Confession of an Author:* 'I have pursued life in its reality, not in the dreams of the imagination, and I have thus arrived at Him who is the source of life.'" The sentence is valuable to the reader of Tolstoï's last book, and is full of suggestion for all. In another place Gogol, who began to write realistically fifty years ago, said of himself and his public: "Thankless is the fate of the writer who ventures to show what passes at each moment under his eyes.... The contemporary judge will treat his creations as low and useless; he will be assigned a despised rank among the writers who defame humanity; he will be denied all soul, heart, talent.... The reader is revolted by the meanness of my heroes.... He could have forgiven me if I had shown him picturesque rascals; he can not forgive me for showing him base ones."

The Russian criticism of 1836 was in fact as immature as much American criticism of 1886. It did not wish to see men and things in fiction as they really are: it wished to see them as the romancers had always made believe they were; it still cried for its Puss in Boots and its Jack the Giant-Killer, and would have them in some form or other.

IV.

The Russians who have followed Gogol and learned from him, as now the whole world must learn from them, have not heeded those childish demands, and they form a group from which one can hardly turn to other literatures without feeling that he enters an atmosphere of feigning, of insincere performance and ignobler ideals. The French, with their convention of indecency, the English, with their convention of propriety, alike dwindle—all except that colossal George Eliot woman—before these humane, simple masters, who have no convention, but wish merely to be true.

It is a long step to descend from them to American fiction; one holds one's breath and looks anxiously to see if there is really any footing down there; but again we can console ourselves with the fact that what our writers are doing is mostly in the right direction. The author of *Margaret Kent* has gone rather far in it, though she (the pseudonym of Henry Hayes does not hide the fluctuation of feminine draperies) seems to have been frightened back at times. This story, very clever in spite of its defects, is the story of a beautiful and unwise young grass-widow who lives in New York by her pen, while her husband lives in Rio Janeiro no one knows how. They are Southern people, who were married too young, and the wife has everything to regret in her marriage except the little girl whom it has left her—a child truthfully and winningly portrayed, and one of the successes of the book. Margaret Kent has more men to her friends than women; there is no harm in her, but a great deal of wandering, selfish good intention. One of the men, not knowing her husband's survival, wishes to marry her, and she palters for a moment with the notion of a divorce. The husband suddenly comes back, recalled by a childish appeal from the little daughter, who has been always longing and grieving for the father she has not seen—her part in this is very touching—and begins to waste his wife's earnings as he had already wasted her fortune. A mortal peril which he falls into recalls her from her scorn of him; she tries to love him, and succeeds in being good to him. When he gets well he goes South, and dies opportunely of yellow fever. The lover gets back from Europe (whither the lovers of ladies unprepared to marry have gone a great deal in novels), and after the rescue of the little Gladys by his science from diphtheria, Margaret and he are married.

The temper of the book is romantic, but many of its phases are naturalistically studied; the women figures are very well done; the men figures are such men as women draw, except always the handsome, boyish scamp-husband: he is a triumph. The lover is a doctor, of the masterful species prevalent in novels ever since Charles Reade invented it. He is not new, and neither, quite, is Mrs. Kent's dragon, the old artist whom she lives with, and who supplies with her brush the gaps that Mrs. Kent's pen leaves in their common gains; but we are compen-

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sated for her conventionality by the freshness of the portrait of Mrs. Townsend, the society newspaper correspondent; and again we say the book, as a whole, is very clever; and if it is not safe to let ladies believe that unloved husbands will die about the time that self-banished lovers wish to come home from Europe, still there is a moral sense in the story very uncommon in women's novels. We have some suspicion that if the burden of tradition had not been upon the author—if she had not been enslaved to the theatre-goer's ideal that a story should "end up" well—so skillful an artist, so fine a student of woman nature, if not human nature, as she shows herself to be, might have given us a conclusion more in keeping with what she must know of life.

V.

We admit that it would have been difficult with a novel-reading public like ours, well-meaning, sympathetic, appreciative, but superabounding in a fibreless soft-heartedness that can not bear to have pretty women disappointed in fiction; yet from a writer like the author of *Margaret Kent* we have a right to expect entire fidelity. Till we have that from our clever writers we shall have clever writers and nothing more, and we must turn elsewhere for examples of what fiction may be at its best.

One would not perhaps look first to find them in Spain, but we have just been reading a Spanish novel which is very nearly one. Of course it is a realistic novel; it is even by an author who has written essays upon realism, and who feels obliged, poor fellow, in choosing a theme which deals with the inside rather than the outside of life, to protest that the truth exists within us as well as without, and is not confined to the market-houses, the dram-shops, the street corners, or the vulgar facts of existence. Don Armando Palacio Valdés believes that his *Marta y María* is a realistic novel, although it is not founded upon current and common events, and that the beautiful and the noble also lie within the realm of reality. We should ourselves go a little farther, and say that they are to be found nowhere else; but we have not at present to do with our opinions, or even the prologue to Señor Valdés's novel, though we should be glad to reproduce that in full, it is so good. We must speak, however, of the admirable little illustrations of his book, so full of character and spirit and movement. They are badly printed, and the cover of the book, stamped in black and silver, is as ugly as a "burial casket," but our censure must almost wholly end with the mechanical execution of the book. The literature is delightful: full of charming humor, tender pathos, the liveliest sympathy with nature, the keenest knowledge of human nature, and a style whose charm makes itself felt through the shadows of a strange speech. It is the story of two sisters, daughters of the chief family in a Spanish sea-port city: Maria, who passes from the romance of literature to the romance of religion, and abandons home, father, and lover to become the spouse of heaven, and Marta, who remains to console all these for her loss. We do not remember a character more finely studied than that of Maria, who is followed, not satirically or ironically, through all the involutions of a conscious, artificial personality, but with masterly divination, and is shown as essentially cold-hearted and selfish in her religious abnegation, and as sensuous in her spiritual ecstasies as she was in her abandon to the romances on which she first fed her egoistic fancy. But Marta—Marta is delicious! We see her first as an awkward girl of thirteen at her mother's *tertulia*, helplessly laughing at some couples who give a few supererogatory hops in the dance after the music suddenly stops; and the note of friendly simplicity, of joyous, frank, sweet naturalness, struck in the beginning, is felt in her character throughout. Nothing could be lovelier than the portrayal of this girl's affection for her father and mother, and of the tenderness that insensibly grows up between her and her sister's lover, left step by step in the lurch by the intending bride of heaven. One of the uses of realism is to make us know people; to make us understand that the Spaniards, for example, are not the remote cloak-and-sword gentry of opera which romance has painted them, abounding in guitars, poniards, billets, *autos-da-fe*, and confessionals, but are as "like folks" as we are. It seems that there is much of that freedom among young people with them which makes youth a heavenly holiday in these favored States. Maria's lover has "the run of the house," in this Spanish town, quite as he would have in Chicago or Portland, and he follows Marta about in the frequent intervals of Maria's neglect; he makes her give him lunch in the kitchen when he is hungry, this very human young Marquis de Penalta; he helps her to make a pie, the young lady having a passion for all domestic employments, and to put away the clean clothes. Her father, Don Mariano Elorza, has a passion for the smell of freshly ironed linen, much as any well-domesticated American citizen might have, and loves to go and put his nose in the closets where it hangs. His wife has been a tedious, complaining invalid all her married life, but he is heart-broken when she dies; and it is at this moment that Maria—who has compromised him in the Carlist movement because that is the party of the Church, and has tried in the same cause to make her lover turn traitor to the government which he has sworn as citizen and soldier to defend—comes ecstatic from the death-scene to ask his permission to complete her vocation in the convent. He gives it with a sort of disdain for her pitiless and senseless egotism. The story closes with the happy love of Marta and Ricardo, clasped to the old man's breast and mingling their tears with his; and the author cries, "O eternal God, who dwellest in the hearts

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of the good, can it be that these tears are less grateful to Thee than the mystical colloquies of the Convent of St. Bernard?"

A sketch of the story gives no idea of its situations, or, what is more difficult and important, the atmosphere of reality in which it moves. The whole social life of the quiet town is skillfully suggested, and an abundance of figures pass before us, all graphically drawn, none touched with weakness or exaggeration. It is a book with a sole blemish—a few pages in which the author thinks it necessary to paint the growth of little Marta's passion in too vivid colors. There is no great harm; but it is a lapse of taste and of art that libels a lovely character, and seems a sacrifice to the ugly French fetich which has possessed itself of the good name of Realism to befoul it.

VI.

We must not close the door of the Study this month without speaking of some other books that have been giving us pleasure. Chief of these is Mr. T. W. Higginson's admirable *Larger History of the United States*, which has gone far to make us believe with him that our national story is "more important, more varied, more picturesque, and more absorbingly interesting than any historic subject offered by the world beside." He has at least made a thoroughly delightful book about it, and has approached it with a fresh sense, and treated it with a charming ease and familiarity which it seems impertinent to say is never trivial, and which knows how to rise at the right moments into all the necessary dignity and force. We can promise the reader that in Mr. Higginson's handling he will not find the "commonplace" story of these States less fascinating than, for example, the romantic *Story of the Fourth Crusade*, though Mr. Edwin Pears has told that again extremely well. He raises the regret, the pang, without which one can not read of that conquest of Constantinople by the French and Venetians. That calamity wrecked an ancient civilization, retarded learning, darkened Christianity, and opened to the Turk the garden lands which his presence has blighted for four centuries; and the new historian of the event shakes us anew with the doubt whether the course of events is always, even finally, the accomplishment of good, and whether the effect of this or that great crime or error is not lastingly bad.

To those who think that the career of Bonaparte was such a crime or error, *A Short History of Napoleon the First*, by Professor John Robert Seeley, will bring greater conviction, perhaps, than to Mr. John C. Ropes, say, whose Napoleon we commended last month. Professor Seeley rapidly narrates the facts of Napoleon's life, and then in a second part makes a study of his character and place in history. Briefly, he finds that if there had not been Napoleon, there would have been somebody else to do his work, and that almost any soldier of great ability could have done it better. He leaves very little of Napoleon, who looms up again as soon as Professor Seeley has done with him.

We have two excellent books which we still wish to speak of, if the reader has a moment left: *Japanese Homes and their Surroundings*, by Edward S. Morse, and *Chosön, the Land of the Morning Calm*, a sketch of Korea, by Percival Lowell. Mr. Morse's book is a store of facts concerning Japanese houses, great and simple, in city and country, which seems to comprise all that is knowable on the subject; and the driest details are so admirably treated that we can not forgive him for leaving these houses uninhabited; he should have filled them with the life of the people he knows so well, and no other could have described so interestingly. He still owes this to the public. In the mean time his volume is a treasure of architectural facts, and could not be too highly valued. Mr. Lowell, with some posturing which we could wish absent, has made a book of unique freshness and interest. Korea was about the only untravelled land; now he has been there and surprised its whole secret, which he tells again: its strange, melancholy, womanless civilization, its null commerce, its arrested art, its passive religion, the entire circle of its negations. The book is wonderfully full of novel material, well philosophized, and has a value which now can not belong to any future book of travel till we begin to explore the moon.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 16th of February.—Senator Hoar's Presidential Succession Bill passed the House January 15, by a vote of 183 to 77, and was approved by the President January 19.

The Senate devoted an entire day, January 26, to eulogies upon Vice-President Hendricks.

The House, February 1, passed the bill increasing the pensions of widows and dependent survivors of Union soldiers from eight to twelve dollars a month.

The bill for the admission of South Dakota as a State passed the Senate February 5.

The Dingley Shipping Bill, providing for the removal of certain fees, charges, and burdens on American vessels engaged in the inland and coastwise trade, passed the House February 4.

Three United States Senators were re-elected January 19: from Maryland, A. P. Gorman; Mississippi, E. C. Walthall and J. F. George.

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The public debt of the United States was reduced during January $8,672,553 81.

The Queen opened Parliament in person January 21. On January 26 Mr. Collings moved an amendment to the address, expressing regret that her Majesty's speech contemplated no measures for the relief of suffering in Ireland in consequence of the depression in trade and agriculture, particularly through facilities to farm laborers for obtaining allotments of small holdings on equitable terms (derisively characterized as a "three acres and a cow" measure). Mr. Gladstone strongly supported and the Marquis of Hartington opposed the amendment, which was adopted by a vote of 329 to 250, the ayes including 73 Parnellites as well as Messrs. Gladstone, Chamberlain, Dilke, Trevelyan, Labouchere, and Bradlaugh. The following day the Salisbury Ministry resigned, and a new cabinet was announced February 3, as follows: William E. Gladstone, Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury; Sir Farrer Herschell, Lord High Chancellor; Earl Spencer, Lord President of the Council; H. C. E. Childers, Home Secretary; Earl Rosebery, Secretary for Foreign Affairs; Earl Granville, Secretary for the Colonies; Earl of Kimberley, Secretary for India; H. Campbell-Bannerman, Secretary for War; Sir William Vernon-Harcourt, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Marquis of Ripon, First Lord of the Admiralty; Joseph Chamberlain, President of the Local Government Board; George Otto Trevelyan, Secretary for Scotland; A. J. Mundella, President of the Board of Trade; Mr. John Morley, Chief Secretary for Ireland.

The "starving mechanics" of London held a mass-meeting in Trafalgar Square February 8. The red flag was waved, and a resolution was read denouncing the existing order of things, and summoning Parliament to immediately relieve the distress of British workmen. A riot followed, and the police charged the mob, but were powerless to overcome them. The immense crowd spread through the adjacent streets, stoning club-houses and dwellings, sacking saloons, and smashing windows. Several thousand pounds' worth of jewelry, clothing, etc., were looted. The mob dispersed during the evening of its own accord, the police, however, breaking up some of its remnants.

Emperor William, in opening the Prussian Diet, January 14, said: "I am grateful for the love and fidelity of my people, and for the benevolent sympathy which has been extended to me from foreign countries. Our foreign relations are friendly, and support fully our belief that the peace of Europe is sure to continue."

Prince Bismarck, in the debate in the Prussian Landtag, January 27, on the expulsion of the Poles from Germany, made a long speech. He said the primary cause of the government's action was the disloyalty of the Poles to the Prussian crown. They were constantly engaged in intrigues against the government, and had made themselves a steady annoyance to Prussia. By acting as accomplices of the opposition in the German Parliament they effected a majority against the government, and the crown could do nothing less than either deny the demands of such a majority, or else destroy the evil element which made the majority possible.

President Grévy has signed a decree granting amnesty to persons convicted of political offenses since 1870.—The President, in his Message to the Chambers, January 14, said, "A republic is the form of government necessary for France, in view of the importance and divisions of its opponents."—M. Le Royer was re-elected President of the French Senate by a majority of 24.

DISASTERS.

January 13.—Thirteen men killed by an explosion of fire-damp in a coal mine at Almy, Wyoming.

January 21.—Explosion at the Orrel Coal Company's mines, Newburg, West Virginia, killing thirty-nine men.

February 15.—Eighteen persons drowned from the British steamer *Douglass*, wrecked at Swatow.

OBITUARY.

January 16.—In Cambridge, Massachusetts, Rev. Henry N. Hudson, Shakespearean scholar, aged seventy-two years.

January 17.—In France, Paul Jacques Aimé Baudry, artist, aged fifty-seven years.—In Italy, Amilcare Ponchielli, composer, in his fifty-second year.

January 26.—In Clinton County, Missouri, Hon. David R. Atchison, ex-United States Senator, and for one day President of the United States, aged seventy-nine years.

January 30.—In Paris, France, Armand Baschet, author, aged fifty-seven years.

January 31.—In Washington, D. C., Mrs. Thomas Francis Bayard, wife of the Secretary of State.

February 2.—In Washington, D. C., General David Hunter, U.S.A., in his eighty-fourth year.—In Danvers, Massachusetts, John D. Philbrick, LL.D., public educator, in his sixty-eighth year.

February 5.—In Philadelphia, George T. Lanigan, journalist, aged forty-eight years.

February 7.—In New York city, Dr. Alfred C. Post, in his eighty-first year.

February 8.—In Rome, Italy, Prince Alexander Torlonia, in his eighty-sixth year.

February 9.—At Governor's Island, New York Harbor, General Winfield Scott Hancock, U.S.A., aged sixty-two years.—At Seattle, Washington Territory, John G. Thompson, ex-Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Representatives, aged fifty-three years.

February 10.—In New York city, Henry J. Scudder, lawyer, in his sixty-first year.

February 12.—In Utica, New York, Hon. Horatio Seymour, ex-Governor of the State of New York, in his seventy-sixth year.

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Editor's Drawer.

THE Drawer referred some time ago to the young man who is one day to be President of the United States, and the desirability of his fitting himself for this position. But on reflection the subject assumes a graver aspect. What the young man ought to be thinking of is his ability to become an ex-President. Anybody can be President who gets votes enough: the ability to get the votes is quite distinct from the qualifications to fill the office. And when a man is in, thanks to the excellence of our machinery, he can not do much injury in four years, except to himself and his party. Moderate ability will carry him through respectably. But it requires a great man to be a successful ex-President. The office of President is a very exalted one. And when the man lays it down and retires and stands alone, and people compare him with the position he has just left, he must have very large proportions to stand the comparison. This aspect of the case has not been enough considered. Men are very anxious to get the office, and their friends push them for it, without thinking of the figure the successful man may make when his term is over. The fact is that in the contrast he may appear much more insignificant than if he had remained in private life. There has been a great deal of talk lately about giving the ex-Presidents a pension in order to place them in a position of dignity, and enable them to maintain something of the state the people have been accustomed to see them in. It has been often remarked that a king out of business becomes an object of compassion, even if he has invested money in foreign funds. Nothing but the possession of great qualities can save him from contempt. It is so with an ex-President. The practical suggestion to be made, therefore, is that the young man to whom we have alluded should fit himself to be an ex-President. If he can not attain the character and the qualities needed for that, he may be sure that the office of President will be but a hollow satisfaction.

It is getting to be very embarrassing, this civilization, especially to women. We are accumulating so much, our establishments are becoming so complicated, that daily life is an effort. There are too many "things." Our houses are getting to be museums. A house now is a library, an art gallery, a bric-à-brac shop, a furniture warehouse, a crockery store, combined. It is a great establishment run for the benefit of servants, plumbers, furnace-men, grocers, tinkers. Regarded in one light, it is a very interesting place, and in another, it is an eleemosynary institution. We are accustomed to consider it a mark of high civilization; that is to say, the more complicated and overloaded we make our domestic lives, the more civilized we regard ourselves. Now perhaps we are on the wrong track altogether. Perhaps the way to high civilization is toward simplicity and disentanglement, so that the human being will be less a slave to his surroundings and impedimenta, and have more leisure for his own cultivation and enjoyment. Perhaps life on much simpler terms than we now carry it on with would be on a really higher plane. We have been looking at some pictures of Japanese dwellings, interiors. How simple they are! how little furniture or adornment! how few "things" to care for and be anxious about! Now the Japanese are a very ancient people. They are people of high breeding, polish, refinement. They are in some respects like the Chinese, who have passed through ages and cycles of experience, worn out about all the philosophies and religions then on, and come out on the other side of everything. They have learned to take things rather easily, not to fret, and to get on without a great many encumbrances that we still wearily carry along. When we look at the Japanese houses and at their comparatively simple life, are we warranted in saying that they are behind us in civilization? May it not be true that they have lived through all our experience, and come down to an easy *modus vivendi*? They may have had their bric-à-brac period, their overloaded-establishment age, their various measles stages of civilization, before they reached a condition in which life is a comparatively simple affair. This thought must strike any one who sees the present Japanese craze in this country. For, instead of adopting the Japanese simplicity in our dwellings, we are adding the Japanese eccentricities to our other accumulations of odds and ends from all creation, and increasing the incongruity and the complication of our daily life. What a helpless being is the housewife in the midst of her treasures! The Drawer has had occasion to speak lately of the recent enthusiasm in this country for the "cultivation of the mind." It has become almost a fashion. Clubs are formed for this express purpose. But what chance is there for it in the increasing anxieties of our more and more involved and overloaded domestic life? Suppose we have clubs—Japanese clubs they might be called—for the simplification of our dwellings and for getting rid of much of our embarrassing *ménage!*

Stephen A. Douglas, in his campaign against Lincoln, spoke in front of the hotel, and Old Rube was an attentive listener. Afterward he was asked what he thought of the speech.

"Dat was heaby doctrine," said he—"de heabiest kind ob doctrine. But dar was lots ob ign'ant folks dar, Mr. Hall, dat didn't understand dat doctrine—not a bit ob it. Dey didn't understand it, Mr. Hall, no more'n *you* did."

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PLANTATION CHARCOALS.

THE TRANCE.

John Gus was emotional and religious. A prayer-meeting stimulated his spiritual nature beyond bodily endurance. One of these happy seasons was generally followed by a trance, in which state John Gus had visions of heaven and hell, for he visited either place with equal facility. His reply to my greeting one morning was rather startling, and his haggard appearance was quite confirmatory of his words.

"I ain't feelin' so well dis mornin', thank'ee, doctor. I went to hell las' night. Yassir, I was dere, sho."

"What did you see there? Meet any of your acquaintance?"

"Yas indeed, sir. Seed three or fo' overseers I knowed, an' old Sauk was dere a-ploughin'." Old Sauk was a mule noted for his indomitable will and nimbleness of heels.

"And what was it like down there, John Gus?"

"Well, doctor, dis de way it was. 'Peared like dere was a great *big* jimmyjohn, an' you hatter ride down a long lane, which is de neck o' de jimmyjohn, an' you ride a hoss what seem like it gwine stumble, an' yet it don't—jes oneasy like, you know. When you git ter de en' de lane, you go plum over dat hoss head, an' you drap down de bottom o' dat jimmyjohn, which is red-hot. An' dere's a man an' a great big dog name Ranger, an' he set Ranger on you, an' you *can't* git out'n de way. An' dere was red-hot cotton fiel's, an' red-hot men a-ploughin' red-hot mules. An' you plough an' you plough clean till Sa'day night, an' you don' res' Sunday nuther, 'case all dem ashes got ter be tooken out'n de way, an' Monday you got ter begin dat red-hot ploughin' agin. An' you look up an' git a glimp o' hebben thoo de neck o' de jimmyjohn, an' you see dem angels a-flyin' frum cherry-beam to cherry-beam, holdin' little white books in dey han's, an' settin' on de cherry-beam jes whar you can see 'em, singin' out'n de little white books. An' dere dey is, aggervatin' yo' soul, an' you never kin git out no mo' ever an' ever. O Lord, be merciful onto me!"

A groan of agony forbade any levity, even though John Gus converted the blissful cherubim into *cherry-beams*.

Not long ago one of the men from the plantation came to see "missy" on business. When this had been attended to, he lingered as if he had something more on his mind.

"Well, Sam, anything else?"

Sam shuffled deprecatingly from one foot to the other. "You see, missy, I don't never like to make complaints, but there is some gwines on I know you wouldn' like."

"Well, what?"

"Bad langidge, missy, while we all's washin' up."

"Washing up what?"

"Jes washin' up, you know, missy—*washin' up de Lawd*."

"Missy" could not help an exclamation and a laugh. She is not often at a loss to understand these her intimate friends, but this time she had to acknowledge that she was taken by surprise.

Sam was quite embarrassed, and said, apologetically, "You know I always was thick-tongued, missy."

His landlady indulged in no further levity. "You are perfectly right, Sam. It is against the law for any religious assembly to be disturbed in their worship, and I can allow no such conduct on the place."

Armed with "missy's" authority, Sam went back to the plantation to rebuke sinners more faithfully than ever.

I must now introduce Aunt Clary Brown. She comes up from the plantation occasionally to remind M—— that she once had the honor to be her nurse, one of the renowned twenty. These women who belonged to "old marse's time" bestow upon their present landlady the remarkable title of "Babe." This is done in the spirit of devoted loyalty, and the distinction is borne with simple dignity as an evidence of affection. Dressed gorgeously in a yellow spotted calico, with a hat of remarkable style set on top of her "head-hankercher," Aunt Clary wends her way from the kitchen, through the dining-room, and across the wide hall into her lady's apartment. She treads rather gingerly upon the soft carpet, and retraces her steps to the mat at the door to make sure that the sand has been rubbed from her ample shoes. M—— meets her with extended hand.

"How you do, Babe? I 'clare you looks right peart." Her fat cheeks seem to fold back to make way for wide-spreading smiles.

M—— assures her of her good health, etc., and then begins to return Aunt Clary's complimentary interest. How is her cotton turning out? what is the state of supplies? and how is the mare? Aunt Clary is very proud of her mar', as she calls that meek-looking creature upon which depends her year's ploughing.

All questions having been answered, Aunt Clary wobbles about uneasily, not knowing how to end the interview gracefully.

M—— puts a period to it by handing her a silver dollar. "Here, Aunt Clary, take this dollar and buy yourself a present."

Aunt Clary's illuminated countenance breaks into a succession of smiles, but a curious shadow falls upon it as she says: "Thankee, Babe. I'm gwine take dis dollar an' put a quarter to it, an' I'm gwine git me a black dress, and I'm gwine mou'n fer Dick. I misses dat nigger." Tears trickle down her black face. "I 'ain't got uster doin' dout him yit. Me an' Dick had one ner all dese years, an' when I sets down to eat my corn-bread an' bacon, I fee's

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lonesome. We had one ner sence we was chillun. We never had no better sense, an' I'm gwine mou'n fer Dick." The copious shower of tears is wiped away on the back of her fat hand and the corner of her gingham apron, and sunshine at once returns. "I bin allers uster havin' a man, an' I don' know how to git on dout a man. I wants a nigger to plough fer me. Nex' time you sees me, Babe, I spec I be married."

With a radiant good-by the hopeful widow goes on her way to mourn for Dick. S. D.

A great many excellent people think that man is losing caste in this country, and that the argument is all in favor of the superiority of the female sex. It may comfort such people to read the argument of a colored woman on the other side. The document is a genuine one, and the colored sister's appreciation of the value of man as man is refreshing and encouraging:

Essay on the Resolve question, that Man is more Beneficial to the world, the Lord made Adam, and afterwards, he made Eve, and therefore I think if the women had been more profitable the Lord would have Created woman first, if it ware not for the gentlemen I think there would be no Laws for People to Live under nor the law never would have Been past that a Person Should be hung for Murdering another. So therefore I think there would be very much Murder. Ware it not for the gentlemen I think there would be no voting, the gentlemans voting Causeth us to have Presidents that make Laws for us to live under, and to have congressmans. Ware it not for the jentleman we would have no nice Roads to travel, if we walked we would very often Stumble and perhaps fall. By the laws of the jentleman the president the Roads are nicely prepared for us to travel ware it not for the jentleman Some of us Probaly would Be in very much nead for water there might be no Spring in Convenience we would nead a well and who Should dig it. Should the Lady take the pickaxe and Dig the well no nobody But the jentleman Ware a Person to Be Baptized Should a Lady Baptize them. I think it would Be very peculiarly to See a Lady Baptizing or Diging a well or Diging a Grave. O no it needs the jentleman to Do this I am sure that there is not a Lady in this house that would like to Do Either of these. Ware it not for the jentleman there would be But very little Preaching altheau I have heard of Ladies preaching But I am sure thay would not take the Resolution that the jentleman takes to go to farther Countries to preach the gospel to heatheners. Moreover there might Be no Ships to sail across the great Ocean to Cary them For I am sure that Ladies do not Build Ships. Neither are Ladies the Ruler of Ships. ware it not for the jentleman I think there would Be scarcely any produce to be had, there would be but few Ladies that would be Farmers, and ware it not for the farmers there would be scarcely any Dry gods, only that produced by the Wool that grows on the Sheeps Backs and that produced By the Sik worm and the flax plant, and velvet and could But few people wear that, for it would Be very Precious and I think it would be very Dear, therefore cotton makes the most excellent goods, that is the most useful gods, and ware it not for the farmer jentleman there would not very much be made. Moreover I think there would be But very few ladies that would have the Resolution to Cut and Mall and Grub and Plow and Reap and to attend horses and cattle Especial when Snow is on the Grown, how mony Ladies are here that can say with clear Evidence thay would I am not under the least Doubt that there is not one I think the Ladies would scarcely make out to pay thare taxes By Farming that is if thay had any to pay Ware it not for the jentlemen who would prepapare all those fine Buildings all the houses in the Cities I think it would be very much Curiosity to see a Lady Building upon a house. And all those great Macinaries Such as Saw Mills Griss Mills thrashing machines should ladies rule them. Ware it not for the Saw Mills we would have no indecent houses to live in we would have to live on Dirt flowers as those of old times. Ware it not for the jentlemen Sick patience would very often be lost for this Cause, the patience might get worse in the night, the Lady being a fraid to go for the Doctor the Patience Might Be lost, or Probaly the Doctor Being a lady and having Been Sent for in the Day and perhaps might not Be at home. When *she* gets home it might be so Dark that she would be a fraid to come, the poor patience might Be Lost. Now for the jentleman — the gentleman Being not afraid (if) it should be night Right out for the Doctor he goes now had it not been for the jentleman that patience might have been lost. Moreover who should cary our mail through the Countries where there is no trains, a Lady would Do very well in the Day time But when night comes all Done just where night catch them all a lone, there thay would stop. So we could not well do without the gentlemen, and I think they would never starve on account of Being to Lazy to prepare their own food.

Jesus was a man and he Died for us all. had it not Been for the Lord where might we have Been.

The popular Governor of one of the States was colonel of a regiment, and was leading his men in the celebrated charge at Malvern Hill, when a rabbit broke from the brush in front of the regiment and made briskly to the rear. The Governor looked after it longingly a moment, and then cried out, "Go it, Molly Cotton-tail; if I hadn't a reputation to sustain, I'd like to join you."

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"CUT, CUT BEHIND!"

Vhen shnow und ice vas on der ground,
  Und merry shleigh-bells shingle;
Vhen Shack Frost he vas peen around,
  Und makes mine oldt ears tingle—
I hear dhose roguish *gamins* say,
  "Let shoy pe unconfined!"
Und dhen dhey go for efry shleigh,
  Und yell, "Cut, cut pehind!"

It makes me shust feel young some more,
  To hear dhose youngsters yell,
Und eef I don'd vas shtiff und sore,
  Py shings! I shust vould—vell,
Vhen some oldt pung vas coomin' py,
  I dink I'd feel inclined
To shump righdt in ubon der shly,
  Und shout, "Cut, cut pehind!"

I mind me vot mine fader said
  Vonce, vhen I vas a poy,
Mit meeschief alvays in mine head,
  Und fool off life und shoy:
"Now, Hans, keep off der shleighs," says he,
  "Or else shust bear in mind,
"I dake you righdt across mine knee,
  Und cut, cut, cut pehind!"

Vell, dot vas years und years ago,
  Und mine young Yawcob, too,
Vas now shkydoodling droo der shnow,
  Shust like I used to do;
Und vhen der pungs coom py mine house,
  I shust peeks droo der plind,
Und sings oudt, "Go id, Yawcob Strauss,
  Cut, cut, cut, cut pehind!"

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

Poor old Aunt Polly was passing away. Her daughter, best known as Young Polly, though she looked every day as old as her mother, and twice as capable, had nursed her faithfully, received her last directions, and, when she could do no more, stood by the bed, hoping that the apparently unconscious woman might recognize her once more. Suddenly her mother's face brightened and her eyes opened. The daughter bent eagerly forward, and the whole neighborhood, who were in attendance, as is customary in such cases, drew back as silently as possible. "Polly, always keep hot water on the stove, won't you?" said the old lady, feebly; and then she was gone.



SARCASM.

THE MAJOR. "Now, then, what's the matter there?"
BUGLER SIMMONS. "Beg pardon, sir, but I don't like to ride this horse."
THE MAJOR (*politely*). "Really! Sorry, Mr. Simmons, but the regulations don't provide barouches for battery buglers."

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"FAITH."—From a painting by E. Armitage, R.A.—[See page 945.]

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HARPER'S
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THE LONDON SEASON.

TO give a definition of the London season that would satisfy a West End lady and inform an inquiring Oriental is not an easy task. The difficulty arises from the fact that *the* "season" is not, like other seasons, limited by fixed dates, nor is it the season of any one thing in particular. The grouse season and the oyster season begin and end on certain days, and if a respectable person is seen pointing a gun at a grouse, or eating an oyster, we may infer that one or other of these is prevailing. But neither the beginning nor the end of the London season is marked in the almanac, and of the more important facts exhibited during its continuance there is none which will supply a test of the sort just described. It is not especially the dancing season, the riding-in-the-Row season, the Parliamentary season, the drum season, the bazar season, or the garden-party season, but the season of all combined. These things are not born with it and do not die with it, but may be said to flourish with it, in the sense that painters are said to flourish irrespective of the dates of their births and deaths.

Seeing, then, that this treatise cannot be begun in the good old way with definition, we must go on to description without it. This description must of necessity be kept to the more characteristic features of the subject. Neither will its limits leave room for much tracing of cause and effect, or remarking upon "ought and ought not." Our work is a sketch merely, and will not bear these strong touches. A bit of this sort of color may perhaps be put in here and there to prevent over-sameness, just as figures in blue and scarlet are sometimes taken from "kings' houses" to adorn the foreground of a common landscape.

The origin of "the season" has been the subject of many and varying theories. The politician imagines it to have grown up round the sittings of Parliament, a sort of flowering creeper on the edifice of British liberty. The man of science considers it a development of the nesting time. The shopkeeper would (if he had ever heard of them) regard it as a relic of the old St. James's and St. Bartholomew's fairs. In the eye of the *débutante* it is a remnant of the golden age.

In all probability "the season" had its rise in the gayeties of the royal court, and its place in space and time was first determined by the habitation and movements of that body. The place of "the season" as it exists for us is now fixed, and does not change to Windsor or York with the *aula regis*. It would, indeed, be a calamity if it were otherwise. The imagination can hardly figure King's Cross Station if "the season" had to transport itself in the month of May to the metropolis of the north. Fortunately nowadays the vortex of fashion revolves round a fixed point. That point is Mayfair. No one would think of saying it was "the season" in the Strand.

The time of "the season," as has been said before, is not so easy to mark out as its locality. Theoretically "the season" begins after Easter, but not always actually, any more than spring always actually begins on the 21st of March. It is true that balls and dinners and other signs of "the season" often appear before Easter, just as in a warm year we may get a taste of spring before the March east winds. And as that chance visitation of warmth is exceptionally sweet, so these early parties are distinguished by a good-fellowship that is wanting later on in the year. But however pleasant they may be, no one would think of calling the period in which they occur "the season." Just in the same way the end of "the season" has a certain indefiniteness. Its light

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begins to pale after the Eton and Harrow match, about the 12th or 15th July. There is often, however, a flaming sunset in the week before Goodwood races, which are run at the end of the month. With Goodwood the season practically comes to an end, and by the 12th of August is not only dead, but buried. These dates will show how little accuracy there is in the general idea that the time of the season is connected with that of the Parliamentary session. It would probably be nearer the truth to connect the dates of both with the periods of certain sports and pastimes which are all-important in determining the movements of that leisured class which have hitherto given the time both to Parliamentary and social life. The fact is that the practically minded Briton does not like to confess that he moves his household for some months for the purpose of attending a series of balls, dinners, and drums. He prefers to think that this migration is necessary for the despatch of public or private business. In the same way, if he comes to London for a day or two's amusement in winter, he always persuades himself that the journey is undertaken to have his hair cut.

A season, in the words of Webster, is so called with reference to "its fitness for anything contemplated or done." The things contemplated or done in "the London season" may be termed generically, in the language of the press, "fashionable arrangements." Any one taking up the *Morning Post* on a Monday can read a list of them for the ensuing week. He will see that if he chooses he can in the next day or two attend "balls," "mission meetings," "small musics," "sales of dolls," "promenade shows," "receptions," "scientific lectures," "cricket matches," "bazars," "afternoons," "concerts," "charities," "shooting at the clay or real pigeon," "dramatic matinées," "polo," "races," or "musical soirées in the East End."



ANGLERS.

Some of these "arrangements" are private, and can only be attended on invitation; others are open to all. There is also a third class, such as the bazar or charitable concert, which is public on one side and private on the other. In order, therefore, to enjoy an unfettered selection from the list before him, the person above-mentioned must be what is called "in society." This status can be attained by any man whatever who possesses a suit of evening clothes and a fair amount of manners. Such a one will have no difficulty in getting an invitation to an ordinary dance in the less fashionable circles. Once there, he must get introduced to one or two of the matrons present who stand highest on the social ladder, and, if possible, have ugly daughters. He must dance, or pretend to dance, assiduously with the children, and take the mothers themselves to supper. If one

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of the latter gives a dance herself, or is asked for men's names by a friend, the aspirant will not be forgotten, and will get his name down on a "list." He has then merely to continue this process as he rises in the world, with a proper devotion to leaving cards, calls, etc., and in a couple of years no ball or drum will be inaccessible to him.

With women it is different. Should they be neither fast, beautiful, nor rich, they will find the steps of "high life" hard to climb. Those who come under this description will have no difficulty. If they are in the first category, which, in spite of certain morbid writers, is still rare in England, they may get taken up by some nobleman or great personage, when they will become fashionable in a particular set, and be invited to the "frisky matron" balls. But the august mothers of society will look coldly on them, and they will pine in vain for invitations to the old established houses. Beauty, if accompanied by sobriety, can gain admission to any portal. If without encumbrances in the shape of parents who wish to "go out" too, some energetic matron with no daughters of a ball-going age will run the new "belle." If there is an ambitious papa or mamma, the process is more uncertain. The fair maiden having been first seen at a place of public entertainment, some enterprising woman, observing a chance of making her parties talked about, will send the stranger a card of invitation, mother and all. If she should be a success—an event impossible to predict, for the canon of beauty applied by society is varying and inexplicable—no entertainment will be considered complete without her, and rich and great will tumble over each other in their civilities to her show-man or show-woman as the case may be.



A BRACE OF SPRING CAPTAINS.

The method by which the rich climb the ladder can easily be described. In the first place, they must give a ball and secure the patronage of some lady within the charmed circle of the *grand monde*. She will probably be not very far within, perhaps the wife of a baronet or an Irish peer. This patroness sends out the invitations with her own compliments to all persons on her own list, and to many who are not on, but who she thinks will come. She extols, morning, noon, and night, the integrity of her *protégés*, and the splendors of the coming entertainment. She lets her female friends know that the decoration of the front landing will cost £700, her male acquaintances that £1000 will be spent on the supper. The first attempt will very likely be a partial failure. Few "smart" people will appear; the guests will sneer at the host instead of dancing with the daughters. But they will see the front landing, eat the supper, and talk about both afterward. Consequently when in a short time a second ball is announced, there will be a rush for invitations; the donors will receive cards from all quarters

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themselves, and may be considered henceforth "in society." The process is, however, an expensive one, and has to be kept up to some extent annually, lest the aspirants fall from their high estate.

Thus much for "getting into society." It will now be advisable to see of what elements society, as relates to "the season," is composed. To begin with, there are the ordinary votaries of pleasure, who are ready to attend any "fashionable arrangement" from Easter to Goodwood. Of this genus by far the most numerous, important, and indefatigable individual is the ordinary "girl" and her mother—for as regards "the season" these two persons may be treated as one. The young lady and her mother mostly belong to West End families, either to those of the rich and great who give parties, or to those of the smaller fry who only go to them. Secondly, there are the "frisky matrons." This element is supplied by the young married couples having separate establishments, of various degrees of luxury, but usually living in small houses, and doing no entertainment themselves except "little dinners." Thirdly, living in the upper rooms of the family mansions, great and small, lodging in St. James Street for extravagance, or South Kensington for economy, there is the crowd of what may be called generically "young men." The "young man's" age ranges from fifteen to fifty. His income varies from nothing to anything. He is in every kind of profession, with every degree of failure and success. He may be entering the very outer circle of the great world, the member of an insignificant club, embalming one or two cards of invitation in his looking-glass for months; or he may be jaded with success, with his waste-paper basket full of confidential notes written on the letter-paper of great houses.

These three classes form what may be called the standing army of the season, and do all the hard work. Next come the solemn peers and country gentlemen whose families are elderly, who appear in their sombre mansions when things are well advanced, and who leave early. The younger ladies of this set do not affect balls largely, except the specially "smart" ones, where it is creditable to be seen. You may meet them leaving these gatherings in the heavy family carriage about the time that the little broughams of the "frisky matrons" begin to arrive. They, however, do a good deal of fashionable work in the way of dinners, concerts, and church services. If this sober-hued species enjoy the season in a leisurely manner, their want of zeal is made up for by the country folk who come up for a month, when things are in full swing, and take lodgings in the outskirts of Mayfair or Belgravia. They are honest persons, accompanied by one or two daughters chosen from the less conspicuous flock. Perhaps they will hire a landau driven by a haggard man in a wrinkled livery coat, or perhaps they will content themselves with a four-wheeler, from which to shower cards upon their kinsfolk and acquaintance. The young ladies, alas! often suffer from the heart-sickness of deferred hope, which longs for invitations but does not get them. They, however, console themselves by walking in the Park, in nice hay-maker-looking gowns with plenty of ribbons, and it does one's heart good to see their happy faces if they pick up a stray "young man" or two. When the longed-for invitation comes to the ball of the great relation or the county magnate, how they enjoy their one or two dances, and with what pleasure they stand in quiet corners watching the jostling of the Olympians! In enumerating these ephemeral sharers in the delights of "the season" we should not omit the "spring captain," though he has not much in common with them except that his time of joy is short. The "spring captain" is to the London season what the May-fly is to the trout season. He does not appear till the very pink and prime of the time, when he is upon the pavement in large numbers. He is "on" Piccadilly most of May and June, but abounds chiefly in the week between the Derby and Ascot. He is to be found of every degree of "smartness," from the polished "gunner" to the honest captain in a line regiment, with brown face, cropped head, and badly fitting white gaiters, whose share of high life is going to tea with somebody in Queen's Gate. Neither is there any "fashionable arrangement," except perhaps the scientific lectures, which he is unwilling to countenance. It is in Piccadilly, however, that he excels all competition. Lastly we get the pure outsiders, rustics with no West End connection, dwellers in Hampstead and the suburbs, foreigners, etc. These frequent picture exhibitions, bazars, con-

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DANCING MEN.

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THE SUPPER.

certs in "smart" houses lent by the owners for the occasion, or walk, sit, and drive in the Park.

Such are the players upon the stage of "the season" who perform in the various kinds of pieces, short and long, heavy and light, that are afforded by the "fashionable arrangements." Among the "arrangements" themselves, first in number and importance stands the ball. The really "smart" ball, which may be taken to be the highest development of the genus, is not usually given before May. This subtle quality of "smartness" is very difficult to explain. In the days of our fathers, when society was restricted to what the papers call the "upper ten," it was simple enough; but with the change of times it has come to depend on other considerations. A "smart" ball can now be given by a person whom few of the guests would have spoken to a year before. It may be "smart" because it is patronized by royalty, because it has an element of fastness, because the outlay upon it has been preposterous. On the other hand, it may be "smart" for good reasons—because it is given by people of great position, great hospitality, or great taste. Such a complete and healthy form of this species of pleasure used to be commoner a few years ago than at present, when a temporary combination of causes has stopped ball-giving in most of the great London houses. The ordinary dwellings of the metropolis contain, for the purpose of receiving guests, rooms of the same pattern. Of course the size varies, but the usual type is a front room more or less oblong, and a back room more or less square, communicating with the former by folding-doors. This inevitable setting gives to most balls a certain similarity, and usually, from its narrow dimensions, prevents them, however eligible in other ways, from attaining the excellence of a ball in a "big house." There is always the hostess with her daughter at the top of the stairs, surrounded by a crowd who have bowed or shaken hands with that lady, and who afterward appear as if

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they were trying to hide themselves from her and her offspring as fast as possible. The musicians are blockaded in one corner, and round the doors the black-coated young men cluster like bees in swarming-time. Mothers and daughters are ranged two or three deep round the walls, the more fortunate of the former sitting, but many on foot. In the middle of the room, reduced to an irregular space of about ten feet by six, struggling couples beat one against another. On their faces are expressed various emotions — high spirits and depression, malice and good-humor, pleasure and pain. The floor oscillates; wax candles sprinkle their substance liberally about; hot young men open windows, and chilly dowagers shut them. Now and then a black coat detaches itself from the mass near the door, and with a patronizing air selects a partner, or makes a few gracious observations to a chaperon. Everything is sound and tumult, the only approach to repose being on the back stairs, where two or three couples sit in a blissful state watching other couples wedge their way to the tea-room through opposing masses who press back to the dancing. In the tea-room is a still denser throng, above which arms are raised waving tea-cups, glasses of lemonade, ices, and other light refreshments.

Behind the buffet the upper female servants, with a hired waiter to touch up, thrust anything they can reach into the hands of the innumerable suppliants. Later on, when supper is announced, the stress of the fight is transferred to the dining-room. A new element in the shape of the hungry and irritated chaperon now mingles in the fray. This imports a seriousness into what was before half playful, and most of the younger and more timid withdraw from all attempts to obtain food. The remainder squeeze themselves round small tables, or stand, disconsolate, eying the expanse of heads for a vacant space. The



"WHERE TWO OR THREE COUPLES SIT IN A BLISSFUL STATE."

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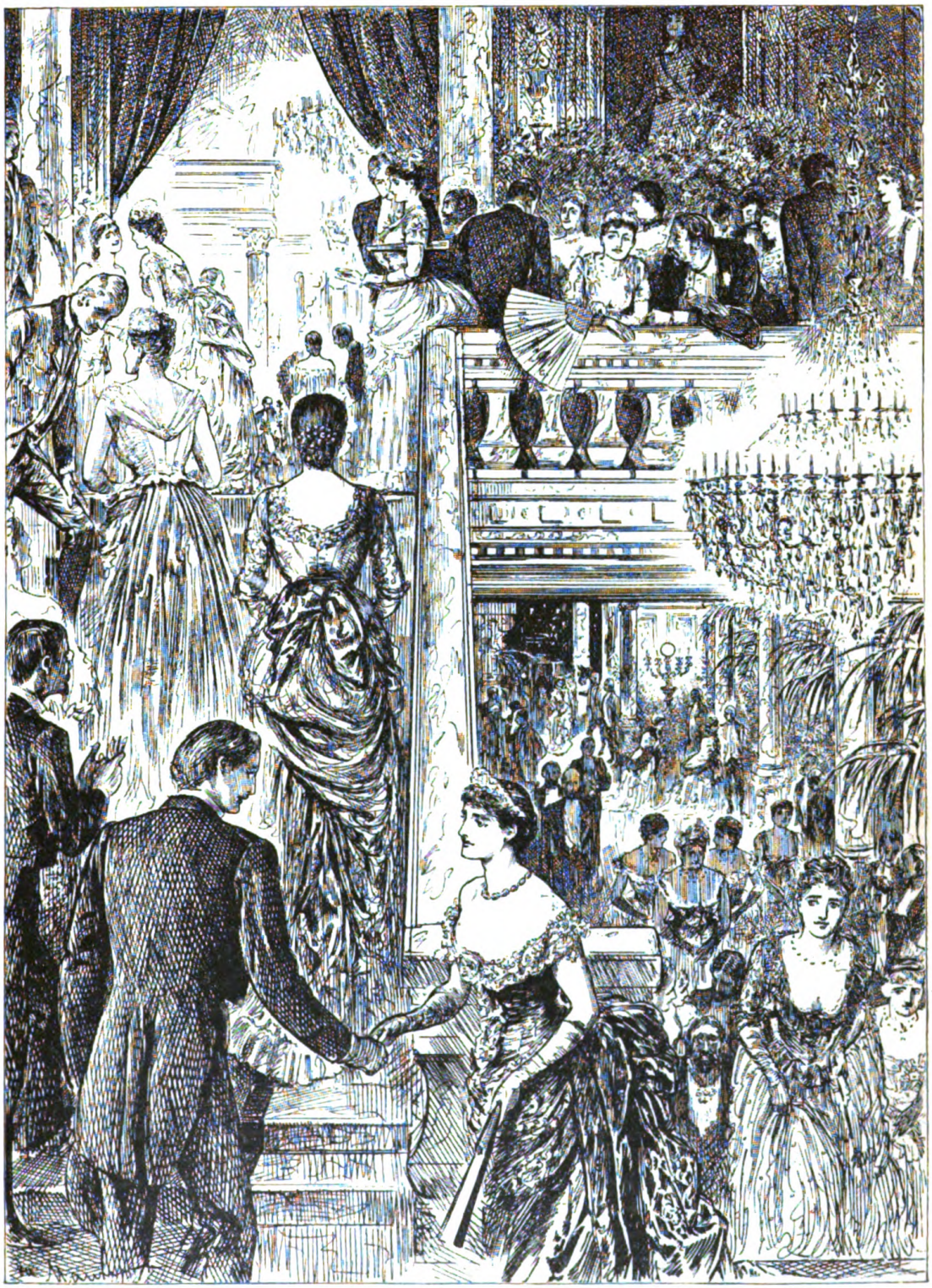
butler and footmen look haughtily about them, while hirelings feed the guests. And so the battle proceeds till about three in the morning, when it probably turns into a ball, and the survivors enjoy themselves till broad daylight.

This description must not, of course, be taken to apply to all balls except those given in palaces. Often, owing to a multiplicity of parties on one night, a person may enjoy his or her self thoroughly at a ball and go home none the worse.

Now in the ideal ball to which we alluded above all these things are different. In the first place, the donors, being more or less "great people," are not obliged to ask the whole of their acquaintance for fear of giving offence, their position rendering it ineffective and unprofitable to harbor ill-will against them. Also, in all probability, the non-ball-going folk have been cleared off by preliminary drums. Again, the size of the house lends dignity and repose to the gathering. What a contrast, for instance, is the arrival! Instead of a ladder filled with a mass of persons heaving slowly upward, a stately staircase winds round a large hall. Masses of flowers form a background to women's forms bright with diamonds, magnificent with brocatelle and lace, or fair with the freshness of youth in a cloud of tulle. On the broad steps slowly ascending groups dispose themselves picturesquely, the trains of the gowns trailing over the low steps. Above, behind balustrades and pillars of marble, other guests sit watching the arrivals. Large rooms, the walls hung with historic pictures, open out of each other in long vistas. Perhaps two of these will be cleared for dancing, but the others will be left in their every-day state of comfort, where non-dancers can stroll or sit as luxuriously as if no ball was going on. There is probably a terrace, balcony, or garden, lit with Chinese lamps, where those who are hot can breathe a cooler air. The whole festival is full of color, richness, and life, and, were it not for the black coats, quite a Venetian scene. Indeed, one might not despair of a Paolo Veronese so combining even these sombre garments with the strength and simplicity of the architecture and the splendor of the other sex as to produce the representation of a rich and noble festivity, which is what a London ball at its best still is even in these degenerate days.

After the ball the commonest form of "fashionable arrangement" is the drum, or evening reception. This is less expensive, and involves less trouble in the way of house-cleaning. These considerations bring it within the reach of every one, and in consequence the drum presents more varieties than any other species of entertainment. *Pauperum tabernæ* in the wilds of Kensington and Tyburnia have their drums as well as the *regum turres* of Mayfair and Belgravia. The *grand monde* and his wife, and everybody else and their wives, may be at a drum, or it may be a forlorn gathering, with half a dozen women seated together, and half a dozen men eying them from afar off. A drum may display a rich banquet for supper, or a table bearing biscuits and barley-water. After this the reader will not be surprised to hear that it is possible for a drum to be a very forlorn business indeed. But there is this consolation: every one can leave when he likes—a step that is not always possible at a ball, even for men, and seldom for women. Nowhere is that leading feature of a London entertainment, the superfluity of more than half its ingredients, more visible than at a drum. There is not the slightest idea of harmonious intercourse present in the mind of a drum-giver. Any one she knows, or thinks she knows, is invited in the order in which the names stand in the "red book." The accepted conditions of most drums, however, make it unnecessary to consider the possibility of intimate or congenial society. The dearest friends might miss each other in the throng, or be unable to greet except over the bodies of their fellow-creatures. The main object of going is to get away. The young and strong plunge in at one end, and come out at the other, looking as if they had waded through a torrent. The older persons hang about in eddies and backwaters until they can work their way to the door. These are the drawbacks of the drum. On the other hand, it has this advantage—that persons can be met there who do not frequent the gayer forms of amusement. This is especially true of the larger receptions, such as the Foreign Office, Devonshire or Spencer House. Here you may meet old friends whose paths seldom cross your own, and who do not, as a rule, "go out." There are also, few and far between, to be found intelligent persons who so arrange their drums that their friends actually

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"A STATELY STAIRCASE WINDS ROUND A LARGE HALL."

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THE CHARITY BAZAR.

come for recreation, and go away refreshed. These "at homes" on stated days require, however, very careful supervision, for if left to chance, every one is sure to come on one night, causing a corresponding vacuum on others.

The ball and the drum are the most characteristic of the private entertainments of "the season." Dinners, "afternoons," teas, musics, etc., we have not space to discuss. Passing, then, to the more public forms of "fashionable arrangements," we are met by the bazar. Bazars in London have developed amazingly of late years. There is no doubt that they present considerable attractions to "frisky matrons," and to young ladies who have any themselves. Fashionable beauties play the part of shop-women, conceiving that they are laying up treasures in heaven, when in reality they are showing themselves to fresh audiences, and seeking excitement in a license of manners that is not permissible on other occasions. As the virtuous object of the bazar elevates it above the laws of supply and demand, its success depends chiefly upon the personal efforts of these saleswomen, who have to tease and wheedle visitors into buying. Anything, therefore, unusual, conspicuous, or violent in the appearance or manners of a person who keeps a stall tends to attract buyers, the result being an increasing extravagance of dress and demeanor at these exhibitions. For similar reasons it has been the custom of late years to give bazars a particular cast, supported by scenery and fancy dress. Thus you have the "Mediæval Market," where ladies in peaked caps and turned-up shoes display modern manners and wares in mediævally shaped stalls. Or the Shakespearian Bazar, where Portia sells pincushions and Cleopatra "button-holes." One must not, then, be surprised if, for the sake of "drawing," there is shortly an antediluvian bazar, where our beauties, in the costume of their remote ancestresses, will sell knickknacks amongst plaster megatheriums and tin tree-ferns. Besides the above-mentioned methods of attraction, the more novelty that can be displayed in the way of goods, or in the system of selling them, the greater the chance of success. Dressed-up children worry old gentlemen to raffle for a doll. Fascinating beauties force cups of tea down the throats of passers-by. Still more adventurous members of the same class tell fortunes and disagreeable truths in the guise of wizards, or play on the banjo and send round the hat. Every possible device is resorted to for drawing buyers. Celebrated actresses hold stalls. Chinese

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operas are given by native artists. The greatest *coup* of all, however, is when royalty is gracious enough to assist at one of these sales. Desire to do the right thing among the upper, and the good old-fashioned loyalty of the middle class, bring a vast throng round the royal counter. Many insist on being served by the occupant in person, and do not hesitate to give astonishing prices for trifles which they often hand back when bought.

The allusion to royalty turns the thoughts to Ascot, without mention of which no account of "the season" could be deemed complete.

Ascot Heath is a sloping ridge of moorland some thirty miles from London, the crest of which looks away across the Windsor woods to the plains of Bucks and Middlesex. Ascot races take place at the very high tide of the season. They are the Eden of *débutantes* and the milliners' harvest. Various modes of enjoying the delights of Ascot are in vogue. Some persons take one of the numerous villa residences with which the neighborhood abounds, and many of which, in defiance of the laws of political economy, pay their year's rent by letting for this one week. Others drive down daily from London on a friend's "coach." Then there is the large class who toil down by train, the women in dust coats and veils, and the men in light paletots. A greater show of good looks and good clothes combined is hardly to be found at any other butterflies' feast in the world. For most women go to Ascot mainly to show their gowns, which have been the subject of much anxious thought, and are an interesting index of the character of the wearers. Any new or striking development in this line displayed at Ascot may in a week be flaring in the remotest provinces. Every one who can extract a ticket from the Master of the Buck Hounds goes to the royal enclosure; those who cannot, take boxes, or view the races from the "drags." To a large portion of the spectators the races are almost as great a bore as the cricket at the Eton and Harrow match. There are, however, exceptions, even among the fair sex, some of whom find it pay to be lovers of horseflesh. These go regularly to the paddock to see the horses saddled, jockeys up, etc., or to watch the start from the top of the stand. The races begin and end by a royal procession down the course, headed by the Master of the Buck Hounds. Another feature of Ascot is the arrival and departure of the "coaches"



AT A GARDEN PARTY.

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through the narrow gate that leads to the various enclosures assigned to them—a proceeding greeted by much criticism and cheering on the part of the crowd. For a crowd there is, though to a modified extent compared with the more popular meetings, made up of the usual harpists, negroes, photographers, conjurers, fortune-tellers, bird-sellers, dog-stealers, and card-sharpers. Some of these are well-known characters, and may be seen exchanging civilities with the "swells" in the enclosure. The meeting begins on a Tuesday and is over on a Friday. Thursday is the great day, when the race is run for the gold cup.

Ascot is really as much a full-dress picnic as a race meeting. A garden party may be described as a full-dress out-door five-o'clock tea. Garden parties are rare, firstly because there are few gardens, secondly from the hazards of the weather, and thirdly from the difficulty of getting men to go. Perhaps no other form of entertainment is so persistently abused. Yet it might have been supposed that when freed from bad air and late hours, the natural gregariousness of mankind would here have asserted itself. Probably the fair sex would approve of garden parties if a sufficient number of men could be found to agree with them. But no Englishman is really at his ease in an out-door entertainment in the daytime that is unconnected with any sport. At a garden party the least shy man has a sense of being placed *en évidence* in his best clothes in the light of the sun. Hence much disappointment to *débutantes*, who find that a fascinating partner of the previous night behaves as if suffering from a severe "domestic affliction." The only persons who really enjoy these *fêtes* are "frisky matrons" and engaged couples, who manage to get away into some of the more secluded alleys of the garden—that is, when there are any secluded alleys to get away to.

These quasi-rural attractions are not, however, patronized in a general way. The guests usually congregate in a dense throng round some centre of attraction, possibly a small tent where some of the royal family are understood to be eating strawberries and cream. A few wander listlessly on the outskirts of the mass, either listening to the drama of *Punch*, which being essentially a street-corner entertainment is always introduced at these gatherings, or attempting to secure strawberries and cream for themselves and their ladies. In spite of the melancholy that prevails at a garden party, it is a pretty sight on a fine afternoon, and a foreigner attending one at Holland House, for instance, would probably rank it as the pleasantest entertainment that the season affords. The bright dresses moving in the picturesque garden, the old house in the background, and the old associations behind it, produce a brighter and more lasting impression on the mind than the hurry and glitter of most of our "fashionable arrangements."

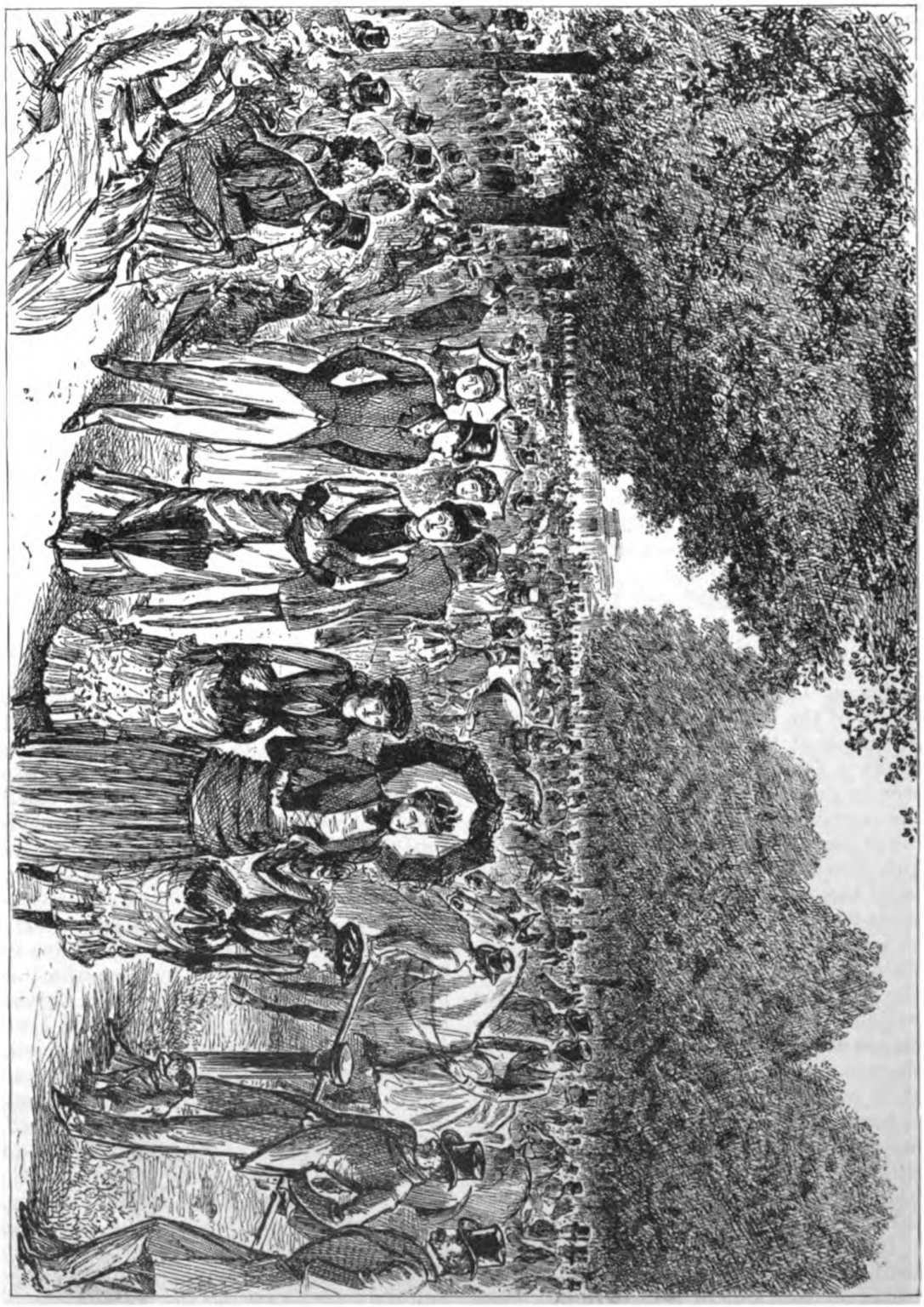
The "Nilometer" of the season is the Park, and by the state of the Park an experienced person would at once know the period of the year. "The Park" is a piece of ground about three hundred yards long and fifty wide, between Hyde Park Corner and Albert Gate. This space contains part of a carriage drive, part of the celebrated riding path called Rotten Row, three walking paths, and some flower beds. The uses to which it is put during the season are various, viz., riding, driving, walking, and sitting.

And first of riding. As we have only to do with the season, we will say nothing of the riding before twelve o'clock, which goes on all the year round in fine weather. But in "the season" between that hour and two o'clock a class of riders appear who do not show in any number except during that period, viz., members of Parliament, "leisured" fathers with their daughters, and a sprinkling of "young men."

The horses of this epoch are very superior to those of the preceding. Papa may be there seen riding his hunter which he does not summer in the country. But the great time for the Park is in the evening, when every one rides who can scrape together four legs and a saddle. People then wear their smartest clothes and ride their smartest hacks—bits of horseflesh for which £500 or £600 may have been given. Young ladies, who have been resting during the day, appear, and are joined, if the authorities permit, by their cavaliers. The throng is so large that most of the riders walk—a process that is also more convenient for saluting and general conversation.

The walking and sitting in the Park is confined to the first three hundred yards on each side of the riding path. There is none to speak of before one o'clock, when in the middle of the season one of these

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"THE ENGLISH TAKE THEIR PLEASURES SADLY."

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MEETING OF THE "ROW" AND "DRIVE."

walks at least is densely packed. *Habitués* of the metropolis do not, as a rule, go much at this time, but "suburbans," country folk, and "spring captains" are seen in great abundance. In the evening the crowds are still greater. People of all kinds may be seen, from the smartest exquisite to the rising barrister with his black hand-bag. This period is one of great importance to young ladies not regularly in society, who have to utilize as far as possible the opportunity of contact with it. Here those of them who have attractions sufficient to enslave the Olympians, who do not descend to Tyburnia and ultra Kensington, meet their swains. A chair in the Park on a fine evening is very favorable to business. Consequently a good deal of matrimony is hatched among walkers and sitters, the more so as the fair are usually under the care of fathers or brothers, mothers being rare in the Park.

It has been said that the walking and sitting is confined mainly to the two sidewalks on each side of Rotten Row. Very curious laws obtain as to these localities, which have not hitherto received from scientific men the attention they deserve. Sometimes one side is in vogue, and sometimes the other. When the left-hand side is the fashion, only *esprits forts* or *bonâ fide* travellers think of appearing on the other. No reason can be given for these changes. One walk may be the favored one for two or three seasons, when suddenly in the following year it appears that society has gone over to its neighbor. There is another class of evening sitters who walk but little, but who come early and sit in the path that faces the drive to look at the carriages. They are of a less fashionable kind than those who appear later, consisting largely of visitors to London, natives of remote parts of the town, middle-aged loafers, and dubious widows.

The *grand monde* does not drive much in the Park. About four o'clock, however, a vast procession of carriages moves up and down at a funereal pace between Hyde Park Corner and Kensington Gardens. These vehicles are tenanted by the same class of persons as those who sit and watch them, with the addition of many old ladies and old couples taking the air.

Not the least curious of the Park phenomena during "the season" may be observed on Sunday. Gentle-folks rarely sit in Rotten Row on Sunday, though they

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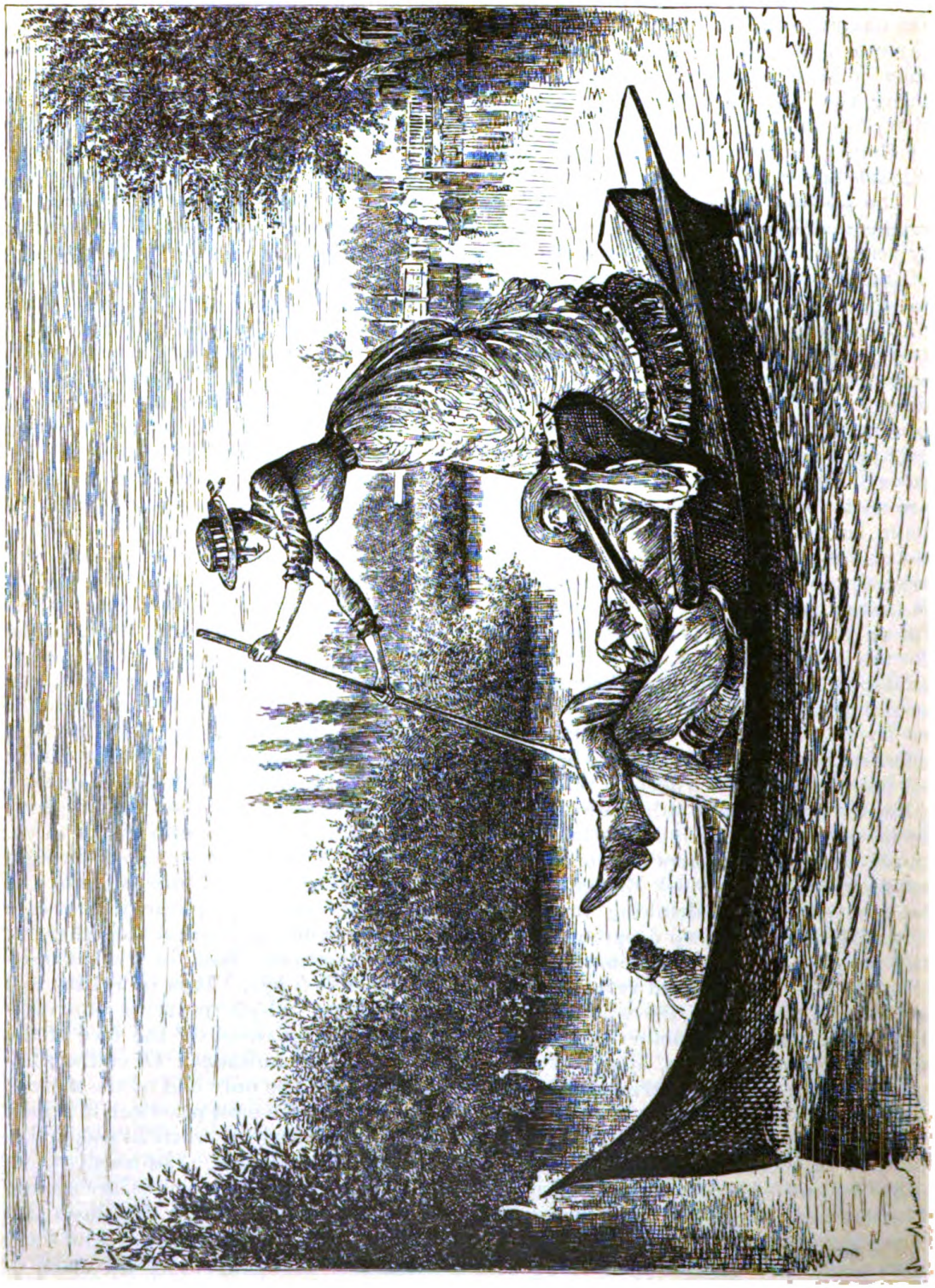
often walk there. Behind the statue of Achilles is a triangular patch of grass surrounded with trees, whither migrate, on a Sunday afternoon, a large proportion of the chairs from the "Row." Here, from three to five o'clock, numbers of persons may be seen seated. They can see nothing, they can do nothing, a large portion of them are in the sun, but regularly as Sunday comes round the same inexplicable spectacle is on view.

The fashion of making a picnic of the cricket matches at Lord's began some twenty years ago with the parents and relations of the boys at Eton and Harrow going up to see the match between those schools.

It now extends to the Oxford and Cambridge match, and, to a smaller extent, to some of the more interesting of the other displays of cricket. At the Eton and Harrow match, wherever the space round the ground is unoccupied by stands, there are rows of carriages three or four deep. They are sent up the day before to places that have been allotted them, and the horses taken out. From four-fifths of these carriages nothing of the game is visible; nor is there any reason why there should be, for only about a fifth of the spectators care for the cricket. Most of the vehicles serve as depots for large cold luncheons, which are administered to the friends of the owner by unfortunate servants, who carve chickens and uncork champagne bottles on all fours between the wheels. Where possible, the meal is made still more elaborate by being served on a temporary table; and in all the vacant corners members of the aristocracy and the Stock Exchange may be seen eating and drinking in public. Unsatisfied friends keep dropping in, and the popping of corks goes on till late in the day, when the flushed revellers begin on tea and fruit. On the whole, the exhibition is not a satisfactory one, having a tendency to grossness, and preventing persons from seeing the cricket who wish to do so. It will probably not live.

The suburban clubs constituted for the purpose of social entertainments are another feature of recent times. Such are Hurlingham, Ranelagh, the Orleans, etc. They are conducted upon the ordinary club plan, but have grounds as well as a house, where polo, pigeon-shooting, lawn tennis, and other out-door amusements are carried on. Members can admit friends of either sex, and on summer afternoons constantly take down parties to see the polo or play lawn tennis, and to dine afterward. There is a new development of the same sort in London, where what may be called café and casino clubs have been established. At the former, such as the Bachelors' Club, ladies are invited to dine or sup by the members before or after the theatre. At the New Club, which is at present the only specimen of the latter class, a band plays every night at eleven, when persons who have been to the play, or have nothing particular to do, drop in and drink coffee and smoke. There are weekly balls in the season. Young ladies go to the balls, but the visitors on ordinary nights are mostly fashionable "friskies." The New Club is the latest development of London society, and with it we will conclude our description of the things contemplated or done during the "season." It may be asked whether there is any definite aim besides amusement for all these various forms of distraction, so many of which are not amusing. The answer to this question is that matrimony is undoubtedly among the chief causes of the "season." We shall see this more clearly if we look at the "ball," which, as has been said, is the most important and typical of the entertainments which the "season" affords. The system of pairing off two and two for dances for a time defined in duration by a band gives young persons the opportunity of trying their powers of attraction on each other—an opportunity they can improve by stretching one dance into two or three. And this object is not defeated through dancing being rendered impossible by the crush, as the young couple are in that case deemed to be dancing, and are together, for the time the music lasts, in what is practically a *tête-à-tête*. It is in reality this consideration which prevents the ordinary ball being swept off the face of the earth as a mere nuisance. Of course matrimony is not the only end of the season, though, being the most practical, it is kept the most in view by a practical people like the English. Flirtation, amusement, excitement, mere gregariousness, are among the other principal forces that keep this complicated machinery going. And there is no doubt that of late the prominence of matrimony amongst these forces has become less remarkable. The old-fashioned "girl dance" is become rarer. The difficulty of tempting young men to attend such without Vitellian suppers is becom-

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THE GONDOLETTE.

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ing greater. The theatres, plus suppers at the Bachelors' Club, the Park, Hurlingham, the New Club, give opportunities of social intercourse between the sexes which are daily becoming more popular.

Many young men nowadays cannot marry. The mildest require a little flirtation now and then. The competition for husbands being so great, it is dangerous to flirt with a girl; hence the young men turn to the "frisky matrons," and this natural impulse is assisted by the fact that such a course is considered almost a *sine qua non* of any pretension to smartness. The new forms of entertainment just mentioned are essentially "friskies'" entertainments, and hence their advance in the popular estimation. Of course where the smart young men go, there the girls and their sweethearts will wish to follow, though with their lips they may abuse the wickednesses of Hurlingham and the New Club. The more enterprising maidens, therefore, are, as might be expected, beginning to vote balls and drums a bore, and to weary their parents with beseechings to be allowed to go to supper at the Bachelors', or to the New Club to hear the band.

What may be the future of the season under these tendencies it is difficult at present to say. Indeed, nothing is more difficult to predict than the movements of any form of pleasure. It is rumored that the "coming democracy" intend, among other despotisms, to force a season in November. This to a person of the old school seems a death-blow to all season whatever. But human nature must have its amusements, and even if enlightened thinkers abolish those now existing, the young people will continue to flirt and the old fogies to gossip at scientific soirées, debating clubs, and women's parliaments. Meanwhile the "season" is not without its advantages to human beings as they are. Balls and drums inculcate to some extent chivalry and self-denial. It is good for the young cub to leave cigars and low society, and to have to behave himself as a gentleman among ladies; it is good for the luxurious bachelor to have to ram ancient peeresses through a stifling crowd with a smile upon his face; it is good for the girls themselves to find that they are not all that home partiality pictured, but that, like their fellows, they must give and take if they wish to shine among the ornaments of "the London season."

RETURN.

BY JULIET C. MARSH.

THE world is half forgetful of the snow,
And all unheeding of the Winter's way
With wind and sleet across the hills of gray.
Lo! he has gone, and April does not know,
Coming her path with glimmering feet and free,
To what dark under-land of dreams and night
His steps have passed, heedless of that new light
Which floods the earth from happy sea to sea.
Singing she comes; and Hope is one with her—
Hope of new joy in tender leaves that stir
All tender thoughts. And Love is swift to bring
To these fair days fair promise of her spring.

Pan is not dead. Within the fir wood's shade,
By heron-haunted lakes, when days are fair,
Blithe rustic notes, far filling all the air,
On magic woodland pipes again are played.
And mingling music of a thousand lives
Within her lengthening train, fair April brings
Up the South wind the birds on swiftening wings,
As thick as summer bees from murmurous hives—
The clear triumphant song of mounting lark,
Soft twittering of the swallow in the dark
Before the dawn creeps over sea and plain,
And the low note of thrush through quiet rain.

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SAP BEWITCHED.

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON.



WHEN pleasant fancy, beguiled by the diverting page of ancient story, dwells upon the fables of Olympus, with their wealth of sensuous, picturesque beauty, how willingly we linger, fascinated by the lovely familiar image of Pandora as she kneels before the mystic, ill-starred casket, and toys with the alluring knot! And now, as she yields to its enchantments, and at length flings back the fated lid and releases the captive legions—that traditional mischievous swarm of troubles which has since afflicted the world—it would scarce seem, on closer scrutiny, a gift of favored insight to discern among the spectacle of that buzzing, impish throng a host of witching shapes whose presence here, singularly enough, has not usually been accredited, but which have yet become suggestively familiar in the modern page of science, if not of mythologic poesy.

While poetic fancy has oft portrayed with pencil and pen the mischievous progeny of Pandora's box, picturing the theme in its appropriate attributes of the marvellous —with ogre face and horn, with furry ear and cloven foot, bat-like wing and dreadful tail—I am not aware that an equipment such as this which follows has ever found its way among the droll pageantry of that hapless masque.

Four gauzy wings lit with rainbow hues; a pair of Argus eyes, each of itself a myriad mosaic of vision; a jetty armor closely plaited about a dainty waist; and a piercing poniard which is at once a menace, a mystic wand, and weapon.

Such is the prosaic figure of a sprightly shape which certainly must have hummed about the ears of Pandora and Epimetheus, the one veritable and tangible counterpart of the traditional type of elfindom, a harlequin vested with magic powers of touch and spell which even Queen Mab might have coveted.

He it is, our insect elf, who summons at will an apple from a leaf, a cherry from the acorn's branch, a pine cone from a willow bud, a resentful caltrop from a peaceful stem.

At the behest of this arch magician the pulsating sap is bewitched, and the growing fibre becomes the willing or helpless toy of his roguish whim. "Bring forth a bunch of currants," the drooping catkin of the oak is commanded, and lo! it is pendent in scarlet fruit. "Thou wouldst be a willow bud?" he queries to the osier. "I bid thee flush and blossom as the rose." And now, flitting among the witch-hazel boughs, "I would have a hundred helmets for my retainers," he whispers; and forthwith its leaf is studded with the peaked caps. And thus he goes his rounds, leaving the evidences of his pranks on every hand, the embodiment of Puck himself. But the hero

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of our chapter is no myth. Entomological fervor has captured him; prosaic fingers have dissected his tiny anatomy, and cold science has impaled him, duly catalogued and labelled; and Cynips is his name—at least his family name; the less said of his further christening, the better for our pages.

Who has not seen the evidences of his fantastic touch, the prickly branch of the bramble, the rosy apple among the oak leaves, or, later, a satiny, light brown, airy ball drifting on the winter snow?

This supplementary predisposition of the oak toward the formation of these as well as a host of other similar excrescences was recognized among the earliest scientists. It is interesting to note among the amusing pages of Pliny, in the quaint English of his translator, in a chapter entitled "Of the gall-nuts and how many other things Maſt-trees doe beare beſides Maſt," the following observations: "What trees ſoever beare maſt carry alſo certaine nuts called galls, and lightly they are full of maſt but each other yeare. The best galls be those of Comagena; the worſt is that of the oke called Robur, which are knowne by the holes they have that may be seen through. . . . Moreover, there grow upon the tree certaine little bals not unlike to nuts, having ſoft flox within, good to make candle-wieck or matches for lamps, for burn they wil without any oile. . . . It beareth also other little pils or bals, good for nothing, covered with haire. . . . On the backſide also of the leaf, where it if reddiſh, yee ſhal find sticking certaine waterish pearls, white and tranſparent or cleare within, so long as they be soft and tender, wherein there breed little flies or gnats, howbeit in the end they ripen and wax harder in the manner of galls."

After centuries of conflicting opinion, the theory of insect origin gradually asserted its claims, as offering, though still a purely conjectural, at least a logical and reasonable, explanation of the phenomenon.

The precise method of production was yet a mystery. Not until the time of Swammerdam, I believe, was the puzzle fully solved, this naturalist being the first accredited eye-witness to the magic touch of the tiny fly upon the leaf, although unhappily he was not enabled to draw from the event the ultimate visible proof which would have been so valuable to him.

The interesting episode which he first observed has since been witnessed by many, though I am not aware with any more adequate result in the way of direct proof. The scientific classification of the Cynips is primarily based upon the outward aspect of its gall, verified by the insect which is identified with its interior. Many naturalists have no doubt seen the gall-fly at work. Once, as a boy, lounging, though with open eyes, beneath an oak-tree on a favorite knoll, I was permitted to observe the act very minutely. My fancy had been aroused for some little time by the antics of a brilliant gold-eyed fly running hither and thither upon the low sapling leaves of an oak stump at my side, a post oak as I now recall, when suddenly a diminutive black insect hovered near, and lit upon the leaf, seemingly intent on driving away the original possessor. I looked with boyish interest, hopefully anticipating a battle to the death between the rival claimants; but the golden midge, perhaps seeing his adversary so well armed, took wing and abandoned the field. The new-comer was a minute creature, with a black shiny body, slender scarlet legs and antennæ, and glassy wings. The insect had evidently arrived on business, every movement instinct with purpose, and being in a receptive mood, I observed her closely. The nature of her calling had not dawned upon me, until I presently discovered by a peculiar attitude of the insect the presence of what appeared to be a sting protruding from the under side of its abdomen. It now became obvious that this piercer was being thrust into the leaf by a curious wriggling motion of the body, thus suggesting that the insect was in truth a gall-fly.

The resultant fruit of this wound I did not investigate, but the probabilities could doubtless have been verified by actual fantastic proof, had the matter been followed up. I observed that the hair-like ovipositor penetrated the pulp of the leaf close to the mid-vein, presumably depositing within a tiny egg, and ejecting therewith a magic fluid, which was thenceforth to work its marvels upon the leaf, demoralizing its adjacent sap and fibre—a venom poison analogous to that of the bee, but with latent potentialities of mischief with which the bee, happily for its victims, is not possessed.

The wounded portion of the leaf now begins to swell, to change from its nor-

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mal color; even its very texture undergoes a transformation, and its surface begins to bristle with spines, becomes encased with ivory, coral, or wood, or perhaps clothed with down or wool, in obedience to the pet whim of its fairy parent. The embedded egg, it has been conclusively proven, becomes encysted, and grows apace for several days, presumably by absorption of the surrounding sap, until it at length hatches into a small whitish grub.

The precise nature of this strange cellular metamorphosis is still unsolved. Many of the older authorities have held that the corroding fluid of the insect checks the flow of sap, and causes a fermentation, which burns the contiguous tissues and changes their normal color; that the sap thus turned from its proper function extravasates around the egg, and becomes solidified around the same by contact with the air. Others have maintained that the abnormal swelling was the result of the continual irritation caused by the insect gnawing within; but this has been easily refuted by the fact that the gall is often half grown even while the life within is in its egg estate. And it would also seem, from my own observation, based on the common absence of all excretory indications, that the larva at no time is addicted to gnawing or otherwise feeding than by a strange process of absorption.

Rennie attributed the swellings to the simple force of expansion of the sap confined to the base of the puncture, the orifice being sealed by the fly with gluten. All these suppositions have now given way to the generally accepted belief that the gall is but a natural result of chemical irritation, a vegetable excrescence analogous to an inflamed tumor in the animal body, caused by a swelling of the cellular tissue and an organic change in its character.

Here upon a single white-oak leaf, side by side, appear three totally distinct forms, each the hibernaculum of an equally distinct species of insect, the latter hardly separable in identity by the unaided eye. These tiny scarlet spicules upon the maple leaf are known to no other tree, and their outward form is as correct an index to science as the winged insect within, showing that its arts are confined to the maple-tree alone, or else that other leaves are unresponsive to its touch. The same form of gall inevitably follows the touch of its specific fly, each species being known at a glance from its eccentric fruit.

It is notable that these diminutive insects are excellent botanists, moreover, each fly thus not only singling out its favorite plant or tree, but always confining its attacks to the same particular part thereof, thus, the currant gall-fly always seeks the flowering catkins of the oak, while another chooses the acorn, suggesting a new meaning of the familiar line from *Midsummer-Night's Dream*,

> "elves for fear
> Creep into acorn cups and hide them there."

This one selects the stem of the bramble, or another the thorny rose branch. Here is a large conical growth upon the tip of a willow branch—seemingly swollen with sudden ambition to become a pine cone, the result of an insinuated potency implanted within the heart of a minute spring leaf bud—this time by an insect of another class, a minute gnat.

Again the bud of an oak invites its charmer, and is transformed to a mimic artichoke enveloping the conjured progeny.

I had almost said that every kind of plant is possessed of its special protégé, the golden-rod, jewel-weed, gill, aster, hardhack, ginseng, readily suggest themselves, while no tree that I happen to recall is exempt. The willow has a number of such fosterlings, likewise the beech, ash, birch, linden, and elm. The hickory is in great demand, while the sturdy oak, with somewhat of poetic justice, is singled out among the forest to sustain the heaviest impost upon its vitality, no less than sixty species of gall having been described, common claimants of its bounty. Osten Sacken twenty years ago had classified over forty species, and a score or more have since been added by other observers—new specimens also being continually discovered.

The white-oak maintains a gall-fly constituency of thirty or more, the red, black, and willow oaks almost an equal number. No part of the tree is exempt, for while the leaves are especially in favor, there are about fifteen varieties confined to the buds, others evolved from the twigs, the bark, and, as I have said, from the catkin and acorn, nor does even the root escape. Their variations are well worth a little study. Here in close company on the leaf of a rough oak are two individuals: one a polished yellow ball, with a translucency suggesting a grape. Its in-

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terior is a marvel, reminding one of the seed ball of a dandelion, its central animated nucleus held in its proper relation to the outer filmy shell by radiating web-like spicules. Its neighbor creeps prostrate by its side, following the course of a lateral nerve of the leaf, an undulating tufted cushion covered with the softest of pink down.

Here, glued fast upon another leaf, are veritable ox-heart cherries. Again we find a thorn, and now a mushroom, so deceptive, in truth, that it has been described as such.

Almost any white oak will show you leaves studded with diminutive pink-cheeked downy peaches. Certain leaves pay their tribute in pearls, and others in rubies. This offers

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UNDER THE OAK-TREE.

a semblance of a sea-weed, with a companion sponge growing by its side, while upon another near by a wriggling company, clad in crimson livery, seem to hold high carnival. A curious tableau this, alive only in the outward seeming, as a grotesque compensation, perhaps, for an animating spirit which you will vainly seek within, as this gall is apparently empty.

If you care to search, or even glance, among the creeping cinque-foils, you can hardly avoid noticing the "beads" already mentioned, making those fruitless wiry stems to rival their cousin strawberry in their mimetic fruits. These are shown in our border design—bright rosy or crimson berries to all appearance, growing in mid-stem, with the thwarted tips of the latter appearing at its summit, and winding off aimlessly—an adventurous truant shoot caught on the run, and taught to sing another tune.

This gall has but one occupant, a true Cynips, and which, like any of its fellows, may be easily observed by gathering the galls in autumn, and keeping them in a box until spring.

Among the branches of certain wild roses there may frequently be seen another interesting specimen, suggesting an exaggerated form of the "caltrop" of ancient warfare, spiny balls, in which the thorny tendency of the foster stem has been sadly augmented. These, like the foregoing, are the strongholds of isolated individuals.

One of the prettiest products of these insect magicians is the famous bedeguar, a mossy spongiole common to the branches of the brier-rose, in consistency resembling the central contents of the oak-apple, only it is brilliantly and variously colored with green, pink, and crimson. It is the American prototype of the similar gall of Europe, there known also as "Robin Goodfellow's pincushion," and which has received a generous share of attention alike from the scientist and romancer. The particular mode by which these soft mossy fringes are shot out from the stem has been accounted for by various learned conjectures, but that tiny sponge continues to wipe them all out, and even yet defies and confounds the wise heads. Why the spell of this particular fairy wand should invariably thus clothe the branch, investing this foster brood in a bed of moss, while in another instance encasing a similar charge within a cradle of wood armed with spines, is one of those mysteries which neither alembic nor microscope nor philosophy has solved. The stems of our raspberries and blackberries bear analogous excrescences, doubtless familiar to

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many of my readers who have strolled afield. One of these is a huge gall grub caravansary, if I may so speak, monopolizing the entire structure of the stem, and packed with its tiers and galleries of snug cells, each with its well-fed tenant. Daily the pulsating sap, which is thus compelled to pay its toll both ways to this hungry host, has something to tell about below.

The oak-apple is a hanger-on of the red oak, appearing in the early summer, and usually adhering to some vein on the upper surface of the leaf. They are now of a pale green or a slightly rosy color, and if broken asunder are found to consist of a thin outer shell enveloping a greenish spongy mass, in the centre of which is a woody cell the size of a pea, containing a single whitish grub. This pulpy pseudo-fruit ripens with the leaf, and falls therewith in the autumn. The larva, now full-grown, changes to a pupa, and in the following May, in the semblance of its winged parent, makes its escape from a small round hole which it gnaws through cell and outer wall, and proceeds to exercise its peculiar prerogative as already described.

Besides the gall-flies, or Cynipidæ proper, there are other kinds of insects equally demoralizing to twigs and leaves. The cone-gall of our cordate willow, figured in our border illustration, is one of these harlequin productions, the work of a tiny gnat. I am not aware that this tenement ever harbors a parasite, but on more than one occasion I have observed a chickadee enacting a similar function, as with skilful bill he probed the summit of the cone, and deftly removed from its depths its squirming orange-colored tidbit. Another related species of insect plays its pranks upon the terminal bud of the osier, literally and fittingly evolving from the basket-willow a cradle for its young.



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SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER;

OR, THE MISTAKES OF A NIGHT.—A COMEDY.

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

ACT FIFTH.

Enter HASTINGS *and* SERVANT.

HAST. You saw the old lady and Miss Neville drive off, you say?

SERV. Yes, your honor. They went off in a post-coach, and the young 'Squire went on horseback. They're thirty miles off by this time.

HAST. Then all my hopes are over.

SERV. Yes, sir. Old Sir Charles is arrived. He and the old gentleman of the house have been laughing at Mr. Marlow's mistake this half hour. They are coming this way.

HAST. Then I must not be seen. So now to my fruitless appointment at the bottom of the garden. This is about the time. [*Exit.*

Enter SIR CHARLES *and* HARDCASTLE.

HARD. Ha! ha! ha! The peremptory tone in which he sent forth his sublime commands!

SIR CHAS. And the reserve with which, I suppose, he treated all your advances.

HARD. And yet he might have seen something in me above a common innkeeper, too.



"AND YET HE MIGHT HAVE SEEN SOMETHING IN ME."

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"YOU SAW THE OLD LADY AND MISS NEVILLE DRIVE OFF, YOU SAY?"

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SIR CHAS. Yes, Dick, but he mistook you for an uncommon innkeeper—ha! ha! ha!

HARD. Well, I'm in too good spirits to think of anything but joy. Yes, my dear friend, this union of our families will make our personal friendships hereditary; and though my daughter's fortune is but small—

SIR CHAS. Why, Dick, will you talk of fortune to me? My son is possessed of more than a competence already, and can want nothing but a good and virtuous girl to share his happiness, and increase it. If they like each other—as you say they do—

HARD. If, man! I tell you they do like each other. My daughter as good as told me so.

SIR CHAS. But girls are apt to flatter themselves, you know.

HARD. I saw him grasp her hand in the warmest manner myself; and here he comes to put you out of your *ifs*, I warrant him.

Enter MARLOW.

MARL. I come, sir, once more, to ask pardon for my strange conduct. I can scarce reflect on my insolence without confusion.

HARD. Tut, boy, a trifle. You take it too gravely. An hour or two's laughing with my daughter will set all to rights again. She'll never like you the worse for it.

MARL. Sir, I shall be always proud of her approbation.

HARD. Approbation is but a cold word, Mr. Marlow; if I am not deceived, you have something more than approbation thereabouts. You take me?

MARL. Really, sir, I have not that happiness.

HARD. Come, boy, I'm an old fellow, and know what's what as well as you that are younger. I know what has passed between you; but mum.

MARL. Sure, sir, nothing has passed between us but the most profound respect on my side, and the most distant reserve on hers. You don't think, sir, that my impudence has been passed upon all the rest of the family?

HARD. Impudence! No, I don't say that—not quite impudence—though girls like to be played with, and rumpled a little too, sometimes. But she has told no tales, I assure you.

MARL. I never gave her the slightest cause.

HARD. Well, well, I like modesty in its place well enough. But this is overacting, young gentleman. You may be open. Your father and I will like you the better for it.

MARL. May I die, sir, if I ever—

HARD. I tell you she don't dislike you; and as I'm sure you like her—

MARL. Dear sir—I protest, sir—

HARD. I see no reason why you should not be joined as fast as the parson can tie you.

MARL. But hear me, sir—

HARD. Your father approves the match; I admire it; every moment's delay will be doing mischief; so—

MARL. But why won't you hear me? By all that's just and true, I never gave Miss Hardcastle the slightest mark of my attachment, or even the most distant hint to suspect me of affection. We had but one interview, and that was formal, modest, and uninteresting.

HARD. (*Aside.*) This fellow's formal modest impudence is beyond bearing.

SIR CHAS. And you never grasped her hand, or made any protestations?

MARL. As Heaven is my witness. I came down in obedience to your commands. I saw the lady without emotion, and parted without reluctance. I hope you'll exact no further proofs of my duty, nor prevent me from leaving a house in which I suffer so many mortifications. [*Exit.*

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"TUT, BOY, A TRIFLE."

Sir Chas. I'm astonished at the air of sincerity with which he parted.

Hard. And I'm astonished at the deliberate intrepidity of his assurance.

Sir Chas. I dare pledge my life and honor upon his truth.

Hard. Here comes my daughter, and I would stake my happiness upon her veracity.

Enter Miss Hardcastle.

Hard. Kate, come hither, child. Answer us sincerely and without reserve; has Mr. Marlow made you any professions of love and affection?

Miss Hard. The question is very abrupt, sir! But since you require unreserved sincerity, I think he has.

Hard. (*To Sir Charles.*) You see.

Sir Chas. And pray, madam, have you and my son had more than one interview?

Miss Hard. Yes, sir, several.

Hard. (*To Sir Charles.*) You see.

Sir Chas. But did he profess any attachment?

Miss Hard. A lasting one.

Sir Chas. Did he talk of love?

Miss Hard. Much, sir.

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"DID HE TALK OF LOVE?"

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SIR CHAS. Amazing! And all this formally?

MISS HARD. Formally.

HARD. Now, my friend, I hope you are satisfied.

SIR CHAS. And how did he behave, madam?

MISS HARD. As most professed admirers do. Said some civil things of my face; talked much of his want of merit, and the greatness of mine; mentioned his heart, gave a short tragedy speech, and ended with pretended rapture.

SIR CHAS. Now I'm perfectly convinced, indeed. I know his conversation among women to be modest and submissive; this forward canting ranting manner by no means describes him; and, I am confident, he never sat for the picture.

MISS HARD. Then, what, sir, if I should convince you to your face of my sincerity? If you and my papa, in about half an hour, will place yourselves behind that screen, you shall hear him declare his passion to me in person.

SIR CHAS. Agreed. And if I find him what you describe, all my happiness in him must have an end. [*Exit.*

MISS HARD. And if you don't find him what I describe—I fear my happiness must never have a beginning. [*Exeunt.*

WITH THE BLUECOATS ON THE BORDER.

BY RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM.

RIDE! on through the rush of the rain coming down in sheets from the unbroken gray of the sky; on over the dreary desolation of the prairie, now splashing through wide pools of water, now floundering ankle-deep through the thick, tenacious mud of the wide trail, not a living creature in sight, nothing but the brown grass of the plains stretching for miles to the misty horizon. Ride! down the slippery sides of the "coulees," through the foaming waters of the streams swirling and rushing along in yellow torrents. Up, good horses, up the steep banks, slipping and stumbling over rain-loosened stones; on over the prairie again. Ride! on toward the solitary ranch just looming through the mist away beyond there, the water streaming from our oil-skins, dripping from our soft, wide-brimmed hats, and running down the flanks of our tired horses. Ride! on up to the wide-open door of the rough mud-roofed cabin, its two lonely inhabitants—flannel-shirted, heavily booted government teamsters—standing expectantly in front. Rustle, boys, rustle! fresh horses to carry us on to the distant river and to the boat that is to take us back again to home and friends, our only chance, perhaps, for days, if not weeks, for the season is late, and the river falling in spite of the heavy rains. The brimming cup of sweet warm milk, handed to us with ready hospitality, fresh from the cows standing in the fenced-off space behind the ranch, we drink thankfully, and then on again through the steadily increasing downpour of the rain. Ride! through the rows of sage-brush, glistening silvery blue in the wet, onward and still onward, to the bare hills miles in front of us, beyond which we know the river is swiftly flowing. Ride! guided by the endless line of poles supporting the military telegraph line that runs from the lonely frontier garrison we rode out from at daybreak this morning. Ride! past the long train of wagons, creeping slowly toward us, drawn by their patient long-horned "bull teams," and freighted with supplies for Uncle Sam's "boys in blue," some of whom, trudging along through the mud, or peering at us from under the canvas covering of the foremost wagon, wave their hats in greeting to us. A mounted officer—rubber-coated, glistening wet—hails us, and wheeling his horse about, gallops alongside of us, with polite request to forward a forgotten message to the little outpost we are bound for. Thanking us, and with hearty "good-by, good luck," he canters back again, riding with the free, easy, firm seat of the American cavalryman; and "slacking not speed nor

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RIDE THROUGH THE STORM.

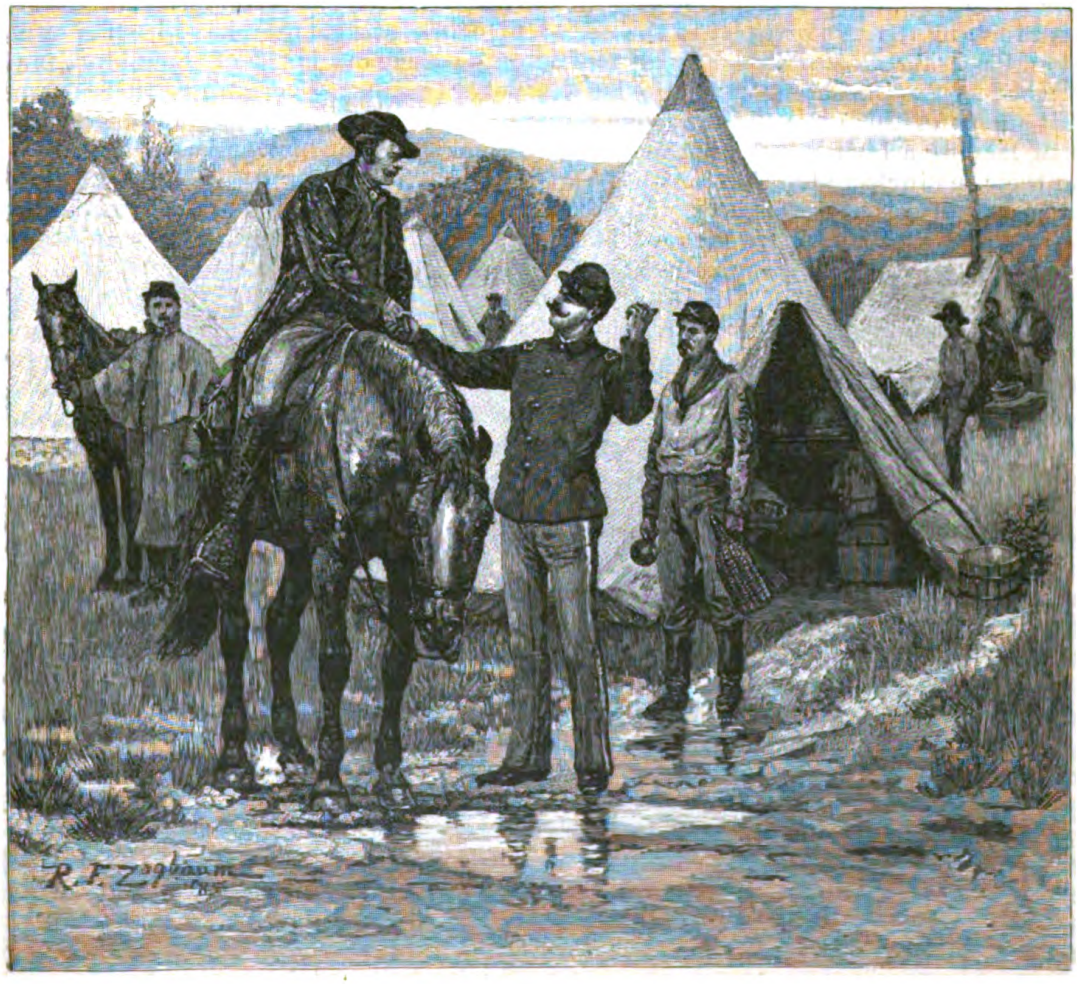
drawing rein," we turn and look back at the already distant wagons as they wind along the trail, their white covers almost melting into the prevailing moist gray of the atmosphere, and relieving only against the dark expanse of prairie. Ride! up through gently rising openings in the hills now, their bare, rugged sides rising high above us, the rills of water rushing down them seaming and scarring them, and spreading deep sloughs of red, sticky mud in our way. Ride! hour after hour, until with a final spurt we cross the butte in front of us, and there—broad, curving gracefully through the deep valley below, shining like purest silver in a sudden burst of light that breaks through the cloud masses above—there flows the "Wild Missouri." Hurrah! on once more! down the hill-side and out over the short stretch of green plain to the brink of the stream, and wet, dead tired, hungry, and thirsty, we pull up our smoking, panting horses at the log cabin of the soldier telegraph operator, beyond which, nestling in the shelter of cottonwood and willow trees, gleam the white walls of half a dozen tents, marking the camp of the little detachment of bluecoats, a solitary outpost of the garrison forty miles back of us over the prairie.

"No boat yet, but expect it every hour. Telegraphed at 4 A.M. from above. Probably stuck on a sand-bar. Water pretty

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low, and navigation slow. Come and take something!"—which hospitable offer of the young subaltern commanding the camp, wet and chilled through as we are, is gratefully accepted, and we make ourselves as comfortable as the prevailing dampness and the mosquitoes will permit. With the gathering shades of evening, and as the storm clouds are drifting away, a distant throbbing sound breaks through the calm air, and simultaneously with the long-drawn cry of "Stea-ea-eambo-o-oat!" from the blue-coated loungers on the bank, the long-expected stern-wheeler, its high chimneys rolling out volumes of smoke and showers of bright sparks, flashing like fire-flies in the gloaming, glides slowly into view, and with much ringing of bells from the pilot-house and much vociferation and hard cursing from a very energetic and hoarse-voiced mate, comes to a stop alongside the bank, and is made fast by stout hawsers to convenient trees. Bidding farewell to our kindly young host, we seek "the seclusion that our cabin grants," and soon forget the fatigue and discomforts of the day in deep and refreshing slumber.

Early the next morning, with the first light of day, our journey down the great river begins. Onward, day after day, we steam through the wilderness, traversing scenes of weird desolation and savage beauty. On through the great high hills rising abruptly from the water's edge; on through the "Bad Lands," with the strange, fantastically shaped "buttes" and turreted heights, pile upon pile, brightly colored in bands of red, purple, black, and yellow, rising like walls of ancient and ruined fastnesses of some by-gone and long-forgotten race of giants. Down the river, now rushing rapidly through narrow banks, now spreading, broken with



A SOLDIER'S WELCOME.

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shoals and sand-bars, far out on all sides, a mile or more in width; down the river, gradually opening up the bottom lands, the deep ravines and "coulees" running back into the hills; sometimes we see deer or antelope feeding on the banks, or rushing madly away in alarm at the approach of the noisy, smoking monster. At night we "tie up" at convenient places, for navigation is dangerous through a country where there are no light-houses or warning beacons, and on a river where the channel is so constantly changing. As the light fades away in the west we slacken speed and run under the high banks, where the "roosters," as the deck hands are called, scramble up through the loose sand, dragging the heavy ropes behind them, and making them fast to trees, or to spars buried deep in the soft earth. Sometimes we stop at a "wood-yard" where some "squaw-man"—*i. e.*, white man with Indian wife—or some half-breed, solitary dwellers in the wilderness, turn an honest penny now and then by the sale of wood to the occasional passing steamer. Many of these "wood-hawks" are honest men, no doubt, but many of them are desperate characters, leading a lawless life, and as brutal in their instincts and as dangerous as the wild red men, their neighbors, and often connected with them by ties of blood through the rather loose marriage ties of savage life. At one of the little landing-places we hear rumors of a raid by Vigilants on the desperadoes and horse-thieves who have established their haunts along the banks of the river and its tributaries, and for a long time have endangered the lives and property of the honest settlers and travellers through the sparsely settled country south of the great stream. A band of them had carried their audacity to such an extent as to attack the escort of an army paymaster *en route* to a military post to pay the troops stationed there, and although they failed in their object, at least one of the soldiers guarding the treasure had met with his death in the discharge of his duty while protecting the property of the government.

Smoke has been seen rising over the trees down the river, vague rumors of a fight below seem to fill the air, and the feeling of excitement communicates itself to our little group of passengers, and as the boat swings out again into the swift yellow current and continues on her voyage down-stream, we gather along her low rails, looking out curiously and anxiously ahead at the high, sandy, tree-covered banks on either side. Rounding a long point of land running out into the river, a call from the pilot-house attracts our attention to a blackened, smoking heap of ashes on the left bank—all that is left of a ranch that had stood there—and a short distance further down we slow up a little at the still burning ruins of another house. "It's the Jones boys' ranch," says the mate. "By Jiminy the cow-boys is makin' a terrible clean sweep of the kentry." That they have not been long gone is evident. Two half-charred wagons stand in the "corral," the wooden fence of which is brightly burning, the flames licking the edge of a great wood-pile that even as we pass bursts into flames. In a small field of waving corn joining a potato patch the carcass of a mule is lying, while right on the bank, the red blood still flowing from a hole in its head, a large dog—a hound—is stretched lifeless. Near a pile of débris, which may have been a kitchen or other out-house of some kind, for a pot or two and a tin camp kettle are hanging from the low fire-seared branches of a tree hard by, a few chickens, shrilly cackling, are huddled together. No other sign of life is visible, and as we proceed, the quiet of the wilderness is broken only by the snort of our steam-pipes and the thump, thump, of our great wheel beating up the muddy waters. Suddenly there is a movement among the "roosters" on the deck below; they are gazing with bated breath and blanched faces at something on the river's bank. Follow the direction of their gaze, and peer into the dense thicket where, above the matted willows growing up from the black ooze, that dead tree raises its white, barkless branches like skeleton arms, as if in fearful exultation over the dreadful fruit it bears. Almost hidden from our sight by the tangle of underbrush and low trees, something is hanging there motionless and still, something formless and shadowy in the gloom of the jungle, something indistinct, but fearful in its mystery and silence, a silence rendered yet more appalling by the hoarse croaks of the black-winged ravens, ill-omened carrion birds, circling above the thicket, and fluttering on the topmost branches of the blasted tree.

"Look! look! down thar by them cottonwoods! that's them! that's the cow-

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THE VIGILANTS.

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boys!" Half hidden in a mass of wild rose-bushes, backed by the gray trunks and graceful feathery foliage of the poplars, a group of men and horses is standing. We gather close up to the rail, eager to see the dread horsemen, the result of whose avenging ride we have witnessed but a short half-hour ago. As the current takes the boat close inshore, and we approach nearer and nearer, they present an interesting tableau. Most of them have dismounted and are standing at their horses' heads waist-deep in the weeds and wild flowers, bronzed-faced, resolute-looking men, unconsciously picturesque in costume and attitude; bright-barrelled Winchesters swing across their high-pommelled saddles, on which is bound the scanty baggage of the cow-boy, while a few pack-mules quietly crop the grass a few paces in their rear under the care of their driver. They are evidently under some discipline, for no one else moves as a tall, handsome, blond-bearded man, flannel-shirted, high-booted, with crimson silk kerchief tied loosely, sailor fashion, around his sunburned neck, advances to the water's edge, and with courteous wave of broad-brimmed hat hails the boat. Clang! goes the gong; the big wheel stops. The stranger politely requests information about the purchase of some supplies, and inquires as to the news up the river. Many on board recognize him for a man of wealth and education well known in the Territory, but nothing is said as to the errand of himself and his men in this distant wild region. During our parley his men remain quietly at their posts, and when their leader, his questions answered, returns toward them, and we move on again, we can see them mount and ride off over the hills in a straggling, dust-enveloped little column.

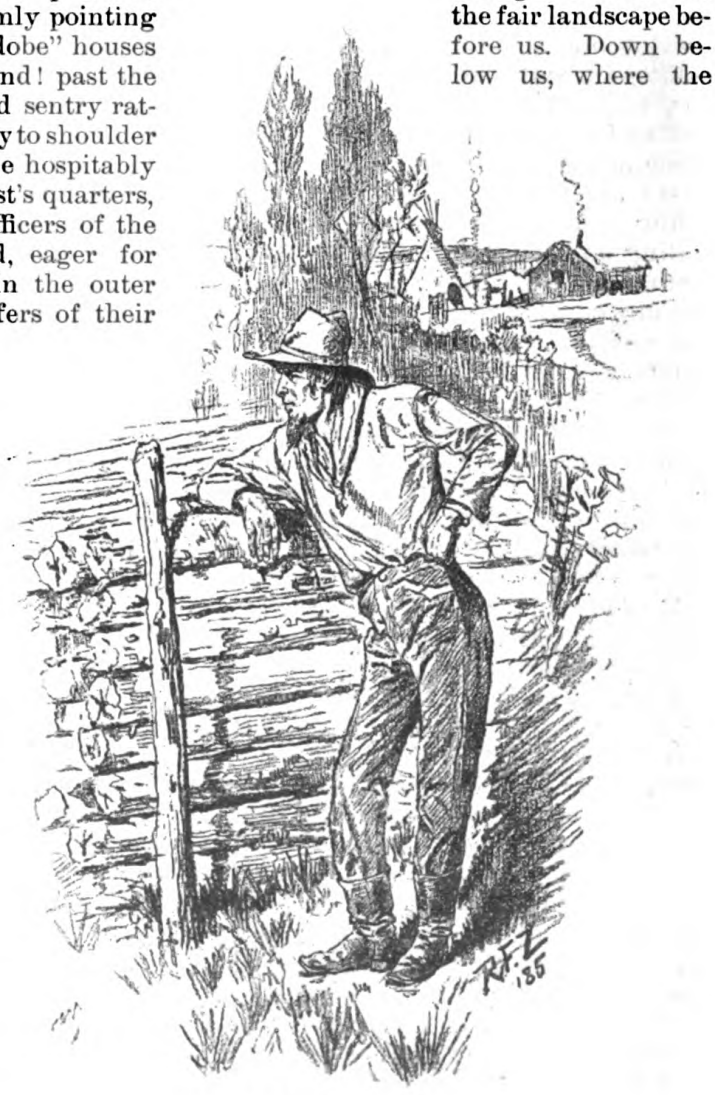
Down the river, now slowly and cautiously scraping over the wide sand-bars, now swiftly gliding along, aided by the rapid-flowing current; down the river through the Country of Hell, with its broad desert plains and barren brown hills, inky black where the moving clouds cast their shadows; down the river past old abandoned Indian trading posts fast crumbling into ruins, past the lonely military telegraph station, where we learn of the passage of a "dug-out," with its crew of fugitive desperadoes flying from the wrath of the cow-boys; down the river between perpendicular sand-banks, crumbling away at the touch of the "rollers" caused by the passage of our boat, scaring up flocks of wild-geese and swift-flying, blue-winged heron; down the river through lovely prairies covered with waving grasses and gayly colored wild flowers, into the Indian country, until, looking across one of the long, flat, outrunning points of land that mark the constantly recurring curves of the river, there, shining in the morning sun, the distant buildings of the military post, our destination, gleam bright under the blue, white, and scarlet folds of the national standard floating gracefully out from its tall pole against the deep warm purple of the sky beyond. Hundreds of Indian tepees are scattered over the wide plain, and at our approach we can see the inmates hurrying to the banks to watch the arrival of the great steamer. Wild-looking savages, their faces smeared with streaks of bright vermilion or orange, are watering their horses, their gaudily clothed forms reflecting straight down in the mirror-like surface of the water; some half-clad lads, who, lying prone upon their bellies, and leaning far over the high banks, have been fishing in the stream, pull in their lines and race along the shore, their coarse black hair floating out behind, and their bronze-colored naked limbs moving with untrammelled ease, as they easily keep pace with the boat; young bucks mounted on half-tamed ponies gallop along and mingle with the throng; the white sombreros and light blue uniforms of the Indian police contrast strangely with the party-colored rags of their fellow-savages. As we slowly paddle up to the landing we make our preparations to land, recognizing our acquaintances in the little group of shoulder-strapped bluecoats near the ambulance, which has just been drawn up to the bank by its team of four strong mules, and are soon exchanging greetings with our friends, who receive us with the frank, kindly, ready hospitality of the American soldier.

"Here, sergeant, this baggage to my quarters, please. Now, then, all aboard! Fire away, driver!" And with crack of long-thonged whip and simultaneous lashing out of four pair of iron-shod heels, away we go over the prairie to the post. Hi, mules! rattle along through the tepees, dusky faces peering through the dark openings in their sides; swing around the corner past the agent's house,

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into the broad road by the agency buildings, past the trader's stores with the lounging red-skins sunning themselves, leaning against the rough, mud-plastered walls, or going in and out of the open doorway; doff your hats, gentlemen, to smiling, prettily dressed ladies driving by in pony-cart. Rattle along, mules, past the log huts of the Indian scouts, with the little half-naked black-eyed children scurrying hastily away to the shelter of their roofs, to where the squaws are seated on the ground by the fires in the open air or engaged in some menial work—past the group of white-sheeted, painted-faced young bucks gambling for cartridges on the road-side—out again on the dusty plain through outlying tepees—up to the trim, clean "adobe" barracks of the soldiers, looking over the parade—past the many-barrelled Gatlings, grimly pointing toward the village, to the "adobe" houses of "The Row." Swing around! past the guard-house, the white-gloved sentry rattling his glittering rifle smartly to shoulder in salute, and bring up at the hospitably opened door of our genial host's quarters, where soon nearly all the officers of the little garrison are gathered, eager for news of what is going on in the outer world, and full of kindly offers of their services. The events that have taken place up the river are already known to them: four men had been killed, and their bodies consumed by the fire, at the fight at the Joneses' ranch, others had been captured and hung, and some—number unknown—had escaped. Orders have been received from below to look out for the fugitives, as some of them are suspected of being members of the band that "jumped" the paymaster some weeks ago. The scouts are out even now, but have not been heard from as yet, and these horse-thieves are so well acquainted with the country that, provided they don't get starved out somewhere, it will be a difficult matter to catch them. In a low whitewashed room in a rough log cabin by the post-trader's stores dinner is served for the bachelors' mess, and we fall to heartily, and thoroughly enjoy the bountiful and palatable fare, after the monotony of the scanty *menu* of the boat with our sometimes not overnice table companions.

Retreat has been sounded; the flag, opening out its graceful folds, comes waving down the tall staff simultaneously with the thunder of the evening gun; and we cross the parade for a stroll out along the banks of the creek that flows tranquilly over its sandy bed in the deep ravine in rear of the post. Although the sun has disappeared, the western sky is all aglow with his light, and it is the pleasantest time of the day, this long hour of Northern twilight, before the shadows of night close in on the fair landscape before us. Down below us, where the



A "WOOD-HAWK."

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creek spreads out into a wide and deep pool, some young Indian girls are bathing in its cool waters, and their laughing voices rise up melodiously in the still air. Some squaws are squatted along the edge filling their water jars or dipping their squalling little pappooses, clothes and all, into the stream.

Following the path along the bluff toward the high ground in our front, stopping for a moment at some graves fenced in with neat white palings, where some poor fellows are silently "awaiting the last reveille," as we see is inscribed in rude characters on the little head-boards, we climb to the top of the mound, and, turning, look back at the scene below us. At our feet lies the little fort, with its square parade-ground flanked by the "Officers' Row" opposite the barracks of the men, and at either end by the guard-house and quartermaster's stores and offices and the post hospital. We can see the soldiers gathered about the doors of their quarters, while in the open space between the fort and the agency buildings, standing white and straggling beyond, and rising above the tepees grouped near by, some young Indians are racing their horses, yelling and whooping like fiends. Still further beyond, where we can see the shining, curving river, and the creek emptying its waters into it, the village is lying, the smoke from its many fires melting into the air above. Very gradually the light fades, gray shadows are stealing over the prairie, where the great herd of agency cattle is slowly moving; the platforms on which the red-skins deposit the bodies of their dead stand out on the mounds black against the sky, and the weird, sobbing wail of mourning women strikes discordantly on our ears. Lights begin to twinkle in the barracks, and, ringing out clear and mellow, the bugle is sounding "first call" for tattoo.

A day or two pass quietly and uneventfully. We visit the range, and waste some ammunition at the big targets with the men, and sometimes, the regular practice over, some of the ladies—no mean shots—join us at the "butts." We roam about the village and agency, and scrape acquaintance with many of our red brethren, sometimes sitting in their tepees and endeavoring to learn as much as we can of the mysteries of the sign language, and to master some of their guttural phrases.

One warm sunshiny afternoon, two or three days after our arrival at the post, as we lounge in a rocking-chair of the "sitting-room" of the quarters, enjoying a quiet smoke and discussing the news from a pile of journals just arrived by the semi-weekly mail, which has to be brought on horseback or by buckboard nearly a hundred miles over the prairie from the nearest stage station, the oft-repeated tap-tap-r-r-ratatattat of the drum over by the commandant's office, and a subdued sound of voices near the barracks, rouse us up from our half-reclining attitude, and we step to the window to see what reason there is for the unusual stir. Two sweat-covered horses stand with heaving flanks, heads bowed down, necks outstretched, before the door of the office, and an Indian scout squats on the ground beside them, holding the bridles loosely in his hand. In spite of his air of stolid indifference, his disordered dress—loose gray shirt, mud-splashed blue regulation trousers, bead-embroidered, yellow-fringed, and betasselled buckskin leggings—shows that he has ridden hard and fast. Through the open door, standing hat in hand by the commandant's desk, who, seated in his office chair, half turns around and looks up into the speaker's face, we see the half-breed chief of the scouts as he eagerly and somewhat excitedly makes his report. The door of the quarters next to ours opens, and a young officer, booted and in field dress, great-coat over his arm, revolver swinging in its leather holster at his side, comes forth and hurries across the parade, calling out to us in answer to our hail: "The scouts have corralled the thieves up on the Birdtail, and we're going to fetch them in."

Over by the barracks the men detailed for the duty are busily engaged preparing for the march, rolling up their great gray blankets, slinging on haversacks and canteens, and buckling the canvas prairie belts filled with brass-cylindered, leaden-headed cartridges. One by one they emerge from the doorways of their quarters, and, "falling in," rifle in hand, answer to their names as the roll is called by the sergeant. Rattling up from the corral come the wagons that are to convey the soldiers across the prairie to the place to which the bandits have been traced.

At dawn next morning, accompanying the commandant, we drive out to the scene of the hunt, for veritable hunt it

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is, and that after the noblest of all game —human beings imaged like ourselves. Where a high bluff overhangs for miles a wide morass, a thick, almost impenetrable jungle of dwarf willows, so matted and interlaced that the light of day scarcely can penetrate through the dense covering of their leaves, is the place where the scouts have first discovered signs of the fugitives. Beyond flows the river, so that their skiff, having been found and captured, under cover of the night, by the chief scout, who, swimming and wading the stream from the opposite shore, had towed the boat away from its hiding-place, the escape of the desperadoes is cut off by way of the water. We find the bluff picketed along its whole extent by the troops, some of whom stand, rifle in hand, looking out over the swamp, from which the mists of the morning are slowly rising, while others are gathered about an occasional small fire, warming their chilled frames and hastily cooking a frugal breakfast.



FAIR SHARP-SHOOTERS.

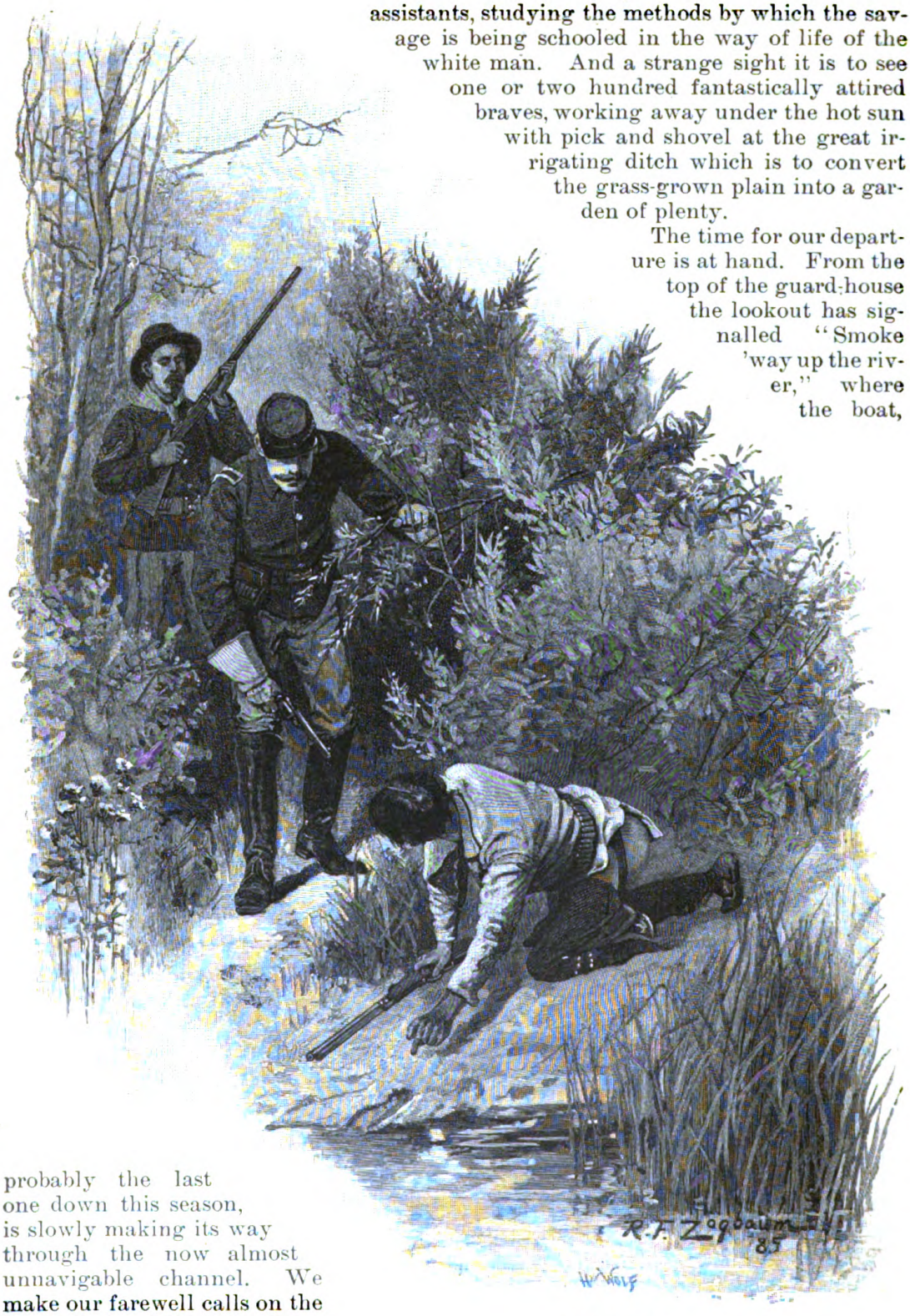
Down in the thickets the scouts and some of the soldiers, aided by their savage allies, are beating the bush, and scattering rifle-shots and a yell now and then from the Indians indicate that the trail is hot. Hot it may be, but the pursuit is soon given up, for, with the exception of a bloody coat and a revolver, nothing more is found after the capture of some miserable, desperate wretches, who, making but slight resistance, surrender on recognizing the government uniform. Miserable-looking wretches they are, as, guarded by the vigilant soldiers, they are marched into the post. Wild-eyed and haggard, covered with mud and dirt, their brier-torn clothing hanging in shreds from their frames, emaciated with hunger, one of them with bullet-torn arm bound in blood-stained bandages, their abject appearance well proves that "the way of the transgressor is hard," as they are securely confined in the lock-up of the guard-house, there to await what fate has in store for them.

The ripple of excitement on the usually calm surface of life in the remote frontier fort caused by the raid has subsided, and the garrison settles down into the monotonous routine of its every-day work. Hay and wood for the coming long winter are being cut and brought in, quarters are repaired; sometimes we drive out for a shot at the prairie-chickens, or visit the agency, watching the distribution of rations to the Indians, or going about with the agent or his

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assistants, studying the methods by which the savage is being schooled in the way of life of the white man. And a strange sight it is to see one or two hundred fantastically attired braves, working away under the hot sun with pick and shovel at the great irrigating ditch which is to convert the grass-grown plain into a garden of plenty.

The time for our departure is at hand. From the top of the guard-house the lookout has signalled "Smoke 'way up the river," where the boat, probably the last one down this season, is slowly making its way through the now almost unnavigable channel. We make our farewell calls on the families of our kind entertainers, and once more climbing into the waiting ambulance, rattle away to the landing-place. It is late in the evening, and the river shines like fluid gold under the bright light of the sky; before us the land opposite stretches away flat to the round buttes on the far horizon; naked trees, where a fire has



A HOT TRAIL.

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THE CAPTIVES.

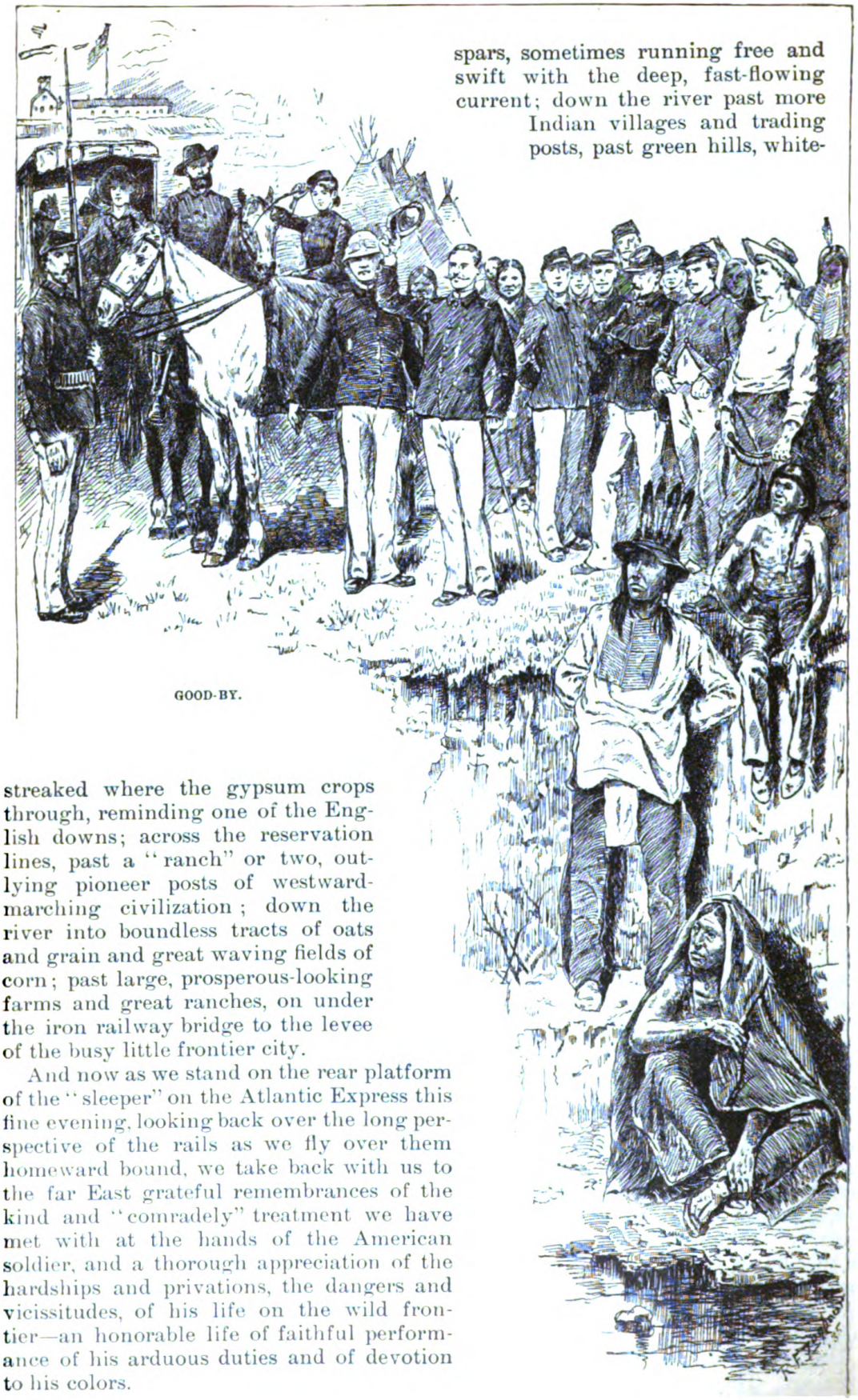
scorched their limbs, rise up out of the purple undergrowth, and stand out against the sky in fantastic shapes; far out over the plain some figures, men and horses, are moving.

Patiently we wait near a huge pile of buffalo-robes and other freight; the usual curve in the river prevents a sight of the steamboat, but we can see her smoke rising over the trees where she seems to be stationary. "Stuck on the bar, I'll bet my boots!" says a great, long-limbed teamster, stretched at full length on the pile of skins. "Injin Charlie told me this mornin' that he an' Chicken waded the river at the P'int yesterday. I don't believe she'll git down as far as this to-night; the water is terrible low."

Deeper and deeper grow the shades of evening. The moon rises red and angry, and casts long, quivering reflections down into the water. "She cometh not, he said," parodies a musical voice from the wagon. "You will have to put up with our rude frontier accommodations for another night, I fancy." It looks, indeed, as if it were useless to tarry any longer to-night, so, nothing loath, as far as enjoying "the rude frontier accommodations" for another night is concerned, we drive back to the post in the darkness. It is late on the following afternoon before the boat finally gets over the bar and steams up to the landing, and we once more bid farewell to our good friends, this time really to leave them.

Down the river once more, sometimes aground for hours on mud-banks and sand-bars, literally wading over them inch by inch with the help of our huge

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GOOD-BY.

spars, sometimes running free and swift with the deep, fast-flowing current; down the river past more Indian villages and trading posts, past green hills, white-streaked where the gypsum crops through, reminding one of the English downs; across the reservation lines, past a "ranch" or two, outlying pioneer posts of westward-marching civilization; down the river into boundless tracts of oats and grain and great waving fields of corn; past large, prosperous-looking farms and great ranches, on under the iron railway bridge to the levee of the busy little frontier city.

And now as we stand on the rear platform of the "sleeper" on the Atlantic Express this fine evening, looking back over the long perspective of the rails as we fly over them homeward bound, we take back with us to the far East grateful remembrances of the kind and "comradely" treatment we have met with at the hands of the American soldier, and a thorough appreciation of the hardships and privations, the dangers and vicissitudes, of his life on the wild frontier—an honorable life of faithful performance of his arduous duties and of devotion to his colors.

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SPRINGHAVEN.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE.

CHAPTER VI.

AS OTHERS SEE US.



ADMIRAL DARLING was very particular in trying to keep his grounds and garden tolerably tidy always. But he never succeeded, for the simple reason that he listened to every one's excuses; and not understanding a walk or a lawn half so well as the deck of a battle-ship, he was always defeated in argument.

"Here's a state of things!" he used to say in summer-time; "thistles full of seed within a biscuit-heave of my front door, and other things—I forget their names—with heads like the head of a capstan bursting, all as full of seeds as a purser is of lies!"

"Your lordship do not understand them subjects," Mr. Swipes, the head gardener, was in the habit of replying; "and small blame to you, in my opinion, after so many years upon the briny wave. Ah! they can't grow them things there."

"Swipes, that is true, but to my mind not at all a satisfactory reason for growing them here, just in front of the house and the windows. I don't mind a few in the kitchen-garden, but you know as well as I do, Swipes, that they can have no proper business here."

"I did hear tell down to the Club, last night," Mr. Swipes would reply, after wiping his forehead, as if his whole mind were perspired away, "though I don't pretend to say how far true it may be, that all the land of England is to be cultivated for the public good, same as on the continence, without no propriety or privacy, my lord. But I don't altogether see how they be to do it. So I thought I'd better ask your lordship."

"For the public good! The public-house good, you mean." The Admiral answered nine times out of ten, being easily led from the track of his wrath, and tired of telling Swipes that he was not a lord. "How many times more must I tell you, Swipes, that I hate that Jacobin association? Can you tell me of one seaman belonging to it? A set of fish-jobbers, and men with barrows, and cheap-jacks from up the country. Not one of my tenants would be such a fool as to go there, even if I allowed him. I make great allowances for you, Swipes, because of your obstinate nature. But don't let me hear of that Club any more, or *you* may go and cultivate for the public good."

"Your lordship knows that I goes there for nothing except to keep up my burial. And with all the work there is upon this place, the Lord only knows when I may be requiring of it. Ah! I never see the like; I never did. And a blade of grass the wrong way comes down on poor old Swipes!"

Hereupon the master, having done his duty, was relieved from overdoing it, and went on other business with a peaceful mind. The feelings, however, of Mr. Swipes were not to be appeased so lightly, but demanded the immediate satisfaction of a pint of beer. And so large was his charity that if his master fell short of duty upon that point, he accredited him with the good intention, and enabled him to discharge it.

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"My dear soul," he said, with symptoms of exhaustion, to good Mrs. Cloam, the housekeeper, who had all the keys at her girdle, about ten o'clock on the Monday morning, "what a day we did have yesterday!"

"A mercy upon me, Mr. Swipes," cried Mrs. Cloam, who was also short of breath, "how you did exaggerate my poor narves, a-rushing up so soft, with the cold steel in both your hands!"

"Ah! ma'am, it have right to be a good deal wuss than that," the chivalrous Swipes made answer, with the scythe beside his ear. "It don't consarn what the masters say, though enough to take one's legs off. But the ladies, Mrs. Cloam, the ladies—it's them as takes our heads off."

"Go 'long with you, Mr. Swipes! You are so disastrous at turning things. And how much did he say you was to have this time? Here's Jenny Shanks coming up the passage."

"Well, he left it to myself; he have that confidence in me. And little it is I should ever care to take, with the power of my own will, ma'am. Why, the little brown jug, ma'am, is as much as I can manage even of our small beer now. Ah! I know the time when I would no more have thought of rounding of my mouth for such small stuff than of your growing up, ma'am, to be a young woman with the sponsorship of this big place upon you. Wonderful! wonderful! And only yesterday, as a man with a gardening mind looks at it, you was the prettiest young maiden on the green, and the same—barring marriage—if you was to encounter with the young men now."

"Oh," said Mrs. Cloam, who was fifty, if a day, "how you do make me think of sad troubles, Mr. Swipes! Jenny, take the yellow jug with the three beef-eaters on it, and go to the third cask from the door—the key turns upside down, mind—and let me hear you whistle till you bring me back the key. Don't tell me nonsense about your lips being dry. You can whistle like a blackbird when you choose."

"Here's to your excellent health, Mrs. Cloam, and as blooming as it finds you now, ma'am! As pretty a tap as I taste since Christmas, and another dash of malt would 'a made it worthy a'most to speak your health in. Well, ma'am, a leetle drop in crystal for yourself, and then for my business, which is to inquire after your poor dear health to-day. Blooming as you are, ma'am, you must bear in mind that beauty is only skin-deep, Mrs. Cloam; and the purtier a flower is, the more delicate it grows. I've a-been a-thinking of you every night, ma'am, knowing how you must 'a been put about and driven. The Admiral have gone down to the village, and Miss Dolly to stare at the boats going out."

"Then I may speak a word for once at ease, Mr. Swipes, though the Lord alone knows what a load is on my tongue. It requires a fine gardener, being used to delicacy, to enter into half the worry we have to put up with. Heroes of the Nile, indeed, and bucklers of the country! Why, he could not buckle his own shoe, and Jenny Shanks had to do it for him. Not that I blame him for having one arm, and a brave man he is to have lost it, but that he might have said something about the things I got up at a quarter to five every morning to make up for him. For cook is no more than a smoke-jack, Mr. Swipes; if she keeps the joint turning, that's as much as she can do."

"And a little too fond of good beer, I'm afeard," replied Mr. Swipes, having emptied his pot. "Men's heads was made for it, but not women's, till they come to superior stations in life. But, oh, Mrs. Cloam, what a life we lead with the crotchets of they gentry!"

"It isn't that so much, Mr. Swipes, if only there was any way of giving satisfaction. I wish everybody who is born to it to have the very best of everything, likewise all who have fought up to it. But to make all the things and have nothing made of them, whether indigestion or want of appetite, turns one quite into the Negroes almost, that two or three people go on with."

"I don't look at what he hath aten or left," Mr. Swipes made answer, loftily; "that lieth between him and his own stommick. But what hath a' left for me, ma'am? He hath looked out over the garden when he pleased, and this time of year no weeds is up, and he don't know enough of things to think nothing of them. When his chaise come down I was out by the gate with a broom in my hand, and I pulled off my hat, but his eye never seemed to lay hold of me."

"His eye lays hold of everything, whether he makes 'em feel or no. One thing I'm sure of—he was quite up to Miss Dolly, and the way she carries on with you

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"HERE WAS BEAUTIFUL CANTERING GROUND."—[SEE PAGE 865.]

know who, every blessed Sunday. If that is what they go to church for—"

"But, my dear soul," said the genial Swipes, whose heart was enlarged with the power of good beer, "when you and I was young folk, what did we go to church for? I can't speak for you, ma'am, being ever so much younger, and a baby in the gallery in long clothes, if born by that time; but so far as myself goes, it was the girls I went to look at, and most of 'em come as well to have it done to them."

"That never was my style, Mr. Swipes, though I know there were some not above it. And amongst equals I won't say that there need be much harm in it. But for a young man in the gallery, with a long stick of the vile-base in his hand, and the only clean shirt of the week on his back, and nothing but a plank of pitch to keep him, however good-looking he may be, to be looking at the daughter, and the prettiest one too, though not the best, some people think, of the gentleman that owns all the houses and the haven—presumption is the smallest word that I can find to use for it; and for her to allow it, fat—fat something in the nation."

"Well, ma'am," said Mr. Swipes, whose views were loose and liberal, "it seems a little shock at first to those on trust in families. But Dannel is a brave boy, and might fight his way to glory, and then they has the pick of the femmels up to a thousand pound a year. You know what happened the miller's son, no further off than Upton. And if it hadn't been for Dannel, when she was a little chit, where would proud Miss Dolly be, with her feathers and her furbelows? Natur' is the thing I holds by, and I sees a deal of it. And betwixt you and me and the bedpost, ma'am, whoever hath Miss Dolly will have to ride to London on this here scythe. Miss Faith is the lass for a good quiet man, without no airs and graces, and to my judgment every bit as comely, and more of her to hold on by. But the Lord 'a mercy upon us, Mrs. Cloam, you've a-been married like my poor self; and you knows what we be, and we knows what you be. Looks 'ain't much to do with it after the first week or two. It's the cooking, and the natur', and the not going contrairy. B'lieve Miss Dolly would go contrairy to a hangel, if her was j'ined to him three days."

"Prejudice! prejudice!" the housekeeper replied, while shaking her finger severely at him. "You ought to be above such opinions, Mr. Swipes, a superior man, such as you are. If Miss Faith came into your garden reading books, and finding fault here and there, and sniffing at the flowers, a quarter so often as pretty Dolly does, perhaps you wouldn't

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make such a perfect angel of her, and run down her sister in comparison. But your wonderful Miss Faith comes peeping here and poking there into pots and pans, and asking the maids how their mothers are, as if her father kept no housekeeper. She provoked me so in the simple-room last week, as if I was hiding thieves there, that I asked her at last whether she expected to find Mr. Erle there. And you should have seen how she burst out crying; for something had turned on her mind before."

"Well, I couldn't have said that to her," quoth the tender-hearted Swipes—"not if she had come and routed out every key and every box, pot, pan, and pannier in the tool-house and stoke-hole and vinery! The pretty dear! the pretty dear! And such a lady as she is! Ah, you women are hard-hearted to one another, when your minds are up! But take my word for it, Mrs. Cloam, no one will ever have the chance of making your beautiful Miss Dolly cry by asking her where her sweetheart is."

CHAPTER VII.

A SQUADRON IN THE DOWNS.

"My dear girls, all your courage is gone," said Admiral Darling to his daughters at luncheon, that same Monday; "departed perhaps with Lord Nelson and Frank. I hate the new style of such come-and-go visits, as if there was no time for anything. Directly a man knows the ways of the house, and you can take him easily, off he goes. Just like Hurry, he never can stop quiet. He talks as if peace was the joy of his life, and a quiet farm his paradise, and very likely he believes it. But my belief is that a year of peace would kill him, now that he has made himself so famous. When that sort of thing begins, it seems as if it must go on."

"But, father dear," exclaimed the elder daughter, "you could have done every single thing that Lord Nelson has ever contrived to do, if you had only happened to be there, and equally eager for destruction. I have heard you say many times, though not of course before him, that you could have managed the battle of the Nile considerably better than he did. And instead of allowing the great vessel to blow up, you would have brought her safe to Spithead."

"My dear, you must have quite misunderstood me. Be sure that you never express such opinions, which are entirely your own, in the presence of naval officers. Though I will not say that they are quite without foundation."

"Why, papa," cried Miss Dolly, who was very truthful, when her own interests were not involved, "you have often said twice as much as that. How well I remember having heard you say—"

"You young people always back up one another, and you don't care what you make your poor father say. I wonder you don't vow that I declared I could jump over the moon with my uniform on. But I'll tell you what we'll do, to bring back your senses—we will go for a long ride this fine afternoon. I've a great mind to go as far as Stonnington."

"Now how many times have you told us that? I won't believe it till we get there," young Dolly answered, with her bright eyes full of joy. "You must be ashamed of yourself, papa, for neglecting your old friend's son so long."

"Well, to tell you the truth, I am, my dear," confessed the good-natured Admiral; "but no one but myself has the least idea of the quantity of things I have to do."

"Exactly what old Swipes said this very morning, only much more impressively. And I really did believe him, till I saw a yellow jug, and a horn that holds a pint, in the summer-house. He threw his coat over them, but it was too late."

"Dolly, I shall have to put you in the blackhole. You belong too much to the rising generation, or the upstart generation is the proper word. What would Lord Nelson say? I must have him back again. He is the man for strict discipline."

"Oh, I want to ask one thing about my great godfather. You know he only came down with one portmanteau, and his cocked-hat box, and two hampers. But when I went into his bedroom to see, as a goddaughter should, that his pillow was smooth, there he had got tacked up at the head of his bed a picture of some very beautiful lady, and another at the side, and another at the foot! And Jenny Shanks, who couldn't help peeping in, to see how a great hero goes to sleep, wishes that she may be an old maid forever if she did not see him say his prayers to

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STONNINGTON CHURCH.

them. Now the same fate befall me if I don't find out who it is. You must know, papa, so you had better tell at once."

"That hussy shall leave the house to-morrow. I never heard of anything so shameless. Mrs. Cloam seems to have no authority whatever. And you too, Dolly, had no business there. If any one went to see the room comfortable, it should have been Faith, as the lady of the house. Ever since you persuaded me that you were too old for a governess, you seem to be under no discipline at all."

"Now you know that you don't mean that, papa. You say those cruel things just to make me kiss you," cried Dolly, with the action suited to the word, and with her bright hair falling upon his snowy beard the father could not help returning the salute; "but I must know who that lady is. And what can he want with three pictures of her?"

"How should I know, Dolly? Perhaps it is his mother, or perhaps it is the Queen of Naples, who made a Duke of him for what he did out there. Now be quick, both of you, or no ride to-day. It is fifteen long miles to Stonnington, I am sure, and I am not going to break my neck. As it is, we must put dinner off till half past six, and we shall all be starved by that time. Quick, girls, quick! I can only give you twenty minutes."

The Admiral, riding with all the vigor of an ancient mariner, looked well between his two fair daughters, as they turned their horses' heads inland, and made over the downs for Stonnington. Here was beautiful cantering ground, without much furze or many rabbit-holes, and lovely air flowing over green

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waves of land, to greet and to deepen the rose upon young cheeks. Behind them was the broad sea, looking steadfast, and spread with slowly travelling tints; before them and around lay the beauty of the earth, with the goodness of the sky thrown over it. The bright world quivered with the breath of spring, and her smile was shed on everything.

"What a lovely country we have been through! I should like to come here every day," said Faith, as they struck into the London road again. "If Stonnington is as nice as this, Mr. Scudamore must be happy there."

"Well, we shall see," her father answered. "My business has been upon the coast so much, that I know very little about Stonnington. But Scudamore has such a happy nature that nothing would come much amiss to him. You know why he is here, of course?"

"No, I don't, papa. You are getting so mysterious that you never tell us anything now," replied Dolly. "I only know that he was in the navy, and now he is in a grammar school. The last time I saw him he was about a yard high."

"He is a good bit short of two yards now," said the Admiral, smiling as he thought of him, "but quite tall enough for a sailor, Dolly, and the most active young man I ever saw in my life, every inch of him sound and quick and true. I shall think very little of your judgment unless you like him heartily; not at first, perhaps, because he is so shy, but as soon as you begin to know him. I mean to ask him to come down as soon as he can get a holiday. His captain told me, when he served in the *Diomede*, that there was not a man in the ship to come near him for nimbleness and quiet fearlessness."

"Then what made him take to his books again? Oh, how terribly dull he must find them! Why, that must be Stonnington church, on the hill!"

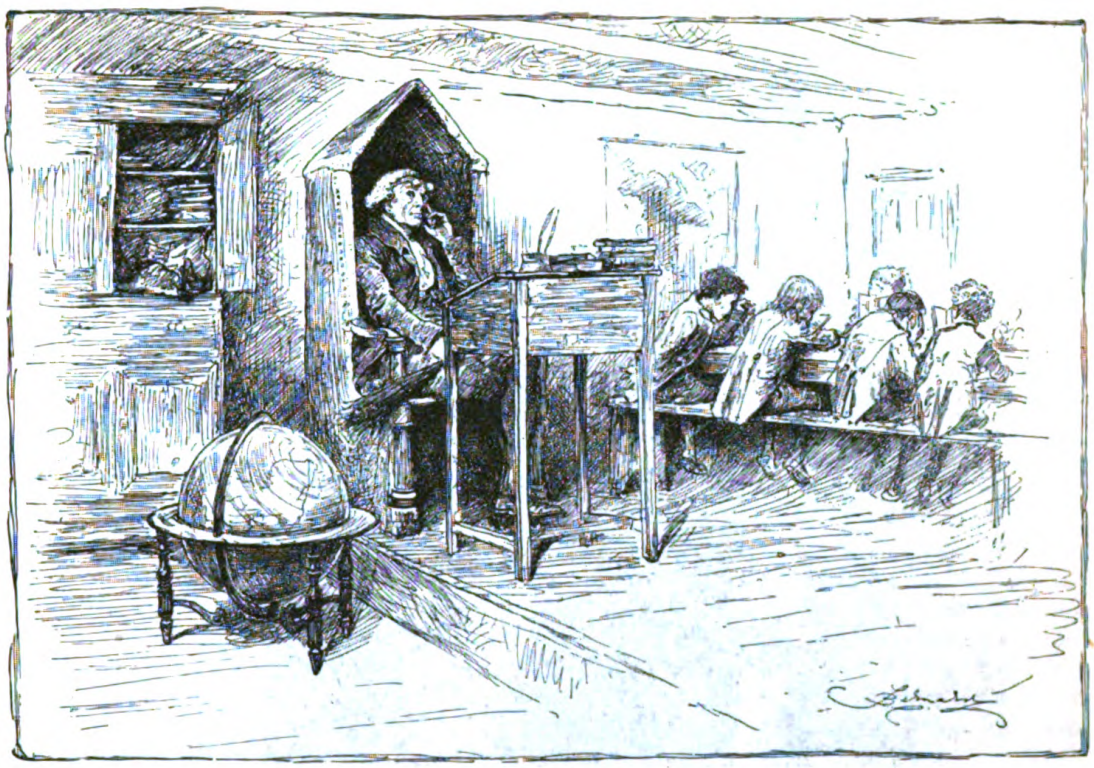
"Yes, and the old grammar school close by. I was very near going there once myself, but they sent me to Winchester instead. It was partly through me that he got his berth here, though not much to thank me for, I am afraid. Sixty pounds a year and his rations isn't much for a man who has been at Cambridge. But even that he could not get in the navy when the slack time came last year. He held no commission, like many other fine young fellows, but had entered as a first-class volunteer. And so he had no rating when this vile peace was patched up—excuse me, my dear, what I meant to say was, when the blessings of tranquillity were restored. And before that his father, my dear old friend, died very suddenly, as you have heard me say, without leaving more than would bury him. Don't talk any more of it. It makes me sad to think of it."

"But," persisted Dolly, "I could never understand why a famous man like Sir Edmond Scudamore—a physician in large practice, and head doctor to the King, as you have often told us—could possibly have died in that sort of way, without leaving any money, or at least a quantity of valuable furniture and jewels. And he had not a number of children, papa, to spend all his money, as I do yours, whenever I get the chance; though you are growing so dreadfully stingy now that I never can look even decent."

"My dear, it is a very long sad story. Not about my stinginess, I mean—though that is a sad story, in another sense, but will not move my compassion. As to Sir Edmond, I can only tell you now that, while he was a man of great scientific knowledge, he knew very little indeed of money matters, and was not only far too generous, but what is a thousand times worse, too trustful. Being of an honorable race himself, and an honorable sample of it, he supposed that a man of good family must be a gentleman; which is not always the case. He advanced large sums of money, and signed bonds for a gentleman, or rather a man of that rank, whose name does not concern you; and by that man he was vilely betrayed; and I would rather not tell you the rest of it. Poor Blyth had to leave Cambridge first, where he was sure to have done very well indeed, and at his wish he was sent afloat, where he would have done even better; and then, as his father's troubles deepened, and ended in his death of heart complaint, the poor boy was left to keep his broken-hearted mother upon nothing but a Latin Grammar. And I fear it is like a purser's dip. But here we are at Stonnington—a long steep pitch. Let us slacken sail, my dears, as we have brought no cockswain. Neither of you need land, you know, but I shall go into the schoolroom."

"One thing I want to know," said the

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"WHAT WONDERFULLY GOOD BOYS!"

active-minded Dolly, as the horses came blowing their breath up the hill: "if his father was Sir Edmond, and he is the only child, according to all the laws of nature, he ought to be Sir Blyth Scudamore."

"It shows how little you have been out—as good Mrs. Twemlow expresses it—that you do not even understand the laws of nature as between a baronet and a knight."

"Oh, to be sure; I recollect! How very stupid of me! The one goes on, and the other doesn't, after the individual stops. But whose fault is it that I go out so little? So you see you are caught in your own trap, papa."

CHAPTER VIII.

A LESSON IN THE ÆNEID.

In those days Stonnington was a very pretty village, and such it continued to be until it was ravaged by a railway. With the railway came all that is hideous and foul, and from it fled all that is comely. The cattle-shed, called by rail-highwaymen "the Station," with its roof of iron Pan-pipes and red bull's-eyes stuck on stack-poles, whistles and stares where the grand trees stood and the village green lay sleeping. On the site of the gray-stone grammar school is an "Operative Institute," whose front (not so thick as the skin of a young ass) is gayly tattooed with a ringworm of wind-bricks. And the old manor-house, where great authors used to dine, and look out with long pipes through the ivy, has been stripped of every shred of leaf, and painted red and yellow, and barge-boarded into "the Temperance Tap."

Ere ever these heathen so furiously raged, there was peace and content, and the pleasure of the eyes, and of neighborly feeling abundance. The men never burst with that bubble of hurry which every man now is inflated with; and the women had time enough to mind one another's affairs, without which they grow scandalous. And the trees, that kept company with the houses, found matter for reflection in their calm blue smoke, and the green crop that promised a little grove upon the roof. So that as the road went up the hill, the traveller was content to leave his legs to nature, while his eyes took their leisure of pleasant views,

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"TWO PRETTY LADIES IN RIDING-HABITS."

and of just enough people to dwell upon.

At the top of the hill rose the fine old church, and next to it, facing on the road itself, without any kind of fence before it, stood the grammar school of many generations. This was a long low building, ridged with mossy slabs, and ribbed with green, where the drip oozed down the buttresses. But the long reach of the front was divided by a gable projecting a little into the broad high-road. And here was the way, beneath a low stone arch, into a porch with oak beams bul-

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ging and a bell-rope dangling, and thence with an oaken door flung back into the dark arcade of learning.

This was the place to learn things in, with some possibility of keeping them, and herein lay the wisdom of our ancestors. Could they ever have known half as much as they did, and ten times as much as we know, if they had let the sun come in to dry it all up, as we do? Will even the fourteen-coated onion root, with its bottom exposed to the sun, or will a clever puppy grow long ears, in the power of strong daylight?

The nature and nurture of solid learning were better understood when schools were built from which came Shakespeare and Bacon and Raleigh; and the glare of the sun was not let in to baffle the light of the eyes upon the mind. And another consideration is that wherever there is light, boys make a noise, which conduces but little to doctrine; whereas in soft shadow their muscles relax, and their minds become apprehensive. Thus had this ancient grammar school of Stonnington fostered many scholars, some of whom had written grammars for themselves and their posterity.

The year being only at the end of March, and the day going on for five o'clock, the light was just right, in the long low room, for correction of manners and for discipline. Two boys had been horsed and brushed up well, which had strengthened the conscience of all the rest, while sobs and rubs of the part affected diffused a tender silence. Dr. Swinks, the head-master, was leaning back in his canopied oaken chair, with the pride inspired by noble actions.

"What wonderfully good boys!" Dolly whispered, as she peeped in through the dark porch with Faith, while her father was giving the horses in charge to the hostler from the inn across the way; "I declare that I shall be frightened even to look at Mr. Scudamore, if this is a specimen of what he does. There is scarcely a boy looking off his book. But how old he does look! I suppose it must be the effect of so much hard teaching."

"You silly thing," her sister answered; "you are looking at the great head-master. Mr. Scudamore is here at the bottom of the school. Between these big hinges you can see him; and he looks as young as you do."

Miss Dolly, who dearly loved any sly peep, kept her light figure back and the long skirt pulled in, as she brought her bright eyes to the slit between the heavy black door and the stone-work. And she speedily gave her opinion.

"He is nothing but a regular frump. I declare I am dreadfully disappointed. No wonder the title did not come on! He is nothing but a very soft-natured stupe. Why, the boys can do what they like with him!"

Certainly the scholars of the Virgil class, which Blyth Scudamore was dealing with, had recovered from the querimonies of those two sons of Ovid, on the further side of Ister, and were having a good laugh at the face of "Captain Scuddy," as they called their beloved preceptor. For he, being gifted with a gentle sense of humor, together with a patient love of the origin of things, was questing in his quiet mind what had led a boy to render a well-known line as follows: "Such a quantity of salt there was, to season the Roman nation." Presently he hit upon the clue to this great mystery. "*Mola*, the salted cake," he said; "and the next a little error of conjugation. You have looked out your words, Smith, but chanced upon the wrong ones."

"Oh, Captain Scuddy," cried the head boy, grinning wisely, though he might have made just the same blunder himself; "after that, do tell us one of your sea-stories. It will strike five in about five minutes. Something about Nelson, and killing ten great Frenchmen."

"Oh, do," cried the other little fellows, crowding round him. "It is ever so much better than Virgil, Captain Scuddy!"

"I am not Captain Scuddy, as I tell you every day. I'm afraid I am a great deal too good-natured with you. I shall have to send a dozen of you up to be caned."

"No, you couldn't do that if you tried, Captain Scuddy. But what are you thinking of, all this time? There are two pretty ladies in riding-habits peeping at you from the bell porch. Why, you have got sweethearts, Captain Scuddy! What a shame of you never to have told us!"

The youngest and fairest of all the boys there could scarcely have blushed more deeply than their classical tutor did, as he stooped for his hat, and shyly went between the old desks to the door in the porch. All the boys looked after him with the deepest interest, and made up their minds to see everything he did.

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This was not at all what he desired, and the sense of it increased his hesitation and confusion. Of the Admiral's lovely daughters he had heard while in the navy, and now he was frightened to think that perhaps they were come here to reconnoitre him. But luckily the Admiral was by this time to the fore, and he marched into the school-room and saluted the head-master.

"Dr. Swinks," he said, "I am your very humble servant, Vice-Admiral of the Blue, Charles Darling, and beg a thousand pardons for intrusion on deep learning. But they tell me that your watch is over in some half a minute. Allow me to ask for the son of an old friend, Blyth Scudamore, late of the *Diomede* frigate, but now of this ancient and learned grammar school. When his labors are over, I would gladly speak with him."

"Boys may go," the head-master pronounced, as the old clock wheezed instead of striking. "Sir, my valued young coadjutor is advancing from the fourth form toward you."

The Doctor was nice in his choice of words, and prided himself on Johnsonian precision, but his young coadjutor's advance was hardly to be distinguished from a fine retreat. Like leaves before the wind, the boys rushed out by a back door into the play-ground, while the master solemnly passed to his house, with a deep slow bow to the ladies; and there was poor Scudamore—most diffident of men whenever it came to lady-work—left to face the visitors with a pleasing knowledge that his neckcloth was dishevelled, and his hair sheafed up, the furrows of his coat broadcast with pounce, and one of his hands gone to sleep from holding a heavy Delphin for three-quarters of an hour.

As he came out thus into the evening light, which dazed his blue eyes for a moment, Miss Dolly turned away to hide a smile, but Faith, upon her father's introduction, took his hand and looked at him tenderly. For she was a very soft-hearted young woman, and the tale of his troubles and goodness to his mother had moved her affection toward him, while as one who was forever pledged—according to her own ideas—to a hero beyond comparison, she was able to regard young men with mercy, and with pity, if they had none to love. "How hard you have been at work!" she said; "it makes us seem so lazy! But we never can find any good thing to do."

"That's a cut at me," cried the Admiral. "Scudamore, when you come to my age, be wiser than to have any daughters. Sure enough, they find no good to do; and they not only put all the fault of that on me, but they make me the victim of all the mischief they invent. Dolly, my darling, wear that cap if it fits. But you have not shaken hands with Mr. Scudamore yet. I hope you will do so, some hundreds of times."

"Not all at once, papa; or how thankful he would be! But stop, I have not got half my glove off; this fur makes them stick so."

Miss Dolly was proud of her hands, and lost few chances of getting them looked at. Then with a little smile, partly at herself for petulance, partly to him for forgiveness, she offered her soft warm rich white hand, and looked at him beautifully as he took it. Alack and alas for poor "Captain Scuddy"!

His eyes, with a quick shy glance, met hers; and hers with soft inquiry answered, "I wonder what you think of me?" Whenever she met a new face, this was her manner of considering it.

"Scudamore, I shall not allow you any time to think about it," Admiral Darling broke in suddenly, so that the young man almost jumped. "Although you have cut the service for a while, because of our stingy peacefulness, you are sure to come back to us again when England wants English, not Latin and Greek. I am your commanding officer, and my orders are that you come to us from Saturday till Monday. I shall send a boat—or at least I mean a buggy—to fetch you, as soon as you are off duty, and return you the same way on Monday. Come, girls, 'twill be dark before we are home; and since the patrols were withdrawn, I hear there's a highwayman down this road again. That is one of the blessings of peace, Scudamore; even as Latin and Greek are. '*Apertis otia portis*'—Open the gates for laziness. Ah, I should have done well at old Winton, they tell me, if I had not happened to run away to sea."

CHAPTER IX.

THE MAROON.

If yet there remained upon our southern coast a home for the rarer virtues, such as gratitude, content, liberality (not

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of other people's goods alone), faith in a gracious Providence, and strict abstinence from rash labor, that home and stronghold was Springhaven. To most men good success brings neither comfort, nor tranquillity, nor so much as a stool to sit upon, but comes as a tread-mill which must be trodden without any getting to the top of it. Not so did these wise men take their luck. If ever they came from the fickle wave-bosom to the firm breast of land on a Saturday, with a fine catch of fish, and sold it well—and such was their sagacity that sooner would they keep it for cannibal temptation than sell it badly—did they rush into the waves again, before they had dried their breeches? Not they; nor did their wives, who were nearly all good women, stir them up to be off again. Especially at this time of year, with the days pulling out, and the season quickening, and the fish coming back to wag their tails upon the shallows, a pleasant race of men should take their pleasure, and leave flints to be skinned by the sons of flint.

This was the reason why Miss Dolly Darling had watched in vain at the Monday morning tide for the bold issue of the fishing fleet. The weariless tide came up and lifted the bedded keel and the plunged forefoot, and gurgled with a quiet wash among the straky bends, then lurched the boats to this side and to that, to get their heft correctly, and dandled them at last with their bowsprits dipped and their little mast-heads nodding. Every brave smack then was mounted, and riding, and ready for a canter upon the broad sea: but not a blessed man came to set her free. Tethered by head and by heel, she could only enjoy the poised pace of the rocking-horse, instead of the racer's delight in careering across the free sweep of the distance.

Springhaven had done so well last week, that this week it meant to do still better, by stopping at home till the money was gone, and making short work afterward. Every man thoroughly enjoyed himself, keeping sober whenever good manners allowed, foregoing all business, and sauntering about to see the folk hard at work who had got no money. On Wednesday, however, an order was issued by Captain Zebedee Tugwell that all must be ready for a three days' trip when the tide should serve, which would be at the first of the ebb, about ten in the morning. The tides were slackening now, and the smacks had required some change of berth, but still they were not very far from the Admiral's white gate.

"I shall go down to see them, papa, if you please," Dolly said to her father at breakfast-time. "They should have gone on Monday; but they were too rich; and I think it very shameful of them. I dare say they have not got a halfpenny left, and that makes them look so lively. Of course they've been stuffing, and they won't move fast, and they can't expect any more dinner till they catch it. But they have got so much bacon that they don't care."

"What could they have better, I should like to know?" asked the Admiral, who had seen hard times. "Why, I gave seven men three dozen apiece for turning their noses up at salt horse, just because he whisked his tail in the copper. Lord bless my soul! what is the nation coming to, when a man can't dine upon cold bacon?"

"No, it is not that, papa. They are very good in that way, as their wives will tell you. Jenny Shanks tells me the very same thing, and of course she knows all about them. She knew they would never think of going out on Monday, and if I had asked her I might have known it too. But she says that they are sure to catch this tide."

"Very well, Dolly. Go you and catch them. You are never content without seeing something. Though what there is to see in a lot of lubberly craft pushing off with punt-poles—"

"Hush, papa, hush! Don't be so contemptuous. What did my godfather say the other day? And I suppose he understands things."

"Don't quote your godfather against your father. It was never intended in the Catechism. And if it was, I would never put up with it."

Dolly made off; for she knew that her father, while proud of his great impartiality, candor, and scorn of all trumpery feeling, was sometimes unable to make out the reason why a queer little middy of his own should now stand upon the giddy truck of fame, while himself, still ahead of him in the Navy List, might pace his quarter-deck and have hats touched to him, but never a heart beat one pulse quicker. Jealous he was not; but still, at least in his own family—

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Leaving her dear father to his meditations, which Faith ran up to kiss away, fair Dolly put on a plain hat and scarf, quite good enough for the fishermen, and set off in haste for the Round-house, to see the expedition start. By the time she was there, and had lifted the sashes, and got the spy-glass ready, the flow of the tide was almost spent, and the brimming moment of the slack was nigh. For this all the folk of the village waited, according to the tradition of the place; the manhood and boyhood, to launch forth; old age, womanhood, and childhood, to contribute the comfort of kind looks and good-by. The tides, though not to be compared to the winds in fickleness, are capricious here, having sallies of irregularity when there has been a long period of northeast winds, bringing a counterflow to the Atlantic influx. And a man must be thoroughly acquainted with the coast, as well as the moon and the weather, to foretell how the water will rise and fall there. For the present, however, there was no such puzzle. The last lift of the quiet tide shone along the beach in three straight waves, shallow steps that arose inshore, and spent themselves without breaking.

"Toorn o' the tide!" the Captain shouted; "all aboord, aboord, my lads! The more 'ee bide ashore, the wuss 'ee be. See to Master Cheeseman's craft! Got a good hour afront of us. Dannel, what be mooning at? Fetch 'un a clout on his head, Harry Shanks; or Tim, you run up and do it. Doubt the young hosebird were struck last moon, and his brains put to salt in a herring-tub. Home with you, wife! And take Dan, if you will. He'd do more good at the chipping job, with the full moon in his head so."

"Then home I will take my son, Master Tugwell," his wife answered, with much dignity, for all the good wives of Springhaven heard him, and what would they think of her if she said nothing? "Home I will take my son and yours, and the wisest place for him to abide in, with his father set agin him so. Dannel, you come along of me. I won't have my eldest boy gainsaid so."

Zebedee Tugwell closed his lips, and went on with his proper business. All the women would side with him if he left them the use of their own minds, and the sound of his wife's voice last; while all the men in their hearts felt wisdom. But the young man, loath to be left behind, came doubtfully down to the stern of the boat, which was pushed off for the *Rosalie*. And he looked at the place where he generally sat, and then at his father and the rest of them.

"No gappermouths here!" cried his father, sternly. "Get theezell home with the vemmelvolk. Shove off without him, Tim! How many more tides would 'ee lose?"

Young Dan, whose stout legs were in the swirling water, snatched up his striped woolsey from under the tiller, threw it on his shoulder, and walked off, without a farewell to any one. The whole of Springhaven that could see saw it, and they never had seen such a thing before. Captain Zeb stood up and stared, with his big forehead coming out under his hat, and his golden beard shining in the morning sun; but the only satisfaction for his eyes was the back of his son growing smaller and smaller.

"Chip of the old block!" "Sarve 'ee right, Cap'en!" "Starve 'un back to his manners again!" the inferior chieftains of the expedition cried, according to their several views of life. But Zebedee Tugwell paid no heed to thoughts outside of his own hat and coat. "Spake when I ax you," he said, urbanely, but with a glance which conveyed to any too urgent sympathizer that he would be knocked down, when accessible.

But, alas! the less-disciplined women rejoiced, with a wink at their departing lords, as Mrs. Zebedee set off in chase of her long-striding Daniel. The mother, enriched by home affections and course of duties well performed, was of a rounded and ample figure, while the son was tall, and thin as might be one of strong and well-knit frame. And the sense of wrong would not permit him to turn his neck, or take a glance at the enterprise which had rejected him.

"How grand he does look! what a noble profile!" thought Dolly, who had seen everything without the glass, but now brought it to bear upon his countenance. "He is like the centurion in the painted window, or a Roman medallion with a hat on. But that old woman will never catch him. She might just as well go home again. He is walking about ten miles an hour, and how beautifully straight his legs are! What a shame that he should not be a gentleman! He is ten times more like

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one than most of the officers that used to come bothering me so. I wonder how far he means to go? I do hope he won't make away with himself. It is almost enough to make him do it, to be so insulted by his own father, and disgraced before all the village, simply because he can't help having his poor head so full of me! Nobody shall ever say that I did anything to give him the faintest encouragement, because it would be so very wicked and so cruel, considering all he has done for me. But if he comes back, when his father is out of sight, and he has walked off his righteous indignation, and all these people are gone to dinner, it might give a turn to his thoughts if I were to put on my shell-colored frock and the pale blue sash, and just go and see, on the other side of the stepping-stones, how much longer they mean to be with that boat they began so long ago."

CHAPTER X.

ACROSS THE STEPPING-STONES.

VERY good boats were built at this time in the south of England, stout, that is to say, and strong, and fit to ride over a heavy sea, and plunge gallantly into the trough of it. But as the strongest men are seldom swift of foot or light of turn, so these robust and sturdy boats must have their own time and swing allowed them, ere ever they would come round or step out. Having met a good deal of the sea, they knew, like a man who has felt a good deal of the world, that heavy endurance and patient bluffness are safer to get through the waves somehow than sensitive fibre and elegant frame.

But the sea-going folk of Springhaven had learned, by lore of generations, to build a boat with an especial sheer forward, beam far back, and deep run of stern, so that she was lively in the heaviest of weather, and strong enough to take a good thump smiling, when unable to dance over it. Yet as a little thing often makes all the difference in great things, it was very difficult for anybody to find out exactly the difference between a boat built here and a boat built ten or twenty miles off, in imitation of her. The sea, however, knew the difference in a moment between the true thing and the counterfeit, and encouraged the one to go merrily on, while it sent back the other staggering. The secret lay chiefly in a hollow curve forward of nine or ten planks upon either side, which could only be compassed by skilful use of adze and chisel, frame-saw and small tools, after choice of the very best timber, free from knots, tough, and flexible. And the best judge of these points was Zebedee Tugwell.

Not having cash enough just at present (by reason of family expenses, and the high price of bread and of everything else) to set upon the stocks the great smack of the future, which should sail round the *Rosalie*, Captain Tugwell was easing his mind by building a boat for stormy weather, such as they very seldom have inshore, but are likely to meet with outside the Head. As yet there were not many rowing boats here fit to go far in tumbling water, though the few that could do it did it well, and Tugwell's intention was to beat them all, in power, and spring, and buoyancy. The fame of his meaning was spread for as much as twenty leagues along the coast; and jealous people laughed, instead of waiting for him to finish it.

Young Daniel had been well brought up in the mysteries of his father's craft, and having a vigorous turn of wrist, as well as a true eye and quick brain, he was even outgrowing the paternal skill, with experiments against experience. He had beautiful theories of his own, and felt certain that he could prove them, if any one with cash could be brought to see their beauty. His father admitted that he had good ideas, and might try them, if any fool would find the money.

Wroth as he had been at the sharp rebuff and contumely of his father, young Daniel, after a long strong walk, began to look at things more peaceably. The power of the land and the greatness of the sea and the goodness of the sky unangered him, and the air that came from some oyster beds, as the tide was falling, hungered him. Home he went, in good time for dinner, as the duty of a young man is; and instead of laughing when he came by, the maids of Springhaven smiled at him. This quite righted him in his own opinion, yet leaving him the benefit of the doubt which comes from a shake in that cradle lately. He made a good dinner, and shouldered his adze, with a frail of tools hanging on the neck of it, and troubled with nothing but love—which is a woe of self-infliction—whistled his way

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to the beach, to let all the women understand that he was not a bit ashamed. And they felt for him all the more, because he stood up for himself a little.

Doubtful rights go cheap; and so the foreshore westward of the brook being claimed by divers authorities, a tidy little cantle of it had been leased by Admiral Darling, lord of the manor, to Zebedee Tugwell, boat-builder, for the yearly provent of two and sixpence sterling. The Admiral's man of law, Mr. Furkettle, had strongly advised, and well prepared the necessary instrument, which would grow into value by-and-by, as evidence of title. And who could serve summary process of ejectment upon an interloper in a manner so valid as Zebedee's would be? Possession was certain as long as he lived; ousters and filibusters, in the form of railway companies and communists, were a bubble as yet in the womb of ages.

This piece of land, or sand, or rush, seemed very unlikely to be worth dispute. If seisin corporeal, user immemorial, and prescription for levance and couchance conferred any title indefeasible, then were the rabbits the owners in fee-simple, absolute, paramount, and source of pedigree. But they, while thoroughly aware of this, took very little heed to go into it, nor troubled their gentle natures much about a few yards of sand or grass, as the two-legged creatures near them did. Inasmuch as they had soft banks of herb and vivid moss to sit upon, sweet crisp grass and juicy clover for unlabored victuals—as well as a thousand other nibbles which we are too gross to understand—and for beverage not only all the abundance of the brook (whose brilliance might taste of men), but also a little spring of their own which came out of its hole like a rabbit; and then for scenery all the sea, with strange things running over it, as well as a great park of their own having countless avenues of rush, ragwort, and thistle-stump—where would they have deserved to be, if they had not been contented? Content they were, and even joyful at the proper time of day. Joyful in the morning, because the sun was come again; joyful in the middle day to see how well the world went; and in the evening merry with the tricks of their own shadows.

Quite fifteen stepping-stones stepped up—if you counted three that were made of wood—to soothe the dignity of the brook in its last fresh-water moments, rather than to gratify the dry-skin'd soles of gentlefolk. For any one, with a five-shilling pair of boots to terminate in, might skip dry-footed across the sandy purlings of the rivulet. And only when a flood came down, or the head of some spring-tide came up, did any but playful children tread the lichened cracks of the stepping-stones. And nobody knew this better than Horatia Dorothy Darling.

The bunnies who lived to the west of the brook had reconciled their minds entirely now to the rising of that boat among them. At first it made a noise, and scratched the sand, and creaking things came down to it; and when the moon came through its ribs in the evening, tail was the quarter to show to it. But as it went on naturally growing, seldom appearing to make much noise, unless there was a man very near it, and even then keeping him from doing any harm—outside the disturbance that he lives in—without so much as a council called, they tolerated this encroachment. Some of the bolder fathers came and sat inside to consider it, and left their compliments all round to the masters of the enterprise. And even when Daniel came to work, as he happened to do this afternoon, they carried on their own work in its highest form—that of play—upon the premises they lent him.

Though not very large, it was a lively, punctual, well-conducted, and pleasant rabbit-warren. Sudden death was avoidable on the part of most of its members, nets, ferrets, gins, and wires being alike forbidden, foxes scarcely ever seen, and even guns a rare and very memorable visitation. The headland staves the southern storm, sand-hills shevelled with long rush disarm the western fury, while inland gales from north and east leap into the clouds from the uplands. Well aware of all their bliss, and feeling worthy of it, the blameless citizens pour forth, upon a mild spring evening, to give one another the time of day, to gaze at the labors of men upon the sea, and to take the sweet leisure, the breeze, and the browse. The gray old conies of curule rank, prime senators of the sandy beach, and father of the father-land, hold a just session upon the head borough, and look like brown loaves in the distance. But these are conies of great mark and special character, full of light and leading, because they

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have been shot at, and understand how to avoid it henceforth. They are satisfied to chew very little bits of stuff, and particular to have no sand in it, and they hunch their round backs almost into one another, and double up their legs to keep them warm, and reflect on their friends' gray whiskers. And one of their truest pleasures is, sitting snug at their own doors, to watch their children's gambols.

For this is the time, with the light upon the slope, and the freshness of salt flowing in from the sea, when the spirit of youth must be free of the air, and the quickness of life is abounding. Without any heed of the cares that are coming, or the prick-eared fears of the elders, a fine lot of young bunnies with tails on the frisk scour everywhere over the warren. Up and down the grassy dips and yellow piles of wind-drift, and in and out of the ferny coves and tussocks of rush and ragwort, they scamper, and caper, and chase one another, in joy that the winter is banished at last, and the glorious sun come back again.

Suddenly, as at the wave of a wand, they all stop short and listen. The sun is behind them, low and calm, there is not a breath of wind to stir their flax, not even the feather of a last year's bloom has moved, unless they moved it. Yet signal of peril has passed among them; they curve their soft ears for the sound of it, and open their sensitive nostrils, and pat upon the ground with one little foot to encourage themselves against the panting of their hearts and the traitorous length of their shadows.

Ha! Not for nothing was their fear this day. An active and dangerous specimen of the human race was coming, lightly and gracefully skimming the moss, above salt-water reach, of the stepping-stones. The steps are said to be a thousand years old, and probably are of half that age, belonging to a time when sound work was, and a monastery flourished in the valley. Even though they come down from great Hercules himself, never have they been crossed by a prettier foot or a fairer form than now came gayly over them. But the rabbits made no account of that. To the young man with the adze they were quite accustomed, and they liked him, because he minded his own business, and cared nothing about theirs; but of this wandering maiden they had no safe knowledge, and judged the worst, and all rushed away, some tenscore strong, giving notice to him as they passed the boat that he also had better be cautious.

Daniel was in a sweet temper now, by virtue of hard labor and gratified wit. By skill and persistence and bodily strength he had compassed a curve his father had declared impossible without a dock-yard. Three planks being fixed, he was sure of the rest, and could well afford to stop, to admire the effect, and feel proud of his work, and of himself the worker. Then the panic of the conies made him turn his head, and the quick beat of his heart was quickened by worse than bodily labor.

Miss Dolly Darling was sauntering sweetly, as if there were only one sex in the world, and that an entirely divine one. The gleam of spring sunset was bright in her hair, and in the soft garnish of health on her cheeks, and the vigorous play of young life in her eyes; while the silvery glance of the sloping shore, and breezy ruffle of the darkening sea, did nothing but offer a foil for the form of the shell-colored frock and the sky-blue sash.

Young Daniel fell back upon his half-shaped work, and despised it, and himself, and everything, except what he was afraid to look at. In the hollow among the sand-hills where the cradle of the boat was, fine rushes grew, and tufts of ragwort, and stalks of last year's thistles, and sea-osiers where the spring oozed down. Through these the white ribs of the rising boat shone forth like an elephant's skeleton; but the builder entertained some hope, as well as some fear, of being unperceived.

But a far greater power than his own was here. Curved and hollow ships are female in almost all languages, not only because of their curves and hollows, but also because they are craft—so to speak.

"Oh, Captain Tugwell, are you at work still? Why, you really ought to have gone with the smacks. But perhaps you sent your son instead. I am so glad to see you! It is such nice company to hear you! I did not expect to be left alone, like this."

"If you please, miss, it isn't father at all. Father is gone with the fishing long ago. It is only me, Daniel, if you please, miss."

"No, Daniel, I am not pleased at all. I am quite surprised that you should work so late. It scarcely seems respectable."

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At this the young man was so much amazed that he could only stare while she walked off, until the clear duty of righting himself in her good opinion struck him. Then he threw on his coat and ran after her.

"If you please, Miss Dolly—will you please, Miss Dolly?" he called, as she made off for the stepping-stones; but she did not turn round, though her name was "Miss Dolly" all over Springhaven, and she liked it. "You are bound to stop, miss," he said, sternly; and she stopped, and cried, "What do you mean by such words to me?"

"Not any sort of harm, miss," he answered, humbly, inasmuch as she had obeyed him; "and I ask your pardon for speaking so. But if you think twice you are bound to explain what you said concerning me, now just."

"Oh, about your working so late, you mean. I offered good advice to you. I think it is wrong that you should go on, when everybody else has left off long ago. But perhaps your father makes you."

"Father is a just man," said young Tugwell, drawing up his own integrity; "now and then he may take a crooked twist, or such like; but he never goeth out of fair play to his knowledge. He hath a-been hard upon me this day; but the main of it was to check mother of her ways. You understand, miss, how the women-folk go on in a house, till the other women hear of it. And then out-of-doors they are the same as lambs."

"It is most ungrateful and traitorous of you to your own mother to talk so. Your mother spoils you, and this is all the thanks she gets! Wait till you have a wife of your own, Master Daniel!"

"Wait till I am dead then I may, Miss Dolly," he answered, with a depth of voice which frightened her for a moment; and then he smiled and said, "I beg your pardon," as gracefully as any gentleman could say it; "but let me see you safe to your own gate; there are very rough people about here now, and the times are not quite as they used to be, when we were a-fighting daily."

He followed her at a respectful distance, and then ran forward and opened the white gate. "Good-night, Daniel," the young lady said, as he lifted his working cap to her, showing his bright curls against the darkening sea; "I am very much obliged to you, and I do hope I have not said anything to vex you. I have never forgotten all you did for me, and you must not mind the way I have of saying things."

"What a shame it does appear—what a fearful shame it is," she whispered to herself as she hurried through the trees—"that he should be nothing but a fisherman! He is a gentleman in everything but birth and education; and so strong, and so brave, and so good-looking!"



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THE HOME ACRE.

BY E. P. ROE.

III.—THE GARDEN.

WE now approach that part of the acre to which its possessor will probably give his warmest and most frequent thoughts—the garden. If properly made and conducted, it will yield a revenue which the wealth of the Indies could not purchase, for who ever bought in market the flavor of fruit and vegetables raised by one's own hands or under our own eyes? Sentiment does count. A boy is a boy, but it makes a vast difference whether he is our boy or not. A garden may soon become a part of the man himself, and he be a better man for its care. Wholesome are the thoughts and schemes it suggests; healthful are the blood and muscle resulting from its products and labor therein. Even with the purse of a millionaire the best of the city's markets is no substitute for a garden, for nature and life are here, and these are not bought and sold. From stalls and peddlers' wagons people can buy but dead and dying things. The indolent epicure's enjoyment of game is not the relish of the sportsman who has taken his dinner direct from the woods and waters.

I am often told, "It is cheaper to buy fruit and vegetables than to raise them." I have nothing to say in reply. There are many cheap things that we can have; experience has proved that one of the *best* things to have is a garden, either to work in or to visit daily when the season permits. We have but one life to live here, and to get the cheapest things out of it is a rather poor ambition.

There are multitudes who can never possess an acre, more or less, and who must obtain Nature's products at second hand. This is not so great a misfortune as to have no desire for her companionship, or wish to work under her direction in dewy mornings and shadowy evenings. We may therefore reasonably suppose that the man who has exchanged his city shelter for a rural home looks forward to the garden with the natural, primal instinct, and is eager to make the most of it in all its aspects. Then let us plunge *in medias res* at once.

The ideal soil for a garden is a mellow, sandy loam, underlaid with a subsoil that is not too open or porous. Such ground is termed "grateful," and it is not the kind of gratitude which has been defined as "a lively appreciation of favors to come," which is true of some other soils. This ideal land remembers past favors; it retains the fertilizers with which it has been enriched, and returns them in the form of good crops until the gift is exhausted; therefore it is a thrifty as well as a grateful soil. The owner can bring it up to the highest degree of fertility, and keep it there by judicious management. This sandy loam—nature's blending of sand and clay—is a safe bank. The manure incorporated with it is a deposit which can be drawn against in fruit and vegetables, for it does not leach away and disappear with one season's rains.

Light, thin, sandy soil, with a porous or gravelly subsoil, is of a very different type, and requires different treatment. It is a spendthrift. No matter how much you give it one year, it very soon requires just so much more. You can enrich it, but you can't keep it rich. Therefore you must manage it as one would take care of a spendthrift, giving what is essential at the time, and in a way that permits as little waste as possible. I shall explain this treatment more fully further on.

In the choice of a garden plot you may be restricted to a stiff, tenacious, heavy clay. Now you have a miser to deal with—a soil that retains, but in many cases makes no proper use of, what it receives. Skill and good management, however, can improve any soil, and coax luxuriant crops from the most unpropitious.

We will speak first of the ideal soil already mentioned, and hope that the acre contains an area of it of suitable dimensions for a garden. What should be the first step in this case? Why, to get more of it. A quarter of an acre can be made equal to half an acre. You can about double the garden, without adding to it an inch of surface, by increasing the depth of good soil. For instance, ground has been cultivated to the depth of six or seven inches. Try the experiment of stirring the soil and enriching it one foot downward, or eighteen inches, or even two

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feet, and see what vast differences will result. With every inch you go down, making all friable and fertile, you add just so much more to root pasturage. When you wish to raise a great deal, increase your leverage. Roots are your levers; and when they rest against a deep fertile soil they lift into the air and sunshine products that may well delight the eyes and palate of the most fastidious. We suggest that this thorough deepening, pulverization, and enriching of the soil be done at the start, when the plough can be used without any obstructions. If there are stones, rocks, roots—anything which prevents the treatment which a garden plot should receive, there is a decided advantage in clearing them all out at the beginning. Last fall I saw a half-acre that was swampy, and so encumbered with stones that one could walk all over it without stepping off the rocks. The land was sloping, and therefore capable of drainage. The proprietor put three men to work on the lower side with picks, shovels, and blasting tools. They turned the soil over to the depth of eighteen inches, taking out every stone larger than a walnut. Eight or ten feet apart deep ditches were cut, and the stones, as far as possible, placed in these. The rest were carted away for a heavy wall. You may say it was expensive work. So it was; yet so complete a garden spot was made that I believe it would yield a fair interest in potatoes alone. I relate this instance to show what can be done. A more forbidding area for a garden in its original state could scarcely be found. Enough vegetables and fruit can be raised from it hereafter, with annual fertilizing, to supply a large family, and it will improve every year under the refining effects of frost, sun, and cultivation.

It should be remembered that culture does for soil what it does for people. It mellows, brings it up, and renders it capable of finer products. Much, indeed, can be done with a crude piece of land in a single year when treated with the thoroughness that has been suggested, and some strong-growing vegetables may be seen at their best during the first season, but the more delicate vegetables thrive better with successive years of cultivation. No matter how abundantly the ground may be enriched at first, time and chemical action are required to transmute the fertilizers into the best forms of plant food, and make them a part of the very soil itself. Ploughing or spading, especially if done in late autumn, exposes the mould to the beneficial action of the air and frost, and the garden gradually takes on the refined, mellow, fertile character which distinguishes it from the ordinary field.

In dealing with a thin, sandy soil one has almost to reverse the principles just given. Yet there is no cause for discouragement. Fine results, if not the best, can be secured. In this case there is scarcely any possibility for a thorough preparation of the soil from the start. It can gradually be improved, however, by making good its deficiencies, the chief of which is the lack of vegetable mould. If I had such soil I would rake up all the leaves I could find, employ them as bedding for my cow and pigs (if I kept any), and spread the compost heap resulting on the sandy garden. The soil is already too light and warm, and it should be our aim to apply fertilizers tending to counteract this defect. A nervous, excitable person should let stimulants alone, and take good, solid, blood-making food. This illustration suggests the proper course to be taken. Many a time I have seen action the reverse of this resulting disastrously. For instance, a man carts on his light thin soil hot fermenting manure from the horse stable, and ploughs it under. Seeds are planted. In the moist, cool, early spring they make a great start, feeling the impulse of the powerful stimulant. There is a hasty and unhealthful growth, but long before maturity the days grow long and hot, drought comes, and the garden dries up. Therefore every effort should be made to supply cool manures with staying qualities, such as are furnished by decayed vegetable matter composted with the cleanings of the cow stable. We thus learn the value of fallen leaves, muck from the swamp, etc., and they also bring with them but few seeds of noxious vegetation.

On the other hand, stolid, phlegmatic clay requires the stimulus of manure from the horse stable. It can be ploughed under at once, and left to ferment and decay in the soil. The process of decomposition will tend to banish its cold, inert qualities, and make the ground loose, open, and amenable to the influences of frost, sun, and rain.

Does the owner of light, warm soils ask,

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"What, then, shall I do with my stable manure, since you have said that it will be an injury to my garden?" I have not said this—only that it will do harm if applied in its raw, hot, fermenting state. Compost it with leaves, sod, earth, muck, anything that will keep it from burning up with its own heat. If you can obtain no such ingredients, have it turned over and exposed to the air so often that it will decay without passing through a process approaching combustion. When it has become so thoroughly decomposed as to resemble a fine black powder, you have a fertilizer superior to any high-priced patent compound that can be bought. Further on I will show how it can be used both in this state and also in its crude condition on light soils with the best results.

It is scarcely possible to lay too much stress on this subject of fertilizers. The soil of the garden plot looks inert; so does heavy machinery; but apply to it the proper motive power, and you have activity at once. Manure is the motive power to soil, and it should be applied in a way and degree to secure the best results. To produce some vegetables and fruits much is required; in other growths, very little.

In laying out a garden there are several points to be considered. The proprietor may be more desirous of securing some degree of beauty in the arrangement than of obtaining the highest condition of productiveness. If this be true, he may plan to make down its centre a wide, gravelled walk, with a grape arbor here and there, and fruit trees and flowers in borders on each side of the path. So far from having any objection to this arrangement, I should be inclined to adopt it myself. It would be conducive to frequent visits to the garden and to lounging in it, especially if there be rustic seats under the arbors. I am inclined to favor anything which accords with my theory that the best products of a garden are neither eaten nor sold. From such a walk down the middle of the garden the proprietor can glance at the rows of vegetables and small fruits on either side, and daily note their progress. What he loses in space and crops he gains in pleasure.

Nor does he lose much, for if the borders on each side of the path are planted with grape-vines, peach and plum trees, flowers and shrubs, the very ground he walks on becomes part of their root pasturage. At the same time it must be admitted that the roots will also extend with depleting appetites into the land devoted to vegetables. The trees and vines above will, to some extent, cast an unwholesome shade. He who has set his heart on the biggest cabbages and best potatoes in town must cultivate them in ground open to the sky, and unpervaded by any roots except their own. If the general fruitfulness of the garden rather than perfection in a few vegetables is desired, the borders, with their trees, vines, and flowers, will prove no objection. Moreover, when it comes to competing in cabbage, potatoes, etc., the proprietor of the home acre will find that some Irishman, by the aid of his redolent pig-pen, will surpass him. The roots and shade extending from his borders will not prevent him from growing good vegetables, if not the largest.

We will therefore suppose that, as the simplest and most economical arrangement, he has adopted the plan of a walk six feet wide extending through the centre of his garden. As was the case with the other paths, it will be greatly to his advantage to stake it out and remove about four inches of the surface soil, piling it near the stable to be used for composting purposes or in the earth-closet. The excavation thus made should be filled with small stones or cinders, and then covered with fine gravel. A walk that will be dry at all times is thus secured, and it will be almost wholly free from weeds. In these advantages alone one is repaid for the extra first cost, and in addition the rich surface soil obtained will double the bulk and value of the fertilizers with which it is mixed.

Having made the walk, borders five feet wide can be laid out on each side of it, and the soil in these should be as rich and deep as any other parts of the garden. What shall be planted in these borders will depend largely on the tastes of the gardener, but, as has been suggested, there will assuredly be one or more shadowy grape arbors under which the proprietor can retire to provide horticultural strategy. This brings us to that *chef-d'œuvre* of nature,

The vine. It climbs by its tendrils, and they appear to have clasped the heart of humanity. Among the best of Heaven's gifts, it has sustained the worst perversions. But we will refrain from a tem-

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perance lecture; also from sacred and classical reminiscences. The world is not composed of monks who thought to escape temptation — and vainly, too — in stony cells. To some the purple cluster suggests Bacchanal revelry; to others, sitting under one's own vine and fig-tree— in brief, a home. The vine is like woman, the inspiration of the best and the worst.

It may well become one of the dreams of our life to own land if for no other reason than that of obtaining the privilege of planting vines. As they take root, so will we; and after we have eaten their delicious fruit, the very thought of leaving our acre will be repugnant. The literature of the vine would fill a library; the literature of love would crowd many libraries. It is not essential to read everything before we start a little vineyard or go a-courting.

It is said that about two thousand known and named varieties of grapes have been and are being grown in Europe, and all these are supposed to have been developed from one species (*Vitis vinifera*), which originally was the wild product of nature, like those growing in our thickets and forests. One can scarcely suppose this possible when contemplating a cluster of Tokay or some other highly developed variety of the hot-house. Yet the native vine, which began to "yield fruit after his kind, the third day" (whatever may have been the length of that day), may have been, after all, a good starting-point in the process of development. One can hardly believe that the "one cluster of grapes" which the burdened spies, returning from Palestine, bore "between two of them upon a staff," was the result of high scientific culture. In that clime, and when the world was young, nature must have been more beneficent than now. It is certain that no such cluster ever hung from the native vines of this land, yet it is from our wild species, whose fruit the Indians shared with the birds and foxes (when not hanging so high as to be sour), that we have developed the delicious varieties of our out-door vineyards. For about two centuries our forefathers kept on planting vines imported from Europe, only to meet with failure. Nature, that had so abundantly rewarded their efforts abroad, quietly checkmated them here. At last American fruit-growers took the hint, and began developing our native species. Then nature smiled, and as a lure along this correct path of progress gave such incentives as the Isabella, the Catawba, and Concord. We are now bewildered by almost as great a choice of varieties from native species as they have abroad, and as an aid to selection I will again give the verdict of some of the authorities.

The choice of Hon. Norman J. Colman, Commissioner of Agriculture: "Early Victor, Worden, Martha, Elvira, Cynthiana." This is for the region of Missouri. For the latitude of New Jersey, A. S. Fuller's selection: "Delaware, Concord, Moore's Early, Antoinette (white), Augusta (white), Goethe (amber)." E. S. Carmen: "Moore's Early [you cannot praise this too much. The quality is merely that of the Concord; but the vines are marvels of perfect health, the bunches large, the berries of the largest size. They ripen all at once, and are fully ripe when the Concord begins to color], Worden, Brighton, Victoria (white), Niagara (white), El Dorado. [This does not thrive everywhere, but the grapes ripen early—September 1, or before—and the quality is perfection—white.]" Choice of P. J. Berckman, for the latitude of Georgia: "White grapes — Peter Wylie, Triumph, Maxatawny, Scuppernong. Red grapes — Delaware, Berckman's, Brighton. Black—Concord, Ives."

As I have over a hundred varieties in bearing I may venture to express an opinion also. I confess that I am very fond of those old favorites of our fathers, the Isabella and Catawba. They will not ripen everywhere in our latitude, yet I seldom fail to secure a good crop. Last fall we voted the Isabella almost unsurpassed. If one has warm, well-drained soil, or can train a vine near the south side of a building, I should advise the trial of this fine old grape. The Iona, Brighton, and Agawam also are great favorites with me. We regard the Diana, Wyoming Red, Perkins, and Roger's hybrids, Lindley, Wilder, and Amenia, as among the best. The Rebecca, Duchess, Lady Washington, and Purity are fine white grapes. I have not yet tested the Niagara. Years ago I obtained of Mr. James Ricketts, the prize-taker for seedling grapes, two vines of a small wine grape called the Bacchus. To my taste it is very pleasant after two or three slight frosts.

Our list of varieties is long enough, and one must be fastidious indeed who does

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not find some to suit his taste. In many localities the chief question is, what kinds *can* I grow? In our favored region on the Hudson almost all the out-door grapes will thrive, but as we go north the seasons become too cool and short for some kinds, and proceeding south the summers are too long and hot for others. The salt air of the sea-coast is not conducive to vine culture, and only the most vigorous, like the Concord and Moore's Early, will resist the mildew blight. We must therefore do the best we can, and that will be very well indeed in most localities.

Because our list of good grapes is already so long, it does not follow that we have reached the limit of development by any means. When we remember that almost within a lifetime our fine varieties have been developed from the wild northern Fox grape (*Vitis labrusca*), the Summer grape (*æstivalis*), Frost (*cordifolia*), we are led to think that perhaps we have scarcely more than crossed the stile which leads into the path of progress. If I should live to keep up my little specimen vineyard ten years longer, perhaps the greater part of the varieties now cultivated will have given place to others. The delicious Brighton requires no more space than a sour defective variety; while the proprietor starts with the best kinds he can obtain, he will find no restraint beyond his own ignorance or carelessness that will prevent his replacing the Brighton with a variety twice as good when it is developed. Thus vine-planting and grape-tasting stretch away into an alluring and endless vista.

When such exchanges are made, we do not recommend the grafting of a new favorite on an old vine. This is a pretty operation when one has the taste and leisure for it, and a new, high-priced variety can sometimes be obtained speedily and cheaply in this way. Usually, however, new kinds soon drop down within the means of almost any purchaser, and there are advantages in having each variety growing upon its own root. Nature yields to the skill of the careful gardener, and permits the insertion of one distinct variety of fruit upon another, but with the vine she does not favor this method of propagation and change as in the case of pears and apples, where the graft forms a close, tenacious union with the stock in which it is placed. Mr. Fuller writes, "On account of the peculiar structure of the wood of the vine, a lasting union is seldom obtained when grafted above-ground, and is far from being certain even when grafted below the surface by the ordinary method." The vine is increased so readily by easy and natural methods, to be explained hereafter, that he who desires nothing more than to secure a good supply of grapes for the table can dismiss the subject. On the other hand, those who wish to amuse themselves by experimenting with nature can find abundant enjoyment in not only grafting old vines, but also in raising new seedlings, among which he may obtain a prize which will "astonish the natives." Those, however, whose tastes carry them to such lengths in vine culture will be sure to purchase exhaustive treatises on the subject, and will therefore give no heed to these simple practical papers. It is my aim to enable the business man returning from his city office, or the farmer engrossed with the care of many acres, to learn in a few moments, from time to time, just what he must do to supply his family abundantly with fruits and vegetables.

If one is about to adopt grape culture as a calling, common-sense requires that he should locate in some region peculiarly adapted to the vine. If the possessor of a large farm purposes to put several acres in vineyard, he also should aim to select a soil and exposure best suited to his purpose. Two thousand years ago Virgil wrote, "Nor let thy vineyard bend toward the sun when setting." The inference is that the vines should face the east if possible, and from that day to this eastern and southern exposures have been found the best. Yet climate modifies even this principle. In the South, I would plant my vineyard on a northwestern slope, or on the north side of a belt of woods, for the reason that the long hot days there would cause too rapid an evaporation from the foliage of vines, and enfeeble if not kill them. In the limited space of the home acre one can use only such land as he has, and plant where he must, but if the favorable exposures indicated exist, it would be well to make the most of them. I can mention, however, as encouragement to many that I saw, last fall, splendid grapes growing on perfectly level and sandy soil in New Jersey.

A low-lying, heavy, tenacious clay is undoubtedly the worst ground in which to plant a vine, and yet by thorough drain-

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age, a liberal admixture of sand and light fertilizers, it can be made to produce good grapes of some varieties; a light sandy soil, if enriched abundantly with well-decayed vegetable and barn-yard manures, gives wider scope in choice of kinds; while on the ideal well-drained sandy loam that we have described, any out-door grape can be planted hopefully if the garden is sufficiently removed from the sea-board.

As a general truth it may be stated that any land in a condition to produce a fine crop of corn and potatoes is ready for the vine. This would be true of the entire garden if the suggestions heretofore made have been carried out. Therefore the borders which have been named are ready to receive the vines, which may be planted in either spring or fall. I prefer the fall season for several reasons. The ground is usually drier then and crumbles more finely; the young vine becomes well established and settled in its place by spring, and even forms new roots before the growing season begins, and in eight cases out of ten makes a stronger growth than follows spring planting; it is work accomplished when there is usually the greatest leisure. If the ground is ready in *early* spring, I should advise no delay. A year's growth is gained by setting out the vines at once. As a rule I do not advise late spring planting, that is, after the buds have started on the young vines. They may live, but usually they scarcely do more the first year.

In ordering from a nursery I should ask for vigorous, well-rooted, two-year-old vines, and I should be almost as well contented with first-class one-year-olds. If any one should advertise "extra large, strong vines, ready to bear at once," I should have nothing to do with him. That's a nursery trick to get rid of old stock. The first year after the shock of removal a vine should not be permitted to bear at all, and a young vigorous vine is worth a dozen old stunted ones.

Having procured the vines, keep them in a cool, moist place until ready to plant. Never permit the roots to become dry, and if some of them are long and naked, shorten them to two feet, so as to cause them to throw out side fibrous roots, which are the true feeders. Excavate holes of ample size, so that all the roots may be spread out naturally. If you have reason to think the ground is not very good, two or three quarts of fine bone-dust thoroughly mixed with the soil that is placed on and about the roots will give a fine send-off. Usually a good mulch of any kind of barn-yard manure placed on the *surface* after planting will answer all purposes. Before filling in the hole over the roots, place beside the vine a stout stake six or seven feet high. This will be all the support required the first year. Cut back the young vine to three buds, and after they get well started, let but one grow. If the planting is done in the fall, mound the earth up over the little vine at the approach of winter so as to cover it at least six inches below the surface. In spring uncover again as soon as hard frosts are over, say early April in our latitude. Slow-growing varieties, like the Delaware, may be set out six feet apart; strong growers, like the Concord, eight feet. Vines cannot be expected to thrive under the shade of trees, or to fight an unequal battle in ground filled with the roots of any other vegetation.

Vines may be set out not only in the garden borders, but also in almost any place where their roots will not be interfered with, and where their foliage will receive plenty of light and air. How well I remember the old Isabella vines that clambered on a trellis over the kitchen door at my childhood's home! In this sunny exposure, and in the reflected heat of the building, the clusters were always the sweetest and earliest ripe. A ton of grapes may be secured annually by erecting trellises against the sides of buildings, walls, and poultry-yard, while at the same time the screening vines furnish grateful shade and no small degree of beauty. With a little petting, such scattered vines are often enormously productive. An occasional pail of soapsuds gives them a drink which eventually flushes the thickly hanging clusters with exquisite color. People should dismiss from their minds the usual method of European cultivation, wherein the vines are tied to short stakes, and made to produce their fruit near the ground. This method can be employed if we find pleasure in the experiment. At Mr. Fuller's place I saw fine examples of it. Stubby vines with stems thick as one's wrist rose about three feet from the ground, then branched off on every side, like an umbrella, with loads of fruit. Only one supporting stake was required. This method evidently is not adapted to our climate and species of grape, since in

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that case plenty of keen, practical fruit-growers would have adopted it. I am glad this is true, for the vine-clad hills of France do not present half so pleasing a spectacle as an American corn field. The vine is beautiful when grown as a vine and not as a stub, and well-trained, well-fed vines on the home acre can be developed to almost any length required, shading and hiding with greenery every unsightly object, and hanging their finest clusters far beyond the reach of the predatory small boy.

We may now consider the vines planted and growing vigorously, as they will in most instances if they have been prepared for and planted according to the suggestions already given. Now begins the process of guiding and assisting Nature. Left to herself, she will give a superabundance of vine, with sufficient fruit for purposes of propagation and feeding the birds. Our object is to obtain the maximum of fruit from a minimum of vine. The little plant, even though grown from a single bud, will sprawl over everything near it in three or four years if unchecked. Pruning can begin even before midsummer of the first year. The single green shoot will by this time begin to produce what are termed laterals. The careful cultivator who wishes to throw all the strength and growth into the main shoot will pinch these laterals back as soon as they form one leaf. Each lateral will start again from the axil of the leaf that has been left, and having formed another leaf, should again be cut off. By repeating this process during the growing season you have a strong single cane by fall reaching probably beyond the top of the supporting stake. In our latitude I advise that this single cane—that is, the vine—be cut back to within fifteen inches of the surface when the leaves have fallen and the wood has well ripened, say about the middle of November, and that the part left be bent over and covered with earth. When I say bent over, I do not mean at right angles, so as to admit of the possibility of its being broken, but gently and judiciously. I cover with earth all my vines except the Concords and Isabellas just before hard freezing weather, and even these two hardy kinds I weight down close to the ground. I have never failed to secure a crop from vines so treated. Two men will protect over a hundred vines in a day.

In early April the young vine is uncovered again, and now the two uppermost buds are allowed to grow and form two strong canes instead of one, and on this new growth four or five clusters of grapes may be permitted to mature if the vine is vigorous. If it is feeble, take off all the fruit, and stimulate the vine into greater vigor. Our aim is not to obtain half a dozen inferior clusters as soon as possible, but to produce a vine that will eventually almost supply a family by itself. If several varieties have been planted, some will be found going ahead rampantly; others will exhibit a feebler growth, which can be hastened and greatly increased by enriching the surface of the soil around them, and by a pail of soap-suds now and then in May or June, but not later, unless there should be a severe drought. There should be no effort to produce much growth during the latter part of the summer and early autumn, for then both the wood and roots will be immature and unripened when frost begins, and thus the vine receive injury. For this reason it is usually best to apply fertilizers to vines in the fall, for if given in the spring a late unhealthful growth is often produced. Throughout all subsequent years manure must be applied judiciously. You may tell the hired man to top-dress the ground about the vines, and he will probably treat all alike; a vine that is already growing so strongly that it can scarcely be kept within bounds will receive as much as one that is slow and feeble in its development. This is worse than waste. Each vine should be treated in accordance with its condition and habit of growth.

Stakes will answer as supports to the vines during the first and second seasons, but thereafter trellises or arbors are needed. The latter will probably be employed over the central walk of the garden, and can be constructed after several simple and pretty designs, which I leave to the taste of the reader. If vines are planted about buildings, fences, etc., trellises can be made of anything preferred, from galvanized wire, slats, or rustic poles fastened to strong, durable supports. If vines are to be trained scientifically in the open garden, I should recommend the trellises figured on pages 120 and 142 of Mr. Fuller's work, *The Grape Culturist*. These, beyond anything I have seen, appear the best adapted for the following out of a careful system of pruning and training.

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Unless the reader has had experience, or is willing to give time for the mastery of this subject, I should advise that he employ an experienced gardener to prune his vines after the second year. It is a brief task, but a great deal depends upon it. In selecting a man for the work I should require something more than exaggerated and personal assurances. In almost every locality there are trustworthy, intelligent gardeners who will do this work for a small sum until the proprietor has learned the art himself, if so inclined. I would also employ the same man in spring to tie up the vines and train them.

If one is not ambitious to secure the best results attainable, he can soon learn to perform both the tasks well enough to obtain fairly good fruit in abundance. It should be our constant aim not to permit long, naked reaches of wood in one part of the vine and great smothering bunches of fruit and foliage in another part. Of course the roots, stem, and leading arms should be kept free from useless shoots and sprouts, but having reached the trellis, the vine should be made to distribute bearing fruit spurs evenly over it. Much can be learned about pruning from books, and by watching an expert gardener while giving the annual pruning, but the true science of trimming a vine is best acquired by watching buds develop, by noting what they will do, where they go, and how much space they will take up in a single summer. In this way one will eventually realize how much is wrapped up in the insignificant little buds, and how great the folly of leaving too many on the vine.

FACE TO FACE.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

SAD mortal! couldst thou but know
What truly it means to die,
The wings of thy soul would glow,
And the hopes of thy heart beat high;
Thou wouldst turn from the Pyrrhonist schools,
And laugh their jargon to scorn,
As the babble of midnight fools
Ere the morning of Truth be born:
But I, earth's madness above,
In a kingdom of stormless breath—
I gaze on the glory of love
In the unveiled face of Death.

I tell thee his face is fair
As the moon-bow's amber rings,
And the gleam in his unbound hair
Like the flush of a thousand Springs;
His smile is the fathomless beam
Of the star-shine's sacred light,
When the Summers of Southland dream
In the lap of the holy Night:
For I, earth's blindness above,
In a kingdom of halcyon breath—
I gaze on the marvel of love
In the unveiled face of Death.

In his eyes a heaven there dwells—
But they hold few mysteries now—
And his pity for earth's farewells
Half furrows that shining brow;
Souls taken from Time's cold tide
He folds to his fostering breast,
And the tears of their grief are dried
Ere they enter the courts of rest:
And still, earth's madness above,
In a kingdom of stormless breath,
I gaze on a light that is love
In the unveiled face of Death.

Through the splendor of stars impearled
In the glow of their far-off grace,
He is soaring world by world,
With the souls in his strong embrace;
Lone ethers, unstirred by a wind,
At the passage of Death grow sweet,
With the fragrance that floats behind
The flash of his wingèd retreat:
And I, earth's madness above,
'Mid a kingdom of tranquil breath,
Have gazed on the lustre of love
In the unveiled face of Death.

But beyond the stars and the sun
I can follow him still on his way,
Till the pearl-white gates are won
In the calm of the central day.
Far voices of fond acclaim
Thrill down from the place of souls,
As Death, with a touch like flame,
Uncloses the goal of goals;
And from heaven of heavens above
God speaketh with bateless breath—
My angel of perfect love
Is the angel men call Death!

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THEIR PILGRIMAGE.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

CHAPTER III.



THE view of the Catskills from a certain hospitable mansion on the east side of the Hudson is better than any view from those delectable hills. The artist said so one morning late in June, and Mr. King agreed with him, as a matter of fact, but would have no philosophizing about it, as that anticipation is always better than realization; and when Mr. Forbes went on to say that climbing a mountain was a good deal like marriage—the world was likely to look a little flat once that cerulean height was attained—Mr. King only remarked that that was a low view to take of the subject, but he would confess that it was unreasonable to expect that any rational object could fulfil, or even approach, the promise held out by such an exquisite prospect as that before them.

The friends were standing where the Catskill hills lay before them in echelon toward the river, the ridges lapping over each other and receding in the distance, a gradation of lines most artistically drawn, still further refined by shades of violet, which always have the effect upon the contemplative mind of either religious exaltation or the kindling of a sentiment which is in the young akin to the emotion of love. While the artist was making some memoranda of these outlines, and Mr. King was drawing I know not what auguries of hope from these purple heights, a young lady seated upon a rock near by—a young lady just stepping over the border-line of womanhood—had her eyes also fixed upon those dreamy distances, with that look we all know so well, betraying that shy expectancy of life which is unconfessed, that tendency to maidenly reverie which it were cruel to interpret literally. At the moment she is more interesting than the Catskills—the brown hair, the large eyes unconscious of any thing but the most natural emotion, the shapely waist just beginning to respond to the call of the future—it is a pity that we shall never see her again, and that she has nothing whatever to do with our journey. She also will have her romance; fate will meet her in the way some day, and set her pure heart wildly beating, and she will know what those purple distances mean. Happiness, tragedy, anguish—who can tell what is in store for her? I cannot but feel profound sadness at meeting her in this casual way and never seeing her again. Who says that the world is not full of romance and pathos and regret as we go our daily way in it? You meet her at a railway station; there is the flutter of a veil, the gleam of a scarlet bird, the lifting of a pair of eyes—she is gone; she is entering a drawing-room, and stops a moment and turns away; she is looking from a window as you pass—it is only a glance out of eternity; she stands for a second upon a rock looking seaward; she passes you at the church door—is that all? It is discovered that instantaneous photographs can be taken. They are taken all the time; some of them are never developed, but I suppose these impressions are all

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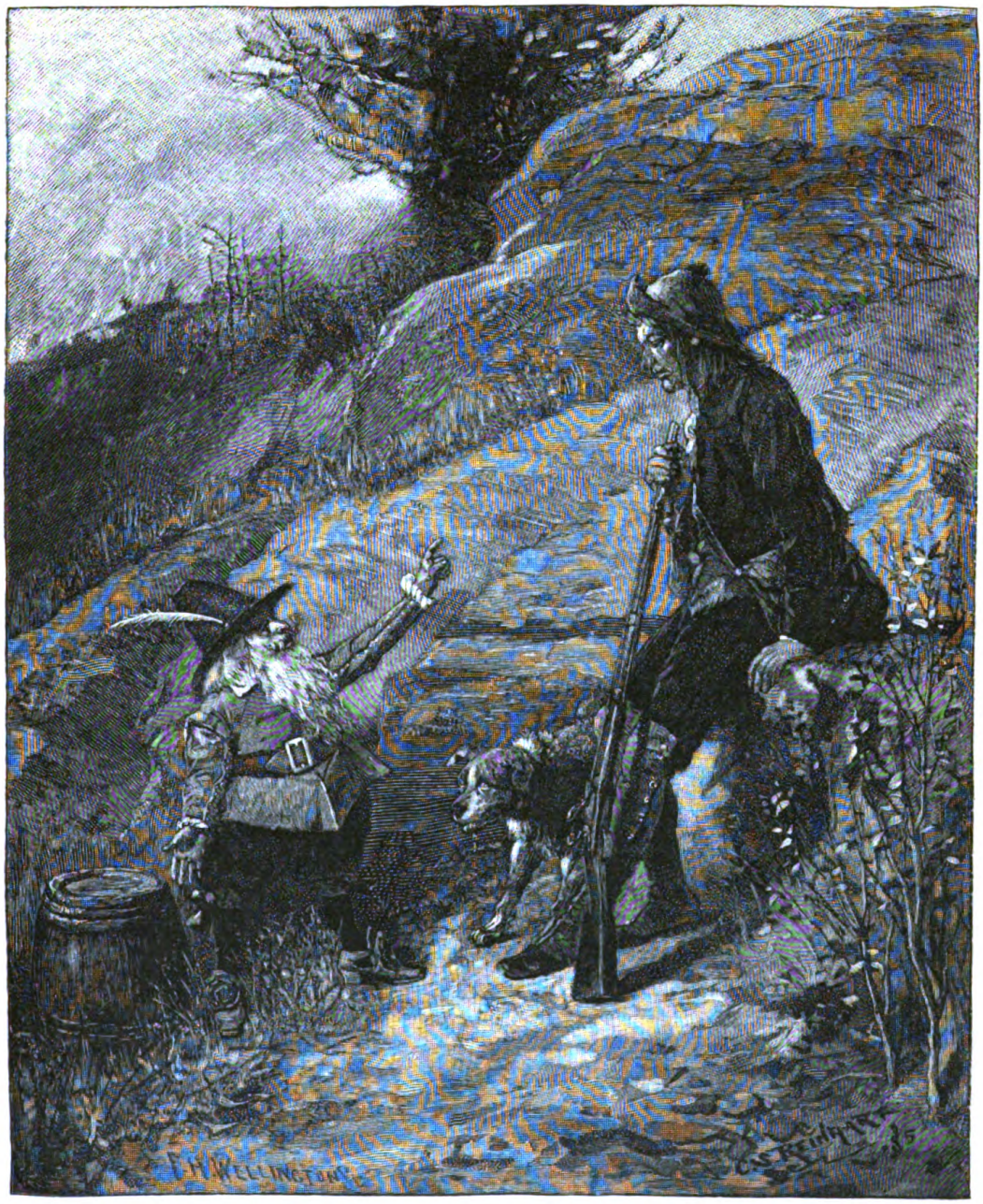
there on the sensitive plate, and that the plate is permanently affected by the impressions. The pity of it is that the world is so full of these undeveloped knowledges of people worth knowing and friendships worth making.

The comfort of leaving some things to the imagination was impressed upon our travellers when they left the narrow-gauge railway at the mountain station, and identified themselves with other tourists by entering a two-horse wagon to be dragged wearily up the hill through the woods. The ascent would be more tolerable if any vistas were cut in the forest to give views by the way; as it was, the monotony of the pull upward was only relieved by the society of the passengers. There were two bright little girls off for a holiday with their Western uncle, a big, good-natured man with a diamond breast-pin, and his voluble son, a lad about the age of his little cousins, whom he constantly pestered by his rude and dominating behavior. The boy was a product which it is the despair of all Europe to produce, and our travellers had great delight in him as an epitome of American "smartness." He led all the conversation, had confident opinions about every thing, easily put down his deferential papa, and pleased the other passengers by his self-sufficient, know-it-all air. To a boy who had travelled in California and seen the Alps it was not to be expected that this humble mountain could afford much entertainment, and he did not attempt to conceal his contempt for it. When the stage reached the Rip Van Winkle House, half-way, the shy school-girls were for indulging a little sentiment over the old legend, but the boy, who concealed his ignorance of the Irving romance until his cousins had prattled the outlines of it, was not to be taken in by any such chaff, and though he was a little staggered by Rip's own cottage, and by the sight of the cave above it which is labelled as the very spot where the vagabond took his long nap, he attempted to bully the attendant and drink-mixer in the hut, and openly flaunted his incredulity until the bar-tender showed him a long bunch of Rip's hair, which hung like a scalp on a nail, and the rusty barrel and stock of the musket. The cabin is, indeed, full of old guns, pistols, locks of hair, buttons, cartridge-boxes, bullets, knives, and other undoubted relics of Rip and the Revolution. This cabin, with its facilities for slaking thirst on a hot day which Rip would have appreciated, over a hundred years old according to information to be obtained on the spot, is really of unknown antiquity, the old boards and timber of which it is constructed having been brought down from the Mountain House some forty years ago.

The old Mountain House, standing upon its ledge of rock, from which one looks down upon a map of a considerable portion of New York and New England, with the lake in the rear, and heights on each side that offer charming walks to those who have in contemplation views of nature or of matrimony, has somewhat lost its importance since the vast Catskill region has come to the knowledge of the world. A generation ago it was the centre of attraction, and it was understood that going to the Catskills was going there. Generations of searchers after immortality have chiselled their names in the rock platform, and the one who sits there now falls to musing on the vanity of human nature and the transitoriness of fashion. Now New York has found that it has very convenient to it a great mountain pleasure-ground; railways and excellent roads have pierced it, the varied beauties of rocks, ravines, and charming retreats are revealed, excellent hotels capable of entertaining a thousand guests are planted on heights and slopes commanding mountain as well as lowland prospects, great and small boarding-houses cluster in the high valleys and on the hill-sides, and cottages more thickly every year dot the wild region. Year by year these accommodations will increase, new roads around the gorges will open more enchanting views, and it is not improbable that the species of American known as the "summer boarder" will have his highest development and apotheosis in these mountains.

Nevertheless, Mr. King was not uninterested in renewing his memories of the old house. He could recall without difficulty, and also without emotion now, a scene on this upper veranda and a moonlight night long ago, and he had no doubt he could find her name carved on a beech-tree in the wood near by; but it was useless to look for it, for her name had been changed. The place was, indeed, full of memories, but all chastened and subdued by the in-door atmosphere, which impress-

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RIP VAN WINKLE.

ed him as that of a faded Sunday. He was very careful not to disturb the decorum by any frivolity of demeanor, and he cautioned the artist on this point; but Mr. Forbes declared that the dining-room fare kept his spirits at a proper level. There was an old-time satisfaction in wandering into the parlor, and resting on the hair-cloth sofa, and looking at the hair-cloth chairs, and pensively imagining a meeting there, with songs out of the Moody and Sankey book; and he did not tire of dropping into the reposeful reception-room, where he never by any chance met any body, and sitting with the melodeon and big Bible Society edition of the Scriptures, and a chance copy of the *Christian at Play*. These amusements were varied by sympathetic listening to the complaints of the proprietor about the vandalism of visitors who wrote with diamonds on the window-panes, so that the

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glass had to be renewed, or scratched their names on the pillars of the piazza, so that the whole front had to be repainted, or broke off the azalea blossoms, or in other ways desecrated the premises. In order to fit himself for a sojourn here, Mr. King tried to commit to memory a placard that was neatly framed and hung on the veranda, wherein it was stated that the owner cheerfully submits to all necessary use of the premises, "but will not permit any unnecessary use, or the exercise of a depraved taste or vandalism." There were not as yet many guests, and those who were there seemed to have conned this placard to their improvement, for there was not much exercise of any sort of taste. Of course there were two or three brides, and there was the inevitable English nice middle-class tourist with his wife, the latter ramroddy and uncompromising, in big boots and botanical, who, in response to a gentleman who was giving her information about travel, constantly ejaculated, in broad English, "Yas, yas; ow, ow, ow, really!" And there was the young bride from Kankazoo, who frightened Mr. King back into his chamber one morning when he opened his door and beheld the vision of a woman going toward the breakfast-room in what he took to be a *robe de nuit*, but which turned out to be one of the "Mother Hubbards" which have had a certain celebrity as street dresses in some parts of the West. But these gayeties palled after a time, and one afternoon our travellers, with their vandalism all subdued, walked a mile over the rocks to the Kaaterskill House, and took up their abode there to watch the opening of the season. Naturally they expected some difficulty in transferring their two trunks round by the road, where there had been nothing but a wilderness forty years ago; but their change of base was facilitated by the obliging hotel-keeper in the most friendly manner, and when he insisted on charging only four dollars for moving the trunks, the two friends said that, considering the wear and tear of the mountain involved, they did not see how he could afford to do it for such a sum, and they went away, as they said, well pleased.

It happened to be at the Kaaterskill House—it might have been at the Grand, or the Overlook—that the young gentlemen in search of information saw the Catskill season get under way. The phase of American life is much the same at all these great caravansaries. It seems to the writer, who has the greatest admiration for the military genius that can feed and fight an army in the field, that not enough account is made of the greater genius that can organize and carry on a great American hotel, with a thousand or fifteen hundred guests, in a short, sharp, and decisive campaign of two months, at the end of which the substantial fruits of victory are in the hands of the landlord, and the guests are allowed to depart with only their personal baggage and side-arms, but so well pleased that they are inclined to renew the contest next year. This is a triumph of mind over mind. It is not merely the organization and the management of the army under the immediate command of the landlord, the accumulation and distribution of supplies upon this mountain-top, in the uncertainty whether the garrison on a given day will be one hundred or one thousand, not merely the lodging, rationing, and amusing of this shifting host, but the satisfying of as many whims and prejudices as there are people who leave home on purpose to grumble and enjoy themselves in the exercise of a criticism they dare not indulge in their own houses. Our friends had an opportunity of seeing the machinery set in motion in one of these great establishments. Here was a vast balloon structure, founded on a rock, but built in the air, and anchored with cables, with towers and a high-pillared veranda, capable, with its annex, of lodging fifteen hundred people. The army of waiters and chamber-maids, of bell-boys and scullions and porters and laundry-folk, was arriving; the stalwart scrubbers were at work, the store-rooms were filled, the big kitchen shone with its burnished coppers, and an array of white capped and aproned cooks stood in line under their *chef;* the telegraph operator was waiting at her desk, the drug clerk was arranging his bottles, the newspaper stand was furnished, the post-office was open for letters. It needed but the arrival of a guest to set the machinery in motion. And as soon as the guest came, the band would be there to launch him into the maddening gayety of the season. It would welcome his arrival in triumphant strains; it would pursue him at dinner, and drown his conversation: it will fill his siesta with martial dreams. and it would seize his legs in the evening.

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and entreat him to caper in the parlor. Every thing was ready. And this was what happened. It was the evening of the opening day. The train wagons might be expected any moment. The electric lights were blazing. All the clerks stood expectant, the porters were by the door, the trim uniformed bell-boys were all in waiting line, the register clerk stood fingering the leaves of the register with a gracious air. A noise is heard outside, the big door opens, there is a rush forward, and four people flock in—a man in a linen duster, a stout woman, a lad of ten, a smartly dressed young lady, and a dog. Movement, welcome, ringing of bells, tramping of feet — the whole machinery has started. It was adjusted to crack an egg-shell or smash an iron-bound trunk. The few drops presaged a shower. The next day there were a hundred on the register; the day after, two hundred; and the day following, an excursion.



THE BRIDE FROM KANKAZOO.

With increasing arrivals opportunity was offered for the study of character. Away from his occupation, away from the cares of the household and the demands of society, what is the self-sustaining capacity of the ordinary American man and woman? It was interesting to note the enthusiasm of the first arrival, the delight in the view—Round Top, the deep gorges, the charming vista of the lowlands, a world and wilderness of beauty; the inspiration of the air, the alertness to explore in all directions, to see the lake, the falls, the mountain paths. But is a mountain sooner found out than a valley, or is there a want of internal resources, away from business, that the men presently become rather listless, take perfunctory walks for exercise, and are so eager for meal-time and mail-time? Why do they depend so much upon the newspapers, when they all despise the newspapers? Mr. King used to listen of an evening to the commonplace talk about the fire, all of which was a dilution of what they had just got out of the newspapers, but what a lively assent there was to a glib talker who wound up his remarks with a denunciation of the newspapers! The man was no doubt quite right, but did he reflect on the public loss of his valuable conversation the next night if his newspaper should chance to fail? And the women, after their first feeling of relief, did they fall presently into petty gossip, complaints about the table, criticisms of each other's dress, small discontents with nearly every thing? Not all of them.

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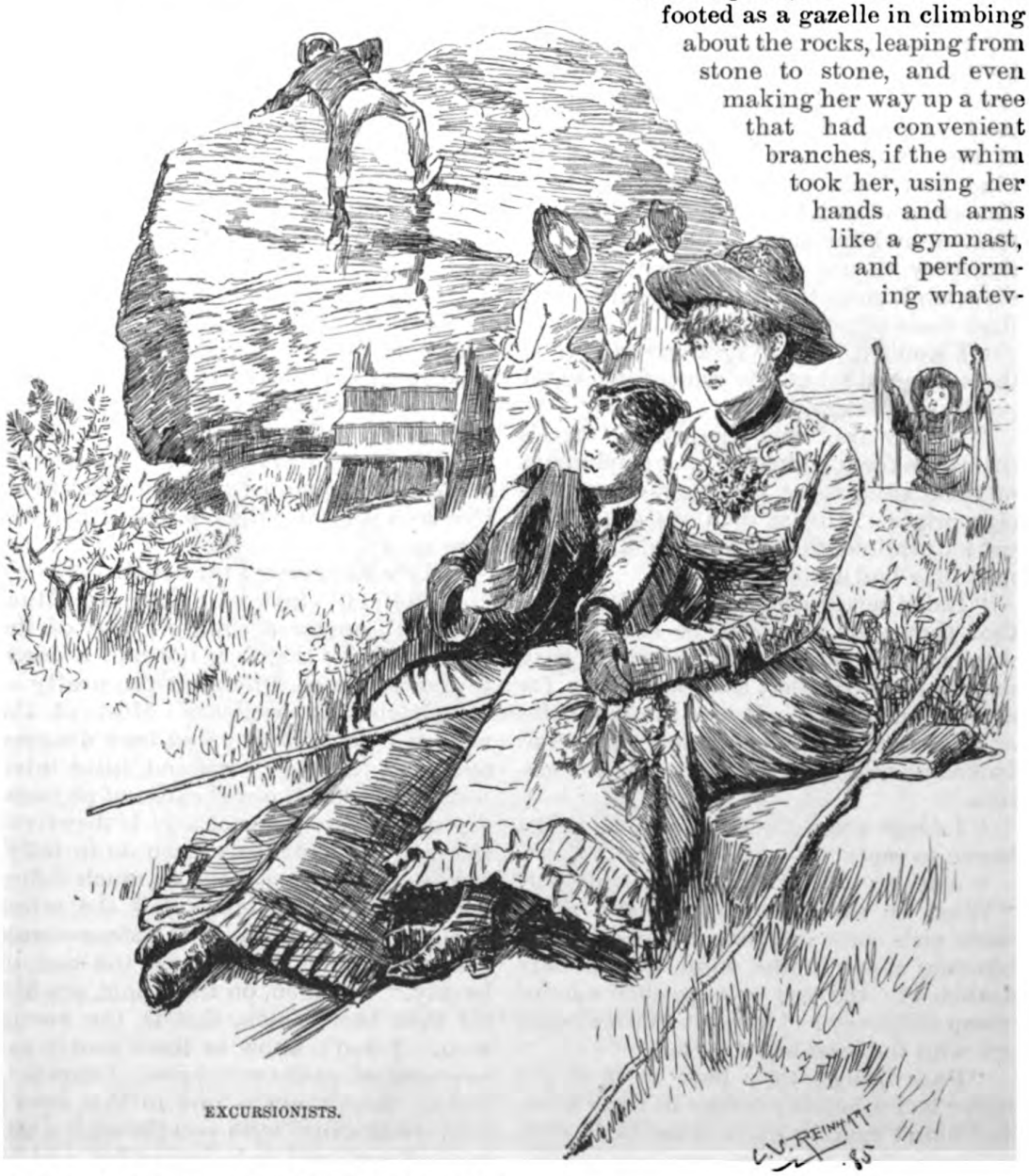
An excursion is always resented by the regular occupants of a summer resort, who look down upon the excursionists, while they condescend to be amused by them. It is perhaps only the common attitude of the wholesale to the retail dealer, although it is undeniable that a person seems temporarily to change his nature when he becomes part of an excursion; whether it is from the elation at the purchase of a day of gayety below the market price, or the escape from personal responsibility under a conductor, or the love of being conspicuous as a part of a sort of organization, the excursionist is not on his ordinary behavior.

An excursion numbering several hundreds, gathered along the river towns by the benevolent enterprise of railway officials, came up to the mountain one day. The officials seemed to have run a drag-net through factories, workshops, Sunday-schools, and churches, and scooped in the weary workers at homes and in shops unaccustomed to a holiday. Our friends formed a part of a group on the hotel piazza who watched the straggling arrival of this band of pleasure. For by this time our two friends had found a circle of acquaintances, with the facility of watering-place life, which in its way represented certain phases of American life as well as the excursion. A great many writers have sought to classify and label and put into a paragraph a description of the American girl. She is not to be disposed of by any such easy process. Undoubtedly she has some common marks of nationality that distinguish her from the English girl, but in variety she is practically infinite, and likely to assume almost any form, and the characteristics of a dozen nationalities. No one type represents her. What, indeed, would one say of this little group on the hotel piazza, making its comments upon the excursionists? Here is a young lady of, say, twenty-three years, inclining already to stoutness, domestic, placid, with matron written on every line of her unselfish face, capable of being, if necessity were, a notable house-keeper, learned in preserves and jellies and cordials, sure to have her closets in order, and a place for every remnant, piece of twine, and all odds and ends. Not a person to read Browning with, but to call on if one needed a nurse, or a good dinner, or a charitable deed. Beside her, in an invalid's chair, a young girl, scarcely eighteen, of quite another sort, pale, slight, delicate, with a lovely face and large sentimental eyes, all nerves, the product, perhaps, of a fashionable school, who in one season in New York, her first, had utterly broken down into what is called nervous prostration. In striking contrast was Miss Nettie Sumner, perhaps twenty-one, who corresponded more nearly to what the internationalists call the American type; had evidently taken school education as a duck takes water, and danced along in society into apparent robustness of person and knowledge of the world. A handsome girl, she would be a comely woman, good-natured, quick at repartee, confining her knowledge of books to popular novels, too natural and frank to be a flirt, an adept in all the nice slang current in fashionable life, caught up from collegians and brokers, accustomed to meet men in public life, in hotels, a very "jolly" companion, with a fund of good sense that made her entirely capable of managing her own affairs. Mr. King was at the moment conversing with still another young lady, who had more years than the last-named, short compact figure, round girlish face, good strong dark eyes, modest in bearing, self-possessed in manner, sensible, who made ready and incisive comments, and seemed to have thought deeply on a large range of topics, but had a sort of downright practicality and cool independence, with all her femininity of bearing, that rather puzzled her interlocutor. It occurred to Mr. King to guess that Miss Selina Morton might be from Boston, which she was not, but it was with a sort of shock of surprise that he learned later that this young girl, moving about in society in the innocent panoply of girlhood, was a young doctor, who had no doubt looked through and through him with her keen eyes, studied him in the light of heredity, constitutional tendencies, habits, and environment, as a possible patient. It almost made him ill to think of it. Here were types enough for one morning; but there was still another.

The artist had seated himself on a rock a little distance from the house, and was trying to catch some of the figures as they appeared up the path, and a young girl was looking over his shoulder with an amused face, just as he was getting an elderly man in a long flowing duster, straggling gray hair, hat on the back of

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his head, large iron-rimmed spectacles, with a baggy umbrella, who stopped breathless at the summit, with a wild glare of astonishment at the view. This young girl, whom the careless observer might pass without a second glance, was discovered on better acquaintance to express in her face and the lines of her figure some subtle intellectual quality not easily interpreted. Marion Lamont, let us say at once, was of Southern origin, born in London during the temporary residence of her parents there, and while very young deprived by death of her natural protectors. She had a small low voice, fine hair of a light color, which contrasted with dark eyes, waved back from her forehead, delicate, sensitive features—indeed, her face, especially in conversation with any one, almost always had a wistful, appealing look; in figure short and very slight, lithe and graceful, full of unconscious artistic poses, fearless and sure-footed as a gazelle in climbing about the rocks, leaping from stone to stone, and even making her way up a tree that had convenient branches, if the whim took her, using her hands and arms like a gymnast, and performing whatever feat of daring or dexterity as if the exquisitely moulded form was all instinct with her indomitable will, and obeyed it, and always with an air of refinement and spirited breeding. A child of nature in seeming, but yet a woman who was not to be fathomed by a chance acquaintance.



EXCURSIONISTS.

The old man with the spectacles was

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presently overtaken by a stout, elderly woman, who landed in the exhausted condition of a porpoise that has come ashore, and stood regardless of every thing but her own weight, while member after member of the party straggled up. No sooner did this group espy the artist than they moved in his direction. "There's a painter." "I wonder what he's painting." "Maybe he'll paint us." "Let's see what he's doing." "I should like to see a man paint." And the crowd flowed on, getting in front of the sketcher, and creeping round behind him for a peep over his shoulder. The artist closed his sketch-book and retreated, and the stout woman, balked of that prey, turned round a moment to the view, exclaimed, "Ain't that elegant!" and then waddled off to the hotel.

"I wonder," Mr. King was saying, "if these excursionists are representative of general American life?"

"If they are," said the artist, "there's little here for my purpose. A good many of them seem to be foreigners, or of foreign origin. Just as soon as these people get naturalized, they lose the picturesqueness they had abroad."

"Did it never occur to your Highness that they may prefer to be comfortable rather than picturesque, and that they may be ignorant that they were born for artistic purposes?" It was the low voice of Miss Lamont, and that demure person looked up as if she really wanted information.

"I doubt about the comfort," the artist began to reply.

"And so do I," said Miss Sumner. "What on earth do you suppose made those girls come up here in white dresses, blowing about in the wind, and already drabbled? Did you ever see such a lot of cheap millinery? I haven't seen a woman yet with the least bit of style."

"Poor things, they look as if they'd never had a holiday before in their lives, and didn't exactly know what to do with it," apologized Miss Lamont.

"Don't you believe it. They've been to more church and Sunday-school picnics than you ever attended. Look over there!"

It was a group seated about their lunch baskets. A young gentleman, the comedian of the party, the life of the church sociable, had put on the hat of one of the girls, and was making himself so irresistibly funny in it that all the girls tittered, and their mothers looked a little shamefaced and pleased.

"Well," said Mr. King, "that's the only festive sign I've seen. It's more like a funeral procession than a pleasure excursion. What impresses me is the extreme gravity of these people—no fun, no hilarity, no letting themselves loose for a good time, as they say. Probably they like it, but they seem to have no capacity for enjoying themselves; they have no vivacity, no gayety—what a contrast to a party in France or Germany off for a day's pleasure!—no devices, no resources."

"Yes, it's all sad, respectable, confoundedly uninteresting. What does the doctor say?" asked the artist.

"I know what the doctor will say," put in Miss Sumner, "but I tell you that what this crowd needs is missionary dressmakers and tailors. If I were dressed that way, I should feel and act just as they do. Well, Selina?"

"It's pretty melancholy. The trouble is constant grinding work and bad food. I've been studying these people. The women are all—"

"Ugly," suggested the artist.

"Well, ill-favored, scrimped; that means ill-nurtured simply. Out of the three hundred there are not half a dozen well-conditioned, filled out physically in comfortable proportions. Most of the women look as if they had been dragged out with in-door work and little intellectual life, but the real cause of physical degeneration is bad cooking. If they lived more out-of-doors, as women do in Italy, the food might not make so much difference, but in our climate it is the prime thing. This poor physical state accounts for the want of gayety and the lack of beauty. The men, on the whole, are better than the women, that is, the young men. I don't know as these people are overworked, as the world goes. I dare say, Nettie, there's not a girl in this crowd who could dance with you through a season. They need to be better fed, and to have more elevating recreations—something to educate their taste."

"I've been educating the taste of one excursionist this morning, a good-faced workman, who was prying about everywhere with a curious air, and said he never'd been on an excursion before. He came up to me in the office, deferentially asked me if I would go into the parlor with him, and pointing to something hang-

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ing on the wall, asked, 'What is that?' 'That,' I said, 'is a view from Sunset Rock, and a very good one.' 'Yes,' he continued, walking close up to it, 'but what the pictures in a confused state of mind, and with a guilty look of enjoyment. It seems incredible that a person should attain his age with such fresh-



"THE ARTIST'S FAVORITE OCCUPATION."

is it?' 'Why, it's a painting.' 'Oh, it isn't the place?' 'No, no; it's a painting in oil, done with a brush on a piece of canvas—don't you see?—made to look like the view over there from the rock, colors and all.' 'Yes, I thought, perhaps—you can see a good ways in it. It's pooty.' 'There's another one,' I said—'falls, water coming down, and trees.' 'Well, I declare, so it is! And that's jest a make-believe? I s'pose I can go round and look?' 'Certainly.' And the old fellow tiptoed round the parlor, peering at all ness of mind. But I think he is the only one of the party who even looked at the paintings."

"I think it's just pathetic," said Miss Lamont. "Don't you, Mr. Forbes?"

"No; I think it's encouraging. It's a sign of an art appreciation in this country. That man will know a painting next time he sees one, and then he won't rest till he has bought a chromo, and so he will go on."

"And if he lives long enough, he will buy one of Mr. Forbes's paintings."

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"THERE WAS ALL DAY LONG A COMPETITION OF DUDES AND ELDERLY WIDOWERS AND BACHELORS TO WAIT ON HER."—[SEE PAGE 897.]

"But not the one that Miss Lamont is going to sit for."

When Mr. King met the party at the dinner-table, the places of Miss Lamont and Mr. Forbes were still vacant. The other ladies looked significantly at them, and one of them said, "Don't you think there's something in it? don't you think they are interested in each other?" Mr. King put down his soup spoon, too much amazed to reply. Do women never think of any thing but mating people who happen to be thrown together? Here were this young lady and his friend, who had known each other for three days, perhaps, in the most casual way, and her friends had her already as good as married to him and off on a wedding journey. All that Mr. King said, after apparent deep cogitation, was, "I suppose if it were here it would have to be in a travelling dress," which the women thought frivolous.

Yet it was undeniable that the artist and Marion had a common taste for hunting out picturesque places in the wood paths, among the rocks, and on the edges of precipices, and they dragged the rest of the party many a mile through wildernesses of beauty. Sketching was the object of all these expeditions, but it always happened—there seemed a fatality in it—that whenever they halted anywhere for a rest or a view, the Lamont girl was sure to take an artistic pose, which the artist couldn't resist, and his whole occupation seemed to be drawing her, with the Catskills for a background. "There," he would say, "stay just as you are; yes, leaning a little so"—(it was wonderful how the lithe figure adapted itself to any background)—"and turn your head this way, looking at me." The artist began to draw, and every time he gave a quick glance upward from his book, there were the wistful face and those eyes. "Confound it!—I beg your pardon—the light. Will you please turn your eyes a little off, that way—so." There was no reason why the artist should be nervous, the face was perfectly demure; but the fact is that art will have only one mistress. So the drawing limped on from day to day, and the excursions became a matter of course. Sometimes the party drove, extending their explorations miles among the hills, exhilarated by the spark-

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ling air, excited by the succession of lovely changing prospects, bestowing their compassion upon the summer boarders in the smartly painted boarding-houses, and comparing the other big hotels with their own. They couldn't help looking down on the summer boarders, any more than cottagers at other places can help a feeling of superiority to people in hotels. It is a natural desire to make an aristocratic line somewhere. Of course they saw the Kaaterskill Falls, and bought twenty-five cents' worth of water to pour over them, and they came very near seeing the Haines Falls, but were a little too late.

"Have the falls been taken in to-day?" asked Marion, seriously.

"I'm real sorry, miss," said the propri-



ON THE RED PATH.

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etor, "but there's just been a party here and taken the water. But you can go down and look if you want to, and it won't cost you a cent."

They went down, and saw where the falls ought to be. The artist said it was a sort of dry-plate process, to be developed in the mind afterward; Mr. King likened it to a dry smoke without lighting the cigar; and the doctor said it certainly had the sanitary advantage of not being damp. The party even penetrated the Platerskill Cove, and were well rewarded by its exceeding beauty, as is every one who goes there. There are sketches of all these lovely places in a certain artist's book, all looking, however, very much alike, and consisting principally of a graceful figure in a great variety of unstudied attitudes.



THE ASCENT TO KAATERSKILL FALLS.

"Isn't this a nervous sort of a place?" the artist asked his friend, as they sat in his chamber overlooking the world.

"Perhaps it is. I have a fancy that some people are born to enjoy the valley, and some the mountains."

"I think it makes a person nervous to live on a high place. This feeling of constant elevation tires one; it gives a fellow no such sense of bodily repose as he has in a valley. And the wind, it's constantly nagging, rattling the windows and banging the doors. I can't escape the unrest of it." The artist was turning the leaves and contemplating the poverty of his sketch-book. "The fact is, I get better subjects on the sea-shore."

"Probably the sea would suit us better. By-the-way, did I tell you that Miss Lamont's uncle came last night from Richmond?—Mr. De Long, uncle on the mother's side. I thought there was French blood in her."

"What is he like?"

"Oh, a comfortable bachelor, past middle age; business man; Southerner; just a little touch of the 'hyar' for 'sar.' Said he was going to take his niece to Newport next week. Has Miss Lamont said any thing about going there?"

"Well, she did mention it the other day."

The house was fill-

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"THE DANGER INCREASED AS SHE DESCENDED."—[SEE PAGE 898.]

ing up, and, King thought, losing its family aspect. He had taken quite a liking for the society of the pretty invalid girl, and was fond of sitting by her, seeing the delicate color come back to her cheeks, and listening to her shrewd little society comments. He thought she took pleasure in having him push her wheel-chair up and down the piazza—at least she rewarded him by grateful looks, and complimented him by asking his advice about reading and about being useful to others. Like most young girls whose career of gayety is arrested as hers was, she felt an inclination to coquet a little with the serious side of life. All this had been pleasant to Mr. King, but now that so many more guests had come, he found himself most of the time out of business. The girl's chariot was always surrounded by admirers and sympathizers. All the young men were anxious to wheel her up and down by the hour; there was always a strife for this sweet office; and at night, when the vehicle had been lifted up the first flight, it was beautiful to see the eagerness of sacrifice exhibited by these young fellows to wheel her down the long corridor to her chamber. After all, it is a kindly, unselfish world, full of tenderness for women, and especially for invalid women who are pretty. There was all day long a competition of dudes and elderly widowers and

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bachelors to wait on her. One thought she needed a little more wheeling; another volunteered to bring her a glass of water; there was always some one to pick up her fan, to recover her handkerchief (why is it that the fans and handkerchiefs of ugly women seldom go astray?), to fetch her shawl—was there any thing they could do? The charming little heiress accepted all the attentions with most engaging sweetness. Say what you will, men have good hearts.

Yes, they were going to Newport. King and Forbes, who had not had a Fourth of July for some time, wanted to see what it was like at Newport. Mr. De Long would like their company. But before they went the artist must make one more trial at a sketch—must get the local color. It was a large party that went one morning to see it done under the famous ledge of rocks on the Red Path. It is a fascinating spot, with its coolness, sense of seclusion, mosses, wild flowers, and ferns. In a small grotto under the frowning wall of the precipice is said to be a spring, but it is difficult to find, and lovers need to go a great many times there in search of it. People not in love can sometimes find a damp place in the sand. The question was where Miss Lamont should pose. Should she nestle under the great ledge, or sit on a projecting rock with her figure against the sky? The artist could not satisfy himself, and the girl, always adventurous, kept shifting her position, climbing about on the jutting ledge, until she stood at last on the top of the precipice, which was some thirty or forty feet high. Against the top leaned a dead balsam, just as some tempest had cast it, its dead branches bleached and scraggy. Down this impossible ladder the girl announced her intention of coming. "No, no," shouted a chorus of voices: "go round; it's unsafe; the limbs will break; you can't get through them; you'll break your neck." The girl stood calculating the possibility. The more difficult the feat seemed, the more she longed to try it.

"For Heaven's sake don't try it, Miss Lamont," cried the artist.

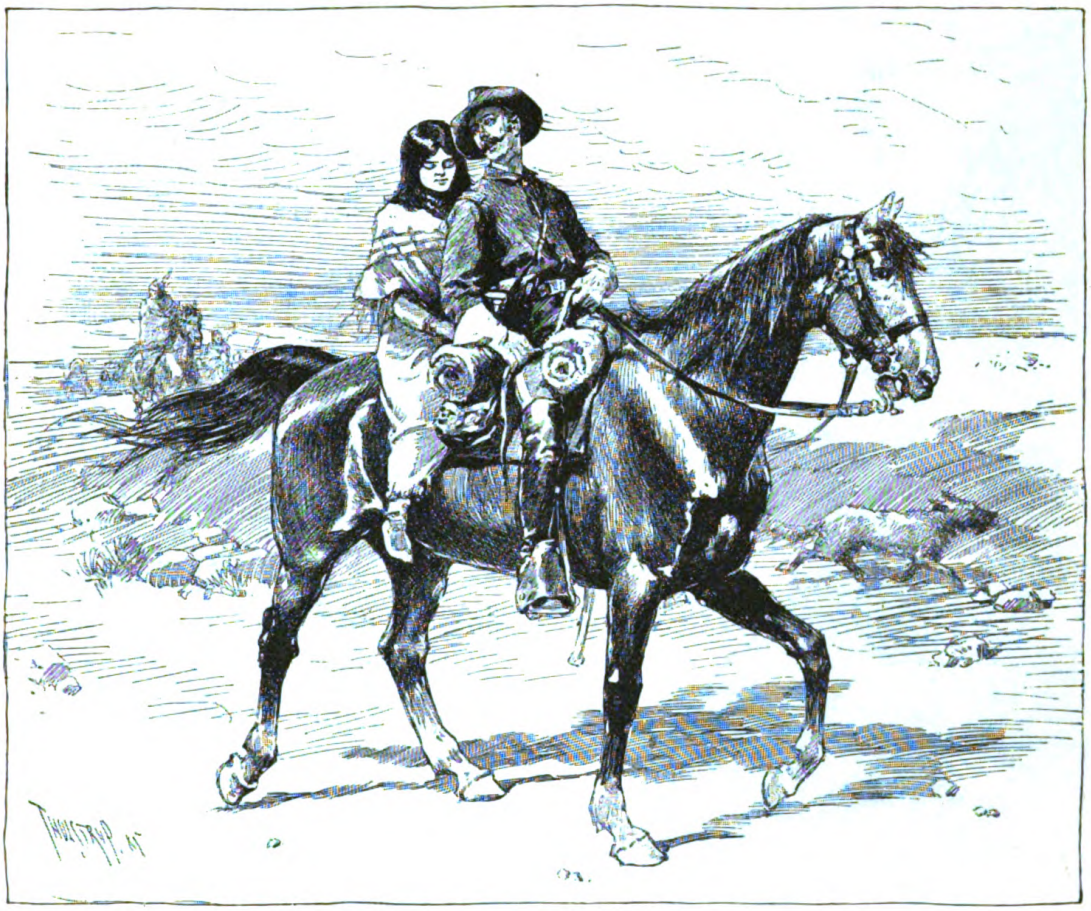
"But I want to. I think I must. You can sketch me in the act. It will be something new."

And before any one could interpose, the resolute girl caught hold of the balsam and swung off. A boy or a squirrel would have made nothing of the feat. But for a young lady in long skirts to make her way down that balsam, squirming about and through the stubs and dead limbs, testing each one before she trusted her weight to it, was another affair. It needed a very cool head and the skill of a gymnast. To transfer her hold from one limb to another, and work downward, keeping her skirts neatly gathered about her feet, was an achievement that the spectators could appreciate; the presence of spectators made it much more difficult. And the lookers-on were a good deal more excited than the girl. The artist had his book ready, and when the lithe figure was half-way down, clinging in a position at once artistic and painful, he began. "Work fast," said the girl. "It's hard hanging on." But the pencil wouldn't work. The artist made a lot of wild marks. He would have given the world to sketch in that exquisite figure, but every time he cast his eye upward the peril was so evident that his hand shook. It was no use. The danger increased as she descended, and with it the excitement of the spectators. All the young gentlemen declared they would catch her if she fell, and some of them seemed to hope she might drop into their arms. Swing off she certainly must when the lowest limb was reached. But that was ten feet above the ground, and the alighting-place was sharp rocks and broken bowlders. The artist kept up a pretence of drawing. He felt every movement of her supple figure and the strain upon the slender arms, but this could not be transferred to the book. It was nervous work. The girl was evidently getting weary, but not losing her pluck. The young fellows were very anxious that the artist should keep at his work; they would catch her. There was a pause; the girl had come to the last limb; she was warily meditating a slide or a leap; the young men were quite ready to sacrifice themselves; but somehow, no one could tell exactly how, the girl swung low, held herself suspended by her hands for an instant, and then dropped into the right place—trust a woman for that; and the artist, his face flushed, set her down upon the nearest flat rock. Chorus from the party, "She is saved!"

"And my sketch is gone up again."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Forbes." The girl looked full of innocent regret. "But when I was up there I had to come down that tree. I couldn't help it, really."

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THE STORY OF FEATHER HEAD.

BY LIEUTENANT H. LEMLY, U.S.A.

FEATHER HEAD has appeared before in these pages. In a former number of the Magazine her photograph — that of a shy and not uncomely Indian girl — served to illustrate, in part, a brief descriptive sketch of life among the Arrapahoes. Lack of space—or was it a modest disinclination to avow this youthful conquest?—caused me to reserve her story for a later period.

The first time I saw Feather Head was after this fashion. I had been directed to conduct Black Coal's band of Arrapahoes — in round numbers, 1500 bucks, squaws, and pappooses—to the north side of the Platte River, near old Fort Caspar, *en route* to the Shoshone Agency at Camp Brown; and had made a late start from Red Cloud Agency, intending to overtake my charges before they had proceeded far upon this first day's journey. As I approached, the village was strung out, in picturesque single file, along either side of the White River, while its head, under the skilful guidance of Sharp Nose, had already debouched upon the plain and taken the direction of Hat Creek, a well-known stage station between Cheyenne and the Black Hills. Thus early in the march I met Feather Head. She was the last of the column, and about 200 yards from the nearest group. Poor child! her hands were full. An unruly pack had caused her to dismount from her pony. Distributed like shafts upon either side of another of these shaggy little beasts were a dozen tepee poles, their smaller ends dragging elastically upon the ground, while in alarming juxtaposition with the animal's heels there was bound a wicker basket, in which profoundly slumbered, in peaceful proximity, Feather Head's twin baby brothers and a litter of puppies. Upon his back were various small bags

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"I LOOSED FROM MY PERSON A GAYLY STRIPED NAVAJO BLANKET."—[SEE PAGE 903.]

containing flour, coffee, sugar, rice, bacon, etc., drawn from the Indian agent, and several pieces of agency beef still reeking in blood. Feather Head had already righted, and was about to give the finishing touches to this motley pack, when I appeared, and my Kentucky-bred troop-horse, which would never entirely fraternize with these pigmy brothers, gave a startled neigh. A quick snort and a frightened leap followed from the pony, and the pack lay scattered upon the ground, with a ludicrous intermingling of baby brothers and puppies.

The young girl, her black hair flying in the wind, a red blanket falling about her shoulders, but confined at the waist by a beaded belt, and her small feet encased in dainty moccasins fancifully embroidered in colored porcupine quills, formed a not unpleasing picture; yet had she been the oldest and ugliest hag in the village, I must have dismounted and gone to her assistance. This, however, was not Arrapahoe etiquette: the bucks ever maintain a discreet distance between themselves and the drudgery of the march. As a young campaigner I was not unfamiliar with "round turns" and "half-hitches," and beneath our united efforts the pack was soon adjusted, and the little cavalcade under way.

Although I saw her many times, I had but one other interview with Feather Head. We were in camp, a few miles from Fort Fetterman, with the post trader of which frontier station the Indians were bartering the last of their beef hides and buffalo-robes. Since my encounter with the girl, whenever I had passed her in the long and slowly marching column, she had averted or partially concealed her face under her blanket, whereat the squaws in the immediate vicinity would set up a chattering which could only be likened to that of a band of monkeys in a cacao grove. It was evident that my attention upon the occasion of our first acquaintance had produced an impression upon the susceptible heart of the Indian maid-

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en, and that this fact was suspected and garrulously enjoyed by her female companions. Now, as I approached the fort, I caught up with Feather Head, who was apparently journeying thither on foot, together with three or four young people of her own sex; and remote from the old squaws of the tribe, her former timidity gave place to a smile of recognition, as, half in jest, half seriously, I made signs to her to mount behind me. Greatly to my surprise, the offer was accepted. Placing one foot upon my own, which rested within its hooded stirrup, and grasping my extended hand, in another instant she was seated astride of the croup of my horse. A short canter brought us to the sutler's door, where she dismounted, and was soon joined by her laughing companions. Pleased in turn at this manifestation of confidence, I now begged her to select from among the trader's stock of fancy articles a *souvenir* of our ride; but was a trifle disconcerted when, in charming ignorance of their use, she chose a pair of garters. Feather Head's ankles were guiltless of hose, and so—*honi soit qui mal y pense*—I clasped the crimson bands around her arms, for she wore sleeves.

Certainly my two encounters with this daughter of the prairies had been innocent enough, yet they were primarily the cause of my leaving my good friends the Arrapahoes in most indecorous haste, and withal of barely escaping the charge of polygamy.

A week later, and the village had safely crossed to the north side of the Platte River, at old Fort Caspar. My work had been agreeably and successfully accomplished. The last night of my stay with these dusky *compagnons de voyage* had arrived. I was not sorry, but, if for no other reason, they regretted my departure because at sundry army stations along the line of march I had been instrumental at least in replenishing their impoverished stock of provisions with a better grade of the same than is usually furnished by the Interior Department. Whenever I reached a government station I reported progress by telegraph to the "Gray Fox" (General Crook), at Omaha, and generally an issue of rations was ordered. When their stomachs were full, their hearts were glad; and so it will be until the end of time—or rather of the Indian.

It was not without difficulty that the crossing of the Platte was effected. Great blocks of ice floated down its broad channel, and cut the legs of the patient little ponies; while occasionally a wicker basket, with its living contents, would disappear for a moment beneath the dark surface of the chilling waters. The shrill voices of the squaws could be heard upon all sides—in the middle of the stream; upon the southern bank, making the ponies take to the water; upon the northern, urging them up its steep incline; on the one shore striking camp, and on the other pitching it anew. The bucks meanwhile were sheltered behind the neighboring bluffs, and smoking about hastily improvised fires. They had not moved with their usual good-nature and alacrity. The morning had opened with a snow-storm, and the Indian is always averse to marching in "falling weather," especially if accompanied by his family. Indeed, it was only by reiterated and emphatic commands that I had succeeded in exacting from them a sullen obedience. Our last camp had been advantageously placed with respect to shelter, as well as wood and water—the great *desiderata* on the plains—which they were as reluctant to leave as I was eager to push on and complete my commission. Black Coal and various chiefs had severally represented these facts to me, and had openly manifested their displeasure when I remained inexorable. Naturally I was depressed by these incidents, and for the first time during the journey I felt apprehensive of trouble. But the day before we had passed the former site of an overland stage station, of which the tottering chimney alone remained to tell the tragic tale of the red man's treachery, while in sight of camp the ruins of old Fort Caspar were a fast-crumbling yet eloquent witness to savage cruelty and hatred. A few years before, this very band of Arrapahoes, then at profound peace with the whites, although, it is true, temporarily hunting beyond the limits of the reservation, had been surprised and attacked by the troops; and previous to my departure all but a dozen bucks, who were designated as hunters for the party, had been disarmed. That morning I had added another to their number by lending my own carbine and ammunition to a young Indian, who, because of his defective physiognomy, rejoiced in the expressive if inelegant title of Broken-nose John—a rejected suitor, by-the-way, of Feather Head, whose fa-

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vorite occupation was watching my every movement from a prone position in the long grass. With a feeling of perfect security and with rare good-nature I had acceded to his unusual request; but now the prolonged absence of both buck and carbine added to my general uneasiness. The sun had long since set, and an impenetrable darkness shrouded the land. On the morrow I was to begin my lonely return.

While filled with reflections of this nature, I was summoned to the council tent of the tribe, where I found already assembled and seated upon the ground Black Coal, with his lieutenant and head soldier, Sharp Nose, upon his left, followed by Six Feathers, White Horse, Friday (the interpreter), and other well-known men of the tribe. As usual I was given the seat of honor upon his right. In the centre of this austere circle the lodge fire burned fitfully, now illuminating, now darkening, the swarthy and grim visages of the sitting chiefs, and alternately obliterating and again casting their shadows in weird and heroic proportions upon the tepee walls. These were rudely ornamented with grotesque figures of warriors, not unlike Egyptian hieroglyphics; while at regular intervals there dangled hideously a fringe of human scalp-locks, the color and texture of which betrayed an occasional pale-face. Overhead the wind whistled dolefully through the projecting poles, and flapped with startling distinctness the canvas-winged smoke exit.

An unusual and oppressive gravity seemed to pervade the entire assemblage, and in my preoccupied state of mind readily communicated itself to and fully possessed me. After a few moments of profound silence, Black Coal arose, and folding his blanket about him like the toga of a Roman senator, and with graceful gesticulation, spoke long and earnestly. Sharp Nose followed, then Six Feathers, and finally White Horse—my four stanchest friends in the band. Although I felt I was the subject of discussion, I understood not a word, everything being said in Arrapahoe, unaccompanied by the sign language, with which I was familiar.

At last Black Coal filled and lighted the tribal calumet, and after a few prolonged inhalations and several mysterious or cabalistic signs, contrary to his custom, passed it around by the left. Was this accidental, or did it forebode harm to me? Again he arose, and this time selecting a slender twig from the burning wood, he broke it in two pieces, and retaining one, laid the other at the feet of an old chief, who, by virtue of his age, usually presided at their elections. Sharp Nose, Six Feathers, and White Horse, as soon as they had smoked and passed the great pipe, successively followed the example of their leader. What did this mean? A broken twig, I knew, was sometimes a vote. It also signified a gift or sale, since it enabled the possessor of either piece to identify the corresponding part, and hence to safely honor the demand of the bearer thereof. Had I offended my whilom friends, and if a vote, the unanimity of which I could not doubt, after the common action of their four principal men, might it refer to my death, and possibly to my torture? Would the calumet ever reach me, or having reversed the usual order of its smoking, would I be passed over, war thus declared, and I selected as its first victim? The events of the day, my strange surroundings, and the morrow's dreary prospect had combined to make me unusually impressionable.

At last, however, the red clay reached and was passed to me. With a single but grateful inhalation of the kilikinic, I returned it to Black Coal, and thus completed the charmed circle. Then Friday, the interpreter, arose and explained.

"You bin good," he said, "to Arrapahoe. He like you. He want you stay with him. He make you good Injun—big chief; and you write Gray Fox for heap bacon, heap coffee, heap sugar. But you no got squaw and tepee: all cold when no squaw make fire. You like Feather Head and Feather Head like you. But Feather Head chief's daughter—cost four ponies. You no got 'em. Yo' horse too big—no good. He eat corn, but corn make bread for Injun. He eat grass when find 'um, but no eat cottonwood bark like pony. So Black Coal he gin you one pony, Sharp Nose he gin you one, Six Feathers gin you one, and White Horse gin you one. Heap ponies! Now you got squaw. Feather Head yo' wife."

I saw it all. The hearts of my friends had warmed toward me as they smoked, and the pipe had been started in their direction much as the hat is first passed among the most generous givers at a

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church meeting. The broken twigs represented four ponies; the old chief was Feather Head's father; the girl had been bought and paid for; no ceremony was necessary. *I had been married to Feather Head!*

"But," I demurred, "Friday, tell them that I have already one wife—a pale-face, off at the fort." There was a show of hands around the circle; Black Coal held up three fingers (the fourth had been shot off in battle) to show that he had three wives, and a plurality of digits was everywhere the rule by a handsome majority. "Explain to them," I said, "that the white man's custom is different; that he is content with a single wife." A murmur of dissent coupled with irony followed. They had known whites at the agency who were not averse to adopting the Indian custom in this respect. All my arguments and protestations were unavailing. Friday suggested a compromise to the effect that I should stay with them for a season—at least during the buffalo hunt which was about to ensue, these animals having been reported abundant on the Powder River; after which, he added, if I wished, Indian fashion I might throw away my Indian wife, having paid the price demanded for her, and return to the settlements. But my desire to be off was whetted by an approaching family event—no less an occasion, indeed, than the anniversary of my *first* marriage!

Advancing toward my newly made father-in-law, I loosed from my person a gayly striped Navajo blanket, of so fine a texture that it would hold water. In my best sign language, assisted by Friday's guttural Arrapahoe, I begged him to convey this token to Feather Head, with the assurance of my distinguished consideration, and an implied promise, at least, that I would soon follow in person.

My ruse succeeded admirably, and appeased by the promise of an early marriage feast, provided a sufficient number of young and tender dogs could be obtained in the village, the council broke up. I returned to find my carbine and ammunition (minus two cartridges and accompanied by a brace of prairie chickens) returned; but shortly after midnight, saddle and bridle in hand, I sallied forth to look for my charger. The Indians slit the ears of their fleetest ponies so that they may be readily distinguished in the dark, but I needed no such sign to recognize the animal I was in search of. His size betrayed him. In a few moments he was bridled and saddled; and mounting, I rode southward, crossed the Platte River, and effected my escape.

A year later I was in camp upon the Little Missouri River. One day, when engaged in a desperate attempt to draw from its sluggish and muddy current a few fish with which to vary the monotonous routine of bacon, beans, hard-tack, and black coffee that comprehended our staple articles of diet, I was surprised by the sudden appearance of a solitary Indian. My horse was picketed out of sight in the low underbrush which lined either side of the stream, and I immediately covered the intruder with my Springfield carbine, the barrel of which protruded from the low fork of a cottonwood-tree, which thus served the triple purpose of rest, concealment, and protection. As the Indian approached, my eye became riveted upon the blanket which partially covered his person and fell upon his pony's flanks. There could be no mistake—no two Navajo blankets were ever identical, and this was beyond doubt the same I had sent Feather Head the night of my departure. A still nearer approach revealed the countenance of its present possessor, and when I saw it was Broken-nose John, I returned the hammer of my carbine to its safety-notch and stepped from behind the tree. Instantly the Indian touched his left breast to signify that he was a "good heart," or an Arrapahoe, and then—well, the recognition was mutual, if not simultaneous. A few signs served to explain matters. He was the pioneer of a dozen young men of his band who had been sent by the commanding general of the department to act as guides and scouts to our expedition. As to the blanket—after I had left so unceremoniously, he had successfully urged his suit with the discarded Feather Head, and had been accepted at the now reduced rate of a single pony; the blanket had comprised his wife's wedding trousseau, and later had been appropriated by Broken-nose John.

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KING ARTHUR.

Not a Love Story.

By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

CHAPTER IV.

"HAPPY is the nation which has no history," and happy is the family without any startling incidents to break the smooth current of its uneventful years.

Such, for a long time, was the lot of the little family at the rectory—really a family now—father, mother, and child. And the child brought hope with it—hope and interest and joy in life. Sometimes Susannah, looking back upon old days, especially the dark days after her little baby died, wondered how she could have borne them.

She had an easier life now in many ways than she had ever known. Of money—alas! how the lack of it, or the wrong use of it, strikes at the very root of family peace!—of money there was enough, though nothing to spare, for with a larger income came heavier claims, as must always be the case with a clergyman. Still, the sharp struggle of poverty was over forever with Austin and Susannah: and they soon grew to love dearly the pretty rectory, and simple country parish, which had been to them a refuge, though late, from the storms of life, and where they were content to lie at anchor for the rest of their days.

Of course, no human lives can be quite free from cares, and they had theirs; but in most lives, if we investigate them, far fewer troubles come from without than from within: and the Trevenas had known enough of real sorrows never to invent for themselves imaginary or unnecessary ones. They were glad of happiness, and made the most of it whenever it came.

For days, weeks, months, Austin expected his brother's reappearance with a nervous anxiety—a mingled hope and fear, that was trying enough to his wife. But Hal never did reappear, or make any sign of existence. Austin's hope and Susannah's fear—a double fear now, since that truly "wicked" look which she had caught directed against her child—gradually subsided.

Also another unspoken dread, which, when Arthur grew up from "the beautifulest baby that ever was seen," whom all the village was proud of, into a really splendid boy, began to dawn upon his adopted mother. What if his real mother should by-and-by crave after the treasure she had thrown away, and institute a search for him? Suppose she, or her emissaries, should find him, lie in wait for him, perhaps steal him—one or two stories of kidnapped children were in the newspapers just then, of which she read every line with a thrill of sympathetic anguish.

And once, when Manette and Arthur were missing for three hours, having contrived to lose themselves in a primrose wood, they came back, hungry and happy, laden with primroses, to find Mrs. Trevena, white as death, sitting on a grave-stone in the church-yard, having walked miles and miles in every direction in search of her child. She clasped him to her heart in such a passion of love and tears that Mr. Trevena, who came out for his evening stroll just in time to see the happy *dénouement* of this temporary tragedy, was quite perplexed.

"My dear, it all comes from your vivid imagination. Don't sup sorrow with a long spoon. He is a dear child, I own that," and the rector patted kindly the curly head which nestled on his wife's shoulder. "But I don't think anybody is likely to steal him. Babies are as plentiful as blackberries, and you must remember, Susannah, that everybody does not consider him as valuable as you do."

She laughed, confessing she had been "very silly." But for weeks she scarcely let Arthur out of her sight; and Manette had strict orders never to go beyond the garden, the village, and the path leading to the great house, and on no account to answer any one she met who might question her about the boy.

This was literally the only event of the first six years of Arthur's life—the six happy infantine years, all pleasantness and play, with no lessons to learn, for he was not a precocious child, and his mother preferred physical to mental development. His education had begun, indeed, as it can begin with every child, and should, even at six months old; but it was the unconscious education imbibed

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daily and hourly from everything around him.

By-and-by life became to little Arthur a perpetual question, which he always expected his mother to answer. She did answer, taking unwearied trouble to satisfy the opening mind and heart, never throwing the child back upon himself, or stifling his natural curiosity about the wonderful world he had come to. But sometimes she found herself fairly puzzled and obliged to own, frankly and humbly, "I don't know," upon which he once turned upon her with the grave answer, "But, mammy, you *ought* to know." A rebuke that made her study the question—something about a steam-engine—and tell him all about it next day.

Dr. Franklin's saying, when they were discussing the future of her baby, "I don't know whether you will educate him, but I am quite certain he will educate you," came back upon her often as an amusing truth. She knew herself to be a better woman, and certainly her husband was no worse man, nor a less happy man, for having that bit of continual sunshine, "a child in the house."

"I wish Dr. Franklin could see us," she often thought and said. But the worthy Kentuckian seemed to have melted away into thin air. For two or three years they got a letter from him, generally about the time of his godson's birthday, hoping the little fellow was quite well, and doing credit to his adopted family; but the letters were brief and formal; the doctor was a practical man and no great scribe. It scarcely surprised the Trevenas when, after a while, his letters ceased, and theirs gained no answer.

"Perhaps he is dead," Susannah thought, sadly, "and my boy has one friend less in the world."

Arthur had no lack of friends now, at any rate. He was a most popular little person. Everybody "spoiled" him; except that love never spoils. It is the alternation of harshness and weak indulgence which ruins many a poor helpless child, who is made detestable to everybody, not through its own fault, but the fault of its relations.

With "King" Arthur it was not so. His mother's tender hand knew how to hold the reins firmly. Her yea was yea—her nay, nay; and the child soon found it out. His will—and he had a pretty strong one, poor little man!—was early taught that it must be used, not to govern others, but himself. Consequently, though impetuous, passionate, and full of boyish mischief and fun, he was neither a naughty nor a disagreeable child. From the "big" house, with its constantly changing tenants, down to every cottage in the parish, everybody made a pet of "King" Arthur.

So did his "papa," when the boy grew old enough to be interesting. Perhaps under no circumstances would Mr. Trevena have been a model father; he was too self-absorbed, too much of the student, and it was by a curious natural instinct that Arthur always called him "papa," and Mrs. Trevena "mother." But he was very fond of the little fellow, who always amused and never troubled him, as ordinary papas are troubled by their offspring. And his kindness, his invariable sweet temper, and even his little oddities, attached the child to him almost as much as if he had been really his own. For to the young the "tie of blood" means nothing; and kindness, tenderness, the habit of propinquity, everything. A child often loves its nurse far better than its mother—an unheeding, unloving mother; and many parents and children, separated of necessity for years, have felt bitterly that with all their efforts it was absolutely impossible to reunite the broken bond.

But Arthur and his adopted parents lived so happily together that everybody outside seemed to have forgotten he was not their own; and indeed they almost forgot it themselves, till something happened which startled Susannah into uneasy previsions. Long after it was past, she, like another holy mother, "pondered these things in her heart," and thanked God she had had strength to meet the difficulty; to face the first of many inevitable ills, and to face it in time.

Arthur came in to her one day with his poor little nose bleeding, and his whole frame quivering with passion and excitement. He had been playing in the garden with the gardener's boy, not a bad boy in his way; and at six years old Mrs. Trevena held class distinctions unnecessary; but there had evidently been some *fracas* between the children.

"My boy, how could Bob let you hurt yourself? He was the eldest; he ought to have taken care of you."

"He shall never take care of me again. I hate Bob! And I didn't hurt myself.

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We were fighting. But I've hurt him twice as much as he hurt me."

And the little fists were clinched, and the chest heaved with rage. The "devil" was roused in the heretofore "angel-boy"—as from his sweet looks some of the villagers called him.

"You fought? Who began it?" said the mother, gravely.

"I did. Bob told a lie, and I hit him. I'll hit him again to-morrow."

"Hush!" said Mrs. Trevena, but wisely abstained from any moral lectures till she had soothed her boy's physical sufferings; and he lay in her arms, pale and exhausted, angry but quiet, and quite "good," with that air of entire content which a child of his age finds nowhere if not on the mother's bosom.

"Now, my darling," she whispered, "tell me all about it."

But Arthur turned his head away, with the deep blush of sensitive childhood.

"I'd rather not tell you, please, mammy."

She would not compel him—it is right to respect even a babyish secret. But she urged, tenderly, "Don't you think you would be happier if you told me?" And then it all came out.

"Bob said what was not true. He told me my papa was not my papa, and that my mammy, my own mammy, was not my mother." And hiding his face on her shoulder, Arthur once more burst into a passion of sobs.

Susannah felt as if an arrow had gone through her heart. Often and often had she considered this question, and decided that as soon as ever he could take it in, Arthur must be told the whole truth concerning himself. But the difficulty—the almost impossibility—of making so young a child comprehend any difference between adopted and real parenthood had caused her to defer this explanation from time to time, till some opportune moment should come. It had come. There was a brief pause of cowardly shrinking, and then she braced herself and seized the chance, which to let go by might be fatal. Perfect truthfulness, she had all along felt, would be the only safe as well as the only right course—for her darling's sake.

"My boy," she said, "I am sorry you fought—because what Bob said *was* true."

Arthur opened wide eyes of incredulous terror. "No, no! Mammy, I am your child—I am your child."

"Yes, my darling—my only darling! but not my born child: you are my adopted child."

"What does that mean?"

"My chosen child. Nobody cared for you or loved you—but mammy loved you, mammy chose you. Listen, and I'll tell my boy a little story."

It was the "quite true" story of her finding the bit of sweet-william, and how she planted it, and watered it, and watched it grow into a beautiful root, till she loved it better than any root in her garden.

"As mammy loves me," said the boy, brightening up and taking it all in, as he did any story, with delighted eagerness. "And mammy chose it—as she did me. Then I am mammy's own child after all."

"Always—always!" and she strained him to her heart—the unmistakable mother's heart, where he rested, satisfied. Childless mother—motherless child! Surely He who said to John, "Son, behold thy mother," and to Mary, "Mother, behold thy son," often gives a special consecration to such relationships. It might be better for many a lonely household, many a forlorn child, if there were more of the like.

Determined not to let the golden moment pass by, but to seize this chance of making things clear, so that her boy might know all painful facts while so young that he should never remember the time when he had not known them, Susannah went on to explain how she and "papa" had found him among the mountains, brought him home to the rectory, and made him their son, as he would always be; that he must grow up a man—a good man, like papa—and take care of them both in their old age.

"And if Bob, or any one, ever tells you mammy does not love you as some mothers love their sons, say she loves you more—because she chose you."

"As I chose my black kitten when the boys were going to drown it?"

"Yes! And would you like to hear why mammy called you Arthur?" continued she, wishing to drive out all pain from the infant mind, and perhaps impress it for life. "Shall I tell you another story?"

Mother's "'tories" were the unfailing panacea for every earthly ill. It is astonishing how much you can make a child understand if you only put it in words simple enough. Arthur already knew all

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about the wooden horse of Troy, Romulus and Remus, Queen Berengaria, and Richard Cœur de Lion, and even the story of several plays of Shakespeare. Now he listened with wide eyes fixed on that placid heaven, the mother's face; and sucking his two middle fingers—a trick he had when supremely happy—listened to the story of King Arthur; the "little naked child" who was found on the sea-coast of Cornwall, and brought up by Merlin ("Was Merlin like my papa?" interjected Arthur)—how the baby grew to be a noble knight, a valiant soldier, and at last a king.

"Shall I ever be a king, mammy?" asked the small listener, with a look so radiant that his weak-minded mother thought he really might have been. Nevertheless she answered, gravely:

"No, my boy, I am quite sure you never will be a king—except mammy's King Arthur. And something else too—a good, brave man. Brave men are never ashamed to own they are wrong: so we'll come and speak to Bob before he goes home, and say we both are sorry you fought with him, because you know now that he did not tell a lie. Come."

Arthur came. He did not speak to Bob, but his mother spoke for him, explaining that "my son"—as she carefully called him—now knew all about himself; that there must be no more references to the subject, and no more fighting. He was Master Arthur Trevena, and she should dismiss any servant who did not treat him as such.

Susannah said all this calmly—but a sharp inward pain was gnawing at her heart all the while, until she overheard Arthur's Parthian thrust at his discomfited foe.

"I won't fight you again, Bob—and I'll play with you to-morrow. I'm a deal better off than you, for your mother had to take you whether she liked you or not; my mother chose me!"

So off he marched—the little "King"—with a proud and gallant air, holding by his mother's hand, and entirely contented with his lot.

She was contented too; for now there was no more mystery—her boy would never have the pang of finding out suddenly that he was not her boy. Though with the sensitive reticence of childhood, he never referred to the matter again, never asked her a single question; but accepted with unlimited trust the love in which he lived as in perpetual sunshine. Only, night after night, as his mother sat down beside him, to tell him "just one little 'tory" before he went to sleep—the story he liked best, and asked for oftenest, was that of King Arthur.

So life went on at the rectory—a smooth untroubled stream—

> "The constant stream of love which knew no fall,
> Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks
> Which humor interposed too often makes."

Years afterward, when reading that exquisite poem, Arthur recognized—as we do recognize when things are past—the picture of his happy childhood, and in Cowper's mother the portrait of his own.

Years slipped by—almost like a dream. From the baby he grew into the child—the boy—a big boy, though not yet a school-boy, for there was no day school near. Mrs. Trevena, who for many years had been a governess, taught him all she knew. By-and-by Mr. Trevena, inquiring anxiously about his Latin and Greek—to the rector the one necessity of human learning—volunteered to continue both. So Arthur, who was neither a genius nor a dunce, but something between the two—a boy with plenty of brains, if he would only use them—gradually approached the time when life ceases to be all play, and it begins to dawn upon even the idlest boy, or the one most keen after physical enjoyments, that there is such a thing as work.

It did upon Arthur, though only occasionally. He was by no means a model boy. He honestly owned he "hated" his lessons, and only did them "to please mother," which secondary reason she perforce accepted, and made use of to his good. Doubtless she would have preferred a studious boy to an idle one; but then he was such a good boy, neither a prig nor a hypocrite; and sometimes when she saw his strong temptations—the exuberant youthful health and the joy in it—that pure joy of living which she herself had never known—she forgave him everything.

Perhaps both his adopted parents loved him all the better for being so unlike themselves—for bringing into their quiet household new elements which otherwise would have been unknown there; young companions, games, athletic sports. The Reverend Austin had never played cricket in his life; yet after going to see Arthur play, he was allured into lending one of his glebe fields to the village cricket club;

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and would watch them with mild approval many a summer evening. And many a winter morning did Mrs. Trevena spend beside the large pond at Tawton Abbas—just to see Arthur skate. Though she felt sometimes like an old hen with one duckling, scarcely able to hide her terror at every tumble and every crack on the ice, still she did hide it, and gloried in her boy's height, agility, and grace. Above all in his perfect fearlessness, physical and moral.

Spite of his little faults—and he had his share—Arthur possessed one quality, the root of all good in either man or woman—he was not a coward. From infancy, the only fear he knew was the grave rebuke of his mother's face; generally a silent rebuke, for she rarely scolded and never whipped him; but her mute displeasure was more than he could stand. It brought him to his right mind at once—to the sobbing "I'll be good, mammy!" of infancy—to the half proud, half humble "I'm so sorry, mother," of boyhood. The turning away of her face from him was like the sun going out of the sky—he could not bear it. And once when he had to bear it for two whole days—for his unconquerable idleness had so vexed her that she put the books away, and refused to open them again—his agony of distress made him actually ill. It was the turning-point; that contest between parent and child, which if the latter is allowed to win, is a defeat—to both—for life.

Susannah was a very gentle woman; but she could be stern, if need be, stern and hard as stone. When, after two, nay, three days of being sent to Coventry, and a fourth day, when he literally cried himself sick, Arthur came humbly, his books under his arm, and implored her to forgive him, she replied, sadly:

"Forgiving is not forgetting. You have made mother's heart ache as it never ached before. Listen, my boy—for you are a boy now, not a baby." And she put her hand on his shoulder and looked searchingly into his face, as if longing to find there, what people cannot always find in their very own children, the qualities they themselves most value. "Arthur, for these twelve years papa and I have done our very best for you. We can not do more. The rest you must do for yourself."

"How do you mean, mammy dear? Are you going to send me away—to school?"

"No—for we could not afford it. How could papa, with his small income, pay a hundred and fifty a year for your schooling—and you to be as idle then as you are now? It would not be right. I would not let him do it. No, if you want education you must get it for yourself—or go without it and grow up a dunce."

"And then you will wish you had left me to die at the road-side, instead of planting me like your sweet-william root. Perhaps you are right, mother."

Susannah started—she thought Arthur had long forgotten that little story; but one never knows what a child forgets or remembers.

There was a pause of pain—and then she said: "My son, I shall never wish things different from what they have been. And I am content with you just as you are, if you will only make the best of what you are. Do you think King Arthur would ever have been a soldier and a king if he had not learned his lessons?"

"Did he learn lessons? And—did he *like* them?" asked Arthur, dolefully—so dolefully that Mrs. Trevena could not help laughing. At which the young sinner ventured to laugh too—kissed and hugged her, vehemently promising amendment. She shook her head—he had promised so often, and forgot it next day. How many "grown-ups" do the same! It sometimes struck Susannah as a curious fact that while all allowances are made for grown-up people, none are made for children. Though hard as the nether millstone in keeping Arthur in the right way—never for a moment pretending that wrong was right—she had great pity for his little aberrations; his laziness, his feather-headedness, and the like. And when she looked at his broad brow and thoughtful eyes—inherited, Heaven only knew from whom!—she took heart of grace that Heaven would make all right in time.

One never knows when an arrow strikes home. "In the morning sow thy seed—in the evening withhold not thy hand." Such had been Susannah's principle all her days. She did her best; and then she rested in hope—which sometimes died—most often died!—but now and then it lived and blossomed—as now.

One day, after a week of most aston-

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ishing industry, Arthur said, suddenly: "Mother, you told me I was to get education for myself. How am I to get it?"

She was not taken by surprise; for years she had pondered over the question—as she did everything that concerned her boy's future. She had said truly that to send Arthur to a boarding-school was impossible. Even if possible, it would scarcely have been right. Her husband in his old age would need all his own money; he must not be stinted in anything for the sake of a son who was not his son. Passionately as she loved her boy, Susannah held the balance of justice even. So she answered, firmly:

"Arthur, if you are to grow up a clever man like papa, you must do as he did; you must get to be a Winchester boy, and then take yourself to New College, Oxford, with a Winchester scholarship. Mother would so like to see you in cap and gown!"

"Would you?" said he, with the sudden look which she loved to see—the bright, eager, purpose-like look—"Then I'll try."

They went into the matter at once. Mr. Trevena, who at the mention of Winchester pricked up his ears like an old war-horse, needed little persuasion to take his wife and son to see his old haunts and revive his old acquaintanceships. One of the masters happened to be a school-fellow of fifty years back; they fraternized joyfully, and wandered about together—Mrs. Trevena and Arthur following—through the chapel and courts, the schoolrooms and play-grounds, dear to all Wykehamites, where generation after generation of boys have worked and played and passed away. Here and there were mementos of some of them who had made themselves famous in after-life, and of others—Arthur's eyes brightened, and his mother's heart trembled, as they stood looking at them—who had died early, mostly on the field of battle, only a year or two after being Winchester boys.

Susannah was an ambitious woman—what mother of a son would not be? When Arthur whispered to her, "I mean to be a Winchester boy," she pressed his arm in silence as they walked together—he very proud of being fully as tall as she. They understood one another, and were happy.

This was the bright side of things; but there was another side, of which she had had prevision, but never so clearly as today.

The master stood explaining to her various things, while Mr. Trevena went to show Arthur the picture of the Faithful Servant. She learned that a certificate of baptism must be sent in, to prove the boy's age—over twelve and under thirteen—and that the examination, in which there were often nearly a hundred candidates for fourteen scholarships, was about the middle of July.

"My son will be thirteen next June," said Susannah—who always took care to say "my son" to strangers.

"Then he has only one chance. He will have to work hard for it—but no doubt he will. He is"—glancing carelessly at Arthur, who stood a few yards off, and making the superficial remark that so many think proper—"he is so very like his father."

Whether the boy overheard, she could not tell—if he had, no doubt he would, in his simplicity, only have thought it "funny" that he should resemble his gray, stooping, elderly papa; but Susannah felt herself grow hot all over. She could not answer—any explanation at that moment was impossible—yet she felt like a deceiver, acting inevitably, righteously, but yet a deceiver. And how would her boy feel? not now, perhaps—he was too young to take it in—but by-and-by?

"I ought to explain—" she began, with a desperate firmness. At that moment Mr. Trevena and Arthur came up, rendering explanation impossible. The train was nearly due: they were late—as the good rector had a trick of being—only a minute remained for polite adieux, and they hurried away.

But as Susannah sat silent, watching the landscape whirl past, in that noisy peace which allows such time for thinking, a new anxiety awoke in her heart.

She had resolved to send her boy to school, for she felt he must go; his nature required the spur of emulation to learn well; but she had not taken in all that this involved. Her neighbors, the simple folk of Tawton Magna, had long since accepted the truth, and then forgot—as the Trevenas had almost forgotten themselves—that Arthur was not their own child. Not a word to the contrary was now ever said to him, or them. But in the wider world to which Arthur was going, and must go, things were sure to be said—

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cruel things, perhaps—from which his mother could no longer protect him.

Had he been a girl, it would have been different. She could then have kept her child beside her; no need to go to school at all; or to pass from the shelter of the mother's wing, except into some honorable happy home, where she was loved for herself—married for herself. Many a King Cophetua lives to bless the day he wooed his "beggar-maid," and especially if she has no blood-relations! But a boy must face the world—stand on his own feet—fight his own battles. What if Arthur's schoolfellows came to find out his history? how they might torment him!—there is nothing crueler than your ordinary schoolboy. How lads with real fathers and mothers might jeer at "Nobody's child"!

Susannah clinched her hands under her shawl. She felt she should like to do something—to hurt somebody who dared to hurt her child. The "wild-animal" feeling, which makes the tamest creatures dangerous when their young are attacked, came into her, till she almost laughed at herself, and then could have cried at her own helplessness. Yet tears were idle. The thing was inevitable—he must bear it. How could she help him to bear it?

"Tell the truth and shame the devil" was, as ever, the only chance for her boy; and, after all, he was a boy—"with hands to war and fingers to fight"—as old King David had, and blessed the Lord for. Alas! in this our world they are only too necessary. Arthur had moral courage too, as had been lately proved when a neighboring curate, hearing the boy's voice in church, offered to teach him singing, and music too; and in spite of his companions', the young millionaires at Tawton Abbas, calling it "girlish," he persisted in steadily strumming on the rectory piano, and never missing an hour of the village choir practice. Music, in fact, was the only thing he really worked at, with all his heart in it. Once his mother—listening to the lovely boy voice, and hearing from the ritualistic curate, Mr. Hardy, what a remarkable talent he had in that direction—recalled, almost with a pang, the story of that opera-singer who had run away from Milan—who might have crossed the St. Gothard and stopped at Andermatt—who might have been— But speculations were idle—worse than idle—dangerous. She shut up all these things in her heart, seeing that, however it came, her boy's talent for music was there, and irrepressible. Nor did she try to repress it; she only insisted that he should work, not idle, at it; and do his other work steadily meantime.

He did. Mr. Hardy, the musical curate, who, like many more, combined music and mathematics, offered to help him in his Euclid and algebra; the rector taught him Latin and Greek; his mother, and the faithful Manette, now promoted from nurse to cook, and likely to be a fixture at the rectory, helped him in his French. So all was in train for the Winchester examination, to which he must go up in July—a big boy of thirteen—for those three anxious days which would probably decide his lot for life.

As the time approached, Mrs. Trevena, spite of her smooth brow and quiet smile, would thankfully "have given worlds," as the phrase is, not to put it off—it was her way always to face things—but to know that it was safe over.

Another thing which she had to face she did put off, unintentionally, till the very last day. Then, having settled everything, and even packed her boy's box and her own—they were to stay together with Mr. Trevena's old school-fellow during the three days of examination—she and Arthur walked up and down together along their favorite walk, the peach-tree walk, under a high south wall. Susannah was now growing old enough to love the shelter of a south wall and the smooth ease of a gravel-walk. But age had no terrors, for was not her boy's strong arm round her waist, and his bright face beside her? In his young life she lived anew, perhaps even a happier life than her own.

"If you are tired, mammy, let us sit down." Arthur always saw when his mother was tired, quicker even than her husband did; but then he was such a practical boy, and not a bit of a bookworm. "You stop here in the summer-house, and I'll help Bob Bates to gather the peas for dinner."

"No, not yet," for she had something to say which must be said before he went to Winchester, only it was difficult to begin. "Bob is a big boy now, almost as tall as his father."

"Bob is ever so much older than I am," said Arthur, a little aggrieved. "I'll be as tall as my papa some day."

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"I hope so, dear." Then, suddenly facing the evil, though it made her heart beat almost with the pulsations of her youth, "Does Bob Bates ever speak to you now about what you fought over, years ago?"

"What was that, mammy? I forget.—No," with a quick blush, the sensitive blush so ready to come and go on his fair face. "No—I think I remember. It was about my not being papa's own boy, and yours. No, nobody ever says a word to me now."

"That is well."

They walked on in silence, she thinking how best to put the next thing she had to say, when he saved her the saying of it.

"Mother, if anybody speaks to me like that at Winchester, what am I to do? Shall I fight them?"

She paused a minute. It was so hard! so hard!

"No, my dear. I see no good in fighting. Nobody means you any harm, and nothing they say can alter anything. It is the truth. No brave man need be afraid of the truth. I am sure King Arthur never was."

"Did anybody ever say to him—what Bob Bates used to say to me?"

"Very likely, for his parentage was never known. But he was such a noble knight in himself that nobody ever cared to ask where he sprang from. It will be the same with you, if you grow up a good man."

"But I shall never be a king, and have Knights of the Round Table."

"I am afraid not. What would you like to be?"

Now the great event in the boy's life was his having been lately taken by his friend the High-Church curate to Exeter, where he heard an oratorio and an opera. It should not have been a pang, and yet it was, when he answered, with enthusiasm, "I should like—an opera singer!"

His mother started as if she had been shot. But she answered, calmly: "Well, my son, boys often make resolves, and break them. I knew one little fellow who was determined to be Lord Chancellor, but he changed his mind and said he would be an omnibus driver. However, just now, you can only be one thing—a Winchester boy. Try for that."

"I will," said Arthur, firmly, "because I know mother would like it."

"Thank you," pressing the arm that was round her waist. Youths often like to make love to a little mother no bigger than themselves. She looked at him, the boy that any mother might be proud of—that any childless mother might have craved after with frantic longing—and that his own mother had thrown away. No matter! he was *her* son now—hers, Susannah's—by every right of justice and duty, if not nature; and no power on earth should ever snatch him from her.

She was not sorry to have to take him to Winchester herself, and make friends for him there, whether he succeeded or failed; she had begun to feel that their shut-up life would never do for a growing boy. He would need companions; and their only near neighbors, except the villagers, were the tenants of Tawton Abbas—families continually changing, for the idiot heir of the Damerels still lived on, and it was said that when he died there would be a grand fight between two distant cousins for the title and estate. Meanwhile, the lovely old house was sometimes let, sometimes stood empty, and the rectory family had the run of the park and gardens. But of society they had almost none. This did not matter to Austin and Susannah, but it did to Arthur, who, now risen above the level of Bob Bates, often wished for "somebody to play with—somebody young." And therefore, though parting with him would be like cutting off her right hand, his mother had determined to send him to school.

"Mr. Hardy and papa both say you can pass if you try. You must try. Think how grand it would be to have your name on the Roll."

"And to go and live at Winchester, where I can hear the cathedral service every day if I like, and learn to sing in the college chapel."

"You could learn anything, my boy, if you would only give your mind to it—you idle monkey. But you will work now? You'll do your very best, and if you fail—well, we'll try something else—

"'But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail!'"

"Bravo, mother! You are such a brick! You ought to be a boy yourself."

They laughed, thoroughly understanding one another. Then, not sorry for a brief pause of solitude in the nervous strain which was greater than she knew, she sent Arthur off for a walk across the park, and sat down under the acacia-tree

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on the rectory lawn, watching idly the swallows flying over the glebe meadows, where the cows were feeding, and the trees stood motionless in the summer silence of the newly shorn, fresh, green fields.

A peaceful, lovely picture! grown each year more familiar and more dear. Susannah hoped to watch it year after year until she died. For she felt sure her husband would never leave Tawton Magna. He was not ambitious—had no desire of church promotion. He too was quite content with his life. Her eyes followed him, sauntering up and down the peach-tree walk, writing in his head his next Sunday's sermon. She thought of all his goodness, gentleness, and tenderness, not only to her, but to her boy; and it seemed as if no woman ever had a happier life than she—a life to which no change could ever come.

At that minute—it is strange how often these coincidences happen—Arthur came running to her with a letter.

"A boy brought it. I met him at the gate. He says he has to wait for an answer."

"Take it to papa," she was just saying, carelessly, when something struck her as familiar in the handwriting—terribly familiar. Many people know what it is—the heart-sinking at sight of one particular handwriting which has been the curse of the family for a lifetime.

"Mother, you look so white! What is the matter?"

"Nothing, dear boy. I will take papa his letter."

It was from Hal Trevena. He was in a small public-house of the neighboring town, with his wife and child, and without a halfpenny.

So he said, at least, adding that the inconvenience was but temporary, as they were on their way to "some wealthy friends of Mrs. Trevena's residing in Wales." Only the said Mrs. Trevena had broken down on the way, and lay dangerously ill, which was, the husband added, "most inconvenient." He begged for "a small loan," and that his brother would go and see him.

"Poor Hal! poor Hall! Of course I must go," said the rector, with a deprecating, distressed look. "And you would not object to—my giving him a little money?"

"No, of course not." She took her husband's hand, and sat down on the bench beside him, in a sort of dull submission to fate. The roses were blooming, the bees humming in them, over the pretty summer-house; the swallows were darting across the high blue sky, and the cows feeding in the meadow, just as they had done ten minutes ago, when she had felt so happy, so thankful to God for her happiness. And now—

"Poor Hal!" repeated Austin, uneasily. "A sick wife, does he say? and he never was used to illness any more than I. But I suppose I ought to go to them."

Susannah thought a minute; then she said, "Shall I go instead of you?"

"Oh, if you would! My dear, how kind of you!"

Mrs. Trevena never answered. She knew it was not kindness at all, only a desperate preventive against danger which she foresaw, and could meet, but Austin could not.

"So very kind!" he repeated. "But you forget—you were to take the boy to Winchester to-morrow."

"Mr. Hardy would take him instead of me. And he might perhaps be as well alone. He must learn to face the world some time," she added, with a sad kind of smile. "At any rate, I will go now, and come back as soon as I can."

But she did not come back. It was only a half-hour's walk, yet Arthur and his papa sat expecting her in vain, hour after hour, till—almost for the first time in his life—the boy had to go to bed without his mother's good-night kiss. Late, almost at midnight, a messenger arrived, bringing two letters; one to Arthur—the first he had ever received—explaining that he must go to Winchester "like a man" with Mr. Hardy, and do his very best, so that whether he succeeded or failed in getting the scholarship, his mother might be proud of her boy.

To her husband she wrote even more briefly. "Hal's wife is dying. Her little girl—it was a girl, not a boy—is her only nurse. We must take them in. Tell Manette to get ready the spare room, and as soon as Arthur and Mr. Hardy are gone, send a fly here. There is little luggage—he has spent everything they had in the world. She will be better dead, poor soul!—but she ought to die peacefully in our house."

This was all Susannah wrote—or said.

Next day, in the dusk of the evening, her husband watched her superintend the

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carrying upstairs of what seemed little more than a bundle of clothes, with a white ghastly face appearing out of it—that dying face which, it was plain to see, would never come down-stairs any more. Closely following came a little girl, a small elfish creature, with thin, starved, withered features, and great dark eyes—she seemed all eyes—watching the sick mother with a kind of fierce jealousy, as if to protect her from everybody else.

The husband and father did not appear.

"He will be here at supper-time—did he not say so, Nanny?" observed Mrs. Trevena, taking the child's hand.

"He said so—but we never believe what papa says," was the answer—with the cruel candor of ten years old.

So, there they were under her roof—Hal Trevena and his family. And her own boy's room was empty; and throughout the house was that terrible silence which marks the absence of a child—a noisy, merry, happy child.

She had done her duty—the duty which lay to her hand so plain that she could not choose but do it; yet, as she laid her head down for the few minutes of sleep that she was able to snatch on the sofa, in the chamber of the dying woman, Susannah's pillow was wet with her tears.

CHAPTER V.

THE next two days went by in quiet—hopeless, passionless quiet. Life yet lingered in Halbert Trevena's wife; but they all knew—and she knew too, they thought—that nothing could save her. She was in the last stage of consumption, or rather atrophy, brought on, no doubt, by misery and privation. By making dives and guesses at truth through a mass of superincumbent fiction, Susannah gained from her brother-in-law something of the family history.

It appeared that Nanny—christened Anastasia—was their only child; the "son and heir," though not quite non-existent, having died soon after his birth. The millionaire father-in-law was also a creation of Captain Trevena's imagination; or, at any rate, whatever money the old man possessed had speedily been drained from him by his aristocratic son-in-law. During his lifetime he had protected his daughter and grandchild as well as he could; when he died, both fell helplessly into the hands of that personage to whom, unless he altogether outrages morality, the law persists in giving the rights—though he fulfils none of the duties—of "husband and father." The wife, a feeble creature, born to suffer and complain, had clung to him, probably because she had nothing else to cling to; and so they had drifted on, sinking or swimming, Heaven knew how, or how long—it was useless to inquire—till they came to England and to Tawton Magna.

"Not that we meant to inflict ourselves upon you, except for a short visit," said Captain Trevena, with great dignity. "We thought of wintering at Bath—we were on our way thither when my dear invalid broke down. But I hope she will be better soon."

"She will be better soon," repeated Susannah; but he either could not or would not understand her meaning, and it was no use to press the fact; or the other one, that Tawton was not on the road to Bath at all. But fact and fiction were inextricably mingled in Captain Trevena's conversation. Susannah's only desire was to keep him out of his wife's sick-room—which was not difficult, he so hated illness—and let her slip quietly into that peace of death which was far better than life.

Poor woman!—what sort of woman she was or had been mattered little now. Her sister-in-law inquired nothing. She did carefully all that could be done for the "remarkably fine woman"—who never could have been anything but a plain and rather common-looking person; she held with her firm soft clasp the dying hand—evidently not a lady's hand—and so thin that once, in washing it, the wedding-ring slipped off.

"Don't put it on again—keep it for Nanny," was all the sick woman said; as if relieved at dying without that badge of slavery.

She never asked for her husband, but only for Nanny. And the child, who had none of the looks and ways of childhood, scarcely ever left her bedside. Nanny was small, dark, and plain; exceedingly like her mother; "not a bit of a Trevena," her father said, apologetically. He evidently did not care for her. Nor, candidly speaking, did Susannah herself feel much drawn to the little girl, except for her entire devotion to her poor mother.

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During the long night-watches—for, feeling sure the end was near, she had never taken her clothes off since that sunny hour of ignorant peace under the acacia-tree—the other mother sat and thought; looking anxiously ahead—as, possibly because Austin never did it, she was prone to do—weighing well the case, and considering every claim of duty, and of that much-belauded quality, self-sacrifice, which so seldom involves the sacrifice of only one's self. It did not here. To take Nanny as a permanent inmate—which seemed the most natural and right thing—would alter life entirely to the happy little family at the rectory. True, Arthur might go to school, and Nanny come in his place; but could Susannah love any child but Arthur? Certainly not Halbert Trevena's child. And to have him, the father, coming and going, tormenting Austin, perhaps sowing discord between him and her—or him and Arthur—it would be more than she could bear.

"But perhaps," she said to herself, "I may not have to bear it. He may want his daughter himself, or"—she was almost ashamed of the thought, yet it was true—"the house which held his daughter would be the last place where he would care to go."

She was in a great strait; dreading continually that the dying woman should speak, and perhaps exact some death-bed promise that might burden her whole future—yet what could she do?

On the forenoon of the second day, seeing no change, she snatched half an hour of fresh air in the peach-tree walk—"mother's thinking-place," Arthur called it. There had been a letter from Arthur, telling how he had not as yet been "weeded out," as the incompetent boys were, day by day—a hopeful sign; but the tug of war was yet to come.

"And he is all alone by himself—my darling boy!" she thought, with the natural mother's pang and mother's yearning; then remembered that other mother who was about to leave her child "all alone by itself"—nay, worse than alone—forever.

The soft sleepy summer day seemed quite dreadful in its calm. And she could speak to no one—least of all to her husband, who looked so worried and weary, who tried to smile, while his brother smoked in his study and drank his wine, and conversed with him from morning till night; loud talk—boasting talk, in which it was a severe brain exercise to distinguish what was truth and what were, in plain English, lies.

Doubtless he was at it now, for she could smell a cigar in the summer-house; but the second voice there was not the rector's—it was the low whimpering of a child.

She had meant to avoid the spot; but now she walked right toward it. Susannah had one great weakness—she never could hear a child cry without going to see what was amiss.

There stood Captain Trevena with his little girl before him. He held her by the shoulders, and was shaking her as a big dog shakes a hare. And not unlike a hunted hare's was the look of those frightened, pathetic eyes.

"I'll teach you to hide things from your father!" he was saying, in a voice very different from his bland conversation tone. "Wait till your mother is dead, and then— Once more—where does she keep that diamond ring?"

"Mother made me promise not to tell anybody—and I won't tell," sobbed the child.

"You won't? Then take that—and that—and that."

With each word came a blow—what the advocates of corporal punishment for children would call "just a box on the ear." But blows they were; and they rang loudly on either side of the poor little head—the head with the delicate brain.

Susannah darted forward. "Brute!" she muttered, beneath her breath, and snatched Nanny out of reach of the father's hand—the hand, nominally that of a man and a gentleman, lifted against a child. Taking the little girl in her arms—though ten years old, Nanny was piteously small and light—Mrs. Trevena faced her brother-in-law with flashing eyes.

Brutes are almost always cowards. Captain Trevena's rage evaporated in the mildest politeness.

"I am sorry you should have come at such an inopportune moment. A little wholesome chastisement—all parents must have the pain of administering it sometimes. But perhaps your boy is so perfect that he never requires whipping."

"I should scorn to whip him. I should feel that every blow I gave to him was a

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degradation to myself. And for your child—touch her again if you dare!"

Then the superficial gloss melted off, and the "brute" nature—harsh word but true!—reasserted itself.

"You had better not interfere between me and Nanny. I'll do as I like with my own."

"You will not," said Susannah, resolutely. "No man's child is his own to do as he likes with. He must be a true parent or he has no parental rights at all. Nanny! little Nanny!"

But the child heard nothing. She had fainted.

"You see?" said Susannah, showing the white little face which lay on her shoulder. "Now go. It is the best thing you can do."

She said not another word—her scorn was too great. Under it he slunk away to the other end of the garden—where, half an hour afterward, when Nanny was quite recovered, having made no word of complaint or explanation except "Don't tell mother," he was seen walking and smoking with leisurely grace, just as if nothing had happened.

From that moment Mrs. Trevena's mind was made up. She did not feel particularly drawn to Nanny, who was not an interesting child; but she was a child, and every womanly and motherly feeling in Susannah's nature revolted from the thought of her being left helpless, motherless, in the hands of such a father.

"I don't want to do it—I would prefer not to do it," she said to her husband in the few minutes' talk they had together that night. "But there is no alternative. When Nanny's mother dies, we must take the child."

"I suppose we must," said Austin, with a troubled air. "But she is not the least bit of a Trevena."

"No, thank God!" Susannah was on the point of saying, but stopped, and leaning down, kissed the wrinkled brow that she had loved ever since it was smooth and young. "You are the best man I ever knew in all my life. You do your duty, whatever comes. Do it still, Austin, and—so shall I."

Before settling again to her nightly watch she tucked up little Nanny in her sofa-bed, and kissed her—kindly rather than tenderly. She felt kindly to every child, but she had no heart of love for any but Arthur. Then, seeing Nanny's mother was watching her—apparently wide-awake, and wishing to talk—she came and sat down by the bedside, prepared for whatever might happen.

"Nanny is fast asleep; she was rather tired. She is a good little girl."

The gentle whisper was answered by a faint pressure of Susannah's hand. "Yes, very good. I want to speak to you—about Nanny."

It was not an hour for disguising or delaying the truth. Still, Mrs. Trevena could not help saying, "By-and-by, when you are better."

"I shall never be better. I don't want to be better—I want to die—except for Nanny." And as she spoke, very feebly and faintly, two great tears stole from the dying eyes and rolled down the wasted cheeks.

All the mother in Susannah's heart yearned over this other mother, obliged to go and leave her child alone in a cruel world. She paused a minute, and then said, though feeling keenly all that the promise involved, and how hard a sacrifice it was to make it: "Be content about Nanny. We—my husband and I—will always take care of her."

To her astonishment, the sick woman, instead of showing gratitude, fell into an agony of distress.

"No—no—no. It is the last thing I should wish. Let her be taken right away—brought up anyhow, anywhere—but not with the Trevenas. No Trevenas—no Trevenas," she kept muttering, while shudder after shudder passed over her.

Mrs. Trevena felt neither anger nor pain—not even surprise. In her sister-in-law's place she knew she should have said the same. There have been mothers—she could understand it—who would rather see their children die than leave them in the hands of their father.

"I am not a Trevena," she said, soothingly. "Can you not trust me?"

The dying eyes opened, and the two women—both mothers—looked fixedly at each other. What different faces! what different lives! But was it entirely Fate that had done it! Do we not constantly see some women who conquer Fate, and make peace out of misery? while others throw away the happiest lot and convert it into woe? However, this is a mystery which none can unravel: Susannah never attempted to do so.

She took her sister-in-law's hand, and

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by degrees succeeded in winning from her enough confidence to get some light on the dark future.

It seemed the woman's one hope in coming to England had been that she might live long enough to place her child with her own former governess—a Miss Grogan—who kept a small school at Bath, and would educate Nanny, whether paid or not paid, until she could earn her own living; and also protect her from the one person in the world against whom she required protection—her father.

"Miss Grogan knows everything; she was with us in Australia; she is altogether faithful. Take Nanny to her—take her yourself, and don't tell him the address. Nanny knows it—only Nanny. Hide the child from him—hide her! If I could only hide her with me in the grave! She would be safe there."

"She shall be safe—I will see to that. Be satisfied."

Susannah's low, firm voice and reassuring clasp seemed to bring some comfort to the miserable woman, whose misery would soon be past. For such as she there is no refuge except death; and her sister-in-law knew it.

"Yes, I think I may trust you—as you said, you are not a Trevena. Look here!"

Opening her night dress, she showed, suspended round her neck, a valuable ring. In the dim candle-light the stone—one huge diamond—glittered with a ghastly brightness on the poor withered breast, little more than skin and bone.

"When I am dead, take care of this. My father found it at Ballarat, and left it to Nanny. It is all she has. Don't let *him* see it—don't let him get it. You promise?"

"I promise."

And for the first time Susannah kissed her sister-in-law. When her lips touched the brow, she felt the death-damp already gathering there. A violent fit of coughing came on, and after that there was quiet.

Should she disturb this last hour of peace? Susannah decided not. Should she call the household—or fetch the husband who was such only in name, and in reality a torment and a terror, to trouble the dying woman? The poor soul wished for nobody, asked for nobody; except that toward dawn, when there was a faint twitter of sparrows under the eaves outside, she opened her eyes and looked wistfully round.

"Where's Nanny?"

"Asleep on her sofa there; but I can lift her and put her beside you."

"Please, yes. Thank you. God bless you!" Many a year after, Susannah remembered that benediction.

She lifted the little girl, who half waked up, and then with a contented murmur put her arm round her mother's neck and went to sleep again. Susannah would have moved it—the little soft arm, heavy with sleep—but the mother refused.

"No, no! Don't disturb the child."

They were her last words.

Mrs. Trevena had watched by many a death-bed, but this one was so peaceful that she hardly recognized it was such. Mother and child dropped asleep together so quietly and naturally that she thought the end might not come for a good while yet. She sat, watching the daybreak grow, little by little, full of many and anxious thoughts, that wandered far away into the dim future, making her forget the present. At last, hearing the church clock strike five, she rose softly to undraw the curtain, and returning to the bed, looked at the sleepers.

He had come—the great Divider. The child was breathing softly, in the deepest, happiest slumber; the mother—yes! she slept too: she would never wake to sorrow any more.

Susannah lifted Nanny in her arms, covered her face with a shawl, and carried her, still fast asleep, into the next room, where she laid her down in Arthur's bed. Then she came back, closed the eyes and straightened the limbs of the dead, and, kneeling by the bedside, wept, as she never thought she should have wept for Halbert Trevena's wife; scarcely with grief, but with a tenderness the memory of which never departed from her heart.

When Captain Trevena descended to his usual late and solitary breakfast he received the news of his wife's death, which he took so easily as quite to relieve Mrs. Trevena's conscience for not having summoned him before.

"Poor dear girl! Well, it was to be expected. I hope she did not suffer at the last?"

But whether or not she had suffered, or how and when she died, he did not stay to hear. His brother was a great deal more moved than he. Still, neither of them asked to enter the room, where, sweeter far in death than in life, the dead wife and mother lay.

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It was not till nearly mid-day that Mrs. Trevena, who had left Nanny still sound asleep in Arthur's bed, heard through the silent house a wild cry, and found the child standing, half dressed as she was, battering frantically against the locked door, and screaming aloud for "Mother!"

How Susannah got through the next half-hour she hardly knew—how she managed to tell the child the truth, and gradually to quiet her despair. But in such crises words often come which seem like inspirations; and there was in Susannah's very silence, in the touch of her hand and her kiss, something so essentially motherly that the motherless child at last sobbed herself to sleep on her bosom, and was again laid in Arthur's bed.

Then Mrs. Trevena went to her own; and, overcome with sheer exhaustion, she too fell asleep.

When she woke up—tight, rough, boyish arms were round her neck, and she was almost smothered in kisses.

"Mammy, mammy. I've come back, and I'm on the Roll—fifth on the Roll. I've beaten ninety boys, though I never went to school. Next term I shall be a Winchester boy, and in five years more an Oxford man—for I'll try to get to New College. I *will*, mother! How glad you'll be!"

And Arthur was very much astonished to find his mother weeping on his neck as he had never seen her weep in all his life before. His had been such a happy young life; so entirely free from the shadow of death—from every shadow of every kind—that no wonder he was startled.

He had rushed in with his joyful news, to find the house empty and silent; for the two brothers were in the church-yard choosing a grave, and the servants were all in the kitchen "talking things over." No one had seen him arrive, or told him anything.

"I ran into the dining-room, and the parlor, and then up to my room—there's a queer little girl fast aleep in my bed—and then I ran in here. Mother, what is the matter? Why do you cry? Who has been vexing you?"

Mrs. Trevena made her son sit down by her—happy living child and living mother!—and explained all that had happened.

Some men, and boys too, have that best characteristic of true manhood — tenderness over the weak and the suffering. Mrs. Trevena had seen it in Arthur before now, but never so plainly as when he went with her—of his own accord—"to comfort poor little Nanny."

Nanny was awake, crying quietly, but not troubling anybody; it seemed to have been the law of her young life that she was not to trouble anybody.

"I have brought my son to see you, Nanny. Kiss her, Arthur." And the two children, with the wonderful freemasonry of childhood, kissed one another and made friends immediately.

They were a great contrast; one so big and tall and strong; handsome too—bright-looking as bright-hearted; the other puny, dark, and plain—nothing at all attractive about her except large pitiful brown eyes, as pathetic as a hunted deer's. She looked up in the big boy's face, as if wondering if he too were going to hurt her—and then she began to smile.

Arthur took hold of the child's hand—he evidently thought her the merest baby—and proposed that she should go with him to see his big Newfoundland, Nero, and his pretty pigeons. And Nanny went.

Thankfully Mrs. Trevena saw that Arthur comforted the poor little girl twenty times better than she could have done. And it gladdened her to notice that during the next dreary three days he did not forsake the shut-up house, or get weary of the heart-broken and often fretful child. That deep pity which is always deepest in the strongest hearts, had been awakened in the boy. He was chivalrous, tender, and patient too, with poor Nanny, to a degree that his mother had hardly thought possible in a lively, active lad of thirteen. But she rejoiced—as she did in every new development of character which foretold what sort of man her "King" Arthur would become.

He seemed to have quite forgotten his own success, which Mr. Hardy said had been most remarkable. Not a word was spoken about Winchester until the days of busy quiet with "death in the house" were ended, and Nanny's mother had been laid to rest in the church-yard close by.

Nanny was not at the funeral—nor Arthur. Mrs. Trevena sent the children away for a long walk across country, and when they came back the blinds were all drawn up and the house looking as usual. So Nanny's last remembrance of

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her mother was—as Mrs. Trevena had determined it should be—that peaceful falling asleep with her arm round her neck, as seemed to have been the habit of years.

Captain Trevena followed his wife to the grave with due decorum, and in a new suit of best black clothes, provided by his brother. Outsiders might have thought he mourned sincerely the wife whose life he had made utterly miserable. Perhaps he did regret her—for a day.

All that evening he was rather subdued and grave; spoke kindly to his daughter, and approved of her mourning dress—arranged, like everything else, by her "kindest of aunts"—to whom he left every responsibility. Except a passing remark about "a little ring—a sort of crystal, of no particular value"—which, if she found, he should like to have, "to wear in remembrance of my late dear wife"—except this observation, which Mrs. Trevena never answered, he asked no question about anything. In truth, there was nothing to inquire about. Save the clothes they had on, mother and child seemed to have possessed scarcely a rag in the world.

Captain Trevena was better off. And when at supper-time he announced that he should want Bob Bates to carry his portmanteau to the nearest station, as he thought of going to London—"for a few days' rest and change"—nobody attempted to hinder him.

He went, and it was a relief when he was gone. To see Nanny, whom he had forgotten to say good-by to, break into a broad smile of happiness when told her father had departed, was the most piteous condemnation that any father could have earned.

"Mother, I hate that man! He is no more like my papa than—than—" words failed to Arthur's youthful indignation. "I'll never call him 'uncle' as long as I live."

"You need not," answered the mother, gravely. "He is not your uncle, and Nanny is not your cousin; but you can always call her so."

"I will!—and I'll protect her to the end of my days." And Arthur looked as if he knew how much she needed protection, which very likely he did know, though with the not uncommon reticence of childhood the two young creatures kept their counsel. It had been one of the chivalrous teachings of "King" Arthur's mother to her boy—"Never complain."

No one was much surprised, or very sorry, when a whole week passed and Captain Trevena did not reappear. Meantime Mrs. Trevena, who never let grass grow under her feet when there was anything to be done, had written to the address which Nanny gave her—the child was a curious mixture of babyishness and sad precocity—and had received a neatly written and kindly worded letter signed "Anastasia Grogan," saying the writer would be glad to receive her goddaughter immediately in her quiet home at Bath.

"I will take Nanny there myself," said Susannah, explaining to her husband the dead mother's wish, and obeying it by not even telling him Miss Grogan's address: Austin was too tender-hearted to be trusted with a secret that concerned his clever brother. "And I think I will take her at once."

For she felt that with the then existing English law, which even yet maintains the fiction of mediæval and ancient days that a man's wife and children are his mere goods and chattels to deal with as he chooses, it would not be safe to wait Captain Trevena's return.

Susannah was not a coward. She was determined, by fair means or foul, to snatch this poor innocent—a girl too—out of her father's hands; to circumvent him, and the law too if necessary, by all possible means. She had no conscience stings—no scruple about parental rights—there can be no rights where duties are left unfulfilled.

"God gave me no children," she sighed to herself, as she watched Arthur and Nanny at play in the garden—Nanny had blossomed out like a flower in that one week's peace and love. "But I have saved one child: perhaps it may be His will that I shall help to save another."

So one fine morning—leaving a line for Austin, who had gone to a diocesan meeting—she started with the two, for she dared not leave Arthur behind, and besides he was company for Nanny. Her heart melted as she wrote the brief note, almost the first since her marriage, to her "beloved husband," from whom she had never been parted for a day. She knew her departure would vex and grieve him, but he would be glad afterward. For sometimes, in the relief and peace of his

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brother's absence, the rector had begun to notice his little niece, and once had even taken her on his knee, and remarked that she had "the Trevena hands."

"She is, after all, the last of the Trevenas—his own flesh and blood: if I can save her, Austin will be glad."

So thought the faithful wife—faithful though stern—as the train whirled her away to Bath, she sitting silent, and her two "children" opposite, chattering like a couple of magpies. Two children—neither of them her own, yet God seemed to have given them to her, and she accepted the trust. If she could only make them His children, her life would not have been in vain.

Had Miss Grogan proved unsatisfactory, she had determined, at all risk and cost, to bring Nanny back to the rectory; but it was needless. She found a bright little house, on the top of one of the pleasant Bath hills, and in it a bright little woman—Irish certainly, but of that type of Irish woman which English folk are so slow to believe in. Tidy, accurate, methodical; keeping her house "in apple-pie order," and herself "as neat as a new pin"; to these proverbially un-Irish qualities Miss Grogan added others, which even enemies allow to the children of the Emerald Isle—a warm heart, a blithe spirit, quick sympathy, and ready generosity. Withal, that most desirable thing in man or woman—courage. Elderly as she was, there was a sparkle in Miss Grogan's soft Irish eyes which showed that she knew how to defend a friend and to face a foe. Susannah felt instinctively that the poor feeble dead woman had judged rightly. Here was the right person to bring up, and if necessary to protect, the worse than orphan child.

"Yes, I know him," was all Miss Grogan said of Halbert Trevena. "I agree with you; the best thing we can do for Nanny is never to mention her father's name, 'Non ragionam de lor, ma guarda e passa,'" added she, with a little innocent pedantry—she was evidently a well-educated woman. And so the subject ended.

For a long time the godmother refused to accept any money for Nanny, but finally her Irish pride had to submit to her evidently narrow means and the practical common-sense of Mrs. Trevena: and it was agreed that a fair annual payment should be guaranteed by Nanny's uncle and aunt, if they both lived.

"And if we die," said Susannah, "there is still this diamond ring."

"I know it of old."

"He says it is 'of no particular value.'"

"Let us find out," was the answer, with a smile that might have been called sarcastic, had not Miss Grogan been such a very pleasant old lady.

So the two elders went—the two children following—down into the pleasant streets of Bath, to a jeweller's there, and found that the diamond, though roughly set, was of great value—probably worth three or four hundred pounds.

Susannah breathed with new relief and thankfulness.

"Then, in any case, the child will not be destitute. Should we die before she is grown up, it will suffice to educate her. Do you hear, Nanny?" for she felt it better that the child, who knew so much, should know everything. "This ring is yours, your grandfather's gift: it is worth several hundred pounds, and you shall have it when you are twenty-one, or when you marry."

"I don't mean to marry—mamma told me not—it would only make me miserable," said the child, her tears beginning to flow, as they always did when she spoke of her mother; but the consoler was at hand. She turned to him gratefully—"Yes, I think I will marry—I'll marry you, Cousin Arthur—and then you will get the diamond ring."

Arthur blushed—school-boy fashion; and Miss Grogan said, primly, "My dear, you are too young to talk about such things." Mrs. Trevena said nothing, but was conscious of a queer sensation, scarcely an arrow—more like a pin-prick—at her heart, for which she laughed at herself, but did not get rid of it—not for days.

She left Nanny quite content, for her godmother was evidently well remembered by her; and there had appeared at tea-time two little girls, Australian-born, who had been confided to Miss Grogan for education. These young companions lessened the grief of parting with Arthur: and Arthur himself seemed to feel he had done his utmost duty to "only a girl," and might now plunge back into boy life, and tell his mother all about the delight of Winchester.

No tongue can tell the relief it was when Susannah found herself sitting in the rectory parlor—alone with her very own

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two, her husband and son, and nobody else! The storm had come and gone; she had borne it, had done her duty through it—her utmost duty—and now the sky was clear, at least for a time.

Alas, no! When Arthur went to bed she told her husband as much as it seemed desirable to tell about little Nanny's affairs, to which Mr. Trevena listened with his usual absent-mindedness. The worried look gradually returned to his face; till at last, when Susannah asked the natural question, "Any letters?" he drew one out of his pocket. It was the long-familiar handwriting that always foreboded trouble.

"This came yesterday, but I would not answer it till you returned home. Read it, and tell me what you think."

It was one of those lucky chances which few men's lives are quite without, which had come again and again to Halbert Trevena, and been thrown away. An old friend of the family, whom he had just met accidentally, after having lost sight of for years, had offered him a situation abroad, at a tea-garden in Ceylon; a *bona fide* offer, for he enclosed the letter in which it was made—a most kind letter from an old man who scarcely knew anything of him, except that he was a Trevena. It seemed to have touched that callous heart. Though there would be hard work and little pay, Hal wished to accept the situation, and asked his brother "for really the last time" to assist him; to pay his passage and give him a small outfit to begin "a new life in a new land."

"He may prosper there, he is so clever," said Austin. "And not very old—only a year older than I." Indeed, he looked much younger, having such a splendid physique, and what some cynical physician has called the secret of long life—"a good digestion, and no heart to speak of."

"Who knows, Susannah, but that poor Hal might do well yet?"

Susannah, loath to wound this pathetic, lingering fraternal love, replied that it was "just possible." At any rate, she felt that some sacrifice was worth making, if only to get rid of him.

So the money was sent, though not in coin, the passage being paid to the ship's agent, and the outfitter's bill ordered to be forwarded to the rectory: precautions not unnecessary. Hal did not resent them: he never resented anything, and always accepted everything. About his daughter he asked not a single question, nor even named her, until his farewell letter, when, apologizing for having no time to come to Tawton, he said that he left her "with entire confidence" to the care of her uncle and aunt.

"Poor fellow! perhaps I may never set eyes on him again. The climate of Ceylon is very bad, they say. Would there be any chance of seeing him off from Southampton?"

There was a pathos in Mr. Trevena's look which his wife could not resist. Much as it often irritated her, she could not but see, with a tenderness approaching to reverence, how deep in this good man's heart lay that divine charity which "believeth all things, hopeth all things." The journey would be a trouble and expense, and the family finances were already sorely strained—would be more so by the payment for Nanny. Not for Arthur: oh, with what glad pride did she reflect that Arthur's education would cost Mr. Trevena almost nothing! She calculated a little, and then said,

"If you like, Austin, we will go to Southampton at once."

"You too?" he said, joyfully. And they started, their first journey together for many a long year. It felt almost like a honey-moon.

Susannah had almost expected not to see her brother-in-law, but he was there. He seemed really to have "turned over a new leaf," as people say, though, alas! the new leaf often gets as blurred and blotted as the old one. He met them with even more than his customary *empressement*, and the trio had a peaceful and pleasant dinner together at the hotel before joining that company, sad and strange, which goes on board every P. and O. steamer with last farewells.

Their adieux were, however, no heart-break to any one. Captain Trevena was in exuberant spirits. The newly made widower might have been a gay young bachelor beginning the world, free as air, with not a cloud of regret or remorse upon his heart.

"How is Nanny?" he did once ask; but he never waited for the answer; and soon after said, quite carelessly as it seemed: "By-the-bye, have you brought the little ring I wished for?—not that it is worth much, but I should like to wear it in memory of my late dear wife."

For an instant Susannah was silent

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with indignant contempt; then she said, in a manner that he could not mistake:

"I know exactly what the ring is worth, for I have had it valued by a jeweller. But it is not yours; it is Nanny's—left her by her grandfather. I shall keep it for her till she is twenty-one."

"The devil you will!" And truly the devil himself glared out of the angry eyes, and spoke in the muttered execration which followed. But Captain Trevena had been checkmated, or rather he had checkmated himself; and it was too late now, except for furious looks and words, which fell harmless upon the little woman before him. He might as well have stormed against a stone, and he knew it.

However, he thought it wiser to let all pass. His handsome face recovered its usual bland smile, and by the time that "All on shore!" was called out, he was ready with a cheery good-by.

"It really was most kind of you, Austin, to come and see me off. Give my love to Nanny. Say I leave her in charge of the best of uncles—and aunts" (with a bow in which it was difficult to say whether politeness or sarcasm predominated). "Good-by to you both—good-by."

They left him kissing his hand to them as he leaned over the ship's side; but almost before Susannah ventured to speak to her husband, who had turned aside, the tears running down his cheeks, she saw Halbert laughing and talking with some ladies: he had already made acquaintance with several of the passengers, and before reaching Suez would doubtless be the most popular man on board.

"No need to grieve for him," she thought, but said nothing. Nor did her husband. All the under-tragedies of life are often acted—and perhaps best—in total silence.

"Hal may do well yet," Mr. Trevena said, as a sort of remorseful balance-weight against the deep sense of relief that they both felt in coming back, they two alone, to their peaceful home. Except for that grave, equally peaceful, in the church-yard hard by, all the last weeks might have been a painful dream. Once more the rector and his wife sauntered leisurely up and down the peach-tree walk, and Arthur went back to his lessons, and was forever asking his papa about old Winchester days—which the old Wykehamite recalled with utmost enthusiasm—the days "when Hal and I were boys together"; only one was an idler and the other a worker. Still, Austin often ended with the sigh, "But Hal may do well yet."

He might have done, though it is seldom that at the eleventh hour the Ethiopian changes his skin and the leopard his spots; but fate—cruel or merciful, who dare say?—ordained it otherwise.

Three days after he sailed, the daily newspaper brought to the rectory, and to many another English home, tidings of one of those disasters at sea which not seldom happen to outward-bound ships—a collision in the Channel. The emigrant ship—a miserable unseaworthy craft—went down immediately, but the passengers and crew of the large steamer did their best to save all the lives they could, launching boats, and helping the drowning wretches to climb on board. One passenger in particular, it was said, had assisted many, holding on at the ship's side and throwing out from thence ropes and life-preservers. But the vessel gave a lurch, he fell overboard, and never rose again. The name of this brave passenger, it was ascertained, was Halbert Trevena.

So all was over. No more hope—nor fear. His death, more honorable than ever his life had been, covered over its many shortcomings—or sins. "Captain Trevena's heroic conduct" was mentioned in the newspapers: and for months after, letters of condolence, admiration, and gratitude reached the rectory from friends and strangers. No one could have desired a more lauded or lamented end.

Scarcely a melancholy end, Susannah sometimes thought. For his last act had been perhaps the noblest in his life. Better he should die as he did, and when he did, and be spoken of with praise and remembered with tenderness. She thought, with untold thankfulness, of that journey to Southampton, and how the brothers had parted in peace, with kindly good wishes, hopes, and prayers—which perhaps Heaven had answered in its own way.

There was no need to go and console Nanny for the death of a parent who had never been such to her except in name; but Mrs. Trevena collected carefully all that the newspapers had said in his praise, and every letter which reached the rectory concerning him, asking Miss Grogan to keep them for Nanny, and teach the child to forget everything about her father except his blameless and heroic end.

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CHAPTER VI.

YOUNG lovers are a sweet and pleasant sight; and so are young married people, absorbed in their present bliss, with the future stretching out before them, all in a golden haze. But the sweetest and sacredest sight of all is an elderly couple to whom hope has become certainty, whose future has narrowed down to a quiet present, yet who love one another still, and by the strength and perfectness of that love are able to enjoy now, without regretting then.

Thus it was with Mr. and Mrs. Trevena. Though married late in life, their real union had begun so early that neither had a past or desired a future in which the other had no share. Of course their felicity had not been unclouded: what human happiness is? But "the little rift within the lute"—which happens in almost all marriages, and has power in many to "make the music mute"—had been closed by wise hands; partly the hand of Providence, and partly—let it be honestly said—their own. There is no marriage which cannot be made unhappy—there are few marriages which cannot be made less unhappy—if the parties concerned so choose.

Austin and Susannah had not grown less happy as they grew older—rather the contrary. He no longer sacrificed everything, his wife included, on the shrine of what is called "family duty"—a religion which, begun in the noblest faith, sometimes degenerates into a mere fetich worship of what is essentially mean and base. And Susannah, when, also out of duty, she let her boy become a school-boy, and contented herself with only seeing him in the holidays, was saved from that passion of maternal idolatry which might have proved equally fatal for him, for her, and for her husband. Gradually she learned the inevitable lesson of all mothers—to sit still and see their children happy on their own account. Not ceasing to make them happy, but ceasing to feel wounded because the new generation has a happiness apart from the old.

When Arthur's letters came, brimful of enjoyment—Greek, foot-ball, cricket, music, and mathematics being inextricably muddled up together—for the young "King" verified the adage of "good at work, good at play"; full, too, of Winchester slang, which Mr. Trevena recalled with delight, and protested was not vulgar at all, but only archaic and historical—the unexacting mother read the brief postscript, "How are you all at home?" and did not expect more. She knew her darling loved her in his heart; and that the thirteen years during which she had had him all to herself, to train both mind and body in the right way, would never be lost, but bear fruit in time to come.

Yet when he returned, after a few months, a regular Winchester boy, at first he seemed something new and strange. He had grown very tall; and, it could not be denied, promised to be extremely handsome, even though he had cropped his curly hair in the cruelest way, and scarred his long slender hands with knife-cuts; nay, as he told his mother with great pride, had been within an inch of breaking his beautiful Roman nose. Still, despite these drawbacks, when he went to church with her the first Sunday, he was a boy that most people would have turned round to look at, and whom any mother would be proud to have standing by her side, and singing away—"like a cherubim"—one old woman in the congregation said, with the waning beauty of his boyish voice, which had made him already notable in the Winchester choir.

"Whether or not Arthur will turn out handsome, he certainly looks every inch a gentleman," she said to her husband, as they took their peaceful stroll between services up and down the peach-tree walk.

"All Wykehamites are gentlemen," the rector answered, with pardonable prejudice.

But she had meant something more than that. "What is bred in the bone will come out in the flesh"—is a truth which there is no gainsaying. All the education in the world would never have put into Arthur what did not inherently exist there. There must have been good material, natural or hereditary, to work upon. Now, far more than when he was a baby—her own innocent helpless baby—did Susannah speculate about him, noticing every new development, and contrasting him with other children. Especially with Nanny, who shortly after also came home for the holidays.

The "last of the Trevenas," as her uncle sometimes pathetically called her, was, Mrs. Trevena thought, very inferior to her own Arthur. Nanny was a good little girl; but she was prim and quiet,

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taciturn and plain. She could not compare at all with the big school-boy—full of life, health, and activity. Not that Arthur was ever unkind to her; but he just ignored her, as school-boys do ignore little girls, unless specially attractive. He tried to be civil and polite—brought her flowers, and condescendingly took her a walk now and then; but he told his mother confidentially that "Nanny was a big baby," and escaped from her society whenever he politely could. At which poor Nanny used to look so miserable that Mrs. Trevena considered seriously whether it would not be better in future to arrange the child's home-coming at a different time from Arthur's.

But next year Fate took the decision out of her hands; for Miss Grogan had a severe illness, and Nanny, with a resolution which her uncle and aunt had not expected in so small a child, absolutely refused to leave her.

"Nanny always was a devoted little creature," said Mrs. Trevena, remembering those few days in the sick-room—the room of death. But still she was not sorry to have her boy all to herself for those brief, too brief holiday weeks, when she could watch him growing up to manhood —the delight of her heart—the desire of her eyes.

He was in truth a very fine young fellow. At sixteen he was little short of six feet high. Slender and supple as a willow wand, yet not lanky; very muscular and strong for his age. He was good at all athletic sports, and made as much use of his body as he did of his brains. His mother's maxim, "Better to wear out than rust out," seemed exemplified in "King" Arthur—though he did not seem likely to wear out for the next threescore years at least; for the wholesome upbringing of his childhood had resulted in a healthy youth, and bade fair to develop into a splendid manhood.

Often when she looked at him she wondered whence all this came—this wealth of physical and mental power; much as Merlin must have wondered when he saw grow up under his eyes the "little naked child," naked of every hereditary blessing, owing fortune nothing, not even a name.

"The boys always call you Trevena?" she once said to him, anxiously. "They —they ask no questions?"

Arthur blushed, as he had done more than once lately when strangers made unconscious ignorant remarks, such as noticing his height, and saying he "took after his papa."

"They did chaff me at first, mother—just a little. And one fellow called me Nemo—but I thrashed him to within an inch of his life. And then I told the other fellows the plain truth about myself, as you advised me. Nobody ever said an ill word to me afterward."

So, already had begun for Arthur that battle with the world from which his mother could not defend him—she could only give him strength for the conflict.

"That was well," she answered, gently. "Indeed, I think only a 'sneak' or a 'cad,' as you call them, would have been unkind to you. A name, and even a family, are not worth much sometimes—were not to poor little Sir Eustace Damerel, who died last Christmas. We shall see what the new Damerels will be like. They came to Tawton Abbas last week, and will likely be at church next Sunday."

Thus said she, to turn away her boy's thoughts from himself. But she need not have feared — Arthur's nature was too wholesome, and his youth too full of hope and brightness, to have any morbid or sentimental feelings about either his origin or his future lot. And Winchester had not made him oblivious of Tawton Magna. He took the vividest interest in hearing about the Damerels—Sir Charles and his lady; who had inherited the title and estates, and come to reside at the great house—which, being the only house except farm-houses for miles round, was a matter of some importance to the rectory.

"Do you mean to call there, mother? You ought," said Arthur—who was a little given to laying down the law—as is not uncommon at sixteen. "Are they young folks or old? Have they got any children?"

"I believe they are rather elderly people; distant cousins, whom nobody ever heard about till lately. And I think, but I am not sure, they have no children."

At which Arthur's interest died down —he said he didn't care for "old fogies." And next Sunday he scarcely glanced in the direction of the Tawton Abbas pew, where, in the two arm-chairs which had stood there for generations back, sat the new Baronet and Lady Damerel. They sat, with dead Damerels underfoot and monuments to the same overhead, the

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last representatives of the race. Only their two selves; though report declared they had had several children—all dead now. Susannah wondered how a childless couple should ever have cared to claim either title or property.

Of course they were stared at eagerly by the whole congregation. A curious pair—she, a fine-looking, fashionable woman, with a complexion much too fair and hair much too dark for her age; but the simple villagers suspected nothing, and set her down as being younger than her husband, who was a feeble-looking, melancholy little man, nigh upon seventy. Two footmen had helped him into church, and set him in his chair, whence he never moved, for his feet and hands were all knotted and distorted with rheumatism. But he had a mild and not unpleasing face — aristocratic — aquiline — "as big a nose as mine," Arthur said, in commenting upon them after church. "But oh, I wouldn't be Sir Charles Damerel for the world!"

"Nor I Lady Damerel," said Mrs. Trevena. "Poor woman—what an unhappy face! No wonder, if she has lost all her children."

And Susannah almost regretted having stopped to speak to them at the church door, introducing herself as the rector's wife, and Arthur as "my son." "How she must envy me!" thought the tender-hearted soul, and blamed herself for flaunting before the childless woman her own superior bliss.

"I don't think Lady Damerel's children could have been very fond of her," remarked Arthur, sententiously. "She may be good-looking, but she has the hardest and most unpleasant face I ever saw. My little mammy is worth a hundred of her," added he, putting his arm round his mother's waist as of old: he was now growing past the age when boys are ashamed of their mothers, and he petted and patronized her to her heart's content.

Still he was too much of the school-boy to care to "go about visiting," and absolutely declined — unless she particularly wished it—to accompany her to Tawton Abbas, or make acquaintance with that "horrid old couple," over whom she had such unnecessary compassion that even the rector smiled.

"My dear Susannah, I can't see that Lady Damerel needs the least pity—or desires it. I hear she is a most accomplished woman; will fill the house with brilliant society, and be popular everywhere. The rector's wife will be nobody — the squire's wife will take the shine out of you completely."

"I'd like to see it!" cried Arthur, blazing up; "I'd like to find the lady who was fit to hold a candle to *my* mother!" he continued, dragging forward the easiest arm-chair and putting her into it, and waiting upon her unremittingly during their pleasant Sunday supper, when all the servants were out, and Arthur did everything. He had that happy knack of true gentlemanhood, never to be ashamed of doing everything — or anything; always ready to notice every one's need, and supply it—especially his mother's.

"You are my eyes, my hands, and my feet," she sometimes said to the boy; and gave herself up, more and more every holiday, to the delight of being dependent — of leaning on her big son, with a sort of triumphant weakness that was utmost joy.

But he was an obstinate young monkey for all his good qualities, possessing strongly the violent likes and dislikes of youth. And so it happened that for two whole years he never crossed the threshold of Tawton Abbas.

Nor did the rector and his wife very often — not oftener than politeness and their position demanded. Susannah had few interests in common with the fashionable woman of the world, who was afraid of growing old, and who seemed to have no youth to remember; at least she never mentioned it. Austin, too, had little sympathy with Sir Charles, who, though gentle and gentlemanly, did not seem to have two ideas in his head—read no books, took no special interest in anything, and seemed mortally in fear of his clever wife. She on her part noticed him very little, and led a regular society life —at least as gay a one as she could accomplish—going to London whenever she could, and bringing London people down with her on every possible occasion. But she mixed very little with the neighboring families, who, being unable to discover her antecedents (Sir Charles's of course were patent—he was a Damerel, and that was enough), concluded there was "something odd" about her. Perhaps, as she had some slight accent, not quite English, and spoke several Continental tongues,

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she was a foreigner—never much approved of in provincial society. Still, she was very handsome—very lady-like: all the gentlemen admired her, but the ladies thought her "not domestic," and wondered that at her age she should care for concerts, private theatricals, and the like.

However, to their opinion of her Lady Damerel seemed wholly indifferent. She gave a tenants' ball at Christmas, and a garden party, to all classes not lower than doctors and lawyers, every summer. But beyond that the village and the rectory saw almost nothing of her, except at church, which she attended regularly, and where Mrs. Trevena, tender-hearted still, often compassionated the discontented look and restless manner of the rich, clever, prosperous woman, who had neither son nor daughter—not even niece or nephew—at her empty fireside.

"How very empty it must be when the visitors go, and Sir Charles and she are left alone!" Susannah said one day. "I think I will really pluck up heart, go and call at Tawton Abbas, and take Nanny with me." Nanny happened to be staying for a fortnight at the rectory, and her uncle and aunt had found her so harmless, even pleasant, in the house that they had kept her for a month. But the call resulted in nothing—not even an invitation to tea for the quiet unimpressive little maiden, who was stared at from the piercing black eyes through a double *pince-nez*.

"Miss Trevena, did you say? Your daughter, I conclude?"

"My niece; I have no daughter. It is my son you see at church, Lady Damerel."

"Oh yes, I remember now. A tall young fellow—rather good-looking. You must bring him to see me some day. But we have no young people here, Miss Trevena. Your mother—I mean your aunt—is more fortunate than I. All my children are dead."

She said this, not with any tone of regret, but simply as stating a fact; then proceeded to discuss a new book and a new opera; talking miles above the head of poor innocent Nanny, who thought that Cousin Arthur—whom she seemed to miss extremely from the rectory in spite of his ignoring of her—was right in considering Lady Damerel the finest of fine ladies, and the most unpleasant.

Nanny was now getting old enough for her future to require consideration. Not from her uncle, who never looked a day ahead; but she and her aunt sometimes talked it over. Nanny was an independent little soul. She knew she had not a penny in the world, except the value of that diamond ring; nor a friend, save Miss Grogan, who was growing old and frail. Perhaps her mother's sore experience still lingered in her little soul—for she was not a bit of a Trevena, nor seemed much drawn to the Trevenas. She said, calmly, "I shall be a governess"; and though very grateful to her uncle for all his goodness, made it clear enough that as soon as she could earn her own bread she would never eat the bread of dependence. Her aunt saw, not without thankfulness, that Halbert Trevena's daughter was, as often happens, the very opposite of himself. But though she was very kind to Nanny, and liked her sincerely, she scarcely loved her—one can not make one's self love even a child. And then all her heart was bound up in her own boy. When Nanny went away, and Arthur came home for the holidays, Susannah felt the difference.

"King" Arthur was much altered—much improved. He was in his last year at Winchester, and looked quite the young man. There had never been much of the "hobbledehoy" in him, probably because he was not shy—he did not think enough about himself for shyness. Reserved he was, in a sense; but that painful bashfulness, which as often springs from egotism as modesty, never troubled him much. By nature—and also by wise upbringing—he was a complete altruist—always interested in other people, and "bothering" himself very little about himself and his own affairs.

But just now he could hardly help it. He had come home greatly excited by an incident—a coincidence such as happens in real life oftener than we think, and yet when put into books everybody cries out, "How unnatural!"

One day a little "commoner" he knew was visited by a hitherto unknown grandfather, whom all the boys were inclined to laugh at for his strong American accent and queer American ways, till they found out what a kindly old fellow he was, and what funny stories he told.

"He tipped us all round, and asked our names, and when he heard mine, he started as if I'd hit him. Who do you think he was, mother? Guess, now—guess!"

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It needed no guessing. "Dr. Franklin! I am so glad he is alive!"

"Very much alive indeed!" cried Arthur. "He's as sharp and clever as ever he can be; and so kind—all the fellows liked him, though he was a foreigner and an American. I'm not a bit ashamed of my godfather, and I like him very much."

"You have need to," said Susannah, gravely. And when a few days after Dr. Franklin appeared at the rectory ("as large as life and twice as natural," said he, with his queer internal chuckle), the welcome he received was almost pathetic in its earnestness. When Susannah sat talking to him, and found him scarcely changed—as gaunt and lanky, quaint and kind, as ever—it seemed as if eighteen years were rolled away like a cloud, and she were once more the woman who sat beneath the snow wall above Andermatt, gazing on the snow mountains, and trying not to be broken-hearted, but to accept God's will whatever it was, and make for herself a happy life, unconscious how even then that Holy Will was preparing for her a happiness she never dreamed of.

"Look at him," she said, as Arthur just then crossed the lawn with his two big dogs, whistling to them, and then breaking out into a stave of "Dulce domum," in a voice which promised to be a fine tenor some day. "Who would have thought my baby—your baby, doctor, you saved him for me!—would have grown up to that?"

"It's a trick they have, ma'am. My ten are all men and women now—uncommonly good-looking too, some of them."

And then he explained that his eldest daughter—"fine girl, very fine—took after her mother, not me"—had married a rich English baronet, which accounted for the fact of himself being grandfather to a Winchester boy.

"Your boy might be a baronet's son too, ma'am, if there's anything in blood. Mrs. Franklin says there isn't; that it's all upbringing. But in that case, even, Arthur does you the greatest credit."

"Thank you," said Susannah; and then tacitly following the young fellow—for it seemed such a pleasure to look at him—they passed through the church-yard into the park of Tawton Abbas; still talking like old friends, and regretting that a very natural incident—Dr. Franklin's losing their address, and therefore being unable to give them his own—had made them strangers for so many years.

"Which have been happy years, by your looks, Mrs. Trevena? No anxiety over your boy?—you have never heard anything about that woman?" Dr. Franklin did not say that "mother"—who had no right to the name.

"Never. Have you?"

Dr. Franklin looked uncomfortable. "I did not mean to tell you unless you asked me the direct question; but—she has bothered me a little. At least I suppose it was she."

And then he explained that a year or two ago there had appeared in a New York paper an advertisement for a Dr. Franklin, who would "hear of something to his advantage," which his wife had insisted on his answering; and then had come a letter, in an evidently feigned hand, requesting particulars about a child that was born at Andermatt—whether "it" was alive, and where "it" was.

"Perhaps she had forgotten whether 'it' was a boy or a girl. 'Can a mother forget her sucking child?' Well, some mothers do."

"And what did you reply?" Mrs. Trevena could scarcely speak for agitation.

"Least said, soonest mended—I never answered one single word."

"Thank you! thank you! Did you keep the letter? What address was given?"

"Mrs. Franklin has it. Some milliner or dress-maker, I think, in London."

"In London!" A shudder of repulsion and dread passed over Susannah; and then that stern sense of justice, so strong in her, conquered it. "Perhaps she was a dress-maker—some poor working-woman who was almost starving, and did not wish her baby to starve too."

"Pshaw! Does that boy look like the son of a working-woman? And it was herself she wanted to save from starvation, not her baby. No, no, ma'am; I saw her—you never did. She used always to rave about being a 'woman of genius'—very likely an actress or singer—that very singer who ran away from Milan."

"I have sometimes thought so. And the musical faculty descends. Just listen to that boy."

Arthur was singing "Dulce domum" at the top of his voice—a rather cracked voice now; but it was not ignorant singing—he evidently knew what he was about.

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"Music is his passion, as it is with many a boy, till the work of the world knocks it out of him. But this letter—Stop, there is the Tawton Abbas carriage—let us step aside."

For Mrs. Trevena felt that to interchange polite nothings with the great lady would, at this moment, be beyond her power. She and Dr. Franklin passed under a group of trees, so that Lady Damerel never saw them.

Arthur, however, did not step aside. He ceased his gay school song, and standing on the grass, lifted his hat as the carriage drove by, with a gesture so carelessly graceful, so unlike country youths in general, that Lady Damerel turned to look after him.

He was, in truth, worth looking at in his rough gray clothes, with a gray cap set on the top of his crisp fair curls—it was before the time when the fashion made young men crop themselves like returned convicts. Lithe and slender as a young David, and in manner neither shy nor forward, because thinking more of other people than himself, Arthur never came to, and had now quite passed, that awkward stage when a boy does not know what to do with himself, and especially with his legs and arms.

It was no wonder, Mrs. Trevena thought, that Lady Damerel, indifferent as she was to her neighbors, should turn and glance after him.

"Poor woman!" said she, explaining to Dr. Franklin a little of the domestic history of Tawton Abbas. "I dare say she would give the world to have a son like mine."

"Maybe. But there are mothers, and mothers, like the woman we were talking about. Shall I tell Mrs. Franklin to send you her letter?—if she hasn't burnt it, which perhaps may have been the best thing."

"Perhaps," echoed Susannah, wishing in her heart—though her conscience reproached her—that it might be burnt and forgotten. "It could do no good to Arthur."

"No, for the lad doesn't care a straw about his mother."

"I am his mother," said Susannah, with a certain grave dignity.

"You're right, ma'am. May he never have any other as long as he lives!"

But mothers, even the happiest mothers of the best of sons, have their anxieties.

Some days after this, Dr. Franklin, with the practical common-sense of a man of the world, asked his godson, very naturally, what he was going to be.

Arthur hesitated, and looked uncomfortable. His mother, thinking this arose from diffidence or modesty, answered for him.

"My son's career is already cut out for him. There are six New College scholarships given at Winchester every year. Arthur is so good at mathematics, the head-master tells us, that he is quite sure of one. He will go in for it next year, and take himself to college as he did to school. Then—a boy who has earned his own education can generally earn his own living; especially at Oxford."

"But, mother," said Arthur, slowly, "I may not go to Oxford at all. I mean to be a musician."

"A what?" cried Dr. Franklin, bursting into laughter. "A street singer, or an organ-grinder, going about the country with a monkey and a couple of white mice?"

Ridicule is the sharpest of weapons with the young. Arthur turned white with anger, but controlled himself, and explained that a friend of his, just returned from a German conservatoire, had advised him to go there and study music as a profession.

"At whose expense, my boy?" asked Dr. Franklin, dryly.

Arthur colored. "I don't know. I have never thought."

"But you ought to think—you are old enough. How old?"

"Eighteen past. Next year I should go in for the scholarship, if I go in at all. Mother?"

She did not answer. It was the first time she had heard of this idea; the first time her boy had kept back anything from her, or that his will had run counter to hers, never an arbitrary will. From his very childhood, as soon as he could reason at all, she had taught him to use his reason, and had never from him exacted blind obedience. Explanation, whenever possible, she gave, and her argument was never "Do it because I command it," but "Do it because it is right."

This fancy of Arthur's struck her with sharp pain.

No wonder she looked sad and grave—and even the second anxious appeal: "What do you say, mother?" brought no

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response. Just then Mr. Trevena was heard calling all over the house, "Susannah! Susannah!" as he usually did if he missed her for five minutes, and she hurried away without having said a word.

"Well, young man? You are a nice young man to make your mother look like that! Still nicer to expect your father to maintain you in expensive study for the next five or ten years?"

Arthur flushed crimson. He liked his godfather sincerely; still, Dr. Franklin often "rubbed him up the wrong way." It was the contrast between the practical and the artistic temperament; the born democrat, and—well, Heaven only knew what Arthur's birth was, but he looked the young "aristocrat," every inch of him.

"I don't know what you mean," he said. "I had no idea of vexing my mother; and I wish to stand on my own feet as soon as ever I can."

"That's right, lad. I did it before I was your age. I was message boy at a chemist's store. But I soon went ahead—we all go ahead in the States. Our motto is, 'Every man for himself, and'—taking off his cap reverently—'God for us all.' That's what I said to my six sons," continued he. "I gave them a good education, and then I left them to shift for themselves. And they have done it—uncommonly well, too. There isn't one of them now that ever wants a cent from his father."

"I hope I shall not from mine—at least not for very long," said Arthur, proudly.

"That's right, my boy, for Mr. Trevena isn't as young as he has been, and he has another encumbrance besides yourself—that little girl your mother told me of. What's her name?"

"Nanny."

"I hear she's a plucky little thing, and means to go out as a governess—which is quite right. A woman should earn her own bread as well as a man. But if her uncle helped anybody, he ought to help her; because, you see, she is his own flesh and blood, and you—"

"I understand!" And again came that violent blush, which showed what keen sensitiveness lurked under Arthur's merry and manly outside. Then, speaking with evident effort: "Godfather, you are right to remind me of that. Tell me—for I believe you were present at my birth—who were my father and mother?"

"My poor lad, I declare to you I haven't the slightest idea."

They had gone outside the drawing-room window, and were lying on the grassy slope—the Kentuckian puffing at his pipe, and Arthur sitting beside him, his arms round his knees, gazing straight forward, with a graver expression than his wont. Dr. Franklin scanned him sharply.

"It was an awkward business, Arthur. If I were you, I'd think about it as little as possible."

"So I do. As mother often says, a man is responsible for himself and his children, but certainly not for his parents. Still, I should like to know all I can."

"How much has your mother told you?"

"Only that you found me—you and she—somewhere in the Alps. I suppose I had a father and a mother, but she never speaks of them at all."

"Bravo!" muttered Dr. Franklin. But he himself felt no inclination for such generous reticence; he thought it fairer on all sides that the boy should know everything; so he then and there told him everything.

Arthur listened, his cap drawn over his eyes, his hands—such long, slender, beautiful hands—clasped together round his knees.

"Thank you," he said at last. "I am glad I know. The—the lady—was, you suppose, an opera-singer?"

"I don't say that, but it's possible."

"And she sold me, you say—sold me for twenty pounds?"

"Yes." He was just on the point of adding, "and she'd like to buy you back again now," when he remembered Mrs. Trevena's caution that until they heard from America they should say nothing about the letter. It would not benefit Arthur—perhaps only unsettle him. And they had the dress-maker's address; while the unmotherly mother—her brief note, if hers, was, Dr. Franklin declared, "as cold as a stone"—had to them no clew whatever. "All the better!" thought he. And Mr. and Mrs. Trevena just then appearing, he ended the conversation.

It was not renewed, though he staid some days longer at the rectory. The annual garden party at Tawton Abbas was coming off, and the old Kentuckian said he should like to "study life" in an English country house. So in addition to the invitation for "Mr. and Mrs. Trevena, and

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Mr. Trevena junior"—("You see, mother," laughed Arthur, "your fine lady doesn't even take the trouble to discover my Christian name")—a note was sent to Tawton Abbas for permission to bring "a friend from America" to join the party.

"Then you'll not want me," said Arthur, very reluctant to go. But his mother wished it. He had been unlike himself, she thought, the last day or two; and though she had carefully abstained from reviving the Oxford question till Dr. Franklin was gone, still she saw that something was on his mind. He followed her about with extra tenderness, divining all she wanted, and doing everything for her, more like a girl than a boy. But he said nothing until they were walking together across the park to the garden party; only they two, for Dr. Franklin had home letters to write by the mail, and he and Mr. Trevena could not appear till late.

So Susannah had her boy all to herself; and very nice he looked, and very proud she was of him. He was proud of her too, he said, after eying her over with the sharp criticism of youth—approving her new dress, and wishing she would wear it every day.

"But I can't afford silk every day," said she, laughing. "I am not Lady Damerel."

"No, thank goodness! I wouldn't change my little mother for a dozen Lady Damerels."

"Well, then, I'll try to dress a little better and talk a little more, just to please you and papa. I am glad my son is not ashamed of me."

"I hope my mother is not ashamed of me," said Arthur, gravely. And then he told her in a few words—so few that it was easy to see how deeply he felt—of the conversation between his godfather and himself; and how he had made up his mind to go in for mathematics and give up music entirely.

Susannah breathed a sigh of thankfulness, and then replied: "Not entirely, my son. Music may still be your pleasure—your staff, if not your crutch."

"Not at present. I love it so that I must give it up if I mean to be anything. And I do mean to be something, some day," added he, tossing his head and planting his foot firmly on the ground.

The young think the old were never young. It did not occur to Arthur that his quiet little mother felt her heart throb while he spoke. She too had had her dreams—of fame, ambition, love—had written verses by the yard and stories by the dozen; yet she had earned her bread as a daily governess, and finally would end her days as the old wife of a country parson. But she had eaten cheerfully the dry bread of existence, and made it sweet by thankfulness. Though tears were in her eyes now, they were not regretful tears.

"I think, Arthur, you are right. The secret of life is not to do what one likes, but to try to like that which one has to do. And one does come to like it—in time."

"Yes, mother. And if I turn out a great Oxford don, shall you be pleased? Would you like me to make a name for myself?—the only name I've got," added he, with a slight bitterness of tone which went to Susannah's heart. "So I'll go in for the scholarship at New College, and papa need not spend a halfpenny upon me at Oxford. Then—poor little Nanny need not be a governess."

"What made you think of Nanny?" asked Mrs. Trevena, with some surprise. For the children had scarcely met for years, until last week, and then only for a few hours, since Arthur came home at night, and Nanny left next morning. She had been very shy with him, and he had treated her with the majestic bearing of a big boy toward a very little girl.

"My godfather said papa ought to help Nanny, and not me. He is right; she is a girl—and she is papa's own."

"And you are my own!" answered Susannah, with the passionate tenderness that she so seldom expressed. But she said no more. The wisdom of parents sometimes lies in accepting rather than in making sacrifices.

Arthur found himself less miserable than he had expected to be at the garden party, even though it was, as some one graphically described, "a penn'orth of all sorts," through which the hostess moved like a condescending queen. She had various out-door amusements for the inferior folk—performing dogs, hand-bell ringers, etc.—and for her choicer guests there was very good music in the drawing-room. She looked politely surprised when she saw the Trevenas eagerly listening.

"Do you play or sing, Mrs. Trevena?"

"No, but my son does."

"Oh, indeed."

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Here Mr. Hardy, the High-Church curate, said a word or two, which caused the great lady to put up her *pince-nez* (she was old enough to wear spectacles, but never would) and scan Arthur sharply.

Most elderly women—mothers or not—like to look at a graceful handsome boy. As this childless woman did so, a vexed expression passed over her face—not regret or pain, but a sort of irritation. An outcry against Providence, Mrs. Trevena thought it was, and felt sorry for her, till Lady Damerel broke into the most gracious of careless smiles.

"Perhaps Mr.—I forget his Christian name—Mr. Trevena will come to our rescue in accompanying a trio? Our own pianist has not come. And our soprano says she is too hoarse to sing. We are very unfortunate."

"Not if we can induce you to take her place," said some one near. "You know you have sung, Lady Damerel."

"Oh yes—a little—when I was a girl," said she, carelessly, listening to the touch of Arthur's long fingers on the keys—the magic touch which all musicians recognize. It was a magnificent piano, and the artist's delight overcame the boy's shyness.

"Play something," she said; and Arthur played—exceedingly well. "Do you read at sight?"—and she placed the trio before him. It was one of those dashing operatic scenas of the last generation, full of show and difficulty, and embellished with *fioriture*. Arthur dashed into it—so did the tenor and bass—and finally, as if she could not help it, the soprano.

Lady Damerel must have had a fine voice once; and even now had the brilliant remains of it: a thoroughly cultivated voice—not tender, not pathetic, but high and flexible as a musical instrument, and capable of executing those wonderful *tours de force* which "bring the house down." She did it now, seeming quite to forget herself in the pleasure of her own performance: so much so that she thought necessary to apologize.

"I am almost too old to sing; but I used to like it once. Now—in my position—with my many social duties—of course a lady is different from a professional."

"You might have been a professional, ma'am, you sing so splendidly. I never heard anything better, even in America."

The honest Kentuckian had been standing outside the open French window, and now walked in—in his enthusiasm not waiting to be introduced. When Mr. Trevena mentioned "Dr. Franklin," Lady Damerel suddenly turned round.

"I guess you never saw an American before. And perhaps, ma'am, in my compliments to your singing, I was more honest than polite. But when we like a thing we also like to say so."

Lady Damerel bowed. She looked white—possibly with the exertion of singing.

"America's a fine country, ma'am, and we've some uncommonly fine singers there—fine women too, especially in the South. You remind me of my countrywomen exceedingly."

Again Lady Damerel bowed, rather haughtily; and sat down, almost hiding her face with her large fan. But no blush came to her cheek except the permanent one which it owed to art: and she had the stereotyped smile of a person well used to flattery.

Mrs. Trevena, rather annoyed at her good friend's bluntness, took the first opportunity of getting him away—much to his amusement.

"I wanted to talk to Lady Damerel. She's an uncommonly handsome woman still, and very like an American. I wonder where she was raised? I'm sure I've seen her somewhere—or somebody very like her. Has she got a sister, do you know? And what sort of a fellow is the husband?"

Poor Sir Charles was meekly seated outside in his self-propelled chair, speaking to few people, and apparently very much afraid of everybody, especially his wife; for he kept out of her way as much as possible. Wreck as he was, he had a refined, amiable face—and stretched out a long, feeble hand, knotted and distorted with rheumatism, to the stranger.

"Glad to see you—glad to see you—and so will my wife be. Lady Damerel is an American."

"Eh! why didn't she say so?" muttered the doctor; and, after a few words of civil conversation, went back to the drawing-room and watched her again. She sang no more, but stood talking, or rather listening, the centre of a group of talkers, with a polite absent smile, melting gradually into the weary dissatisfaction which was the permanent expression of her face whenever she ceased speaking.

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"That isn't a happy woman, or a good woman," said the doctor to Mrs. Trevena.

"Perhaps if she were happy she might be good."

"I don't believe it. People make their own bed—nearly always—and as they make it they have to lie upon it. What a life she must have led that poor old fellow! Is she his second wife, do you think?"

"No. He once told my husband they had been married over thirty years, and had had four children—two boys first, and then two girls—all of whom are dead. She never cared for them, he said; but the poor old man seemed to have been fond of his children."

"I've seen her before—I'm certain I have," said Dr. Franklin, meditatively, as he leaned against the window outside, watching everybody and everything, but himself unobserved. "There, she has taken off her gloves. I always notice hands: they are as characteristic as faces. And what a diamond ring!"

The Kentuckian was beginning a whistle—a long, loud whistle of intense astonishment—but stopped himself.

"Good Lord! Yes. I was right. I *have* seen her before. It's the very woman!"

"What woman?" asked Susannah, innocently. She had drifted away from the subject, and become absorbed in weak contemplation—of her boy, of course! his graceful figure, his happy, handsome, interested face, as he stood talking to the tenor singer. In looking at him and thinking of his future, how soon he would be a man, and what a good, clever, noble man he was likely to be—a common delusion of mothers!—she had entirely forgotten Lady Damerel.

"What woman, Mrs. Trevena?" echoed Dr. Franklin, in a sharp whisper. "Why—that woman at Andermatt."

CLAIRVOYANCE.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

DARK the shadows close round my sad spirit,
Encamped in their terrible power,
Encamped like an army beleaguering
Some desolate tower.
There is naught, my soul murmurs, but sorrow;
What eager endeavor shall dare
These shadows that raise their fell standard
To mantle the air,
Blown out by the black breath of boding,
Of death and despair!

Then suddenly into the darkness,
Like the northern lights' radiance, streams
The tale that I read in my childhood,
That swept through my dreams
With cohorts of angels, and squadrons
Of stars with their spears all one way,
Fading out in a wan and white splendor
At the gray break of day,
Half guessed in the lustre of noontide,
Half glimpsed in my play.

For, behold, the great prophet was lying
Hid away in the dim city's bound,
And the Syrian king sent his captains
To compass him round,
With the strong men of war and their chariots,
And the host of the horsemen and foot,

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The treasure of scarlet, the slave girls,
With shawm and with flute,
The bowmen, the slingers, the lances,
In flashing pursuit.

How fair lay the land as the evening
Shed there its sighing surcease,
And nightfall and dewfall had spread there
The purple of peace!
How sweet the song rose from the house-top,
The tinkle far off from the fold,
While in dim depths all star-sown the mountain
Still soared rose and gold!
What hush lay beneath the dark rampart,
What balm the breeze rolled!

But when sunrise struck up from the deserts
A ray like the blade of a sword,
Whose crests were these set to salute it,
Whose tents were this horde,
And wet with the morning whose banners
That light winds went ruffling were they,
Whose javelins, whose shields, still pressed forward,
Whose cries rent their way
Through the glitter and tumult to vanquish
One man old and gray?

Then the youth who was staff to the seer
Fared forth in the fresh early hour,
And his heart burst within him confronting
The Assyrian power.
But the clear-seeing prophet cried, "Fear not,
For they that be with us are more
Than they that be with them!" And, praying,
Bade turn him where frore
All the dells and the horns of the mountain
With dew were yet hoar.

There the opaline cloud slowly lifting,
The rock darkly dripping, and there—
Lo, the chariots of fire! Lo, a mightier
Encampment lay bare!
Shod with lightning and clothed with thunder
The horse reared, and poised for vast fight,
Troops of stars on their spear-heads, receding
In infinite light,
Archangels in phalanx of glory
Burned silent and white!

The chariots of fire, and the horsemen!
Shall the lad in his innocence see
The help of the hills, and shall nature
Deny it to me?
O shadows that close round my spirit
In the clefts of the rocks haste and hide!
For me, too, the mountain is trembling
Where heaven's hosts abide,
Great forces are thrilling and arming—
God fights on my side!

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THE "ABGARUS" OR "EDESSA" PORTRAIT OF CHRIST, IN THE CHURCH OF ST. BARTOLOMEO, GENOA.

PORTRAITS OF OUR SAVIOUR.

BY WILLIAM H. INGERSOLL.

WHATEVER may be our spiritual conception of the person of our Lord and Saviour as an object of faith, it is more than probable that each of us has some objective ideal of the Man Christ Jesus, derived from some favorite picture once seen and ever remembered. It rises before us whenever we think of Him. It does not satisfy us—no single ideal ever does; but it is still a part of our conception of Him who "was made flesh and dwelt among us," and we accept it as a memorial, as we do the pictured faces of our beloved. Years ago, the writer saw a picture with this inscription: "The only true likeness of our Saviour, taken from one carved on an emerald, by command of Tiberius Cæsar, and given from the treasury of Constantinople by the Emperor of the Turks to Pope Innocent VIII., for the redemption of his brother, taken captive by the Christians."

Further search discovered the same picture associated with different incidents, and led to a study of the pictorial conceptions of our Lord in sacred art.

In the time of Christ superstition had suppressed all pictorial Jewish art even in portraiture, and though skilful and ingenious in all else, no Jew dared to paint

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a portrait, and no strict one would even allow his own to be painted, for fear of a violation of the second commandment. Portraiture was therefore almost exclusively in heathen hands, and consummate as was Greek art in painting the faces and forms of men, it had small scope in that little Syrian province of the Roman world, where a painter was an outcast.

The first pictures of Christ were probably the work of some of His own disciples, and gradually, as those who loved Him desired to see His face with the eye of sense, the less scrupulous Gnostics, with their ruder form of Greek art, repeated again and again some prototype well known to them, but unknown to us.

Very early in Christian history—as early, indeed, as we have any history outside of the gospels—there was some well-known ideal, and many copies, though varying among themselves, distributed among the Oriental churches in Asia and Africa, not always the same in every detail, but so uniform in general that they were distinguished at sight. The earliest known historical mention of such works, though only incidental, is made by Tertullian (born in A.D. 160), who criticises a picture of Jesus as "incorrect," and "wanting in resemblance." This implies that there was a correct type, which a true picture should resemble. Nothing better illustrates the number and antiquity of such pictures than the fact that the earliest ecclesiastical historian, Eusebius, in 340, speaks of them as very plenty, and some of them already very ancient, and associated with traditions of miraculous origin. Augustine, in the next century, speaks of "a variety of numberless pictures," and alludes to some of them as ancient.

Two leading legends are notable in connection with very ancient faces, representing two art-ideals as held in the rival Churches which disputed supremacy. The earliest in its narrative is one known as the "Abgarus" or "Edessa" picture, a most ancient copy of which is now in the Church of St. Bartolomeo, in Genoa. The legend is as old as the apocryphal gospels, in one of which a letter is repeated which Abgarus wrote to Christ, offering Him the loving hospitality of the little kingdom and city of Edessa, or Mesopotamian Antioch. Abgar Uchamo, "the black," or, as the Armenian historians call him, Apkar, being sick, sent his secretary or chamberlain, named Anan, or Ananias, who was also an artist, to carry this letter to Jesus, of whose wonders as a miracle-working healer Apkar had heard. He invited Jesus to come and heal him, or, if He could not go to Edessa, to allow the messenger to take a portrait to bring to his royal master. Jesus, on the arrival of the messenger, said that He could not leave His work to journey so far, but wrote a letter to Abgarus thanking him for his kind offer. Ananias was permitted to try his art, but failed in every effort to paint the face of Christ. It never seemed twice alike, but changed with every glance, and bewildered the painter with its dazzling radiance. Christ called for a towel or napkin, and after washing His face, wiped it on the towel, and gave it to Ananias, impressed with the complete image in natural color of the face which he had failed to catch. The legend continues with a history of wonderful adventures and miracles wrought by the picture in its journey to Edessa, until it reached Abgarus, who was healed by the first sight of the "holy face." Our first illustration is a copy of this famous relic. The original of this work was probably the picture known by Tertullian, and alluded to by Eusebius and the earliest "fathers" and church historians, and which until the fourth century was in the city of Edessa. It is believed by eminent antiquarians to have been the original type, or, as the Germans name it, the "Prospographie."

De Reiskius says that from this "Abgarus" picture the image on the earliest Greek coins was taken. Dr. Gluckselig, of Prague, after forty years of study in Europe and Asia, claims to have completed the true ideal by combining this "Edessene type" with others of the most ancient pictures and traditions, thus producing an eclectic ideal which he believes will give the truest conception of the actual living Christ.

The other of the miraculous "achierotypoi," or "pictures without hands," is known as the "Veronica." It is sacredly revered as the chief treasure of the Roman Church, and occupies a sanctuary or reliquary chapel of its own in one of the four great piers of the wonderful dome of St. Peter's.

The legend goes that Christ, on the way to His crucifixion, toiling along the "Via Dolorosa" under the heavy burden of His

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cross, falls almost in front of the dwelling of the woman whom He had healed of her chronic hemorrhage; her name was Veronica, or Berenice. Seeing Him, she was touched with compassion, and offered Him her veil, or *sudarium*, with which to wipe His face, then "covered with sweat, spittle, dust, and blood," and bruised with the marks of the brutal fingers which had smitten Him. Christ received her offering, and to reward her kindness, returned the sudarium to her "impressed with His majestic and venerable image in all its lamentable state of sorrow and pain."

The "sixth station" of the cross in Catholic churches represents this scene. Roman ecclesiastical literature makes mention of this legend frequently and continuously for centuries, and an ancient manuscript in the Vatican, "*Alveris Roma in ogni Stato*," repeats the story of its being brought to Rome by messengers of Tiberius Cæsar, who had been sent to Jerusalem to invite Christ to heal Tiberius of a great illness. They learn that Jesus had already been crucified, but hearing of Veronica and the sacred image in her possession, they invited her to go to Rome with them. She went, and Tiberius was healed on her appearing before him with the "holy face." Tiberius, on account of this signal miracle, desired to honor Christ in the Roman Pantheon, but the Roman senate refused to give homage to a man among their gods.

The copy which we present is from one printed on cloth in the sacristy of St. Peter's at Rome, authenticated with the seal and certificate of the Canon. Its inscription reads, "The true image of the holy face of our Lord Jesus Christ, religiously venerated and kept in Rome in the Basilica of St. Peter, in the Vatican."

This is a very ancient picture, beyond question, and is now so dark with age and decay, and has been so long confined out of the light, that it is almost invisible. It hangs on a back-board, and is enclosed in a rich frame of gold, silver, and jewels, covered with a crystal plate. There are several of this class in Europe claiming originality, and there is much variation among the legends, confusing the "Abgarus" story with the "Veronica," and *vicè versa*.

As the Abgarus and Veronica pictures represent two of the ancient rival Churches, the Oriental and the Roman, they also represent the conflicting ideals of the early fathers. One class, the Oriental and African prelates, insisted, upon the authority of the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, that He was "without form or comeliness; and when we shall see Him, there is no beauty that we should desire Him."



THE VERONICA NAPKIN, AT ST. PETER'S, ROME.

Justin Martyr, Clement of Alexandria, Tertullian, Origen, and St. Cyril maintained this view, which obtained the general acceptance of the Church in the East, although John of Damascus and Gregory of Nyssa protested. The Gnostic and Byzantine ideals were the crystallized forms of this conception. The Jews had the same variety of ideas upon the same Scripture basis as to the Messiah. The "Talmud Sanhedrim" held that He was to be intensely uncomely, and even "a leper," while Abarbanel maintained that the prophecies demanded the youthful ideal of the royal beauty of David.

The Western class of Christian fathers, on the authority of the forty-fifth Psalm, considered Christ as "fairer than the children of men," "chiefest among ten thousand," and "altogether lovely." They therefore sympathized with the ideal beauty of the Apollo-like conception, of the classic type with the traditional features,

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HEBREW MEDAL IN THE ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM, OXFORD.

of the Gentiles who were anciently benefited by our Saviour should have done these things, since we have also seen representations of Peter and Paul, and of Christ himself, still present in paintings."

There has been much debate and criticism about this now lost "Paneas" relic, but various allusions to it in the early history of the church prove that it was well known, and an ancient sarcophagus of the fourth century shows the same figures in the same positions. Small images in brass in the form of statues, and medals bearing the bust of Christ, with legends or inscriptions in Hebrew or Greek, were frequent in the earliest times. These are believed to be of Gnostic origin, and to belong to the first, second, and third centuries. They were probably used as tokens or amulets. The discovery of an example of this medal class in 1793, at Bryngwyn in Wales, where there had been a very ancient temple, and a similar medal, different in details, found near Cork in 1812, led to an earnest study of the archæology of the Christ medals. An eminent authority, Hottinger, says that such as these were produced in gold and silver as well as bronze, and some with Hebrew inscriptions were made for the early Jewish converts, and were even continued into the Middle Ages. Our illustration shows that found at the ancient circus in Wales. The inscription is in Hebrew, and reads: "The Messiah has reigned. He came in

attempted by some early painters. Among those early advocates of the ideal beauty were Chrysostom, Ambrose, Augustine, and Jerome, with Gregory of Nyssa and St. John of Damascus of the Eastern fathers.

Eusebius, in his ecclesiastical history, about 340, describes a statue which he had seen at "Paneas," or Cæsarea Philippi. He says: "They say that the woman who had an issue of blood, mentioned by the Evangelists, was a native of this place, and that her house is shown in the city, and the wonderful monuments of our Saviour's benefits to her still remain. At the gates of her house, on an elevated stone, stands a brazen image of a woman on her bended knee, with her hands stretched out like one entreating. Opposite to this is another image, of a man erect, of the same material, clad in a mantle, and stretching out his hand to the woman. This statue, they say, is a statue of Jesus Christ; and it has remained even until our times, so that we ourselves saw it whilst tarrying in that city." And he adds: "Nor is it to be wondered at that those



HEBREW MEDAL, FROM WAGENSEILN.



KING OF KINGS MEDAL.

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peace, and being made the light of man, He lives." This relic is now in the Ashmolean library at Oxford, but is regarded as probably a copy of a more ancient original. These medals may be classed according to their inscriptions, which are in Hebrew, Greek, or Latin. The Hebrew medals were for Jewish converts, and were generally what may be called the Messiah class, as they bore some motto or title referring to Christ the Messiah. One presented is from Wagenseiln's book on the ancient coins and medals, and he believes it to belong to the first century. The Hebrew text reads: "Jesus of Nazareth, Messiah, God, and Man in one." The Greek classes, probably for the Hellenist converts, were of two chief varieties: one with the inscription, "Jesus Christ, King of Kings," in Greek capitals, assigned to the second or third century; and another, with the word "Emmanuel" in some form of motto or title, assigned to the fifth century. A fourth class, much more recent, may be called the "Salvator Mundi" medals. The example here shown is doubly interesting, as it appears from its Latin inscription on the reverse that it was designed from the "emerald vernicle." The same story is told as that connected with the Tiberius Cæsar portrait, "carved on an emerald," except that it gives another name to the Turkish emperor, as "Theucris the Great." This engraving is from the bronze medal in the King's Cabinet of the British Museum, mentioned in the work of C. W. King on "Early Christian Numismatics."



BRONZE MEDAL IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



FRESCO FROM THE CATACOMBS OF DOMITILLA, ROME.

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We reach historical ground in the earliest monumental picture from the Catacombs of "Domitilla," sometimes improperly assigned to the St. Calixtus. There is a more general consent concerning this, except as to its location, than is given to any one of the earlier works. It is from a fresco, and its historical argument has been well studied. The cemetery in which this portrait appeared dates from about A.D. 200, while the early Christians were hiding from persecution, and worshipping and almost living under-ground. These Catacombs, it should be remembered, were closed by Pope Damasus about 365. The style of composition of this work indicates a time prior to the symbolical incidents which later art invented. There is no "nimbus"

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IMITATION MOSAIC—A FRESCO FROM THE CATACOMBS.
From Perret on the Catacombs.

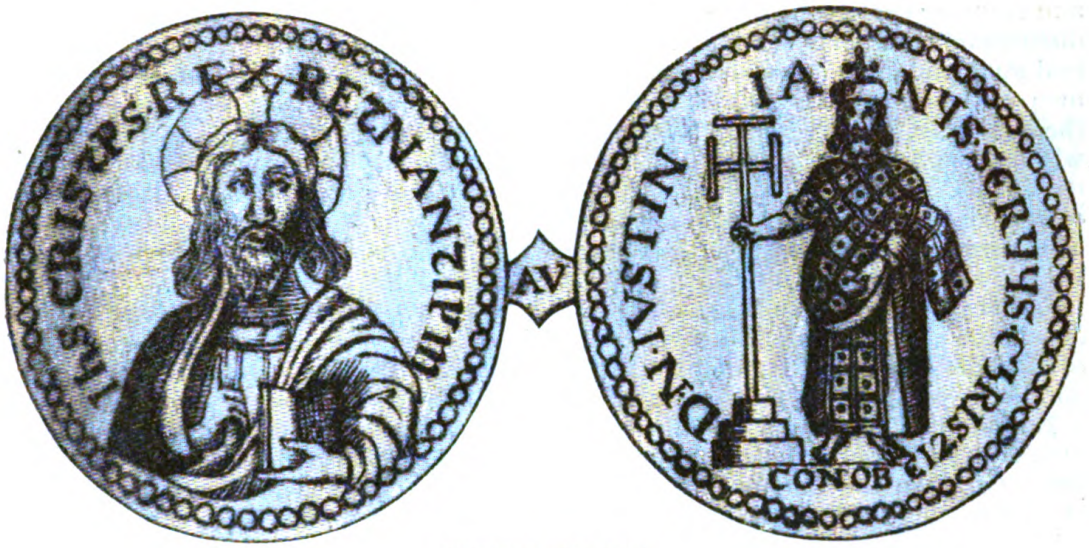
or "glory" about the head, and its being undraped also indicates a time prior to the adoption in art of the characteristic raiment of our Lord. It appears to be a bold and distinct idea, with a portrait-like definiteness, significant of an actual or intended likeness from a well-known type or an original. Dignified and simple, it is yet kind and benevolent in expression, as of one whom men loved to look upon and revere. From the numerous works in these under-ground cemeteries we may select another which illustrates the argument that mosaics of Christ were well known as early as the fourth century. A fresco of life size, in imitation of a mosaic, was taken from the cemetery of St. Calixtus, and is now in the museum of the Vatican. We present a copy. It is a profile in natural colors, with all the traditional features, but no nimbus, and what is very rare, a green robe. The face is rather Jewish, but modified with some Greek features. The expression is grave and pleasant, but the region of the mouth is rather sensual in fulness. Perret, the great French authority on the Catacombs, places this work in the fourth century. From the first to the fourth centuries work continued in these sanctuaries of both the dead and the living, and included every variety of memorial in every kind of art, from rude sketches on the plain plaster walls to the elaborately arched, excavated chapels, adorned with frescoes, mosaics, and statuary.

A frequent figure was Christ crowning the martyrs, or performing the miracles mentioned in the New Testament. Sacramental vessels of glass, adorned with gilt designs enclosed within the glass, were found in great numbers in the Catacomb niches, each of which contained a body, generally sealed in with a stone slab on the front. Sometimes these glasses were found unbroken among the bones of the skeleton, just as they were solemnly deposited in the early centuries. Again they were embedded in the mortar in which the bodies



GLASS AMULET.—From the London "Art Journal."

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JUSTINIAN GOLD COIN.

were often laid, one at the head and another at the feet. They were generally *paterœ*, or eucharistic plates, or the chalices for the sacramental wine, but sometimes were flasks which had contained the blood of the martyrs. All of them bore their golden pictures and inscriptions embedded in the glass, and even now they are bright and beautiful, though the glass is faded and broken. The face of Christ was often shown in the classic or Apollo type of a beardless youth, and frequently in the regular Nazarene type with the long hair and full beard. We give an example of the glass amulet, or *tessera*, made to be worn suspended about the neck. This is an important specimen, as it nullifies the argument which has been made that the first pictures were all the beardless or classic type. The age of the catacombs, however, does not limit the age of the glass object. Tertullian, early in the third century, speaks of these glass vessels as prevalent previous to his day, but then superseded by metal. In the grave of Eutychia, in the cemetery of St. Agnes, near Rome, this amulet was found near the breast on which it had probably been worn in life. It represents Christ bearing the fruit of the tree of life, and the same subject was found in another *patera*, beardless, and with short hair. But in this amulet the classic style of dress, the short tunic, appears, with the bearded and long-haired ideal. This figure also resembles "the Good Shepherd" ideal, often appearing in glass, in frescoes, and statuary. We present a copy of a Good Shepherd statue from the Catacombs, now in the Vatican. The original is of marble, about two feet high,



THE "GOOD SHEPHERD" STATUE.
From Perret on the Catacombs.

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and Rumohr declares it to be the earliest distinctively Christian sculpture. In general style and dress it is also a good specimen of the classic ideal, which often had the hair long, full, and curly, even when without the beard.

When Christianity had conquered the conquerors of Rome, and the first converted emperor, Constantine, took the throne, with Constantinople as his capital, the long-persecuted religion which had hidden in the Catacombs and in caves of the earth came forth as the triumphant faith and the imperial law of the Roman world.

Emblems of the faith of Christ triumphant as King of kings are proudly emblazoned on the *labarum* ensign and on the coinage of the realm during the reign of Constantine and several of his successors. The Christ image in full face appears on the gold coin of Justinian in the style of the Byzantine ideal. De Reiskius, a special student of the subject, says that the face of Christ on this coin was derived from the Abgarus picture. Our illustration is from the work of De Reiskius. The "book of truth" in the left hand of Christ, and the position of the right hand in benediction, are in the Oriental manner, with the fingers so disposed as to suggest the letters of "Christos" in Greek. Several of the Byzantine emperors and some of the popes issued coins bearing the sacred effigy.

In Venice, Pisa, Florence, and Rome beautiful mosaics, often of colossal size, were wrought in domes and apses of the grandest basilicas and cathedrals. Such works, well known to art students and travellers, date from the fifth to the ninth centuries. One of the finest for liveliness, beauty, and dignity is the colossal Christ enthroned in the apse of the ancient Church of St. Cosmo and Damiano, in Rome. This majestic figure is justly considered as the finest mosaic Christ. The general style of the enthroned Christ is a sitting figure with a book or "scroll of truth" held in the left hand or resting on the left knee, with the right hand raised or extended, with the fingers disposed in the Oriental attitude of benediction, the third finger touching the thumb. One of this class, from the apse of the Church of St. Apollinare Nuova, at Ravenna, of the sixth century, we produce on page 942. It is of the Byzantine type, much like the great figure in the ancient arch still preserved in the magnificent newly restored Church of "St. Paul outside the walls," of Rome.

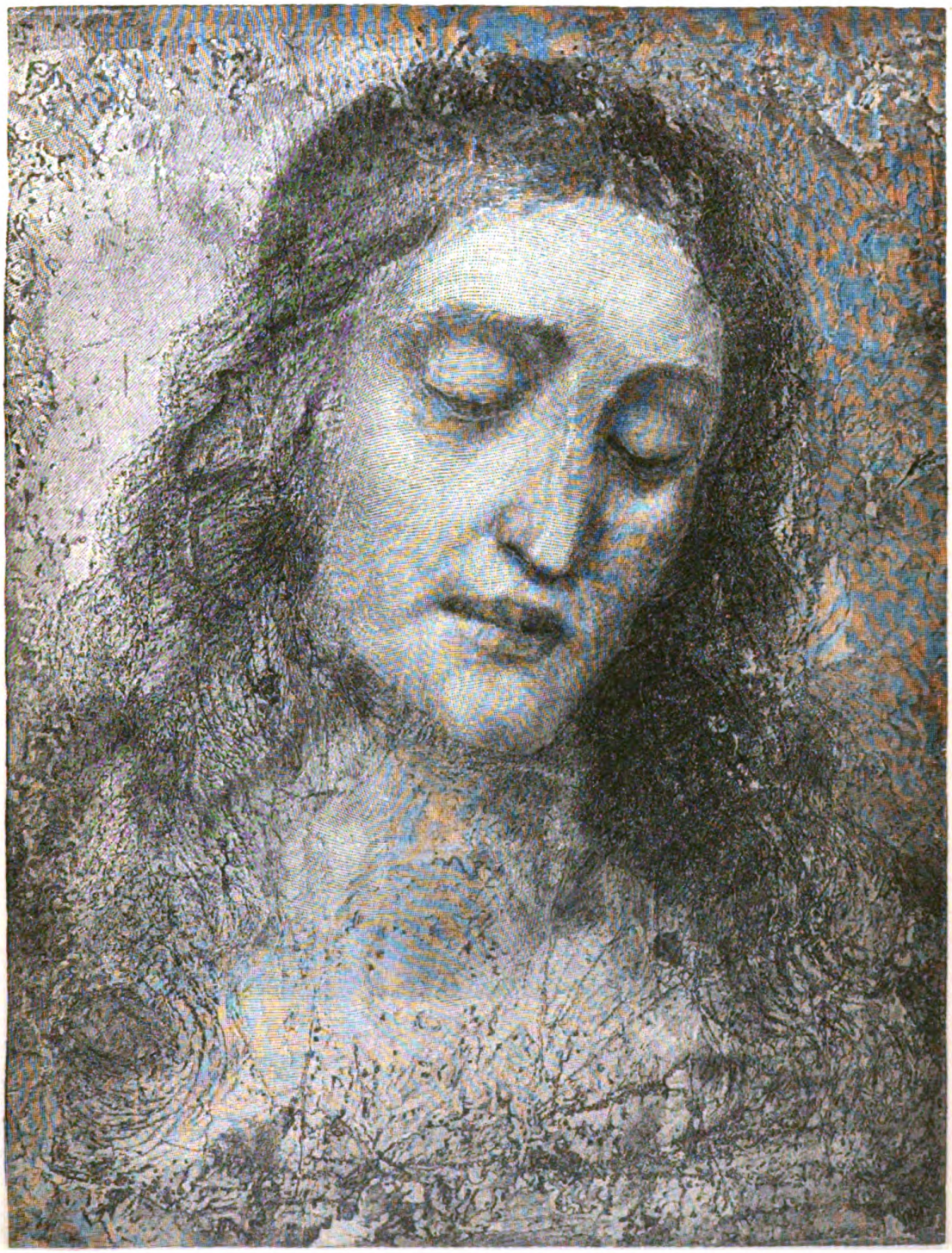
With Cimabue, a student of the Greek school, there comes a change and a revival, or rather the birth of free Italian art. He hands down the Greek ideals of Giunta and Pisano, beautified and spiritualized by his own genius, and set free to inspire the skill and devotion of his great pupil, Giotto, and his school.

Cimabue introduces the intensely poetical idea of weeping angels at the cross and tomb, in various expressions of sympathy and sorrow, some with wringing hands, some with covered faces, and others turning in horror from the scene.

Giotto, early in the fourteenth century, several times paints in ground compositions of brilliant color whole histories of Christ, representing the great scenes and leading incidents of His earthly life. In the Giotto Chapel of the Arena at Padua, and at Florence and Assisi, and in the Campo Santo at Pisa, are still to be seen his dramatic pictorial life of Jesus. His ideal is Byzantine, in general form of features, in the "disk nimbus," or golden glory around the Saviour's head, and in the details of dress and ornament. But the beauty of a refined and noble face, the wonderful dramatic grouping of figures, and the ideal charm of landscape and scenic incidents mark an era in the history of painting.

We give on page 943 a picture from one of the frescoes of the Arena at Padua, representing the triumphant entry. Rude and simple as it seems, it is quite a remarkable work for directness and simplicity of design. There is not much of a multitude, but the incidents are correct and very compactly designed. The figures in the palm-trees are plucking branches to strew the way, and the kneeling figures are spreading their garments before the coming King. The gate and walls of the royal city are absurdly small, but the suggestion is clear. It may be said that Giotto's Christs are generally in profile, though there are some in three-quarter face like that in the Resurrection scene, and in full face like that in the scene before Pilate. The beard of Christ is generally dark and heavy, and the nimbus is the Byzantine disk, very solid, and in no way suggestive of divine light. With Giotto there is a grand advance in motive and execution. To the new freedom in design and the advancing ideal conception there is added, in

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CARTOON BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.

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Fra Angelico, the mystic monk of Fiesole, a delicate intensity of religious fervor. He often painted on his knees, in tears, with an exquisite execution, which in him was an act of faithful piety. He presented the very refectory of the Dominican convent at Milan, is the most powerful and affecting figure in the world. Our illustration is an engraving from Da Vinci's original cartoon, now in the Brera Palace at Milan.



THE RAVENNA MOSAIC.

From Hamerton's "Portfolio." By permission of the publishers, Messrs. Seeley and Co., London.

ideal of angelic refinement of face and expression. His forms were generally tall and slender, and his faces narrow and long, but finished with the delicacy which characterized his miniature and manuscript work.

The high-ideal mark of the religious spirit combined with the human thought is reached in Leonardo da Vinci. His well-known Christ at the "Last Supper," now almost invisible on the walls of the

Passing over many other great names, we come to the Carracci family of realists, whose works express the life and feeling of their own day. The beautiful Christ of Annibale Carracci is a favorite with art lovers, and has been copied in every style for three centuries. Our engraving (page 945) is from the bust picture in Dresden. It is remarkable for lively expression, large brilliant eyes, fine mouth and nose, and soft, light, curly hair and beard.

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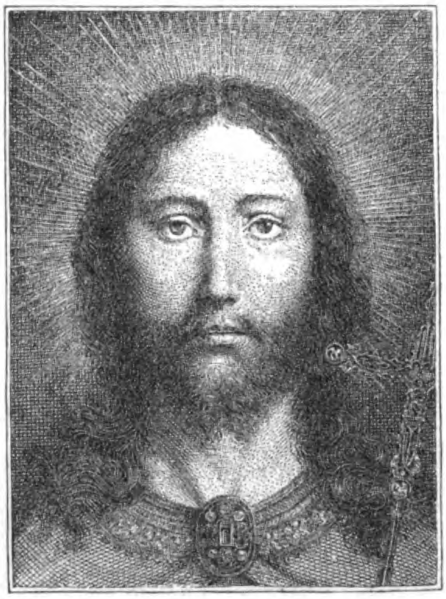


THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.—[BY GIOTTO.]

We have reserved mention of the so-called Tiberius Cæsar pictures, because this class, relating to the "holy vernicle," or the "emerald vernicle," is associated with a story of Bajazet, Sultan of Constantinople, and Pope Innocent VIII., previously alluded to.

We present on page 946 a copy, one of a multitude, associated with some variety of the "ransom" story, which exist in Europe and in England. The original "emerald vernicle" is lost, and is now only known by copies in paintings. Presents of gems like this "emerald" were frequent offerings by the Eastern emperors, and the "ransom" story is not improbable, except as to the "order of Tiberius Cæsar." But it is likely that a general belief in the validity of this claim created such a demand for copies that they were made in "cameo," "tapestry," and a number of paintings in Italy, Germany, France, and England. The face is a sharp Greek profile, and the left shoulder is so advanced as to show the back. An illustration of the famous bronze medal, supposed to be copied from the emerald, has been given on page 937. Another copy of this "vernicle" is woven into a curious bit of tapestry belonging to the Earl of Warwick. It probably belongs to the fifteenth century, and bears a Latin inscription woven into the texture, as follows: "VERA SALVATORIS NOSTRI EFFIGIES AD IMITATIONEM IMAGINIS SMARAGDO INCISÆ JUSSU TIBERII CÆSARIS, QUO SMARAGDO POSTEA EX THESAURO CONSTANTINOPOLITANO TURCARUM IMPERATOR INNOCENTIUM VIII PONT. MAX. ROM. DONAVIT PRO REDIMENDO FRATRÆ CHRISTIANIS CAPTIVO." (A true likeness of Our Saviour, copied from the portrait carved on an emerald by order of Ti-

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THE "REDEMPTOR MUNDI."—[BY HANS MEMLING.]

berius Cæsar, which emerald the Emperor of the Turks afterward gave out of the treasury of Constantinople to Pope Innocent VIII. for the redemption of his brother, taken captive by the Christians.) The face is more like the pictures from the "emerald vernicle" than that on the medal.

The early Dutch, Flemish, and German artists generally studied in Italy, and brought from thence the prevalent ideals. At first they found the Byzantine type of the mediæval schools, and reproduced it at home, but being less under the influence of traditions, they rapidly developed their own national types. Conceptions became more free and original, and native tastes began to demand a Christ type appealing to popular feelings. One of the earliest to develop the home ideal was the soldier of fortune known to art as Hans Memling. He was of the fifteenth century, and a pupil of Roger of Bruges, and remarkable for boldness of design, grace of expression, and refinement of color. His "Redemptor Mundi" shows the influence of the Byzantine type even upon his own free art spirit. The style and apparel are Byzantine, but the features are German—a grave and dignified but real face, rather like Quentin Matsys and the Cologne school. The works of Rembrandt, the "King of Shadows," present fine examples of the national tendency in treating the features of our Lord. The conception by this master in the Louvre exhibits a face which but for hair and beard might be taken for a Dutch portrait. It is grave, dignified, and noble, with a pure and benevolent expression upon the national features.

Vandyck often painted Christ with bold design and delicate refinement of execution, though generally with a narrow and pinched face, and rather old.

Rubens filled the galleries of Antwerp and the art centres of Europe with his vast scenes crowded with the colossal figures which he loved to paint. His Christ faces vary so much that we cannot say that he had a special ideal.

French art, in its earlier works, is rather Italian in motive and design, and many of their earliest sacred pictures were by foreign artists. Charlemagne carried a camp oratory on his campaigns, with an altar picture of Christ, and his imperial crown bore on its front the sacred image.

Sacred art, however, has had a grand history in France, and many great ideals have been produced and are still painted. Probably the favorite modern work is the Christ of Paul Delaroche. It is truly a beautiful conception, and though slightly Roman in contour, is really French in appearance. Ary Scheffer had a definite and unvarying ideal, and a very grand one. He pictured Christ alone, and with John, and again with Judas, in half-figures. He was a wonderful colorist, and his great allegories of "The Consolator" and "The Remunerator" are two of the finest general conceptions ever produced. His Christ face is remarkable for beauty and intensity of sympathy and love. We have not space to speak of Signol, Leloir, and Jalabert, or of Doré, except to say that the work of the last-mentioned, "Christ descending from the Prætorium," is the greatest conception of this scene, and the Christ, meekly passing through the howling mob, is one of the grandest figures in sacred art.

Very high among the highest conceptions of contemporary French art is the beautiful half-figure of "Our Saviour" by Hugues Merle, late of Paris, a pupil of the distinguished Cogniet. (See Page 947.) It is a complete individuality of the finest conceivable type, and stands alone, grand and beautiful, without any accessories or incidents. Its appeal is as definite and life-like as if it were a portrait from a living person. We are indebted to Mr.

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D. H. McAlpin, the owner of the painting, for its appearance here.

English sacred art in native work has been of slow growth, and until the last century almost entirely characterized by foreign ideals and methods. The last century and the present have produced almost all of the really great works. Here, as in other countries, a national ideal has developed gradually into a realism which in Holman Hunt and Dobson presents the English Christ. They are not alike, but both distinctively English.

The most notable work of recent English art is the Academy picture of Edwin Armitage, R.A., now professor in the Royal Academy. It is called "Faith," and represents the episode of the woman touching the hem of His garment as Christ is going to raise the daughter of Jairus. Walking with Him are the sorrowing rul-



HEAD OF CHRIST.—[BY ANNIBALE CARRACCI.]

er and a small procession of half-figures, most various in features and attitudes. It would seem that the idea was to represent the subjects of some of the miracles of Jesus in the group that follows Him.

The master's throne of sacred art in our day has been long occupied by the venerable and devout Carl Müller, of Düsseldorf. His pictures of the "Infant Jesus" and the "Holy Family" are admired and loved all over Europe and in our own land.

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"Christ at Emmaus" has been a favorite subject with him, and his conception of the theme has never been equalled. It is a work of loving devotion, most satisfactory and inspiring. Our illustration (page 948) is from a photograph of the original in the Aspinwall gallery in New York. Engraving can show the form, but not the rich, delicate tinting of the risen Redeemer's face —a face which subdues the beholder with a holy awe, even as it seems to bewilder the two disciples who have just recognized Him as He "vanishes out of their sight." The Byzantine form, with Greek contour of face, is shown, but the general tone of color and expression is of a refined German ideal, glorified by an artistic power which is able to picture a celestial thought beyond our common imagination.

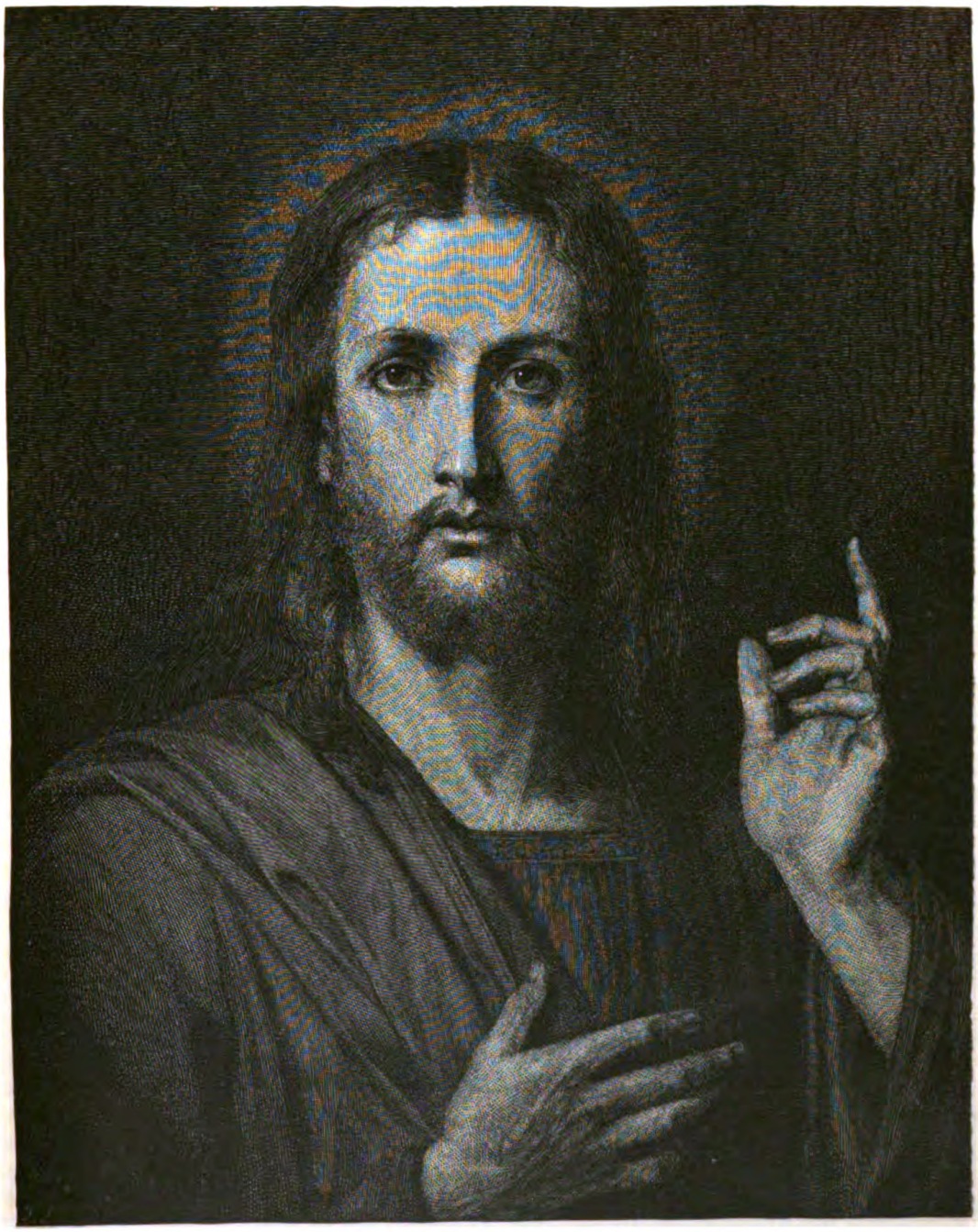
The great names of Kaulbach, Hoffmann, Richter, and Papperitz represent some of the German Christian art of the last and the present generations.



PORTRAIT ON TAPESTRY, FROM THE EMERALD VERNICLE.
By permission of the Earl of Warwick.

Great as American art is in landscape, architecture, and ornamental work, it has made but a beginning in original sacred design. We have no religious history in any way associated with national art, and our sentimental and historical ideas are rather iconoclastic, inspired by our Puritan spirit of protest against all objective religion. We have produced, however, some very famous works on imaginative and dramatic Christian themes. Our own Benjamin West became one of the two American presidents of the Royal Academy of London. His great picture of "Christ healing the Sick" is in one of the

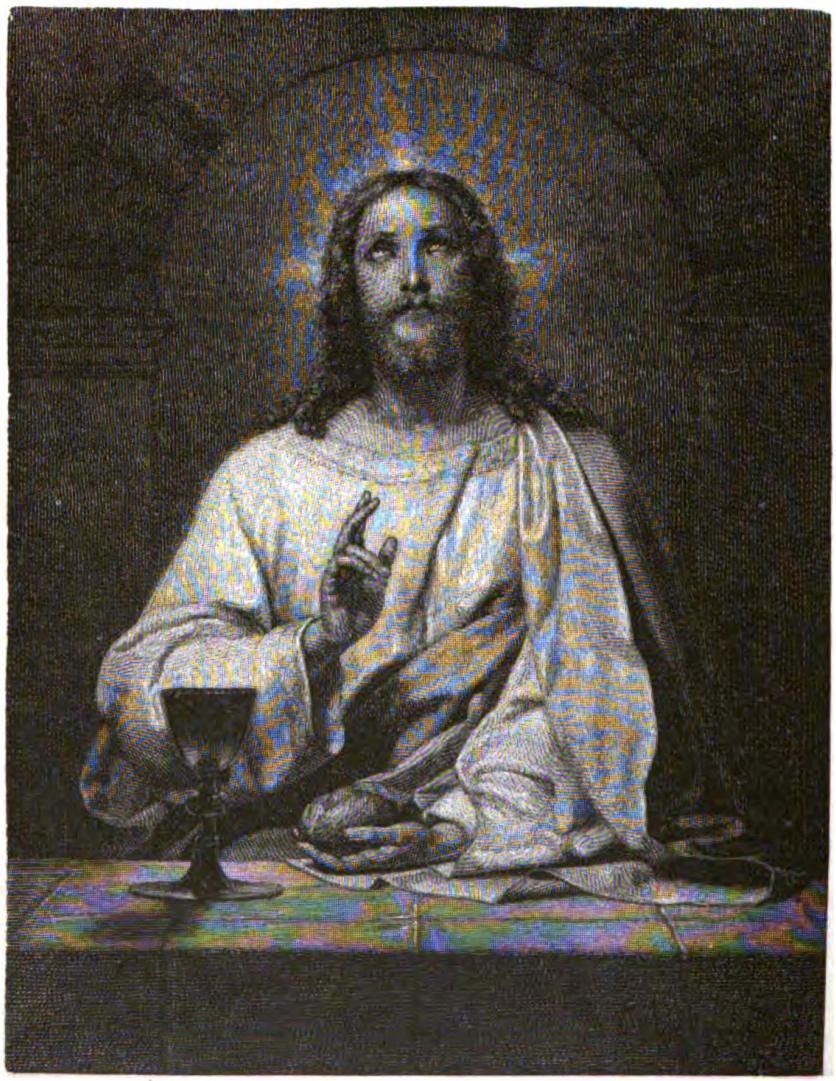
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"OUR SAVIOUR," FROM A PAINTING BY HUGUES MERLE.
By permission of Mr. D. H. McAlpin.

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London hospitals. "Christ blessing Children" is one of his best-known ideals, but the face in this, as well as in the "healing" scene, is rather too decided in Jewish cast, though kind, pleasant, and attractive in expression. Far more satisfactory is the grand classic face in "Christ Rejected," bust. Such works are easy to criticise, and are seldom satisfactory, for they are without the aid of suggestive incidents or the feeling of color, and can only coldly represent a solid idea. The best, by Powers, in the Aspinwall collection, exhibits the proper traditional ideas as to hair and



CHRIST AT EMMAUS.—[BY KARL MÜLLER.]
From a photograph by Pach.

the vast picture now in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia.

American sculptors have been especially loyal to the Christ ideal. Our three greatest artists in stone—Crawford, Greenough, and Powers—have offered their tributes in the trying form of the beard, even to the divided tufts. Its national type is not so definitely suggested that we can say this was a Hebrew or a Syrian. We may be pardoned, therefore, for imagining that Powers meant to take the poetic liberty of art, and attempt an American ideal.

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EAST ANGELS.

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

CHAPTER XXX.

"HOW will she appear?" said Mr. Moore. He sat in his arm-chair; his attitude showed that he was waiting; his eyes following the pattern of the red and white matting on the floor.

"'How,' Middleton?" said Penelope, looking up from her knitting almost reproachfully. "Why, broken-hearted, of course, poor child!"

"Yes, broken-hearted, I fear; broken-hearted," answered Middleton.

Two years had passed since the burning of the house on the point. Mr. Moore was now quite well again, save that he would always be obliged to walk slowly and support himself with a stout cane. The rectory was more comfortable than it had been in former years; the rector's clerical coat was a better one; but the rector's wife, with that unconsciousness of her own lacks which, when it is founded (as it was in this case) upon a husband's unswerving admiration, is not without its charm—the rector's wife was contentedly attired in the same green delaine.

The rectory had been repaired, but the church had been rebuilt. Behind the church there was now a cheerful white house, a Home for the destitute negroes of Gracias and its vicinity—poor old creatures, too infirm to work and too ignorant to learn, who had been left stranded when the great tide of Emancipation had swept over the land. These bewildered souls, who were like so many lost children, had been gathered together and housed in the new rooms of the Home, which had been built as much like their old cabins as was possible; here they grumbled over everything to their hearts' content, smoking their pipes meanwhile, and were extremely comfortable.

To have been enabled, by their largely increased income, to rebuild the little church that was so dear to them, and to establish this Home, these things had made the Moores very happy: so happy, indeed, that Penelope had exclaimed one day, upon coming back from the church, where the new carpet had been laid down in the chancel, "It almost seems wrong, Middleton, to be so very happy as we are now!"

Middleton looked up from the sermon he was writing. "Aren't you confusing the conditions somewhat, my love? I am sure I hope so. We have always been happy, haven't we? Even when we were poorest, we were perfectly happy so far as our home and our love for each other were concerned. All that has been increased has been our power of doing good, and I trust there is nothing wrong in that."

"So long as it doesn't make us conceited," Penelope answered, in a warning voice. Her warning, however, appeared to be directed against herself.

"Well, my dear," responded Middleton, making one of his rare attempts at a joke, "I try not to feel conceited when I use my ivory brushes."

At the present moment the Moores were listening for the sound of wheels—not the usual rattle, but that muffled grind through sand which comes from the roadways of Gracias.

"Hark!" said Penelope, lifting a lean forefinger. "Yes—there they are!"

Seizing a dismal little head-covering of dark green wools, the product of her own crochet-needle, she put it hastily on, and giving Middleton his hat and stick, went with him down the path toward the gate. A carriage had stopped; Dr. Kirby was helping some one to descend from the high, old-fashioned vehicle. The young figure in black, the bright hair under the veil, the overwhelming burst of sobs when she saw their familiar faces—yes, this was Garda who had come back to them, come back home, as they fondly called it. She had been widowed for more than a year—nearly two. Lucian had died in Venice nineteen months before.

They brought her in; tenderly Mrs. Moore took off the crape bonnet and veil. The girl cried bitterly, her head on Penelope's shoulder. There were tears in the eyes of the two men also; it seemed so strange that this bowed black figure should be their Garda, the beautiful, idle, serene young girl who had had such a genius for happiness that she had been able to extract overflowing measure of it from even an old hammock and a crane.

Lucian had died suddenly of malignant fever. Garda herself, prostrated by her grief, for months afterward had scarcely

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raised her head. Dr. Kirby had started immediately; he had been with her through the worst of her illness. But she had not been alone at any time; she had devoted friends in Venice, two sisters and a brother, who, singularly enough, were cousins of Rosalie, Lucian's first wife, and of the same name, Bogardus. These staid, stout people had been fascinated with the Spensers from the first; they had made, by their own sheer persistence, a number of excursions with them, up and down the lagoons and to the Venetian Alps, before the tragedy of Lucian's sudden attack. "Poor Rosalie's husband"—this had been the only identity Lucian had ever had in their minds. But they were obliged to change that arrangement of words very quickly after seeing Garda.

They had had a tolerating opinion of poor Rosalie's husband since the day when he had returned to the family so much of the Bogardus money; they had expressed themselves at the time as glad that the young man had such a sense of "what was fit." But when they came upon this young man himself in Venice—they had never seen him until now—when they had fallen under the charm of his sunny nature, of Garda's bewitching beauty, and of the delightful happiness of the two together, these same plain-faced old sisters and brother began to say to themselves after a while that really there ought to be something more "solid" behind the Spensers. Now, to a Bogardus, nothing was "solid" in less than seven figures.

It seemed highly probable—they could not but admit it—that Lucian, no matter how much he might be directed, would never of himself attain to anything like that density of background. "It isn't *in* him," declared Dick, the brother, slapping his short leg. "All *his* gold's in his hair."

"Very nice hair," said the sisters, stiffly.

Then came the overwhelming blow of Lucian's sudden death, and the two ladies, Alicia and Gertrude, immediately took charge of the stricken young wife, and did it with a tenderness and a completeness which even Dr. Kirby pronounced touching, when he himself arrived in Venice—as soon as was possible, but some weeks later. When Garda at last began to improve a little, her lassitude continued: it was evident that she would not be able to travel for some time to come. Meanwhile the Doctor's money was running out. Garda did not think of this; at present she thought only of her sorrow; and then, as had always been said of Garda, she never remembered money at all. Of course the Doctor would not confide to these strangers the embarrassments of his position. And no Bogardus, left to himself, would have been able to conceive the idea that a man in his senses could have started to come to Venice from America with so small a sum in his pocket as the poor Doctor had been able to provide. But the facts remained the same: Garda could not travel, the Doctor must go. He was obliged to say so at last, though the reason he did not give. In this emergency, Trude and Lish-er, as their brother called them, eagerly offered to remain with Mrs. Spenser for the present, to bring her by slow stages across Europe to England, and thence to New York with themselves, when she should be able to travel; and Dick Bogardus growled, "Much the best plan! much the best plan!" behind them.

The Doctor had never been able in the least to comprehend Dick; he considered him a most extraordinary person. Dick was sixty, short in stature, singularly gruff, and worth five millions. Dick, on his side, was sure that the Doctor was a little out of his mind. But Lish-er and Trude would be very kind to Garda, there could be no doubt of that; they showed an almost tyrannical fondness for her even now—the thwarted maternal instinct, the Doctor in his own mind called it. And so at last it was arranged, and the anxious guardian, forced to leave his charge behind him, started on his homeward journey, with just enough money to carry him to Charleston (where he could borrow of Sally), and barely a cent to spare. The Doctor was always dignified: his poverty could make no change in that: but after the first pain of parting with Garda was somewhat lessened, he began to think, with an affection he had never felt before, of Gracias-á-Dios, of his old house there, his familiar books in their good old bindings, his dilapidated arm-chair, the lamp that just suited him, the salutations of his friends; even the bobbing courtesies and bows of the old negroes were not, in memory, without their charm. Ma, fortunately, was able to live in comfort, no matter what uncertainties his own income might show; Ma had an annuity of three hun-

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dred dollars a year. Upon this sum Ma maintained herself in luxury in her son's old mansion; and helped the poor.

Lish-er and Trude took their time; they had not been so much interested in anything for years as they were now interested in Garda; they said to everybody that she was like their "own child." This, of course, was a great novelty. But in reality she was more like their doll—a very beautiful and precious one. Garda herself remained listless, passive; but her mere presence was enough for the two old maids. It was a sight to see them purchasing new mourning attire for her in Paris; they made twenty journeys hither and thither before they decided upon the materials; they traversed the entire city more than once for a certain kind of crape button; to such friends as they met they announced in hurried tones that they were "so extremely occupied" that they hardly knew how they should "get through." But it could not last forever, even the buying of clothes in Paris, and at length they were forced to bring their charge over the ocean to New York, where all the other Bogarduses came to look at her, to see for themselves, if possible, what it could be which had roused such abnormal enthusiasm in "Dick and the girls."

"It's amazing how that Garda Thorne always contrives to make everybody serve her turn," was Aunt Katrina's comment, meanwhile, down in Gracias. "Here's a whole New York family—of our best people too—waiting upon her slavishly, and bringing her across Europe like—like I don't know what; like Cleopatra down the Nile!"

"I suppose you mean, then, that Dick Bogardus is Antony?" said Lanse, working away at his fish-net. He had learned to make his nets rapidly now, and was extremely proud of his handiwork; he gave away the results of his labors to "deserving fishermen of good moral character"—it must be certain that they were moral. The Reverend Mr. Moore had charge of this charity, and limped miles, carrying the heavy parcels, to bestow them conscientiously upon persons who came under the terms of that description. The nets, however, not being strong, the deserving fishermen, when found, did not evince an enthusiasm of gratitude over them. Lanse knew nothing of this; but he would not have believed it even if he had been told: of course the fishermen were thankful. He continued to regard himself as a beneficent patron; he continued to survey with admiration the astonishing fact that Lansing Harold was giving all his leisure time to "works of charity." He often asked Margaret if she didn't think he was "very good." He appeared to think, indeed, himself, that such an amount of goodness was almost alarming.

"I shouldn't be one bit surprised!" had been Aunt Katrina's response to his Antony suggestion. And she accompanied her words with a sage nodding of her head.

"Dick will be a great fool if he marries a girl of that age," Lanse commented. "But he might leave her a slice of his money."

"He'll never do that—unless he marries her. None of them will; you'll see."

And Aunt Katrina was right. Lish-er, Trude, and Dick remained Garda's devoted slaves to the last hour of their lives; she was the most romantic and exciting episode of their entire existence; but their millions, unlessened by a single legacy, went to Bogarduses who did not need them, and it would have been the same if Garda had been facing poverty the most dire. Fortunately Garda was not poor. To the Gracias people she seemed rich.

At the moment when Garda was entering the rectory, Margaret, at East Angels, was coming down the stone stairway on her way to the lower door, where the phaeton and Telano were waiting; she was about to drive to Gracias. As she paused a moment on the bottom step to button her gloves, a long shadow darkened the flags at her feet; she looked up; Ernesto de Torrez was standing at the open portal. After making one of his formal bows he came toward her, a motion of his hand begged her to remain where she was. "I thought you would be going there," he said, in a low tone. "I have therefore brought these — will you take them for me?" Flowers were abundant in Gracias, but the roses he held toward her were extraordinarily beautiful; all crimson or pink, they glowed with color, and filled the hall with a rich cinnamon scent.

"I will take them if you wish, Ernesto," Margaret answered. "But they are—they are very—"

The roses looked indeed as if intended for a joyous occasion; they were sumptuous, superb.

"You mean that they are bright. I

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know it; I intended them to be so." He still held them toward her.

"Wait awhile," she said, briefly.

His face changed. "I know you are my friend," he murmured, as if he were saying it to himself. His eyes had dropped to his rejected blossoms.

She could see that he was passionately angry, and making one of his firm efforts to hold himself in control. "I will take them if you wish it," she said, gently, and she extended her hand. "I leave it to you. They are wonderfully beautiful, I see that."

"They came from Cuba; I have been watching them growing for nineteen months—for this."

"It is a house of mourning, you know, that I am going to," she said. "It was, as you say, nineteen months ago—a long time. But the remembrance will be very fresh at the rectory this afternoon."

His anger suddenly left him; he raised his eyes from his roses to her face, and smiled. "It's always fresh to me!" he answered. The glow in his dark countenance as he brought this out appalled her, for it was like a triumph—triumph over death. He walked to the door and tossed the roses into the sunshine outside. "You are right," he said. "I can afford to wait—now!" And, with a quick salutation, he pulled his hat down over his brows and walked off toward Madam Giron's. His whole manner, his every step, showed his elation. At that moment Margaret was afraid of him.

It was not the first time she had felt this fear. The very perfection of his self-control, now that she knew that it was self-control alone, not coldness of temperament, as most persons supposed—this very strength of his terrified her; for it gave her an idea of what he might become were this firm pressure of his will once slackened. Northerner as she was, daughter of that most modern of all communities, the northern United States, she had never before come in contact with a man who continued in his own person, in this safe restricted nineteenth century, the traditionary passions of the more primitive ages, when honor, so called, was held exquisitely sensitive, because emulation, jealousy, and anger were wrought out in every-day life by each individual according to his own idea, no matter whither that idea might carry him—even to deeds of violence.

But Ernesto curbed his violence with a grasp of steel. He was also her devoted friend. No one else besides herself (unless it might be Manuel) seemed to have any fear of him; no one else besides herself appeared to have looked into the depths of his nature—perhaps no one else had had her opportunity. For she had become almost intimate with him during the past two years; that is, since her husband, Mrs. Rutherford, and herself had formed the household at East Angels. The friendship—one of long silences and few words—could not have been established, at least not the present degree of it, unless Lanse also had participated in it. But Lanse participated; Lanse said that he participated more than anybody; the Cuban was one of his chief delights; he was never tired of asking that grave young man about his latest successes "in agriculture," and then listening to his "three-decked" replies. For Ernesto now spoke English—an English that gave Lanse great gratification; his words were well chosen and carefully pronounced, but his sentences remained entirely Spanish; he spoke Spanish literally translated; you were obliged to extract even the potatoes he was describing (so Lanse declared) from a cloud of Castilian dignity.

The young man came to see Mrs. Harold very often. They said of him, indeed, the other friends, that he was able to obtain refreshment for himself from her mere presence alone, as he had been known to sit in absolute silence near her as she sewed for two consecutive hours, during which period the eloquent Doctor had held the floor; Lanse, from his sofa, speaking occasionally (principally for the purpose of "egging the Doctor on"); Betty, from her rocking-chair, speaking more than occasionally, leading off wildly in all sorts of directions where nobody ever followed her (not that she minded that); Mr. Moore producing his "somewhats" at intervals; and Aunt Katrina now and then contributing a sentence, uttered with a detached superior air (a hand-screen confers that; Aunt Katrina always had one), as was proper in a person whose ideas were European and even African in their scope, founded upon a knowledge of Cannes and the Pyramids, as well as of this quiet Florida shore; but none of these participants drawing one word from the taciturn De Torrez, who appeared to feel much more interest in the opportunity to

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pick up Mrs. Harold's scissors when by chance they had dropped.

But when he was alone with her, of course he said more. Not that he was ever fluent—Ernesto would remain all his days the type of reticence; but on these occasions he did advance a few remarks, on topics carefully adapted to "ladies' society"; for Ernesto was one of those persons who believe that the whole tone of a conversation should be altered, should be detached from every weighty subject, and become optimistic, strewn with the flowers of compliment, the moment a "lady" enters the room. Of his own accord he never mentioned Garda. But Margaret in a few words generally gave him, sooner or later, the last information she had herself received; she had decided that this could do no harm; he was showing himself to be made of material as stiff as his bearing. Ernesto offered no comments upon her brief items; all Garda's journeyings seemed to him utterly fantastic—as much so as though she had married a circus rider and was going round the world with an establishment of horses and tents. He could not conceive the possibility that a lady should wish to travel for her own pleasure, should wish to be jostled, mixed with a crowd, forced to stay at hotels; he could not conceive it any more than he could conceive that she should wish, for her own pleasure, to wear heavy boots and tramp about in the mud. His idea of a lady included privacy; it included a little slipper peeping from rose-leaf scented, snowy skirts. Garda had come up to his ideal in this last respect; poor as she was and slender her wardrobe, she had always been very dainty—ridiculously so, Aunt Katrina thought; between the devoted personal care of her mother, and that, equally devoted in another way, of Raquel, she had had the fastidious ideas of a little princess as to everything that touched her, and had them still.

Margaret was in possession of the Cuban's secret. Manuel had told her all, had described to her with much feeling that desolate scene in the forest, and had begged her assistance in helping the "poor boy" to his feet again. But Ernesto had left boyhood behind him forever; he appeared now much older than Manuel, Manuel who had remained the same handsome, sentimental youth with the speaking, ardent eyes, the curling hair, the cloak, sombrero, and guitar, who had dawned upon the Northern party when they first arrived as the most striking person in Gracias, with the sole exception of Garda Thorne. Manuel would never grow old. But Ernesto's face wore already the expressions of middle age.

From the moment when he had returned with his aunt from the Indian River, the Cuban had steadfastly given all his time to labor upon the plantation, day after day; he had curbed his restlessness, not allowing himself to leave Gracias; he had hidden his despair. He had the meridional temperament; he was not gifted with that driving energy which in trouble can sometimes take a man out of himself, while at the same moment, by the success it brings, it helps in some degree to comfort him; poor Ernesto made no great successes in his "agriculture," as Lanse called it; at first he barely attained success at all. His superintendence of the negroes was never stringent; speed, new adaptations, constant improvement—these, so commonly seen on a Northern farm, were not visible in the methods employed upon these old lands of the Girons. But equally never was the gaunt young man absent from his post, always was he there, steadily if unskilfully presiding. And the result of his persistence was that the old fields in time were put under cultivation of some sort from one boundary ditch to the other, and began really to produce harvests again—harvests which were regular if not abundant.

The Señor Ruiz was of the opinion that Ernesto had degenerated. Ernesto did not come to see him any more (the señor was glad of that); but, from all he could learn, he was convinced that the boy had imbibed "modern ideas," and upon the first opportunity he should certainly tell him so.

"Oh no, papa, you will not be so cruel; he is only trying to occupy his sad heart," said his wife, in a tone of pity.

"Occupy? With a hoe? Why did he ever allow that fellow Spenser, then, to carry off Garda right from under his nose? Do you suppose that I should have allowed any one—*any one*, Enriquita—to carry you off from under mine?" And the señor thumped fiercely with his stick upon the floor.

Big, broad-shouldered Madam Ruiz blushed like a young girl. "But you were always so fiery, Fernando," she murmured, looking very handsome in her bright color.

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"A gentleman is obliged to be fiery—obliged, I say, when women are fair and his valor is at stake," replied the little señor.

Manuel, meanwhile, had gone through an immense astonishment; his services (and kind-hearted Manuel was quite ready to bestow them) had not been in the least needed to assist the "poor boy" to his feet again; this astonishing boy had been on his feet from the very first day—yes, from the first minute; and these feet had been most of the time in freshly ploughed furrows at Madam Giron's. Manuel came more than once to these furrows in person; he appeared on horseback at the edge of whichever field it happened to be, and surveyed the scene from over the ditch. On these occasions Ernesto never appeared to be conscious of his presence; he went on giving orders to the negroes in his gently uttered formal English, now following in his polished boots by the side of a plough for a long distance, now inspecting old Cajo's memorandum for the day's provisions—hieroglyphics chalked on a board—keeping watch over all in an awkward, steadfastly persistent way which was like nothing in the world but himself, nothing in the world, with its dignity, its stiff dulness, and its determination, but Ernesto de Torrez.

"Extraordinary idiot!" Manuel would murmur to himself. Then thoughtfully he would ride away.

Meeting the Cuban once when his feet were not in the furrows, "Ernesto," he said, abruptly, "who ever taught you to plough?"

"Adam," Ernesto answered. And he looked up at his friend (who was on horseback) with such a sombre gleam in his eye that Manuel thought he had better ride on.

Telano drove Margaret up the water-road to Gracias. It was late in the afternoon when she reached the rectory. Dr. Kirby was watching for her; he came down to the gate to meet her.

"She has gone to her room," he said; "we have persuaded her to go and lie down for a while, as she has done nothing but cry since first seeing the Moores. I am afraid it will be even worse when she sees you," he added, as they went up the path. "She has asked if you were not coming soon."

Crossing the veranda, he stopped, with his hand on the door, looking at his companion for a moment before entering.

There was no one in the world whom the Doctor now admired so much as he admired Margaret Harold. For the past two years he had secretly given her unswerving help and support in everything that went on at East Angels; he thought hers, among women, the most courageous and noble nature he had ever known. And the sweetest too—ah, yes, in its hidden depths, overwhelmingly, enchantingly sweet! The delicacy of her physical constitution, too (and she did not grow stronger), her nearness to breaking down at times—times when Celestine would lift her in her strong arms (out of Aunt Katrina's sight), and carry her peremptorily off to her room, where the two silent allies, physician and nurse, would combine their efforts to bring her up again—these things had endeared her to the Doctor greatly. For it touched him to see, month after month, her fair youthfulness growing a little less youthful, her sweet face more faint in color, while at the same time, hour by hour, he saw her perform her full task so completely in all its little details as well as its broader outlines. He knew that she constantly suffered, and that it must be so; with his own eyes he saw how she endured. As a physician, if nothing else, he was aware how infrequent is quiet regular effort, maintained moderately and evenly, day after day, in a sex which can, upon occasion, perform single actions that rise to the height of the superhuman, and are far beyond the endeavors of any man. But here was a woman capable of the steady quiet effort. It was not merely that she had remained with this faithless husband, had allowed him to take possession again of her life and her home; she had made this home as pleasant to him and to Aunt Katrina as so quiet a place could be made to two such persons. She never secluded herself; she was always ready to talk; she brought others to amuse them; she read aloud; she played backgammon and checkers; she patiently tied the ends of the fish nets and kept an account of them with Mr. Moore. She accepted and acted upon all Lanse's suggestions regarding her dress; she smiled frankly over his succinct stories, which, as has already been mentioned, were invariably good—Aunt Katrina generally managing to understand them by about the next day. In addition she directed the complicated household so that no jars made themselves felt,

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and during all this time, these long two years, no one had heard a syllable from her lips that was sharp in its sound; nay, more, that was not sweet.

There are women who are capable of sacrificing themselves, with the noblest unselfishness, in great causes, who yet, as regards the small matters of every-day life, are uncomfortable at times to live with; so much so, indeed, that those who are under the same roof with them are driven to reflect now and then upon the merits of the ancient hermitages and caves to which in former ages such characters were accustomed to retire. These being out of fashion, however, the relatives can only sigh and wish (with a certain lawlessness of imagination) that their dear self-sacrificing companions might imbibe from somewhere, anywhere, such a dose of selfishness as would render their own lives more comfortable; and, as a sequence, that of the household.

The Doctor had had these saints as his patients more than once; he knew them well. But here was a woman who had sacrificed her whole life to hard duty, who felt constantly the ache of deprivation, but who yet did not think in the least, apparently, that these things freed her from the kindly efforts, the patience, the small sweet friendly attempts which make home comfortable.

The Doctor had been witness to all this, as he had been witness also that day in the orange grove, when Evert Winthrop lifted this same woman in his arms, where she lay speechless, helpless, from the pain of parting with him.

Her pain was the same now—he knew that; but she had learned to bear it. Unspeakably he honored her.

And now this woman had come to see Garda in her trouble, Garda who was so infinitely dear to him, though in another way; he felt, as he stood there with his hand upon the door knob, all these things in his mind, that he must for once—for once—acknowledge the difference between these two natures: he could not be content with himself without it. "I know you will be very good to her," he said—"our poor Garda, our dear little girl. She is suffering greatly, and we must tide her over it as well as we can. Yes, tide her over it; for you and I know, Mrs. Harold, that deep as her sorrow is—undoubtedly is, poor child!—it *will* pass."

He opened the door, and Margaret entered. Then he closed it from the outside, and made his escape. He felt like a traitor! Yet he had had to say it—he had had to say it.

But the next moment he was taking himself to task as he walked violently homeward. "Don't you want it to pass, you great idiot, that sorrow of hers? How much good can a woman do sitting all her life upon a tomb? She can't even be ornamental there, in my humble opinion. No; it's a thorough waste!" He entered his old house, still revolving these reflections; he came bursting in upon Ma.

"Ma," he announced, solemnly, as the little old lady in her neat widow's cap looked up in surprise—he spoke with emphasis, as he was still suffering sharply from having had, as it were, to denounce poor Garda—"I am convinced, Ma, that it would have been infinitely better for you if you had married again."

"Save us and bless us, Reginald!" said astonished Ma.

Margaret entered Garda's room with a noiseless step; the Moores had thought it better that she should go alone. The blinds had been closed, but a gleam of the sunset entered between the slats, and made a line of gold across the floor; the motionless figure on the lounge had been covered (by Penelope) with that most desolate of all draperies, a plain black shawl. Though Margaret had entered so quietly, Garda seemed to know by instinct who it was; she was lying with her face turned away, but she instantly spoke—"Margaret?" And Margaret came and took her in her arms.

"Margaret, I cannot bear it," Garda said, calmly. "I have tried, but it is impossible. And if *you* cannot tell me how to—you the one I really believe, I shall not try any more. It is decided."

"Time will tell you how, Garda," Margaret answered, putting her hand upon the girl's head as it lay against her breast; "time, I think, is the only thing that can help us—women, I mean—when we suffer so."

"But it's nineteen months already," Garda went on, in the same desperately calm tone. "And to-day I've suffered just as much as I did in the beginning—exactly as much."

"Yes, the coming home. It will be different now."

"But now's *now*," said Garda, sitting up and looking at her friend, her face

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hardened, her lovely lips set in her pain.

"I mean soon, dear."

"I won't believe it unless you swear it to me," Garda went on. She got up and stood looking at Margaret. "If you will swear it to me I will try to believe it, because *you* know me, and *you* speak the truth."

"Very well, then; listen: I am absolutely sure of it," Margaret answered.

"Sure that I shall stop caring so much? stop feeling so dreadfully?"

"Yes, sure."

"But when will it begin?" the girl demanded, shaken with deep fresh sobs. She leaned down as she spoke, pressing her hands on Margaret's shoulders and looking at her insistently, as if she would draw from her by force a comforting reply.

"To-morrow, perhaps," said Margaret, answering her almost as one answers a suffering child.

"Well, you mustn't leave me."

"I won't leave you to-night at least."

This gave Garda some slight solace; she sat down and rested her head on Margaret's shoulder. "He was buried in Venice—on that island. Margaret, I want to go down to East Angels to-morrow: mamma is there. Do you remember little mamma?"

But this quiet did not last long. Suddenly she sprang up again, and began walking about the room, clinching her hands.

Margaret went to her.

"I told you I could not bear it," Garda cried, almost flinging her off. "You said it would stop, and it hasn't stopped at all. It suffocates me, it's a sort of dreadful agony that you don't know anything about, you—*you!*" And she faced her friend like a creature at bay. "When shall I begin to forget him?—tell me that. When? when?"

"But you do not wish to forget him, Garda."

"Yes, I do; I wish I might never think of him on earth again," said Garda, fiercely, giving a stamp with her foot as one does in extremity of acute physical pain. "Why should I suffer so? It's not right. If you don't help me more than you've done (and I relied on you so), I shall certainly go to him—go to Lucian. *He'll* be glad to see me; he thinks more of me than you do—you who haven't helped me at all. But it will be easy to end it; you will see."

Margaret began to fear that under the pressure of her grief her mind was giving way.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ONE afternoon, six months later, Margaret, under her white umbrella, opened the gate of the rose garden at East Angels. She came through the crape-myrtle avenue; at the end of its long vista, on the bench under the great rose-tree, she saw Garda. The crane, outlined in profile against the glossy camellia bushes behind, kept watch over his mistress stiffly; another companion, in bearing scarcely less rigid, stood beside her—Ernesto de Torrez.

His Cuban slips had served their destiny after all: Garda's lap was full of roses. Crimson and pink, they lay on her black dress a mass of color, contrasting with the creamy hue of the paler roses above her head.

There was always the same interest in Margaret; as soon as Garda saw her friend she left the bench and came to meet her; all the roses tumbled to the ground. Ernesto did not glance at the fallen blossoms; but Carlos, stalking forward, pecked appreciatively at the finest one.

"Oh, have you got through at last—the everlasting reading aloud and fish nets?" Garda inquired. "To think that I should have to give way to fish nets!"

"I was to tell you—Lanse hopes that you will come in before very long," Margaret answered.

"Hopes are good. But I shall not come in." And Garda linked her arm in her friend's. "Or rather, if I do, I shall go and sit in your room with you—may I? Good-by, Ernesto. You are not vexed with me for going?" she added. And, leaving Margaret, she went back to him, extending her hand.

He bowed over it. "Whatever pleases you—"

"*You* please me," answered Garda, promptly. "After they have carried off Mr. Harold to bed, those terrible men of his—about ten o'clock generally—then I never have very much to do for an hour: from ten to eleven, that is the time when I am in want of society."

"But you don't expect poor Mr. De Tor-

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rez to go stumbling home through the dark woods at midnight, just for the sake of giving that?" Margaret suggested.

"Yes, I do. Mr. De Torrez never stumbled in his life. And I don't think he is at all poor," Garda answered, smiling.

He had kept her hand; he bowed over it again, but did not appear to think it necessary to speak.

"Yes—from ten to eleven, that is much the best time; couldn't you come then, and then only?" Garda went on. "Margaret doesn't mind, she's always so late herself."

"Yes, I've a wretched habit of sitting up," that lady acknowledged.

"It is impossible that any habit of Mrs. Harold's should be wretched," announced the Cuban, with grave courtesy. "She may not always explain her reasons: they are sure to be excellent."

"Come, Margaret, we can go after that," said Garda. "If you should tell him that you have a little habit of scalping—small negroes, for instance—he would be sure that your reasons were perfect. And gather up the scalps." She drew her friend away with her, going down the myrtle avenue. But, presently, she looked back.

The crane had joined his chief—it was believed that he considered Ernesto that—and at the moment when Garda turned her head the solemn old bird was indulging in a series of high slow hops, apparently for that chief's entertainment. "Comical old thing!" said Garda, laughing. She touched her lips with her finger-tips pressed together in a cluster, and then expanded them again gayly in that direction.

"For whom is that pretty salutation, may I ask?" said her companion.

"Carlos, of course. What are you going to do, Margaret? May I come and sit with you till dinner?"

"I have accounts to look over; I can't be much of a companion."

"Always something."

"Yes, always something."

"Well, I shall come, all the same."

An hour later she entered Margaret's room, selected a low chair which she liked, and seated herself, looking idly about her. This apartment of Margaret's, which was called her dressing-room, though in reality she never dressed there, contained her own small library, her writing-table, the rows of account-books (with which she was at present engaged), and sewing materials—all articles which Garda declared she detested, because they represented such constant occupation; "it looks like an industrial school," she said; "all you want is a black-board. And shoe-brushes."

"Why shoe-brushes?" Mrs. Harold had inquired.

"They always make them—in industrial schools," Garda had responded, imaginatively. It was true that one corner of the room contained a set of shelves holding piles of new school-books; they commemorated one of Margaret's attempts which had been highly successful, a school for the negro children of the East Angels neighborhood.

The mistress of the house had not lifted her head when Garda entered; she went on with her accounts. Several of her closely filled columns bore the inscription, "For charity." Garda had apparently lost nothing of her old capacity for motionless contemplation; leaning back in her chair, she swayed a feather fan slowly to and fro, looking at the top of a palmetto, which she could see through the open window, shooting up against the blue. Her beauty was greater than ever, her eyes were sweeter in their expression, her lovely girlish figure was now more womanly. The wilfulness was not so apparent. But it was not that it had vanished; one had the impression merely that it would require more weighty influences now to rouse it, to wake it to take the trouble of expressing itself. After waiting in this serene silence for half an hour she fell quietly asleep.

Some minutes later, Margaret, missing the soft motion of the fan, looked up; she smiled when she saw the sleeping figure. It was a warm day; Garda had changed her thin black dress for a white one. Through the lace, of which it was principally composed, her round arms gleamed; she had dropped her fan; her head, with the thick braids of hair wound closely about it, drooped to one side like a flower.

Margaret had smiled to see how easily, as a child does, she had glided into unconsciousness. But the next moment the smile was followed by a heavy sigh. It was a sigh of envy; the page of figures grew dim, then faded from before her eyes; she dropped her head upon her clasped hands in the abandonment of a fresh, the ever fresh, realization of her own drear-

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iness. The realization was never long absent; she might hope that she had forgotten it, or that it had forgotten her, but her hope was always falsified, it always came back.

It happened that at this instant Garda woke, and saw the movement. She came swiftly across to her friend. "Oh, I knew you were unhappy, though you never, never say so! But now I have caught you, I have seen it. And oh, Margaret, you are so changed! You are the loveliest woman in the world still; but you have grown so thin—look at your hands." And she held up one of Margaret's hands against the light to show its transparency.

But Margaret was now sitting erect again; she drew her hand away. "If I'm thin, I am only following out my privilege as an American woman," she answered, lightly. "Don't you know that we pride ourselves upon remaining slender?"

"Slender—yes; that is what you were. Your arms were always slender, and yet round. But now—" She pushed up Margaret's sleeve. "See your poor wrists. Oh, Margaret, I do believe that before long even hollows in your pretty neck will begin to show!"

"How can they, if I always wear high dresses?" said Margaret, smiling.

She rose as she spoke. But if her motive was to escape from further scrutiny, she was not successful; Garda took hold of her and made her sit down on a couch near one of the windows, and standing in front of her to keep her there, she continued her inspection. "Yes, you are thinner. There are little fine lines going down your face. And your face itself has grown more slender. That makes your eyes too large; I don't like your eyes now, they are too big and blue."

"They were always blue, weren't they?"

"*Now* they are the kind of blue that you see in the eyes of golden-haired children that have got to die," pursued Garda, making one of her curiously accurate comparisons.

Suddenly she held Margaret's hands down with her own left hand, and with her right pushed back swiftly the dark hair. It was the hair that lay over the forehead, for Lanse's taste was still consulted; his wife's dusky locks rippled softly above her blue eyes, having now certainly nothing of the plain appearance which he had objected to as "the coiffure of a saint"; the outline of the head was followed, but all else had a look which Mrs. Moore, in her heart, greatly feared was "French"—an adjective which it was the highest ambition of Margaret's maid to reach, day by day, as the result of her labors with the brush.

The forehead thus suddenly exposed betrayed at the temples a wasted look, with the blue veins conspicuous on the white. "I knew it," said Garda. She sat down beside her friend, and kissed her two or three times with angry tenderness. "What is the matter with you?" she demanded, putting her arms round her and giving her a little shake. "You *shall* tell me. What is the matter?"

"A very natural thing; I am growing older, that is all." And Margaret tried to rearrange the disordered hair.

"Leave it as it is; I am determined to see the worst of you this time. You—with all that pretty hair and your pretty dresses—you have managed to conceal it." And again with searching eyes she examined her friend. "You don't care at all!" she announced.

"Oh yes, I do," said Margaret.

"You don't care in the least. But I care. And something shall be done. They have worn you out between them—*two* invalids. I shall myself speak to Mr. Harold."

Margaret's face altered. "No, Garda, you must not do that."

"But he likes me," said Garda, insistently; "he will say yes to anything I ask—you will see if he doesn't."

And Margaret felt, like a wave, the conviction that he would; more than this, that he would always have said yes if Garda had been the wife instead of herself. Garda would never have been submissive; Garda would not have obeyed him in the least. Garda would have followed her own will, her own way, from one year's end to the other. But to Garda he himself would have yielded, to her he would have said yes.

Garda, therefore, would have been a better wife to him than she had been. Could this be possible? could it be that all her own long hard effort—as hard to-day as in the beginning—that all this was as nothing in its effect when compared with the results which the unconquered naturalness of this girl would have easily achieved, a girl whose inexplicable frank-

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ness was as real as the wilfulness and the changeableness which accompanied it?

But Garda was not always changeable; in her affection for Margaret she was ever the same. "I shall certainly speak to Mr. Harold," she persisted. "Why shouldn't I not mind what you say, if it is for your good?"

"It would not be for my good."

"But he is kind to you; I know it, because I see it with my own eyes. He thinks you are lovely; he has told me so; he says you are a very rare type. And he himself—he is so agreeable. He says unusual things. He never tires anybody; his very fish nets are amusing. I like him ever so much. And though he is crippled, he is very handsome; there is such a golden light 'way back in his brown eyes."

"He is all that you say," Margaret answered, smiling at this enumeration.

She could talk about her husband readily enough now. As Garda had noticed, he was always kind; his manner had been steadily kind (though not without many a glimpse of inward entertainment gleaming through it) ever since he entered East Angels' doors. He appeared to have taken his wife under his protection; he told Aunt Katrina once for all, and authoritatively (to that lady's amazement), that she must hereafter, in his presence at least, be "less catty" to Margaret. During the one visit which Evert Winthrop had paid to Florida in the same period, Lanse had mentioned to him (in the tone of the old Roman inscription): "I am as steady as a church. I make nets for the poor; I talk to Aunt K.; I'm good to the little people about here; I'm a seraph to Margaret."

Aunt Katrina could not give herself the pleasure of holding up to the world's admiration—her present world of Dr. Reginald and Betty, Penelope and Middleton, Madam Ruiz, Madam Giron, and Ma—the heavenly improvement in her boy; she had never in the least acknowledged that there was room for improvement. To Evert, however, during that one visit, she could speak more freely. "Isn't it charming to have him always so pleasant, so agreeable?" she said.

"Lanse could always be pleasant enough when he chose," the other nephew answered.

"Well, he chooses now. And I must say I think it's very kind of him—such a dull, dull place as this is, and such a dull life as we're leading now!"

"It's his best policy."

"Policy? What do you mean?"

"Oh, he had to come home. So he's making the best of it."

"And isn't that the right thing to do?" asked Aunt Katrina, with virtuous severity—"to make the best of it? You speak as though it wasn't."

"I never said Lanse didn't go in for the best; on the contrary. He has always had the best, and he's got it now." Winthrop uttered this in a voice so hard that he noticed the sound of it himself, and turned it off with a vague laugh. Aunt Katrina noticed only the laugh.

She still remained offended. But she smoothed this feeling out a little, an hour or two later, when she said, with the softest regret: "You are really growing old before your time, Evert; there is quite a good deal of gray in your hair, my poor boy."

Garda's visit at East Angels had begun but two days before. She had been spending some time in New York with Lish-er and Trude: these ladies having written once a week since their first parting with her, to say that they were sure that she must by this time be needing "a drier air," Garda had at length accepted the suggestion and tried the air; it proved to be that of Ninth Street, and was indeed remarkably dry. The present visit to Margaret was her second one; six months before she had made a long stay at East Angels—so long that Aunt Katrina began to fear that she would never go away. The violence of the grief that had accompanied her first return to Gracias had subsided with singular suddenness. She said to Margaret, in an apathetic tone: "I had to kill it, you know, or else kill myself. I came very near killing myself."

"I was much alarmed about you, Garda," Margaret answered, hesitating as to whether or not to say more.

Garda divined her thoughts. "Did you think I wasn't myself? I was perfectly myself; it was only that I couldn't bear the pain. Let us never speak of that time again—never! never!" She got up, and for a moment stood trembling and quivering. Then, with the same rapidity and completeness, she resumed her calm.

Margaret never did speak of it again. "But how was it that she killed it—how?" was her dreary thought.

During the first visit Lanse and Mrs. Spenser had become fast friends; every

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evening she played checkers with him, and she was the only person with whom he did not bluster over the game; she contradicted him; she made sport of his fish nets; she used his Fielding for her footstool; she put forward the proposition that her own face was prettier than his Mino outlines.

Lanse denied this. "My Mino outlines are not in the least pretty. But then you are not in the least pretty either."

"Not pretty!" said Garda, with a protesting cry. "Why, even a little pussy cat can be pretty."

"I have not been able to discover a trace of prettiness in you." He paused. "You are simply superb," he said, looking at her with his deep bold brown eyes. "What makes you stay on here?" he added, in another tone, surveying her curiously.

Garda turned; but Margaret had by chance left the room. "I was going to point to Margaret," she answered. "I stay because I love her—love to be with her."

"Well, you'll have a career," Lanse announced, briefly.

The next day he said to Aunt Katrina: "I should like to have seen that girl before she was married; there's such an extraordinary richness about her beauty that I don't believe she ever had an awkward age; she was probably graceful at sixteen."

"She was certainly designing at sixteen."

"No! For whom could she have been designing down here?"

"Evert; that's all."

"And the idiot let her slip through his fingers?"

"Mercy me!" said the lady. "If I've got to sit by and hear *you* admire her too!"

Dinner was announced while Garda was still repeating, in the "industrial school," her intention of speaking to Mr. Harold about his wife's health.

"My health is perfect," Margaret had answered; "isn't Aunt Katrina always saying that I am the strongest person she knows?"

"Aunt Katrina," remarked Garda, "is a cotton-mouth."

She did not, however, put her threat into execution; she said nothing to Lanse.

Late that night she came and tapped again on Margaret's door, her bedroom door this time. "I wanted to see you," she said, entering.

Ernesto had gone an hour before, and she had been in her own room meanwhile; but she had not taken off her white lace attire, or loosened the braids of her hair. Margaret too was fully dressed.

"What have you been doing?" Garda demanded, suspiciously, as she looked at her. "Not crying?"

"I think I have forgotten how to cry."

"Well, your eyes are dry," Garda admitted. She closed the door, then went to one of the windows and looked out. There had been a heavy rain during the evening, and the air was much cooler; it was very dark. She closed the shutters of all the three windows and fastened them. "It's so gloomy out there. Pine cones? What luck! we'll have a fire."

"Garda, we shall melt."

"No; the room is too large." She piled the cones on the hearth and set fire to them; in an instant the blaze flared out and lighted up all the corners of the room. "That's better. Only one poor miserable candle?" And she proceeded to light four others that stood about here and there.

"Are you preparing for a ball?"

"I am preparing for a talk. I'm lonely to-night, Margaret, and I can't bear to feel lonely. How long may I stay? Are you sure you haven't got to go and do something?—say good-night to Mr. Harold, for instance?"

"He has been asleep these two hours. He always has one of his men sleeping in the room with him."

"Yes, I know. But why haven't you undressed, then, all this time?" Garda went on, with returning suspicion.

"Why haven't you? But have you no conscience, thinking of poor Ernesto banging into all the trees and falling into all the ditches on the long way home?"

"No; Ernesto and I are not troubled about consciences; Ernesto and I understand each other perfectly. It's in the blood, I suppose; we belong to the same race," said the daughter of the Dueros.

She had been standing watching her fire; now she drew up a chair before it and sat down. "I did not say anything to Mr. Harold about you, after all," she said.

"I thought you wouldn't when I told you I did not wish it."

"I shall do it to-morrow. You are to come north with me the next time I go."

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"I shall not leave East Angels."

"I saw Evert in New York," Garda began, after a short silence. "He is just the same. A little older, perhaps, but delightful. I wrote a note asking him to come. Well, he came — he came three times. But three times isn't much?" And she glanced toward Margaret.

Margaret had kept her place on the sofa where she was sitting when Garda entered; but she had drawn forward on its casters a broad tall screen to shield herself from the fire, and this threw her face into shadow. "No, not much," she answered from her dark corner.

"I love to tell you things," Garda resumed, gazing at the blaze. "He wouldn't like me—what would you say to that? I had thought that perhaps he might; but no, he wouldn't."

This time there was no answer from the shadow.

"I used to think—long ago—that it was because he couldn't," Garda went on; "I mean, couldn't care for any one very much; that is, care as I care. But I was mistaken. Completely. He *can* care. But he refuses to care for me."

She got up and went to the long mirror; in the bright light her face and figure were clearly reflected; here she stood looking at herself for some time in silence, as if touched by a new curiosity. Next she began to scrutinize the reflection more closely; she moved nearer the glass so that she could see her face, then back to get a view of the image as a whole; she turned half round, with her head over her shoulder, in order to see herself in profile. Then she adjusted the white ribbon round her supple waist, and gave a touch, musingly, to her hair; she lifted her hands and looked at them; dropping them, she clasped them behind her, and indulged in another general survey. "Such as I am, he cares nothing for me," she said at last, speaking not in surprise, but simply as one who states a fact.

She looked at herself again. "I don't say he's not a fool!" And she gave a good-humored laugh.

She left the glass and came toward Margaret. "I've got to tell you something," she said; "you know I tell you all. I *tried*. Yes, I did try, for I like him so much! You remember I thought everything of him once, when we were first engaged, long ago. I appreciate him better now. And I like him so much!" While she was saying these last words she came behind the screen, and knelt down beside the sofa in her old caressing fashion, her clasped hands on Margaret's knees. But her movement had pushed the screen, and it now rolled back still further, letting the fire-light shine suddenly across Margaret's face.

"Merciful Heaven!" cried Garda, springing to her feet as she saw the expression there; "do *you* care for him? Is that it? The cause of all—the change in you, and in him too? Oh, how blind I have been!—how blind! But I never once suspected it. Don't think of a word I have said; he didn't look at me. I tried, but he wouldn't. He despises me, I know. I like him better than any one in the world, now that Lucian is gone," she went on, with her bare frankness (which had yet a great richness of its own). "But he will never care for me. And a very good reason too, when it is *you* he cares for."

Margaret had bowed her head upon her arm, which rested upon the sofa's back. Garda sat down beside her. "How many times have you comforted me?" she said. "If I could only be of the smallest comfort to you, Margaret!"

Margaret did not answer; but she put out one hand and rested it on the girl's shoulder, as if to tell her that her sympathy was not rejected.

"And it has been so all these long years," Garda murmured, after sitting still and thinking of it. "You are better than I am."

"Better!"

"There isn't an angel in heaven at this moment better than you are," Garda responded, vehemently. "But you mustn't keep on in this way, you know," she added, after a moment.

"I can't talk, Garda."

"That is it; Evert has talked; he has tired you out. I can imagine that when once he is in earnest. Margaret, let me tell you this one thing: you can't live under all this; you will die."

"It's not so easy to die," answered Lansing Harold's wife.

"You think I don't know about Mr. Harold. But I do. Lucian heard the whole in Rome. I even saw her myself—in a carriage on the Pincio. I know that he left you twice to go to her—twice. What claim has he, then, upon you? But what is the use of my talking, if Evert has been able to do nothing?"

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Margaret sat up. "Go now, Garda; leave me. I am tired; I would rather be alone."

But Garda would not go. "I could never be like you," she went on. "And this is a case where you had better be more like me. Margaret! Margaret!" and she clung to her. "Such a love as his would be!" she whispered—"how *can* you refuse it? I think it's wicked. Because it's his whole life. *He* isn't Lansing Harold! And you love him so; you needn't deny it. I see the whole now, and I know you do; I can feel your heart beating at this moment."

"I wish you would go," said Margaret, drawing herself free, and rising. "You only hurt me, Garda. And you cannot change me."

But Garda followed her. "You adore him. And he— And you give all *that* up? It's the dearest thing there is, the dearest thing we have. What are you made of?" She kept up with her, walking by her side.

Margaret was pacing the room aimlessly; she put out her arm as if to keep Garda off.

The girl accepted this, moving to that distance; but still she walked by her side. "And don't you ever think of the life *he's* leading?—the life you're making him lead?" she went on. "He's unhappy—of course he didn't tell *me* so. He's growing hard and bitter; he's ever so much changed—remember that I have just seen him—only a few days ago. It's dreadful to have to say that he has changed for the worse, because I like him so much; but I am afraid he has. He has got a great deal, of course. But, for all that, he needs, he needs—some one. I like him so much."

"Marry him yourself, then, and be the some one," answered Margaret, sharply. And by a sudden turn in her quick walk she seemed to be again trying to get rid of her.

"I would, if he would marry me," Garda answered; "yes, even if he should keep on caring for you just the same; for that doesn't hurt him in my eyes. I should be content to come after *you*. And if I could have just a little edge of his love. But he wouldn't look at me, I tell you—though I tried. He is like you; with him it is once. But you are the one I am thinking of the most, Margaret. For you are fading away, and it's this stifled love that's killing you. Women do die of such feelings, and you are one of them. Do you think you'll have any praise when you get to the next world"—here she came closer—"after killing yourself, and breaking down all the courage of a man like Evert, like *Evert*—two whole lives wasted—and all for the sake of an idea?"

Margaret's face had been averted. But now she looked at her. "An idea which *you* cannot comprehend," she said. And she turned away again.

"Yes, I know you think me your inferior," Garda answered; "and I acknowledge that I am your inferior; I am nothing when compared with you; I never was. But I don't care what you say to me, I only want you to be happier." She waited an instant, then came up behind Margaret, whose back was toward her, and, with a touch that was full of humility, took hold of a little fold of her skirt. "Listen a moment," she said, holding it closely, as if that would make Margaret listen more; "I don't believe Mr. Harold would oppose the suit at all. He couldn't succeed, of course, no matter what he should do, for it's all against him; but I don't believe he would even try. He isn't that sort of a man, at least, malicious and cruel. If he could be made comfortable here, as he is now? It's very far away—Gracias-á-Dios; that is, people think so, I find. They thought so in New York. So he could stay on here as quietly as he pleased, and it would make no difference to anybody. But *you*, meanwhile, you would be free. He could have everything he liked; as he will never be able to walk or drive, he wouldn't care for any change. Why, *I* would undertake to stay for a while at first, stay and amuse him, play checkers and all that. It's a pity Mrs. Rutherford dislikes me so," Garda concluded, in a tone of regret.

"Perhaps you would undertake to marry *him*, by way of a change?" said Margaret, leaving her again, with another sharp movement that pulled the dress from the touch of the humble little hand.

"There are some things, Margaret, that even *you* must not say to me," Garda answered, smiling bravely and brightly, though the tears were just behind.

And then Margaret's cruel coldness broke; she came to her, took her hands, and held them across her hot eyes. "Forgive me, Garda; I don't know what I am saying. You don't mean it, but you keep

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turning the knife in the wound. I shall never do any of the things you talk of; I shall go on staying on here. I must bear my life—the life I made for myself with my eyes open. No one made it for me; I made it for myself, and I must bear it as well as I can. I have said cruel things, but it was because—" She dropped the girl's hands. "I have always thought you so—so beautiful. And if you care for him as much as you now tell me you do, what more natural than that he—" But she could not finish; her face contracted with a violent quiver, and then seemed to take on suddenly the tints and contours of age.

"I am not worthy to tie your shoe!" cried Garda, in her soft voice, which even in high excitement could not rise above its lovely tones.

But Margaret had controlled herself again, the spectre face had vanished. "When you tell me that he has changed so much, that he is growing harsh, hard, that is the worst for me," she said; "I can bear everything about myself, everything here; but I cannot bear that." She paused. "Men are all alike," she began again. Then she put that aside too—her last bitterness. "Garda," she resumed, "I shall go on living here, as I have said; and it is for always. I am, I intend to be, as far removed from his life as though I were a prisoner, as though I were dead. Perhaps, too, I shall change, myself. Who knows? It is my daily hope and prayer. In the mean time, if you will marry him? You are so sweet he cannot help but love you; you needn't be afraid. You must never come here—I tell you that in the beginning. And he must never come. But"—she moved swiftly forward and took the girl in her arms with a passionate tenderness—"but your little children, Garda, if you should have any, if they could come, it would be good for me, and my life would not seem so starved and desolate; I should be a better woman than I am now." She put her face down upon Garda's for a moment. Garda could feel how very cold it was.

Then she released her; she began moving about the room, setting the chairs in their places; she extinguished some of the candles; she was quite calm.

Garda stood where she had been left; her face was hidden.

Margaret crossed to one of the windows and threw open the shutters; the cool night air rushed in, laden with the perfume of flowers; the fire had died down. Then she came back to Garda. "I will go with you to your room," she said; "it is very, very late." She put her arm round her to lead her away. Garda submitted, though still with her face hidden; they went together down the hall.

There was a light in Garda's room. Margaret kissed her before leaving her. "Good-night," she said.

"I am ashamed," Garda murmured.

"Ashamed?"

"Ashamed of being *glad*."

Margaret went swiftly away; she almost seemed to flee. Garda, standing on her lighted threshold, heard her door close.

Then she heard the sound of the bolt within as it was shot forward.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"DID you ever hear of anything so absurd?" said Aunt Katrina. "How she will look at sea!—those prunello gaiters of hers on deck when the wind blows."

"Jolly old soul," commented Lanse. He was playing solitaire, and had paused reflectively with a card in his hand while he gazed at the spread-out piles before him. "Jolly old soul!—I am glad she is going to see something at last before she dies."

"What expressions you do use, Lanse!—one would think she was ninety. As for seeing, she'll see nothing but Garda Thorne, wherever she is, and have her hands full at that."

"Her eyes, you mean," said Lanse, slipping his card deftly upon a pile which contained already its legal three, and fitting the edges accurately as he did so to those of the card beneath, in order to cheat himself with the greater skill.

Aunt Katrina's comments were based upon some recent tidings. Betty had journeyed down to East Angels that afternoon in the black boat of Uncle Cato to convey to her dearest Kate a wonderful piece of news: Garda had suddenly decided to go abroad for the winter—to Italy, and she had written from New York, where she was staying with her Lish-er and Trude, to beg Betty to come north immediately and go with her, "like the dear kind old aunt" that she was. Betty's mind, driven into confusion by this sud-

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den proposal, was a strange mixture of the sincerest regrets at leaving her dear Kate, of the sincerest gratification at this proof of Garda's attachment, and the sincerest (and most dreadful) apprehension concerning the ocean passage.

Garda's second visit at East Angels—a short one—had terminated only six weeks before; at that time she had no intention of going to Italy. This, then, was some sudden new resolution; and Lanse had amused himself imagining causes for it. He imagined them on such a scale of splendor, however, that Aunt Katrina declared at last that she could listen to no more of them; they were too ridiculously silly.

She brought herself to listen, however, four months later, when Betty returned home and came down to East Angels, with the lion carpet-bag, to tell "everything" to her dearest friend.

Poor Betty had been so homesick in foreign lands that Garda had not had the heart to detain her longer. "And she said that she had hoped I would stay with her a long time, perhaps always," narrated Betty. "And of course I enjoyed being in New York ever so much, of course; and Rome too—Rome was so interesting. But then you know, as I told the dear child, Rome is *not* my home, nor can I make it so, of course, at *my* age."

"It's not a matter of age; it's experience," said Kate.

"Very likely you're right, Kate; but then, you know, I've had so little experience; since I came from Georgia with Mr. Carew, ever so many years ago, I've never put my foot outside of Florida until now, and I suppose I've grown like those Swiss exiles we read about, who can't hear that call for cows, you know, that yoddeling, without getting *so* homesick, though to everybody else it's a dreadfully yelling sound; though I ought to say, too, that as we've next to no cows in Florida, the comparison isn't a very good one; but then there were next to no cows in Rome either, for that matter, though it was there that a cow brought up little Castor and Pollux, the twins, you know, who founded and built the city—no, no, I'm mistaken, that was Romulus and Remus; Castor and Pollux tamed the horses on the Quirinal; but in either case it shows that the milk must have been good, you know."

"*Are* we talking of milk, Elizabeth?" asked Kate, in despair.

"Of course not," answered Elizabeth, good-naturedly; "how could you think so? I know you never cared for milk in the least, Kate, and I shouldn't be likely, therefore, to bring it up. And right there in the Forum I'd see my own flower garden and the old rose-bushes. And in the Coliseum I'd see our little church here, and even think I heard the bells."

"Absurd!" said Kate.

"I reckon it was absurd," Betty agreed, though wiping her eyes furtively at the same time. "And at the Vatican, there among the statues, Kate—do you know, I was always seeing likenesses to you."

"Oh, well—*that*," responded Kate, as if there might be grounds for associations of that nature. "And Garda Thorne, by this time, I suppose, is living there quite alone?" she went on, comfortably.

"Oh no; she has a companion, Madame So—Soranzer."

"Soranzo," said Lanse; "I know her—an American; Miss Morris. He ran through all her money."

"Yes, that is the one; the Bogarduses arranged it by letter; they know her very well."

"She's a cousin of theirs, and a very nice woman; about fifty-five. Nothing could be more respectable," Lanse went on, glancing with an amused eye at Aunt Katrina's unwilling face. "You were there some time, Mrs. Carew; I suppose you saw some men?"

"The population seemed to me to consist principally of men," Betty answered, naïvely; "the streets were always crowded."

"That's because the Italian women don't knock about. But some of these men came to see you, I suppose?"

"Oh, you mean gentlemen? Yes, while I was there four came; it's true, they came pretty often. There was Mr. Ten Eyck."

"Yes, Jim Ten Eyck; he's always in Rome."

"Then there was Mr. Wayman, a member of Parliament."

"He doesn't count."

"Why, do you know him?" said Betty, surprised.

"No; but Mrs. Spenser won't care for him—Mrs. Spenser won't care for members of Parliament."

This seemed to Betty a monstrous assertion. But she went on: "Then there was a foreigner—Count Zensky."

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"Zelenski—is he on hand? Well, *he'll* do."

"A Pole, of course." (From Aunt Katrina.)

"My dear aunt, a cosmopolite. Zelenski is a rich man, a very handsome man, and a good fellow as well. He got his education at Oxford."

"How much did he get?" demanded the lady, driven to unwonted efforts by her nephew's contrariness.

"And the fourth, Mrs. Carew?" Lanse went on, pursuing his investigations.

"Oh—only Ernesto."

"Is *he* there?" said Lanse, with a delighted laugh; "has he followed her all that distance? Bravo for Ernesto!"

"I don't see where he got the money to go," remarked Aunt Katrina, with one of her well-bred sniffs.

Betty flushed at this. "Mr. De Torrez has property, Kate," she said, with dignity. Then her usual humble sincerity came back to her. "I don't reckon it's much," she went on. "I've no idea where he staid, nor anything about it; but I'm sure, whenever he came to see us, he always looked like a dignified gentleman."

"Naturally," said Lanse. "Because that is what he is. Well, I give him my vote."

"Poor benighted young man!" murmured Aunt Katrina, with a pity that was genuine.

At the time when this conversation was beginning, word was brought to Margaret as she sat at her writing-table (in Garda's "industrial school") that Mr. Winthrop was in the drawing-room, and wished to see her. Celestine was the messenger.

"If he has come to stay, you and Looth must put the east room in order," said the mistress of the house.

"I don't think he has come to stay, Miss Margaret; he's brought no bag. I guess he's just ridden down from Gracias."

"Very well. Go and tell the others."

"Yes'm," said Celestine, disappearing.

When Margaret entered the drawing-room, twenty minutes later, Winthrop was there alone. Celestine had told nobody. How Minerva Poindexter arranged this with her conscience, only herself knew.

"No one here?" said Margaret, in surprise. "Where are the others?"

"I didn't come to see the others," Evert Winthrop answered.

Though a year and a half had passed since their last meeting, no greeting passed between them beyond this; they did not even shake hands. She had seen immediately upon entering that he would not go through any of the forms this time. This made her only the more anxious to keep to them strictly herself.

"I hope you have come to stay with us awhile," she said.

He paid no attention to this. "Shall we go out—to the garden, or somewhere? I wish to see you alone."

"We couldn't well be more alone than this, could we?" she answered, looking about the room.

"But they may interrupt us. If they do, I shall ask you very soon to come out, and you must come." He crossed the room and closed the door. "You got my letter?"

"I was answering it when you came."

"I didn't want a written answer. It came over me, after I had sent mine, that I knew just what you would write in reply—the very words. Not that you have written so often; in two years and a half I think three notes of six lines each would about sum it up. But I know every written phrase of yours just the same; so I have come to get an answer in person—a more sensible and reasonable one."

She did not say, "There will be nothing more reasonable." It was what was in her thoughts, but it seemed best not to express her thoughts now.

"How changed you are!" he said; "even in eighteen months so much changed."

"No one here sees a change." She faced his gaze proudly.

"The same old look! Of course they don't; so long as you keep everything going smoothly and everybody comfortable, they don't want to see any; it would spoil their ease, and they like their ease."

He was still gazing at her. "Arrange your life as you like," he went on, abruptly, "but at least come away from here. You can do that. I shall insist upon it."

The fear of him that she had felt from the time of entering was increasing. He had never looked quite as he did at this moment; his voice had never had quite these tones before. The long months that had stretched into years had made no difference, then; everything was to be as hard, perhaps harder than ever.

Her fear caused her to answer with something like appeal. "But I do not wish to go away. I like it much better

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here than I should like living in New York. It is quiet; I am of some use; I am far away; I am"—here she made a great effort to impress him by repeating the truth which she had made a truth for herself by her determined will—"I am really contented here," she said.

"Since when have you learned to speak so falsely?" was his only answer.

"I do not call the others, because I think you have something to say to me," she went on, after a moment's silence.

"You're right; I have something. You see, and correctly see, that I am not to be put off this time, as I was when I came before—put off with a little preaching, a few doled-out compliments and exhortations. And you are afraid to call the others. You don't want me to speak out before them, and you are afraid I should. It would certainly make havoc with the pretty glass walls you have built up round your sham life here, your charming domestic life, your happy home circle."

"I don't think you have any right to take that tone."

"Yes, I have: the right of our love."

"That was long ago; let it stay there. We are not growing any younger; at least I am not. Men are different, I suppose."

Winthrop laughed. "Very well done, Margaret. But not well enough. You are trying to pretend that you have outlived it, and that I have. But our two faces contradict that; yours is wasted and drawn, and look at me; have I the appearance of a man who is even moderately contented?"

She had not trusted herself to look at him much; she remembered too vividly Garda's description—"changed," "bitter," "old." But involuntarily now she did look at him. And she saw all that Garda had described; and more.

"What is it you wish me to do?" she asked, hurriedly.

"Come away from here."

"But where?"

"Anywhere you like. Where I could see you sometimes."

"No, no."

"Very well, then; anywhere you like. And I won't see you."

"It wouldn't do me any good." These words burst from her almost unconsciously. She turned and sank into the nearest chair.

He came and seated himself near her in silence.

"You saw Garda before she went abroad?" she asked, beginning again.

"Yes."

"She wished to see you, I know."

"How you say that—how timidly! Garda, at least, is not troubled by timidity."

"Perhaps you will go abroad again yourself after a while."

"Not to see Mrs. Lucian Spenser. Would you like me to go?" he added.

"Yes."

"I am very much obliged to you. It's a plan, is it? You wouldn't have spoken of her otherwise. I see; I am growing older, I'm lonely, I'm sad, perhaps I'm bad; a "home," therefore, is the thing I need—you women think so much of a home. And so you've planned this. It's very ingenious, but unfortunately I don't fall in with it. Don't waste any more time talking of Garda," he said, sharply.

Margaret had put her hand over her eyes for a moment.

"It isn't possible that you have thought I *could* care for her, Margaret—such a woman as that. Why, you're trembling" (he rose and pulled down her shielding hand); "you're relieved! You have really, then, been afraid of it, Margaret!"

She retreated from him.

"It makes me hate myself," he went on, a mist showing itself in his eyes—"to see your unselfishness. You have thought of this because you believe that it would be better for me, that I should be happier. And if you had succeeded, if it could really have come about, how you would have lived up to it; to the very last hour of your life, you wouldn't have swerved."

"It would not have been difficult," she answered, with coldness.

He looked at her; he seemed to be studying her. "Garda, on her side, is perfectly capable of having a real affection for me for a while—real while it lasts—and she would take a double delight in it if it was going to be also a comfort to you in any way, because she is so fond of you; she hasn't any especial mission on her hands just now, so that would have done very well. You are certainly a wonderful pair!—how far did your plan extend? You would have pampered me up between you (she temporarily); you would have arranged what was 'best' for me and my life, like two Sunday-school teachers over a case of reform. Once and for all, Margaret, let us put Edgarda

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Thorne aside; she has nothing whatever to do with the matters that lie between you and me; she is no more to me than an old glove."

"I might lie to you," he went on; "I might say that if you persist in your present course—keeping me entirely off, separating your life utterly from mine—I should go to the bad. But it wouldn't be true; I shall not go to the bad in the least; unless becoming hard and disagreeable is that; I'm not a boy. Later, if you still go on in this way, I shall become callous and selfish, probably—self-indulgent. I shall never be vicious or low-lived, I hope; but I am not a woman; I can't live on air—as you will do. Don't see me at fifty or fifty-five—I'll give you that advice. For *you* will always remain the same; with the exception of growing paler and thinner, you'll be the same till you die; and I really think it would be a greater blow to you than even what we're bearing now to find me like that—selfish and cold, fond of my own ease, slow to disturb myself for anybody, mightily taken up with my dinner. But you don't believe in the least what I'm saying to you; I can't bring it before you. I love you—love you at this moment with every fibre of my being." He sat down and folded his arms doggedly. "But I shall not stay sentimental; no man does after a certain age, though women always expect it; as you expect it now."

"What do you intend to do?" he continued, as she did not answer any of this.

"Just what I have been doing."

"You have no mercy, then?" He looked at her with angry gloom.

"If I can bear it, Evert, surely you can."

"No, that doesn't follow. Women are better than men; in some things they are stronger. But that's because they are sustained—the ones of your nature, at least—by their terrible love of self-sacrifice. I absolutely believe there are women who *like* to be tortured."

"Yes—sometimes we like it," answered the woman he spoke to, a beautiful, mysterious, exalted expression showing itself in her eyes.

He sprang from his chair. But the look of his face as he came toward her brought her back to the present; moving hurriedly, she had put her hand upon the cord of the bell.

"No, not that! That humiliates me—don't, don't. See, it is not necessary; I shall be perfectly quiet and reasonable now. Here are two chairs; come and sit down. Now listen. I will do all that is proper here—see the people, and make a little visit; then I will go back to New York. After that, in due time, you must tell them that you are tired of Florida, that you need a change: you certainly do need a change, as a plain matter of fact; and I see no reason, in any case, for your spending your entire life here. Of course it will be an up-hill undertaking to get Aunt Katrina started; she will believe that she cannot travel, that it would kill her on the spot. But it won't kill her; she is stronger than she thinks. As for Lanse, he can make the journey up as well as he made it down; he's certainly no worse. Both of them, if you are firm, will end by doing as you wish, because you are indispensable to their comfort. The thing is that you *must* hold firm; and there is where I have very little confidence in you, where I must try to nerve you up and make you bolder; you are far too gentle always. Once established in New York, or near there, I could see you now and then—I mean see you all. Lanse would ask nothing better than to have me about again; Lanse knows what I think of him, but he doesn't care in the least; all he cares is to get some talk out of me, some entertainment; my opinion he's perfectly indifferent to. I speak in all honor, Margaret; I'm not a vile hypocrite, whatever else I may be. I am growing older—see, I will take your view of that; you are growing older too; why shouldn't we, then, see each other in this way at intervals? Where would be the harm? It would brighten our lives a little. And as for the 'home' you wished me to have, its good influences and all that, I could find them there."

"I shall never see you again," Margaret answered, strangely. She had not seated herself in the chair he had placed for her; she stood with her hand resting upon its back.

"What do you mean?"

"All you have said I believe; I believe you would keep to it, carry it out. But with me it would be different—it would be too much pain. I would rather not see you at all. I love you too much," she added. A burning blush covered her face and throat. Then it faded suddenly to so

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dead a white that his old fear rushed back upon him.

He had almost forgotten this fear in the long lapse of time. But now it had come, it had grasped him again, and he said to himself with the old horrible conviction, "She has no strength; she will die!" He lifted her and laid her down upon the sofa, made sick, as he did so, by the lightness of her weight. Anything but that—that she should go from earth forever: he would bear anything, go away and never come back, if she would only live—live.

As he bent over her, speechless with dread, she looked up and saw his terror; she smiled, and there was something like a mother's love in her eyes for a moment as she said, reassuringly: "I am not dying. It was only that I was faint. I am often faint—it amounts to nothing; I am much stronger than I appear; I shall live, I am sure of it, many years. And now you must go. You must not return."

"Margaret, it is too much."

"It is the only way; surely I have shown you, told you—in all its shame—my weakness."

"Weakness!" He knelt down beside her, bowing his head upon her hand.

"Go," she repeated, softly.

"And is this to be all?" He lifted his face; it looked haggard.

"I think so." She tried to rise.

"No, no; don't! *I* will go."

But she did rise. With a step that swayed with her exhaustion, waving him off with her hand as she went, she reached the door. Here she turned.

"We cannot know," she said; "it's all a mystery. At least, we have tried. I care the most for how *you* will feel, though I shall suffer more. I can only appeal to you, appeal to you, for the future, not to try to see me; I beg you not to try ever again. For I shall never change, and never yield, and it would only be a deeper pain to bear."

She turned the latch. "It's all dark now. But perhaps in some other world, Evert, the years that we give up to duty here—perhaps they will be waiting for us." She went out.

They never met again.

EPILOGUE.

It was ten years later, at East Angels. Penelope and Middleton had come down for an afternoon visit. Betty was already there: Betty was generally there.

Dr. Kirby had just gone: he had brought to them the surprising tidings that Garda had suddenly turned her charming back upon her other admirers—many in number, and some of them so admirable—and was about to bestow her hand upon Ernesto de Torrez.

The Doctor having gone, "I'll believe it when I see it," said Kate.

"Oh, but, dear Kate, how can you see it? You cannot go 'way to Paris," said Betty.

Aunt Katrina now had a permanent resemblance to a Roman matron, one who was bearing on her noble features the assaults of an east wind. In spite of this rigidity of outline, however, she remained handsome.

Betty, meanwhile, had been growing indefinite as to outlines. But her delightful goodness remained as strongly apparent.

"He has no money," Kate went on.

"*Garda* never cared for money," said Penelope and Middleton and Betty, all together.

That same evening Margaret was sitting beside a table in the drawing-room; on the table was a shaded lamp, and in its soft light she was embroidering something in bright silks.

Lanse had had his sofa drawn up to the open door which led to the little high-hung balcony; he was smoking, and looking out upon the moonlight. He too spoke of the rumors about Garda.

"I wonder why Evert didn't try for her?" he said.

His wife made no reply.

"Never married all this time. Yet he was the very fellow for it; steady, you know; a little stupid. It's outrageous the way he treats us—never coming here."

Lanse had grown stouter; he was more crippled than formerly; but his face remained handsome, and, save for his crippled state, he looked strong and well.

After a while he turned from the moonlight, and sat idly watching his wife over her work. "Do you know you've grown very silent, Madge?"

"Yes, I know it."

"Well—you're a good woman," said Lanse.

THE END.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

THE remarkable event in "the town" during the winter has been the great dethronement. Abdication is too gentle and conciliatory a word. Abdication suggests gradation, a kind of letting one's self down gently. Charles the Fifth abdicated and then retired to the convent, and by way of atoning for the emptiness of human grandeur, filled himself daily with mighty dinners. Napoleon abdicated, thinking that he could outwit fate and the Bourbon restoration by making way for his son. Louis Philippe abdicated to save the line of Orleans. The two French monarchs did not like to own that they were dethroned, and they tried to assume an air of voluntary acquiescence in the result which they had tried in vain to resist. They smiled pleasantly while the fox was gnawing their breast under the cloak.

But the monarch of whom we were speaking went through no ceremony of abdication. After an absolute and disdainful reign of half a century, Italian opera in New York was summarily dethroned and put out-of-doors. Despite the long and delightful tradition, despite the fond fancy that the Italian is alone and exclusively the opera, and that only Italians know how to sing, the opera that began with Malibran, and which has charmed generations, ended, and the German and American opera, vigorous and triumphant, sits supreme upon the double throne of the two houses, surrounded by loyal taste, wealth, and fashion. It is one of the most remarkable events, probably the most remarkable event, in the musical annals of the city. During the Italian reign there was often a German insurrection maintaining itself for some time, and there have been English invasions scoring occasional victories. But after a feeble piping in the beginning of the winter, there has been no further note of the old line; the Bourbon, the Stuart, the Hapsburg dynasty has vanished, and all things are become new.

But the lovely princesses of the old royal house—Amina, Elvira, Lucia—are they gone forever? Is so splendid a legend as that of Pasta and Grisi, of Mario and Rubini, of Tamburini and Lablache, so easily extinguished? Is the decorous and intent interest with which the *Orpheus and Eurydice* was heard at the Academy during the winter to supersede the wild and eager enthusiasm which drew the house to its feet, and held it, lingering and loath to go, when the curtain fell, and once, twice, twenty times, rose again to reveal the *diva* bowing, smiling, happy, to her worshippers?

Do you remember, Posthume, the matinée when, after prolonged raptures of farewell, and endless shoutings of the house and kissings of the hand from *la prima donna assoluta*, and mountain piles of flowers, the radiant Cynthia of the minute withdrew to her dressing-room, while the idolaters could not and would not retire, and still stood, cheering and shouting, until at last, once more, forth from the side of the drop, in her hat and street dress, Amina smiled again, more enchanting than ever, and passing across the stage, and pausing at the other end, a pressure of hands upon the heart and a kiss blown into the air smote every youth with a sense of personal recognition, and marked a moment never to be forgotten?

But happily all this ecstasy is possible also in the new day. If German opera and French opera may be sung at the American opera, not less may the Italian. If *Orpheus and Eurydice*, and the *Magic Flute*, and *Lakmé*, and the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *Lohengrin*, are not excluded, why should not Lucia and her tuneful sisters also take their turn? And whatever may be admitted or barred, there will be always the chance of that bewitching or commanding personality among the singers which is not peculiar to the Italian blood nor to the Italian melody, which was Jenny Lind's as it was Grisi's and Catalani's. It is true, indeed, as Mrs. Thurber said in her interesting address to the stockholders at the close of the season, that "the star system" has been discarded. But the constellation is yet possible, and although the meteors may be forced to find other orbits, what can stay the mild radiance or the transcendent lustre of the fixed star when it shall appear?

It was most interesting to observe the rapt silence of the audience during the first act of the *Orpheus and Eurydice*. That silence was the sign of the deepest attention and delight. The giggle of the Gulch and the insolent gabble of vulgarity in the boxes were happily wanting. But such silence was none the less unusual and striking. It would, indeed, have prefigured the failure of an ordinary opera. Yet had it been another work more immediately pleasing to the ear, like the rippling melodies of Bellini, and had there been a fascinating personality in a singer, that quality which talent and training and excellence do not always or necessarily command, there would have been the tumult of delight which every old opera-goer recalls as marking certain great occasions. There is no reason to doubt, therefore, that the traditions of enthusiasm at particular performances will be continued, and that the American opera will add to them, not diminish them.

This is all the surer because the admirable completeness and symmetry of the representations of the American opera have made the impromptu orchestra, the hap-hazard chorus, the inadequate support, and the squalid stage setting for a single famous singer intolerable hereafter. Mr. Manager Mapleson complained bitterly that Patti, at five thousand dollars a night, did not satisfy New-Yorkers. But what does Mr. Manager say to the fact that singers

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without a name, and with reasonable salaries, filled the house and charmed it? Obviously Patti alone is not enough. When Henry Irving was coming to this country, a famous observer and author said to the Easy Chair that Irving's reputation was inexplicable, for he had no qualification for an actor whatever. Well, if Mr. Irving had come to us and had appeared under the familiar and utterly careless conditions, had he played as the elder Booth used to play, in a mere suggestion of a theatre, and amid vague hints of scenery and setting, would he have returned probably another year and have made a second triumphant and profitable tour?

When the *divas* come hereafter, that is to say, the *divas* who are not nurtured in the American nursery of music, they must conform to our conditions. They must sing under the circumstances to which we are accustomed, or they will miss the homage to which they are accustomed. The American opera, as it is now organized and incorporated, with its conservatory of instruction and its proved success, is another warble of American independence. Ever since our declaration of political independence we have been asserting it in other forms and relations, until this last and most melodious protest, which is the latest proof that Jonathan has come of age.

One hundred and thirty-two years ago Columbia College, in New York, then called King's College, opened its doors for students. It was the year in which Dr. Franklin proposed his plan of colonial union in the Albany Congress, and in the same year the French built Fort Duquesne, and before the Freshmen at King's were ripened into Seniors, Braddock was defeated and Washington had made his famous march to the fort. The modest little town of New York in which the new college was planted contained about ten thousand inhabitants, and King's College was the sixth in order of foundation, following Harvard, William and Mary, Yale, Princeton, and the University of Pennsylvania. The young college was not a very prolific *alma mater* in the earlier years. During the twenty years from its organization until the Revolution it graduated but about one hundred students. But it was an illustrious progeny. Among those pupils were Alexander Hamilton and John Jay and Robert Livingston and Gouverneur Morris and Egbert Benson and Philip Van Cortlandt and Henry Rutgers, and sons of all the conspicuous New York families.

Now *noblesse oblige*. Is it surprising that the descendant of a noble house is proud of his ancestry, that the youth of to-day who can trace his lineage straight back to historic heroes and patriots and poets and philosophers and statesmen feels himself to be not only the heir of their renown, but born to the duty of maintaining its lustre untarnished, if nothing more? So feels the worthy alumnus of a college. There is a blue blood of academic association as of family descent, and as the son of a long line of famous or noble sires feels the admonishing consciousness of a great responsibility for others as well as for himself, so the college graduate owns the duty of his great association, and would live worthily of the select society to which he belongs.

If the little New York of 1754 and the little King's College could look in upon the vast and stately and prosperous city that we know, would they be surprised to see, evening after evening in the winter, the successive triumphal feasts of the various colleges, Jura answering to the joyous Alps that call to her aloud? Not at all. Those reverend half-dozen first graduates of King's, recalling their college feeling, would gaze benignantly upon the scene, glowing with the eloquent speech, joining in the pealing chorus of the song, serenely conscious that nothing could be more natural and inevitable than the demonstrative and festive pride of college boys in their college.

Those elders, indeed, with all their sympathy could not understand it completely. They would see through a glass somewhat darkly, but they would see. For those brave Freshmen of 1754 and graduates of 1758 had no college tradition. They founded the house, indeed, but the pictures that hang in fancy upon its later walls, the voices that fill with the airy music of imagination its later and statelier halls, the glorious romance of association, all this was wanting to those young academic ancestors. For them there was no backward vista of tender radiance, no constellated memories beyond their own experience.

When the Society of the Cincinnati was formed, a club designed to cherish Revolutionary associations and traditions, the sensitive scent of patriotism was sure that it detected the fatal aroma of aristocracy, and raised an alarm. Hereditary honors, class privileges, endangered popular rights, these were the chimeras dire that hovered over the Verplanck cottage upon the Hudson where the meeting for organization was held. But what a modest and harmless conspiracy it has proved to be! The society was always small. Its worst fulminations were appeals to patriotism. Its most flagrant offence has been an annual dinner. What a tempest in a teapot was this hostile excitement against that simple good-fellowship of Revolutionary officers! Meanwhile the vast and powerful organization of the Grand Army of the Republic, which followed the later war, and which is an immense political force whose countenance both great parties sedulously solicit, and to propitiate whose favor national laws are passed and State laws modified, is to the Cincinnati as the King of Brobdingnag to the Prince of Lilliput, but it arouses no suspicion of peril to the commonwealth.

The college fraternity is a Cincinnati of educated men, and it is often regarded with the same kind of feeling which assailed the old association of Revolutionary comrades. Like

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that, it has a great tradition. Like that, it is full of proud and tender memories. Like that, it feels the tie of union to be an inspiration, a wise restraint, a consolation. Like that, it meets to refresh its recollections, and by that meeting to enrich and ennoble life. The singing roisterers in the smoky hall, whose bright banter and gay chaff are the charm of the college dinners, carry from the table the blessing that they do not always ask. They renew their consciousness of the higher ideals that brood over the mercenary strife, the contest of money-making, and mean motives, and low ambitions. Yes, the tradition of college is good-fellowship, but good-fellowship in an intellectual air and amid scholarly associations. To cherish it is to remember not only that you are a member of that fraternity, that you wear its blue or red ribbon, its collar or cross, its star or garter, but that it lays an obligation upon you, an obligation of honor not to be shaken off.

The college clubs which have sprung up so suddenly and naturally in this city—which is metropolitan at least in the sense of collecting citizens from the whole country—and the pleasant dinners with which they celebrate themselves, continue the good work of the college, not by extending a knowledge of Greek and mathematics, in which every college man is *ex officio* already proficient, but by strengthening loyalty to manly aims and stimulating generous sympathies.

Even the sensitive patriots who call Heaven to witness that college education is no better than it should be, that college alumni are to be suspected like the Cincinnati, and that reform in the civil service is only a deep and dark conspiracy to fill all the offices with college men, and more appalling still, to keep them there!—even these patriots, whom other patriots in the press encourage, and, as it were, "'St boy!" to the onset upon that awful plot, may be comforted. Thank Heaven, our liberties are still safe despite those artful Cincinnati, and the civil service is still free from all but a very small proportion of college men. The official statistics assure the patriots who dread education that they may sleep on in complete confidence that the college will not be permitted totally to overthrow our happy Constitution. No, tyrants and colleges, avaunt! Americans never, never will be slaves!

In a sketch of John B. Gough, who died as he had lived upon the platform, and who was to the last one of the most popular of public speakers, and, after Father Mathew, the most famous apostle of temperance, it was stated that although a very generous man, he declined to lecture for the benefit of enterprises and societies of all kinds, which constantly applied to him. It is to be hoped that nobody regrets his refusal or thinks him to have been less generous because of the refusal. There is no more common or more unpardonable form of mendicancy than that which asks this kind of alms. Mr. Gough received a very large income from his public lectures, and of this money he was not avaricious. On the contrary, he gave liberally, and often, doubtless, to the very objects for the benefit of which he was vainly asked to lecture. A man practises his profession or pursues his business for his livelihood and the support of his family, and he determines for himself the amount and the direction of his gifts and charities.

That is what the charitable society forgets which asks a singer to sing, or an actor to act, or a painter to paint a picture, or a lecturer to give a lecture, for its benefit, upon the score of charity. One of the hard-working guild of lecturers some years ago replied to a solicitation of this kind by asking the chairman of the committee what business he pursued. "I am a dealer in jewelry," was the reply. "Well, Mr. Chairman," said the lecturer, "I am very much interested in a little society like yours in my own town; now let us be fair: I will give you the profits of my business for one evening for your society, if you will give me those of your business for one day for the benefit of my society."

The good chairman stared and smiled. The lecturer continued: "Have you applied to our friend Mr. Sheepskin, the attorney?" "No; what for?" asked the chairman. "Why, to aid your society by contributing a day's fees?" The chairman smiled, and looked puzzled. "What I mean," said the lecturer, "is simply that there is no more reason why you should ask me to give you the entire profit of my business for a certain time than to ask anybody else to do the same thing. The fact that I am a lecturer is not a reason that you should make the application to me rather than to a lawyer, or a merchant, or an artist. Do you ask Mr. Booth to bestow his receipts for next Saturday upon your society because your society is poor and wants money to buy carpets and cushions? Do you ask the proprietor of the *Herald* or *Times* to drop into your treasury all the money that they may receive for advertisements and sales on the first day of June? Do you ask Mr. Choate to hand you over his professional income, as nearly as he can compute it, for Monday, the 22d? To ask me for money is one thing; but to ask for a blank check with my signature is quite another." The lecturer smiled as benignantly as the chairman, but did not look in the least degree puzzled. "Oh!" said the chairman. "Precisely," returned the lecturer.

There is sometimes a queer lapse of good faith in one of the parties to the business to which Mr. Gough devoted his life. A member of a lyceum committee, in his private capacity of merchant, negotiates with another merchant for a piece of cloth, or a case of shoes, or a cargo of flour. But he finds that he has miscalculated the market, or there is some mishap, and he loses by the bargain. Does he thereupon repair to the other merchant, and say to him that he hasn't made as much as he expected by the venture; that, in

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fact, he has lost money, and in view of that sad mischance the merchant will perhaps agree to take half of the price agreed upon? No; the worthy member of the lecture committee has never been guilty of such an act as that. If he cannot take the chances of trade, he is not fit to be a trader.

O wise young judge! And what was it that you were saying just now, not to the flour merchant, or the cloth merchant, or the shoe dealer, but to the lecture merchant? Were you or were you not saying to him that you were very sorry that the audience had been so small and the expenses so large, and the treasury was so low that perhaps—perhaps—in view of everything—so hard to sustain a course of really good lectures—that—that, in fine, the merchant would perhaps take off half the price stipulated, because you, O wise young judge! have not made as much money out of him as you hoped to make?

To decline to do this, Mr. Gough, like other eminent masters of the platform, did not hold to be a mercenary view of his calling. If it was not mercenary for the baker to ask sixpence for his loaf or the milkman a fair price for his milk, neither was it mercenary for the lecturer to ask an equally fair price for his commodity and his labor and his time. It is, indeed, open to any man to give bread and milk to his neighbors without price. But he cannot support his family by that course. All the merchants in town, if they choose, may give away all their goods. But they cannot be reproached with venality if they prefer to sell instead of to give. Mr. Gough, so far as he turned his powers and gifts to making money, was a merchant, and was amenable only to the laws and usages of honorable business, and those who asked him to renounce half his fee, or who requested the gift of all the profits of a future transaction, were unquestionably well-meaning, but they were unmindful of the laws and usages of honorable business.

Mr. Edwin P. Whipple, one of the most accomplished and popular pioneers of the modern lecture platform, said that he once declined to suffer in the way that we have described, and the controverted ten dollars was at last paid. He departed homeward congratulating himself upon the triumphant vindication of a sound principle. But, said he, with a sly smile of appreciation, that money was an apple of the Dead Sea—it turned to ashes. It was a counterfeit bill. Doubtless it was intended by the austere committee as a stern rebuke of the mercenary disposition of the lecturer.

Editor's Study.

I.

MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON in his new romance, *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, follows the lines explored by Mr. Edward Bellamy in his romance of *Miss Ludington's Sister*. But the Patent-office abounds in simultaneously invented machinery, and, at any rate, Mr. Stephenson may claim an improvement upon the apparatus of Mr. Bellamy. The American writer supposed several selves in each human being, which died successively and became capable of meeting one another in a different state of existence. Mr. Stevenson immensely simplifies the supposition by reducing these selves to the number of two—a moral self and an unmoral self. The moral self in the *Strange Case* was Dr. Jekyll, who, by the use of a certain drug, liberated Mr. Hyde, his unmoral self or evil principle, in whom he went about wreaking all his bad passions, without the inconvenience of subsequent remorse; all he had to do was to take the infusion of that potent salt, and become the good Dr. Jekyll again. The trouble in the end was that Mr. Hyde, from being at first smaller and feebler than Dr. Jekyll, outgrew him, and formed the habit of coming forth without the use of the salt. Dr. Jekyll was obliged to kill them both.

The romancer cannot often be taken very seriously, we suppose; he seems commonly to be working out a puzzle, and at last to have produced an intellectual toy; but Mr. Stevenson, who is inevitably a charming and sympathetic writer, and whom we first knew as the author of certain poems full of deep feeling and sincerity, does something more than this in his romance; he not only fascinates, he impresses upon the reader the fact that if we indulge the evil in us it outgrows the good. The lesson is not quite new, and in enforcing it he comes dangerously near the verge of allegory; for it is one of the hard conditions of romance that its personages starting with a *parti pris* can rarely be characters with a living growth, but are apt to be types, limited to the expression of one principle, simple, elemental, lacking the God-given complexity of motive which we find in all the human beings we know.

Hawthorne, the great master of the romance, had the insight and the power to create it anew as a kind in fiction; though we are not sure that *The Scarlet Letter* and the *Blithedale Romance* are not, strictly speaking, novels rather than romances. They do not play with some old superstition long outgrown, and they do not invent a new superstition to play with, but deal with things vital in every one's pulse. We are not saying that what may be called the fantastic romance—the romance that descends from *Frankenstein* rather than *The Scarlet Letter*—ought not to be. On the

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contrary, we should grieve to lose it, as we should grieve to lose the pantomime or the comic opera, or many other graceful things that amuse the passing hour, and help us to live agreeably in a world where men actually sin, suffer, and die. But it belongs to the decorative arts, and though it has a high place among them, it cannot be ranked with the works of the imagination—the works that represent and body forth human experience. Its ingenuity can always afford a refined pleasure, and it can often, at some risk to itself, convey a valuable truth.

II.

We can be glad of it even in a writer of our time, but it would be hard to forgive a contemporary for a bit of theatricality like that which the new translation of Balzac offers us in *The Duchesse de Langeais*. It is worse, if anything could be worse, than *Père Goriot*—more artificial in motive, more malarial, more oblique in morals. In fact, the inversion of the principles of right and wrong, the appeal made to the reader's sympathy for the man who cannot ruin the married coquette he loves, is as bad a thing as we know in literature. But it has its value as part of the history of Balzac's evolution, which was curiously fitful and retarded. It is a survival of romanticism, and its Sworn Thirteen Noblemen, who abduct the Duchess at a ball and bring her back before supper, and who are pledged to defend and abet each other in all good and ill, are the sort of mechanism not now employed outside of the dime fictions.

It must by no means be supposed, in fine, that because Balzac was a realist, he was always a realist. As a matter of fact, he was sometimes a romanticist as flamboyant as Victor Hugo himself, without Victor Hugo's generous sympathy and noble faith; and we advise the reader that a more depraving book could hardly fall into the hands of the young than *The Duchesse de Langeais*—more false to life, more false to art. It is a pity that it is bound up in the Boston edition with *The Illustrious Gaudissart*, a charming piece of humor and nature.

III.

It is droll to find Balzac, who suffered such bitter scorn and hate for his realism while he was alive, now become a fetich in his turn, to be shaken in the faces of those who will not blindly worship him. But it is no new thing in the history of literature: whatever is established is sacred with those who do not think. At the beginning of the century, when romance was making the same fight against effete classicism which realism is making today against effete romance, the Italian poet Monti declared that "the romantic was the cold grave of the Beautiful," just as the realistic is now supposed to be. The romance of that day and the realism of this are in certain degree the same. Romance then sought, as realism seeks now, to widen the bounds of sympathy, to level every barrier against æsthetic freedom, to escape from the paralysis of tradition. It exhausted itself in this impulse; and it remained for realism to assert that fidelity to experience and probability of motive are essential conditions of a great imaginative literature. It is not a new theory, but it has never before universally characterized literary endeavor. When realism becomes false to itself, when it heaps up facts merely, and maps life instead of picturing it, realism will perish too. Every true realist instinctively knows this, and it is perhaps the reason why he is careful of every fact, and feels himself bound to express or to indicate its meaning at the risk of over-moralizing. In life he finds nothing insignificant; all tells for destiny and character; nothing that God has made is contemptible. He cannot look upon human life and declare this thing or that thing unworthy of notice, any more than the scientist can declare a fact of the material world beneath the dignity of his inquiry. He feels in every nerve the equality of things and the unity of men; his soul is exalted, not by vain shows and shadows and ideals, but by realities, in which alone the truth lives. In criticism it is his business to break the images of false gods and misshapen heroes, to take away the poor silly toys that many grown people would still like to play with. He cannot keep terms with Jack the Giant-Killer or Puss in Boots, under any name or in any place, even when they reappear as the convict Vautrec, or the Marquis de Montrivaut, or the Sworn Thirteen Noblemen. He must say to himself that Balzac, when he imagined these monsters, was not Balzac, he was Dumas; he was not realistic, he was romantic.

IV.

Such a critic will not respect Balzac's good work the less for contemning his bad work. He will easily account for the bad work historically, and when he has recognized it, will trouble himself no farther with it. In his view no living man is a type, but a character; now noble, now ignoble; now grand, now little; complex, full of vicissitude. He will not expect Balzac to be always Balzac, or Tennyson to be always Tennyson; and in his scheme of criticism the laureate's last work, with its pathetic echoes of his past work, will interest him hardly less than that.

It is by no means necessary to compare the "Tiresias" with the "Ulysses," or the "Balin and Balan" with the "Morte d'Arthur"; one need not be brutal in confessing their inferiority. They are perhaps what the Tennysonian art must come to; but one must not forget how lovely that art was at its best. Its sweetness is in the nerves of every refined man and woman of his generation, and is perhaps all the more inalienably theirs if a younger generation does not feel its witchery so keenly. The race has its moods, and it cannot prolong them or recur to them; but it was in a high and hopeful mood when Tennyson pleased it to its heart's core, and no doubt something is lacking in it

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as well as in him if he no longer pleases so much. We would rather compare him with anything that we have the reasonable hope of in the future, and bear the consequent discouragement as we may, than decry what has been so good, and is so good. If the latest verse of this illustrious poet came to us as the earliest verse of a poet quite unknown, we should welcome it, not as the promise, but as the performance, of fine things. When shall we have from another a lyric of such noble note as "Freedom" in this book? Or an elegiac of such tender feeling as the "Prefatory Poem to my Brother's Sonnets"? Or a didactic of such high wisdom as "The Ancient Sage"? By-and-by, in the general account with Tennyson which time shall square, these things will be valued aright, and they will have their place, not as his best, but among his best. For the present it can be justly said of the book generally that there is more of Tennyson's manner than of Tennyson in it. His manner, which was always so much, has become more and more with him; and in this he is different from Longfellow, with whom manner became less and less, so that his latest poems were the simplest and most direct expressions of his poetic quality, absolutely purified, in the case of some of his sonnets, from posturing. But Tennyson's manner was always much of his charm, and here it charms the old reader still, and is as full of memory, as historical, as a perfume. Whether it has the same fascination for a younger reader, it must remain for the younger reader to say.

V.

We, at least, would not willingly leave out some of his most manneristic poems, if we were to have any share in that process of elimination which must finally await modern literature of every kind. The volume of this has now grown so enormous, and there is so very much of what is so very good, that the race must in self-defence eventually reject all but the best. We hope even in our own day to see an edition of those unwieldy immortals, the British Classics, in which they shall be reduced and exalted by the rejection of what is dull and what is indecent in them. Then one may read all of them that is worth reading, and feel that he knows English literature, and is none the worse for it. We have been encouraged to the expression of this hope, long secretly cherished, by some words of excellent wisdom which Professor Max Müller has lately written in answer to an inquiry for his opinion of Sir John Lubbock's list of the Best Hundred Books. "If I were to tell you," he says, "what I really think of the best books, I am afraid you would call me the greatest literary heretic or an utter ignoramus. I know few books, if any, which I should call good from beginning to end. Take the greatest poet of antiquity, and if I am to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, I must say there are long passages even in Homer which seem to me extremely tedious. Take the greatest, or at all events one of the greatest, poets of our century, and again I must confess that not a few of Goethe's writings seem to me not worth a second reading. There are gems in the most famous, there are gems in the least known, of poets, but there is not a single poet, so far as I know, who has not written too much, and who could claim a place for all his works in what may be called a library of world literature."

Every now and then in a world of affectations and pretences the truth comes out, and we all rather wonder that it has not come out before. It comes out in these days somewhat oftener than in former times, because it is now, on the whole, less dangerous to speak it; but Professor Müller must not expect an unalloyed gratitude from our generation even. He must expect, on the contrary, to be asked whether he thinks himself greater than Homer and Goethe, and if he has the full advantage of "criticism," he will learn that a person of his opinions cannot be a person of his science. He will be challenged to write anything half as good as the worst of Homer and Goethe, and he will be taught that burglary and blasphemy are light offences compared with his, in the eyes of those who know Homer and Goethe by hearsay. Nevertheless, what he says of poetry, of all literature, will remain true, and the time will come when an ultimate Sir John Lubbock will set down for us a list of the best hundred pieces instead of the best hundred books. An ultimate Prince of Wales will then not be obliged to exclude the whole of Thackeray on account of the lectures on *The Four Georges*, and we shall be allowed, even by the ultimate New York Anglomaniacs, to read passages of the *Book of Snobs*.

VI.

Apropos of the future of poetry, there are some passages from a little book published in Florence on *Berlioz et le Mouvement de l'Art Contemporain*, by Georges Noufflard, which we commend to the notice of those now engaged in prophesying on the subject. In that absence of a Meteorologico-literary Bureau which we have already deplored, the ideas of M. Noufflard, who has a number of very good ideas of his own, may be useful; and suggesting as they do a further poetical development, through reversion to a primitive phase, they may console, they may even encourage.

"I believe," he says, "that the future of absolute music and poetry will have the same fate as sculpture, and this for reasons analogous to those I have alleged against the last—the means of action at their disposal are insufficient. In effect, if sculpture can only represent life by depriving it of its colors and placing it in the void, music can only paint feeling in an abstract fashion. . . . Poetry, that is, the art of working in verse, has no other expression of its own but that which may result from the sonorousness and rhythm which it obtains by the choice and the grouping of

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words. Now these, whatever may have been their origin, are to-day certainly nothing more than conventional signs, capable of analyzing, but not of directly representing, our sensations. If poetry had no other basis than its expression, it is evident that it would not exist; its object is to arrange words in regular and symmetrical groups. Born with the dance and with music, it is, like these, when it stands alone, an art essentially decorative. It may be said that in verse there is a music marked and perceptible, and yet so controlled that the meaning is not lost in the sound. But it seems to me that all the effects of this sort may be achieved with greater force either by veritable music or by prose—prose, for example, like that of the De Goncourt brothers.... The decadence of poetry and music are two related facts arising from the decadence of ornamental art itself. Considered separately, music and poetry have both reached the limit of their development; but associated intimately enough to form a single art, they may in the future vigorously make head against prose. All the objections that can be advanced against music and poetry, when separated, disappear when they are united. The significance of music is not less sufficient when words determine it, and the direct expression of sense is not degraded when, instead of relying wholly upon the resources of the spoken tongue, it rests upon all the means of action proper to music. Are my theories too bold? It seems to me that we need only look around us to see that they are confirmed by the facts. Sculpture is nowhere alive to-day except in Italy and France; and what has it produced that is truly original without betraying tendencies that its means of action will not allow it to realize fully? On the other hand, painting is everywhere flourishing.... The comedy in prose and the novel have already taken the place of the tragedy and the epic poem; no one any longer composes absolute melodies even in Italy, and the need of music to rest upon words shows itself even in the symphony.... The modern spirit tends farther and farther from the arts that can express a theme only by halves, to concentrate itself upon those that can show it in its entirety. Prose, painting, and poetry, blended with music, will, I am convinced, be the three principal organs of the thought of the twentieth century. Prose has the advantage over its rivals which its universality gives; it knows no limits but those of the human spirit. On the other hand, it cannot represent directly. An artificial product of the intelligence, its danger is that of being more and more engrossed by science. Witness, for example, the scientific preoccupations which Zola has introduced into the novel. It is true that if science ever comes to be complete, if it ever goes to the bottom, to the soul of things, if the broken fragments it now gives us are ever assembled, it will be poetry, as it was in the time of Dante. To painting belongs fully the exterior world; it not only shows us the man living and individual, but it places him in the *milieu* where he belongs, and where his personality continues and affirms itself. And the new art resulting from the intimate union of music and poetry will, thanks to its double organ and to the special faculties of music, be able to represent completely all the phenomena of the inner life."

VII.

One of the serious disadvantages of infallibility is that one has no sooner laid down any general principle than some signal and quite irreconcilable exception is pretty sure to arise. Mr. Froude's *Oceana*, for example, comes hard upon the doctrine of this Study, pronounced only a month or two ago, that the English view of any foreign civilization is sure to be the wrong view. If we had not warned the reader at the start that we were always to be understood as speaking humanly, we should now have some difficulty in owning that this great Englishman's view of our greatness through the Union, and of our individual consequence through our federal greatness, is so gratifying that it must be correct. As it is, it is simply a pleasure to recognize the fact. His cursory chapter on the United States comes at the close of the story of his wanderings from England to the Cape of Good Hope, from the Cape to Australia, from Australia to New Zealand, and from New Zealand to California; but it is in some sort the key-note of the whole book, which affirms and reaffirms that the hope of England and her colonies is in a federation as like our own as possible. The book is agreeable reading enough as a book of travels, but its chief value is political. The most interesting chapters are those recounting and condemning the facts of English policy in South Africa. Australasian affairs are more rose-colored to Mr. Froude's eye; he finds society and politics even exuberantly loyal; but he too is speaking humanly, and he recognizes exceptions in which the colonists declare that they are merely waiting their own convenience to be independent, and take the United States rather than England for their exemplar of greatness.

But if Mr. Froude is too hopeful in his politics, there is no error in his attitude toward the civilization of the new countries he visits. He perceives, as we think no Englishman has before, the real solidarity of the Anglo-Saxon civilization, and the simultaneity of its characteristics. He cannot see that men or their interests are less modern or advanced in Melbourne than in London, and he crosses our own continent without finding us anywhere merely grotesque or sordid, or even unintelligible. *Oceana* may be held to mark the beginning of a new era in English travel when its author can say of another people: "The dimensions and value of any single man depend on the body of which he is a member. As an individual his horizon is bounded by his per-

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sonal interests; he remains, however high his gifts, but a mean creature. . . . A man, on the other hand, who is more than himself, who is part of an institution, who has devoted himself to a cause—or is a citizen of an imperial power—expands to the scope and fulness of the larger organism; and the grander the organization, the larger and more important the unit that knows that he belongs to it. His thoughts are wider, his interests less selfish, his ambitions ampler and nobler. . . . Behind each American citizen America is standing, and he knows it, and is the man that he is because he knows it. The Anglo-Americans divided might have fared no better than the Spanish colonies. The Anglo-Americans united command the respectful fear of mankind, and, as Pericles said of the Athenians, each unit of them acts as if the fortunes of his country depended only on himself. A great nation makes great men, a small nation makes little men."

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 15th of March. —President Cleveland, March 1, sent a long message to the Senate defining his position on the question of the right of that body to demand papers from the Executive in regard to removals made by the President. Among the points are: that the Constitution gives to the President the sole right of removal or suspension, and that he is responsible to the people alone; that those sections of the tenure of office act which directed the President to report to the Senate his reasons for suspensions have been repealed; and that the papers asked for are not official, but personal and private, and under the full authority of the President alone.

The President, March 2, sent a message to Congress touching the Chinese outrages at Rock Springs. He does not think the United States liable either by treaty or international law for the loss of life and property, but recommends the matter to the "benevolent attention of Congress," and suggests that it would be a generous action on our part to indemnify the poor sufferers.

The United States Senate, February 23, passed a bill appropriating $250,000 for a monument to General Grant in Washington.

The House, February 18, passed the Fitz-John Porter bill by a vote of 171 to 113.

The Senate, March 5, passed the Blair education bill by a vote of 36 to 11. It appropriates $79,000,000.

Brigadier-General A. H. Terry has been promoted to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Major-General Hancock.

The United States debt was reduced during February $2,702,153 31.

In the British House of Commons, March 5, Mr. Labouchere's motion that a hereditary chamber of legislation "is inconsistent with the principles of representative government" was rejected by a vote of 202 to 166, the Radicals and Parnellites forming the minority.—March 9, in the Commons, Mr. Dillwyn (Liberal) moved to disestablish the Church of Wales. Mr. Grey (Liberal) moved to reform instead of to disestablish the Church of Wales. Mr. Grey's amendment was first adopted by a vote of 241 to 229, and then, as a substitute for Mr. Dillwyn's motion, was rejected by a vote of 346 to 49.

A treaty of peace between Servia and Bulgaria was signed at Bucharest March 2.

In the French Chamber of Deputies, March 4, amid great excitement, a motion for the immediate expulsion of the French princes from France was made and vigorously supported by M. Clémenceau, and opposed by Prime Minister De Freycinet. The motion was rejected by 345 to 176. A vote of confidence in the government was adopted by 353 to 112.

The Portuguese ministry resigned, and the King summoned the Progressists to form a new cabinet.

The Italian Senate, by a vote of 91 to 6, has adopted a bill to equalize the land tax.

The marriage of the Infanta Eulalia, youngest daughter of ex-Queen Isabella, with Prince Antonio, son of the Duc de Montpensier, took place in Madrid, March 6.

DISASTERS.

March 10.—Twenty persons killed by a collision on the railway between Monte Carlo and Mentone.

March 14.—Steam-ship *Oregon*, of the Cunard Line, run into and sunk by a schooner off Fire Island. No lives lost.

OBITUARY.

February 13.—In St. Augustine, Florida, Randolph Caldecott, artist, aged forty years.

February 17.—At Frankford, Pennsylvania, John B. Gough, temperance lecturer, in his sixty-ninth year.

February 28.—In London, England, Henry Stevens, American bibliographer, aged forty-three years.

March 8.—In Washington, D. C., John F. Miller, United States Senator from California, in his fifty-fifth year.

March 9.—At Salem Centre, New York, ex-Senator Jerome B. Chaffee, of Colorado, aged sixty-one years.

March 12.—In Washington, D. C., Dr. S. Oakley Vanderpoel, formerly Health Officer of New York, aged sixty-two years.

March 13.—In New York city, Dr. Austin Flint, in his seventy-fourth year.

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Editor's Drawer.

THE Drawer would like to converse a little about the weather. It is a very delicate topic to touch for the readers of this Magazine. For while the Hartford maiden in this month of May is plucking apple blossoms, and the Bostonian is luxuriating in the east wind and the May Meetings, and the New-Yorker is beginning to think where he will spend the summer, the New Orleans citizen crawls along the shady side of the street, and seeks at evening a gentle breeze on the shore of Lake Pontchartrain. It is difficult for the writer of this paragraph to feel these great truths, for at this moment—it is the 20th of February—he is looking upon a tall date-palm, and beyond the palm, far off in the blue sky, is the snowy summit of Popocatepetl. The palm is only about forty feet high, and the mountain is over 17,000 feet, but the tree has the advantage to the eye at this distance. It stands by a fountain in a garden of flowers and fantastic fruits. There are bananas, and two small fig-trees, and an unknown tree which bears a white blossom like a mallow, and the blossom is just as liable to grow anywhere out of the trunk as on a twig, and the fruit is a long yellow pod; there is the mango, now in blossom and set for fruit; there is the papaya, with a crown of boughs like an umbrella, and a thick cluster of fruit, each about as big as a nutmeg melon, growing at the intersection of the trunk and branches; there are oranges and limes, night-blooming jasmines and other odorous shrubs, with fruits, besides, which are difficult to eat and impossible to spell. There are harmless lizards running up the trees, and there is a paroquet that has lost his tail, and that whistles English and talks Spanish. The sun pours into this garden, which is, in fact, the big court of the Hotel San Diego, in the queer little Indian village of Cuautlay. The hotel is of one story, and consists of a series of unconnected rooms opening on the corridor of this court. On one side of the court is the kitchen, and at this instant the servants are wringing the necks of chickens for the noon breakfast. Everything is peaceful and semi-tropical. Cuautlay is only about 4000 feet above the sea, and the temperature is delightful, not varying at this time of the year ten degrees either way from seventy Fahrenheit. The plain in which it stands is abundantly watered, and the vast irrigated cane fields are in all stages of growth. To one coming down from the city of Mexico, where an elevation of about 7400 feet makes the air too rare, the change is very agreeable, both as to the density and the softness of the air. If you want to be in fashion here, you will wear, if you are a man, a hat sixteen inches across the brim, with a sugar-loaf crown ten inches high, and white linen pantaloons, and shirt outside, and have sandals on the feet. You will eat and like fruits whose appearance is suspicious, and whose names you cannot pronounce, besides such simple things as the chirimoya and the granadilla.

The Drawer refers to the atmosphere of this place in order to note the partiality with which good climates are distributed on this continent. Life is had on easy terms here, while in New England people are wearing themselves out to earn money to pay their doctors' bills. It is hard to understand these things. On the high, stony, barren plains of western Texas in February the sky is blue, the air is like wine, and if life were worth living at all on those deserts, which it is not, existence there would be delicious. Yet, according to the Weather Bureau, it is in those vast treeless regions of the Southwest that our storms and bad weather are bred. This may be true. But if it is, all the bad weather is exported, and all the good is kept for home consumption. The air in these elevated waste regions is pure, very fairly heated in winter, and abundant. Why a region so sparsely inhabited should have a superabundance of this vital element, and the Atlantic coast, where it is needed, should be obliged to get on with an inferior, malarious atmosphere, is a mystery. Perhaps there is no remedy for it, but enterprise and science can make a suggestion. Would it be possible to send the delicious, healthful air of the Southwest to the Northeast in pipes? As it goes now, in tempests, it becomes corrupted, devitalized, and unfit for use. It would, of course, be idle to attempt to take enough of it over to change our climate, but it might, if carried in pipes, be turned on in houses, and give us in-doors a constant supply of pure and health-giving air. In order to get other things that make life endurable in such a place as Cuautlay, one must come here. But no one wants to go to western Texas and New Mexico except for the air. And if that could be transported to the Northeast in the winter months, we should probably save the expense it would incur by the lessening of life-insurance premiums.

A Western correspondent sends the following:

I recently listened to a debate in one of the school lyceums of this city upon the novel and momentous question of "woman suffrage."

The debater upon the "anti-woman" side was doubtless engaged in his first effort, and this fact, together with a slight impediment of speech and a most original series of arguments, combined to produce one of the funniest and most unanswerable speeches that I had ever heard. Here it is, almost in full:

"Ladies and gentlemen, the first thing to find out is w-w-what man was m-made for, and what w-w-woman was made for. God created Adam first, and put him in the garden of Eden. T-then He made Eve, and p-put her there too.

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If He hadn't c-c-created Eve, there never would have been all the s-s-sin there is now in this w-world. If He hadn't made Eve, she never would have p-p-picked the apple and eaten it. N-n-no, she never would have picked it and g-given it to Adam to eat. Paul in his epistles says w-w-women should k-k-keep still. And besides, l-ladies and gentlemen, women couldn't fill the offices. I d-d-defy any one to p-point out a woman in this city or c-c-county that could be sheriff. Would a woman t-turn out in the dead of night to track and arrest a m-m-murderer? I say *n-no! Ten to one she would elope w-w-with him!*" And amid thunders of applause and laughter the gallant defender of man's rights triumphantly took his seat.

Last winter, while visiting one of the quaint little creole villages of southern Louisiana, I chanced to learn many amusing stories concerning the negroes there. One really pathetic incident occurred at the telegraph office, which had but recently been established. An old woman, clad in the deepest black, called one morning upon the operator. Her whole bearing was very grief-stricken, and in her hand she carried a slip of paper around the edges of which was drawn a broad line in lead-pencil. "Please, sah," she said, in broken accents, "dis yer is er telegraph ter my darter at Scott Station, er tellin' her dat her brodder Joe is dead; and, sah, will yer please ter sen' it in mou'nin'?"

Another time an old negro came in with a telegram, and the operator, after sending it, hung the paper on the hook at his side. Some time afterward he perceived that the darky was still standing in the doorway, and he inquired of him why he was waiting.

"I's waitin' fer yer ter sen' my telegraph," he answered.

"But I have sent it long ago," was the reply.

"Oh no, boss; dis yer nigger ain't no fool. I sees dat paper a-hangin' on de nail yit."

A gentleman in the same town, shortly after having had a gas-machine put up in his house, found that his old colored gardener was still burning a coal-oil lamp. He reproved him for it, and told him that in the future he did not wish anything but the gas used on his premises. One night, having occasion to go to the servants' department, Mr. Hunter came upon Uncle Eli solemnly playing on his "corgeun" by the light of the veritable lamp which had been forbidden. Provoked at the old man's obstinacy, Mr. H. asked him if he had any particular reason for disobeying the laws of his household; to which he replied: "Marse George, 'tain't no use fer yer ter ax me ter use them air newfangled things, 'cause I jes ain't gwine ter do it. T'other night I onscrewed de top ob de burner fer ter pull up de wick, and 'fo' mor'in' I war most dead wid de smoke. 'Tain't Christian, Marse George—'tain't Christian doings. I screwed dat top on dat burner, and yer don't ketch dis here nigger foolin' wid lamps widout no wicks." Fortunately it was midsummer, and both window and door were left open, or the old darky would have been a victim to asphyxia.

A circus was expected at the little village of O——, and the inhabitants were as wildly excited over the event as the inhabitants of small towns usually are. The colored population were particularly enthusiastic, but their preacher, the Reverend Pete Jefferson, was loud in his exhortations against it. He went so far as to threaten to expel any of his congregation who dared spend their money in so sinful a way. Strange to relate, when the eventful night arrived, the most conspicuous person there was the violent parson.

"Why, Uncle Pete, what are you doing here?" inquired one of his white friends.

"Law! Marse Henry, I hates it mightily, sah. But I's de shepherd, and I's 'bliged to look arter my flock. I got my eye on ebery last one ob dose onchristian, pop-eyed niggers, and you see if I don't make 'em smell fire and brimstone on Sunday."

There was a grand baptizing one Sunday in the Gulf, and Brother Jeff. Wilson preached so long and eloquently over Sister M'ria Gibson that a great wave came and washed her away. Great was every one's consternation when, on recovering her body, it was found to be perfectly dead. Brother Wilson was not in the least daunted, however, and finished his oration with the following words: "De Lord hab gib, and de Lord hab tucken away, bressed be de name ob de Lord. Hand on anuder sister here, afore dis yer water gits too high."

A creole mulatto, Téogénne Ageiole Delahouseyé, once called at a lawyer's office to have a certain piece of business transacted, and the attorney, unfamiliar with the French language, demanded of him how he spelled his name. "Ah! la fait rien, M'sieu. Poot 'im down widout spell," was the reply.

ABOUT A MERE SENTIMENT.

Somewhere about 1849 or 1850 a Lieutenant in the navy was commanding one of the Pacific Mail Steamers, and on one of the trips a First Lieutenant in the army, named Grant, in charge of a detachment of troops for the Western coast, was a passenger in the steamer. The naval Lieutenant and the army Lieutenant fraternized immediately, and the voyage was quite pleasant for each because of the other's company.

Many years passed, and the war of the rebellion had closed. The naval Lieutenant had risen in rank, had distinguished himself in the war, and was a Commodore. He was standing one day in the Continental Hotel in Philadel-

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phia, when a gentleman stepped up, and offering his hand, said, "How do you do, Commodore?"

The Commodore took the proffered hand, but said, "You have greatly the advantage of me; I have no recollection of you."

The gentleman replied, "Don't you remember, Commodore, when you were a Lieutenant, and commanded the Pacific Mail Steamer ——, on one trip you had a passenger by the name of Grant, who was a First Lieutenant in the army?"

"Why, of course I do. I remember you well, and we had a nice time together on that trip. I have never seen you since, but have often wondered what had become of you. Are you in the army yet? What have you been doing with yourself all these years?"

"They call me at present General of the Army."

The Commodore, in telling the story, said that for a moment his dearest wish was that the marble floor would open and swallow him.

A Colorado minister was in Denver a year or two ago, and had occasion to look up there a certain man whom he wanted to see. He had the address written on a slip of paper, and issuing from the depot, he hailed a citizen and inquired, "Can you direct me to I Street, corner of Ninth?"

"I can tell you where Ninth Street is," was the reply, "but I don't know where I Street is."

"All right," said the minister; "tell me where Ninth Street is, and then I'll find I Street."

"This is Seventeenth," was the reply. "The numbered streets run parallel off in that direction, and you only have to keep the run of them as you go; Sixteenth is the next, then Fifteenth, and so on."

So our clerical friend started cheerfully off in the direction indicated, and a quarter of an hour's brisk walking brought him to Ninth Street. Again he inquired.

"This is Ninth Street," replied the party interrogated, "but I'm sure I don't know where I Street is; in fact, I've never heard of any streets in Denver named by the alphabet."

Two or three more parties being hailed proved to be equally ignorant of the street nomenclature. Just then an idea occurred to the minister. "Let me see that slip of paper again," he said to the person to whom he had last handed it to obtain light. "Ah! yes, I see," he said, in hasty and confused apology; "I was mistaken."

The memorandum by which the worthy divine had been trying to guide his steps had been made, he now remembered, for quite a different purpose. Rightly construed, it read, unabbreviated, I Corinthians, 9th, 3d.

At the summer school for languages in Amherst last summer the class in Hebrew were reading one day the episode of Balaam's ass. Some one gravely inquired if it was to be understood that Balaam's ass spoke Hebrew. The professor smiled, and said he would like to have the opinions of the class on that point. There was a solemn silence for a few minutes, and then one young man said he had been thinking that matter over carefully, and he saw no earthly reason why Balaam's ass should not have been a good He-brayist. J. B. G.

A LONGFELLOW WAIF.

In an old Common-school Reader, published in 1844, there is a poem by Henry W. Longfellow which is not to be found in his complete works. I once referred to it while in conversation with him, when he said, "Oh yes, I believe I did write something of the kind in some college ode." His brother Samuel, now writing the life of the sweet poet, informs me that he has seen it in manuscript, but did not know that it had ever been printed. Such being the case, let us take this almost forgotten waif out of the long, long ago, and lay it carefully away in the Drawer of the present. E. H. Goss.

TRUTH.

O holy and eternal Truth! Thou art
  An emanation of the Eternal Mind,
A glorious attribute, a noble part
  Of uncreated being. Who can find,
By diligent searching—who can find out thee,
The Incomprehensible, the Deity?

The human mind is a reflection caught
  From thee, a trembling shadow of thy ray.
Thy glory beams around us, but the thought
  That heavenward wings its daring flight away
Returns to where its flight was first begun,
Blinded and dark beneath the noonday sun.

The soul of man, though sighing after thee,
  Hath never known thee, saving as it knows
The stars of heaven, whose glorious light we see,
  The sun, whose radiance dazzles as it glows—
Something that is beyond us, and above
The reach of human power, though not of human love.

Vainly philosophy may strive to teach
  The secret of thy being. Its faint ray
Misguides our steps. Beyond the utmost reach
  Of its untiring wing the eternal day
Of truth is shining on the longing eye,
Distant, unchanged, changeless, pure, and high.

And yet thou hast not left thyself without
  A revelation. All we feel and see
Within us and around forbids to doubt,
  Yet speaks so darkly and mysteriously
Of what we are and shall be evermore,
We doubt and yet believe, and tremble and adore.

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

"Men will sham any complaint nowadays to avoid their work," said our worthy skipper, as he sat at the head of the breakfast table on our first day out. "I had a fellow once who pretended to have lamed himself when we were about half-way out to Calcutta; and he did it so well that nobody ever suspected him a bit, till one night there was a false alarm of

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fire, and the way that *lame* man flew up the ladder would have astonished an acrobat."

"Well," said I, "you remember that story of the Irishman who went about Dublin with 'Pity the poor blind' on a board round his neck, and made quite a good trade of it, till at last one of the people who used to give to him met him in a by-street, stepping along like a prize pedestrian.

"'You old humbug!' cried he, 'you see as well as I do.'

"'Sure, thin,' says Paddy, looking down at the 'blind' board that he carried, 'they've hung the wrong boord on me to-day by mistake. It's *deaf and dumb* I am.'"

"Well, I once saw something almost as good as that myself," said my right-hand neighbor, Professor T——, "when I was on a visit to my friend Dr. L——, in the east of France. There was a great conscription going on just then for the Crimean war, and L—— had to test the recruits as they came in, to see whether they were fit for service.

"Now among these fellows there was one fine, sturdy Auvergnat, just the stuff for a soldier, if he hadn't unluckily been stone-deaf. So he said, at least, and it certainly appeared to be true, for all the tests that they applied to him couldn't make him give any sign of hearing a bit. *I* fully believed his case to be genuine; but I could see by the twinkle in Dr. L——'s eye that *he* didn't.

"'That 'll do, my man,' said L—— to him at last, in a low voice. 'You're too deaf to be of any use to us. You can go.'

"Instantly the recruit, forgetting himself in his glee at having got off so easily, sprang toward the door like a cat.

"'Not so fast, my fine fellow,' shouted the recruiting officer; 'if you can hear *that*, you're not too deaf for the army. You're a mighty cunning rogue, but this time we've caught you in your own trap.'" DAVID KER.

A student of "Squire" Farley, a distinguished lawyer of Groton, Massachusetts, says to the Squire one day, "I cannot understand *how* circumstantial evidence *can* be stronger than positive testimony."

"I will illustrate it," said the Squire. "My milkman brings me a can of milk, and says, 'Squire, I know that is pure milk, for I milked it from the cow, washed the can thoroughly, strained it into the can, and nobody else has handled it.' Now when I take the stopper from the can, out leaps a bull-frog. Surely the frog is stronger evidence than the man."



A LENTEN PROBLEM.

GLADYS LA MODE. "Why, Dolly, my dear, you surely haven't forgotten that the Lenten services commence to-day! I expected to find you all ready in that awfully swell suit of yours. What is the matter?"

DOLLY DÉBUT. "Well, dear, I wonder if it has ever occurred to you that when one's costume is so complete, and the young assistant rector so sweetly charming, perhaps it might be one's duty to deny one's self through Lent and stay at home."

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LITERARY NOTES.

FOR several years past the Rev. Dr. Thomson has been engaged in the preparation of a new and enlarged edition of his sterling and popular work, *The Land and the Book*—a task which has involved the substantial reconstruction of the two original volumes, and the introduction of a large body of new material, embodying the results of recent research, and essentially adding to their beauty and value. The first and second volumes of the new and enlarged edition were published respectively in 1880 and 1882; and the learned author has now made his great work rounded and complete by the preparation of an entirely new volume, embracing those portions of the Holy Land which did not fall within the plan of the previous volumes, and which is just published under the title of *The Land and the Book: Lebanon, Damascus, and Beyond Jordan.*[1] In the preceding volumes the author's attention was mainly directed to the southern and central portions of the Promised Land, *west* of the Jordan. The new volume carries us farther northward and eastward to the districts of Lebanon, Cœle-Syria, Anti-Lebanon, Damascus, Bashan, Gilead, and the regions beyond Jordan, which were not originally included in the Land of Promise, although, as the scene of the lives of the early patriarchs, and of the beginnings of Hebrew history long prior to the time of Moses, they are intimately associated with it. Therefore, as we accompany Dr. Thomson through these districts, we are still in the land of the Bible, surrounded by its historic places and memories, and discovering in its scenes and scenery, and in the manners and customs of its people to-day, striking vestiges confirmatory of what is recorded in the Sacred Text concerning the scenes and manners and customs of more than three thousand years ago. The greater part of this large and beautiful volume is the result of the author's long residence in the East, and of his extensive tours and excursions to the places he describes. Nevertheless, he has not failed to avail himself of, and to incorporate in his narrative, the fruits of all the more recent researches of other scholars and travellers that throw additional light upon the Bible record. The work is rich in incidents of travel and in archæological and antiquarian revelations, and it abounds in graphic and glowing descriptions. Especially vivid are its descriptions of Damascus and Beirût, of Tyre and Sidon, of snowy Lebanon and majestic Hermon, and of the stupendous ruins of Jerash, Bosrah, and Baalbek. The volume is copiously illustrated, and is equipped with excellent maps.

Harper's Young People[2] may be appropriately likened to an evergreen. Throughout the year, as it has budded and put out new leaves from week to week, it has delighted the heart, educated the mind, sweetened and purified the tastes, and lent wings to the fancy of the children in thousands of homes; and now at the close of the year it is presented as a perfect and full-grown tree, luxuriant in its greenness and rich with aromatic fragrance, and with its branches bending under a thousand gifts of song and story, picture and parable, history and biography, fable and apologue, travel and adventure, allegory and romance, and the social and useful arts wherewith to charm, to amuse, to instruct, and to heighten the happiness of other children in still other thousands of homes. It is the great merit of this periodical that while it is child-like it is never childish. Its literary wares are excellent in quality, and from the best hands. Whatever subject it touches upon is treated thoroughly and conscientiously; and whether it aims to amuse or to instruct, it does so in the most engaging and most attractive manner. It is a whole library in a single volume, from which its young readers, of all tastes and dispositions, may draw innocent and profitable entertainment.

The history of the Crusades, and especially that of the Fourth, the most disastrous of them all in its immediate effects, and the most far-reaching in its evil consequences to civilization, has been written by various writers from various stand-points, as apologists or eulogists or critics, so that it has been almost impossible to gather the real facts uncolored by partisanship on the one side or on the other, or unobscured by the cloud of brilliant and specious but misleading reasoning which some illustrious but not always trustworthy writers have raised. The severe research and investigation, and the patient and intelligent scrutiny of original material, which have characterized the present century, combined with the greater impartiality that has come to be expected of historical writers, are at length having the effect of clearing away much in this field, as in many others, that was apochryphal or partisan or merely rhetorical, and the genuine facts are becoming apparent. One of the excellent results of this improved modern method of historical investigation and preparation is a profoundly interesting and unusually able volume by Edwin Pears, LL.B., entitled *The Fall of Constantinople, Being the Story of the Fourth*

[1] *The Land and the Book; or, Biblical Illustrations Drawn from the Manners and Customs, the Scenes and Scenery, of the Holy Land.* I. Southern Palestine and Jerusalem. One hundred and forty Illustrations and Maps. Royal 8vo, pp. 612. II. Central Palestine and Phœnicia. One hundred and fifty Illustrations and Maps. Royal 8vo, pp. 714. III. Lebanon, Damascus, and Beyond Jordan. One hundred and forty-seven Illustrations and Maps. Royal 8vo, pp. 746. By WILLIAM M. THOMSON, D.D. Price per Volume, Cloth, $6; Sheep, $7; Half Morocco, $8 50; Full Morocco, $10. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[2] *Harper's Young People* for 1885. Volume VI. Royal 4to, Ornamental Cloth, pp. 840, and about 700 Illustrations. $3 50. Volumes II., III., IV., and V., $3 50 each. Volume I. out of print. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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Crusade,[3] in which he tells the true history of that expedition from its inception to its close, skillfully unravelling the tangled skein of treachery, of self-aggrandizement, of personal ambition, of religious, national, and individual rivalry, and of higher and more single-hearted motives that were involved in it; impartially awarding censure or praise where each is due; and relating its stirring or stormy episodes and its eventful incidents with dignity, but yet with highly picturesque effects. As relates to one of the most interesting of the controverted questions which have occupied the attention and divided the opinion of scholars in connection with the Fourth Crusade, that of the part which Venice played in it, Mr. Pears adopts the view that the treason of the merchant republic to the Crusaders was premeditated, and was fostered, and perhaps suggested, by its ambitious doge, Dandolo, whose hatred of the New Rome was intense, and who aimed at the destruction of Constantinople by forcing the Crusaders to march overland to the Holy Land, through the dominions of the Eastern Empire, in place of carrying them by sea to Egypt on their way thither as he had solemnly stipulated. The various other controverted questions, as to the original design and the conduct of the Crusaders, the destination which they desired their forces should have, the alleged understanding between Philip of Swabia, Boniface of Montferrat, and Dandolo to divert the expedition from the purposes of a Crusade into an expedition against the Christian city of Constantinople, the further alleged cognizance of the designs of Philip and the others by Pope Innocent III., and the existence of a treaty between Venice and the Sultan Malek Adel intended to thwart the original designs of the Crusaders, are all thoroughly sifted, and are discussed temperately and judicially in the light of the evidence that modern research has exhumed. Deeply interesting, however, as is Mr. Pears's relation of the story of the Fourth Crusade, its details are of secondary magnitude, and are important only so far as they contributed to the fall of Constantinople and the destruction of the Eastern Empire. The larger portion of his work is devoted first to an admirable historical sketch of the Empire of the East, from the selection of Byzantium as his capital by Constantine the Great down to A.D. 1057, exhibiting its tranquillity and solidity during this long series of years, together with the security it afforded to life and property, and the perfection of its system of jurisprudence; and second, to a further historical study of the various causes that combined to weaken the Empire, in the form of attacks from the Turks, attacks from northern Europe, internal dynastic troubles, the demoralization caused by the Crusades, and attacks from the West, all of which finally culminated in the assault, capture, and sack of Christian Constantinople by Western Christians in April, A.D. 1204. The substantial purpose of this able historical recital is to fix attention upon the political aspects of the Latin conquest of Constantinople, and its consequences to Europe and to civilization. The historian shows that the empire had, alone and single-handed, successfully defended Christendom against the hordes of Asia for more centuries than any government has since endured in Europe, and that it was only when it was struck in the rear by Christian Europe that it was unable to defend itself; that the capture of Constantinople by the Crusaders was the final blow which brought about the fall of the Eastern Empire, and admitted the Turks into Europe; and that the crime of the Fourth Crusade handed over Constantinople and the Balkan Peninsula to more than six centuries of barbarism, and was the direct source of all the woes from which Europe now suffers and will continue to suffer for an indefinite period in connection with the "Eastern Question."

[3] *The Fall of Constantinople: Being the Story of the Fourth Crusade.* By EDWIN PEARS, LL.B., Barrister-at-Law, late President of the European Bar at Constantinople, etc. 8vo, Cloth, pp. 438, $2 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Mr. William Black has never been more successful as a novelist than in his latest story, *White Heather*.[4] Its scene is laid and its drama is enacted for the most part in the little hamlet of Inver-Mudal, a petty and remote rural settlement, nestled amid the lake and moorland and mountain wilds of the northern Scottish Highlands, whose unsophisticated atmosphere is invaded by airs from the outside world only at those times in each year, during the brief hunting and fishing season, when sport-loving visitors are attracted thither by the bracing climate and the wealth of game that abounds in its adjacent lochs and on its moors and mountains. In this out-of-the-way nook and its sparse and primitive society, however, Mr. Black finds all the potencies of passion and emotion, all the alternations of light and shadow, and all the variety of life and manners and character and social condition that are requisite to furnish the essential incidents for one of the most captivating stories of love and constancy, and of the wealth and the redeeming and refining influence of womanly affection, that has been told this many a day. The story is fruitful of episodes both grave and gay, pathetic and humorous, in which conspicuously figure two specimen Americans, father and daughter, whose exaggerated peculiarities are more than compensated for by their sterling qualities of mind and heart. It is also rich in animated and picturesque descriptions and situations, not the least pleasing of which are those where an arch and beautiful maiden makes her repeated first essays in the art and mystery of salmon fishing under the tutelage

[4] *White Heather.* A Novel. By WILLIAM BLACK. 12mo, Cloth (uniform with "Harper's Library Edition" of Black's Novels), pp. 498, $1 25. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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of a stalwart and handsome Highland laddie. Interspersed throughout the story at seasonable intervals are a number of love lyrics, many of which are keyed in a tone of great tenderness and beauty, and are replete with finely poetic imagery drawn from the free life and the beauteous scenery of the neighboring lochs and mountains. The tale is one to linger over as one does over a rare feast of many courses.

In his new volume, *The Boy Travellers in South America*,[5] Mr. Thomas W. Knox proposes to carry his large army of young readers along with him in an imaginary journey nearer home than any they have hitherto taken in his companionship, or rather in that of those pleasant coinages of his fancy, Frank Bassett, Fred Bronson, and good Dr. Bronson. As was the case in the former volumes of the "Boy Traveller" series, although the journey is an imaginary one, and its characters and incidents generally fictitious, the facts and descriptions are substantially in consonance with the reality. Many of these are drawn from Mr. Knox's own experiences, and others from the observations of a multitude of travellers, from Humboldt down, one or other of whom had penetrated every portion of South America; so that when he relates the travels and adventures of his boy travellers he is really giving his readers the substance of all that is to be found in the best and most recent works, re-enforced by his own personal notes and recollections. Although the book is designed primarily for youth, it would be difficult for readers of mature years to find another volume which compresses within so limited a space so large an amount of attractive and valuable matter concerning the sister continent.

The incidents and events of the early and more heroic period of our national life are always highly attractive to the young and ardent among us, and when justly celebrated in prose or verse are peculiarly adapted to keep the embers of patriotism alive in their bosoms. Dr. Thomas Dunn English has made a happy choice of some of the more stirring of these historic incidents for reproduction in the ringing ballad verse so dear to youth, in the hope that he might thus arouse their *amor patriæ* and keep it brightly burning; and they have been garnered by him in a handsome illustrated volume, to which he has given the title of *The Boy's Book of Battle Lyrics*.[6] As the title intimates, the incidents that are celebrated are almost entirely those which are of a martial character, and they relate to events which have a special significance, either for the individual heroism that was displayed in them or for the important influence they exerted upon the fortunes and destinies of our country. Among the incidents that Dr. English has here "chanted in song" for the delectation of "Young America" are the Burning of Jamestown, the Sack of Deerfield, in the colonial times, the Fight at Lexington, the Bombardment of Fort Sullivan, the Fight at Oriskany, and the Battles of Bennington, Trenton, Monmouth, King's Mountain, and the Cowpens in the Revolutionary war, and the Battle of New Orleans, in the war of 1812.

Mr. Howard Pyle's new book for young people, *Pepper and Salt, or Seasoning for Young Folk*,[7] has the genuine flavor of the old-fashioned books of fable, apologue, and fairy lore which have maintained a hold upon the fancy of children for generations, and have remained their prime favorites in spite of the attempts that have been made to dislodge them by authors who would fain have old heads grow on young shoulders, and to this end toil painfully to array useful knowledge in the garb of the nursery. Evidently Mr. Pyle is of the opinion that the days of childhood's free and happy abandon are few and brief enough, and that it is a false philanthropy to shorten them. And in this new volume dedicated to the entertainment of children he has made both his pen and his pencil contribute of their treasures to heighten the natural buoyancy and to quicken and amuse the spontaneous fancy of childhood, while at the same time he ever subtly introduces some kindly teaching or obvious moral that shall teach the heart and influence the conduct. The stories, fables, apologues, and fairy tales in prose and verse with which Mr. Pyle has freighted this beautiful volume are a happy blending of the real and the ideal, the matter-of-fact and the fanciful, and they are copiously illustrated with quaint outline drawings, whose spirited antique forms will be a perpetual provocation to the curiosity of his young readers and a rich field for their amusement.

The Principles of Expression in Piano-forte Playing[8] is an elaborate treatise addressed to the needs of those who aspire to excellence as pianists, either as teachers or amateurs, as

[5] *The Boy Travellers in South America.* Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey through Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Brazil, Paraguay, Argentine Republic, and Chili. With Descriptions of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, and Voyages upon the Amazon and La Plata Rivers. By THOMAS W. KNOX. With Colored Frontispiece, Profuse Illustrations, and Maps. 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, pp. 514, $3 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[6] *The Boy's Book of Battle Lyrics.* A Collection of Verses illustrating some Notable Events in the History of the United States of America, from the Colonial Period to the Outbreak of the Civil War. By THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH, M.D., LL.D. With Historical Notes, and Numerous Engravings of Persons, Scenes, and Places. 8vo, Illuminated Cloth, pp. 180, $2 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[7] *Pepper and Salt; or, Seasoning for Young Folk.* Prepared by HOWARD PYLE. Royal 4to, Illuminated Cloth, pp. 122, $2 00. Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[8] *The Principles of Expression in Piano forte Playing.* By ADOLPH F. CHRISTIANI. 8vo, Cloth, pp. 304, $3 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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professional artists or as lovers of the art for its own sake. For their benefit its author, Mr. Adolph Christiani, has prepared a thoroughly systematic exposition and manual of the leading principles of pianistic expression, covering the ground of the *motors* of expression, the office and nature of *accents*, the force of musical sounds, or *melody*, and the office and nature of *tact* and *time* in music. Large attention is given to practice and technique, and numerous examples are chosen from the most eminent musical composers and artists to illustrate the principles that are advanced and the directions that are given for their practical application. The treatise is excellently adapted to assist beginners in mastering the elementary principles of the art, while, as it proceeds to the more advanced and difficult stages, it abounds in valuable suggestions for those who have long since passed their novitiate.

The method which Mr. Higginson has employed in the preparation of his *Larger History of the United States*[9] is an exceedingly attractive one. Instead of giving an account in laborious detail of all the events that occurred day by day or year by year in the course of our history, and thus rendering the reading of it distasteful to the young and impossible to many of mature years, he has adopted the plan of breaking up the story of our national life into a succession of distinct scenes, each illustrating some important stage in its progress and development, and of grouping under each the most striking and picturesque features that have distinguished it. In this way the reader is enabled to see at a glance the political, social, religious, and intellectual condition of the people at every stage, to note their life and manners, and to catch the spirit and temper of the times. Each chapter represents a scene or act in the drama of the national life; and while each is complete in itself, they are all held together, like the links of a chain, at the points of contact. Mr. Higginson's style is of a kind to make a strong and wholesome impression upon youthful readers. Never indulging in mere rhetoric, he yet writes with an eloquence and a fervor that are very captivating, while his treatment of topics and his groupings of men and events win the reader to look beneath the surface of things, and to reflect upon their operative causes, their spirit and tendencies. The stages, or scenes, in the life of our country upon which Mr. Higginson concentrates his attention, and under which he presents graphic views of men and manners, and of the growth of the colonies, and the development of the national idea among them, are the following: The First Americans, The Visit of the Vikings, The Spanish Discoveries, The Old English Seamen, The French Voyageurs, An English Nation, The Hundred Years' War, The Second Generation of Englishmen in America, The British Yoke, The Dawning of Independence, The Great Declaration, The Birth of a Nation, etc. Among the many excellent illustrations of the volume is included perhaps the finest collection of portraits of our patriots and statesmen that has yet appeared in an American book.

Mr. Allen Dodworth's graceful and genial manual on *Dancing, and Its Relations to Education and Social Life*[10] deserves to become, as it doubtless will become when its meritorious qualities are adequately known, an indispensable volume to every cultivated social circle. Unlike the insipid books of etiquette, which usually undertake to teach society what it already knows infinitely better than they can tell, Mr. Dodworth has something to say that is worth knowing, and of which he can speak more intelligently than the most accomplished member of the most exclusive social circle. His treatise covers the entire field of dancing—as a wholesome and graceful exercise, as an innocent and delightsome recreation, and as one of the most elegant of social accomplishments. It shows how dancing may be taught and conducted so as to combine all this, from the "first position" to the poetry of motion which is its culminating charm; and it comprises minute directions and instructions for all kinds of dances, from the simplest to the most complex.

Mrs. Washington's *Unrivalled Cook Book and Housekeeper's Guide*[11] carries off the palm from all similar collections, not only because its receipts are practical and inexpensive, but also because it contains a larger proportion than can be found elsewhere of those savory and delicious dishes, for which the gentlewomen of the South are so deservedly famous. Besides some two hundred creole receipts, each of which makes one's mouth water, there are a number of Virginia and Maryland receipts, both old and new, and of old-fashioned English and Scotch receipts of approved excellence, together with others that have been tried in the balance and not found wanting, derived from French, German, Italian, and Russian sources, and from New England and the Middle States. For general and popular use, and for use by all those who would combine elegance of table style with excellence of table provender, this unrivalled symposium of creature comforts can not be too enthusiastically commended.

[9] *A Larger History of the United States of America, to the Close of President Jackson's Administration.* By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. Illustrated by Maps, Plans, Portraits, and other Engravings. 8vo, Cloth, pp. 482, $3 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[10] *Dancing, and Its Relations to Education and Social Life.* With a New Method of Instruction, including a Complete Guide to the Cotillion (German), with 250 Figures. By ALLEN DODWORTH. Illustrated. 12mo, Ornamental Covers, pp. 284, $1 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[11] *The Unrivalled Cook Book and Housekeeper's Guide.* By Mrs. WASHINGTON. 12mo, Water-proof Cloth, pp. 648, $2 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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LITERARY NOTES.

CHRISTIAN doctrine is a subject that challenges the living and practical interest not only of the theological or the historical student, but of every thoughtful and intelligent person. Professor Henry C. Sheldon, who fills the chair of historical theology in Boston University, has made a study of this living issue, the results of which are presented in a *History of Christian Doctrine*,[1] which is remarkable alike for its strict impartiality, its accurate and extensive erudition, and the masterly condensation of its statements and citations. The work is a historical survey and summary of the various forms that Christian belief and doctrine have assumed, from the close of the Apostolic age to the present year, in the course of which their permanent features are shown, their evolution and development, their transitions and modifications, are outlined, and the causes which led to or produced them are traced, the whole being exemplified either by evidence drawn from the works of representative thinkers, writers, reformers, and innovators in patristic or later times, or by that which is furnished by churches, councils, synods, and other ecclesiastical bodies. In all instances the evidence that is adduced is stated in the literal language of the authorities cited, and specific reference is made to the originals. In these delicate and difficult portions of his task, Professor Sheldon exhibits a judicial equipoise that is very impressive. Seldom indulging in speculation or direct comment, and sedulously avoiding any resort to partisan advocacy of favorite theological theories or dogmas, the author has made his volumes a repertory that may be consulted by all evangelical denominations with the certainty of obtaining full information, accurately and fairly stated, much of which is practically inaccessible even to the majority of scholars. Professor Sheldon treats the subject under five heads or periods, each of which has its distinguishing though not exclusive characteristic. The first period, from the close of the Apostolic age to A.D. 320, when it was necessary to defend Christianity as a whole against heathenism and also against radical and dangerous heresies, is styled the Age of Apology. The second, from A.D. 320 to A.D. 726, as having been the period of sharp controversy over individual points of the Christian system, is termed the Age of Polemics. The third, or mediæval period, from A.D. 726 to A.D. 1517, was characterized by the endeavor to systematize and defend the existing faith of the Church, and is known as the Age of Scholasticism. In the fourth, from A.D. 1517 to A.D. 1720, Protestantism was called upon to define and vindicate its position against Romanism, Romanism was stimulated to make an elaborate and authoritative restatement of its faith, and, again, Protestantism was split into a number of sects, each bent on vindicating its own special tenets; consequently creeds and controversies abounded, and the period is appropriately designated the Age of Confessions. The fifth period, from A.D. 1720 to the present time, has been distinguished by an assertion of the claims of reason against those of revelation, or, in other words, of the natural against those of the supernatural, together with attempts to reconcile the opposing claims, and hence it is called the Age of Strife and Attempted Reconciliation. The work is so conveniently arranged under these periods that while the doctrine of each period concerning the Godhead, Creation and Creatures, the Redeemer and Redemption, the Church and the Sacraments, and the factors that are instrumental in its development or modification, together with a view of the philosophy, heresies, etc., of the period, are grouped and stated in specific chapters under the division appropriated to the period, the combined statements of the separate chapters in all the periods form a complete and connected history, in due chronological sequence, of the particular subject or subjects treated in those chapters. For instance, the first chapter of each period or age is devoted to a statement of the *factors* in the doctrinal development of that period; and if these five first chapters are read continuously, we shall have an exhaustive and uninterrupted historical view of the factors in the doctrinal development of the entire five periods; that is to say, of the past eighteen centuries. In a similar way the other topics treated under each period may be read consecutively with like results. Professor Sheldon's style is clear, nervous, epigrammatic, and absolutely free from either rhetorical flourish or the dry dust of pedantry. In his two encyclopædic volumes he has condensed the fruits of his vast and systematic reading within limits so narrow that the most captious censor will find it difficult to point out a superfluous or unnecessary line.

One of the most interesting problems that can engage the attention of the human mind is discussed with singular cogency of argument and wealth of Biblical illustration and enforcement, and in a style of great beauty and lucidity, by Dr. Hermann Cremer, Professor of Theology in the University of Greifswald, and one of the very foremost of the decidedly evangelical scholars of Germany, in a little volume bearing the impressive title, *Beyond the Grave*.[2] The aim of the distinguished author

[1] *History of Christian Doctrine*. By H. C. SHELDON, Professor of Church History in Boston University. 2 vols., pp. xiv, 856. 8vo. Cloth, $3 50 per set. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[2] *Beyond the Grave*. By HERMANN CREMER, Professor of Theology in the University of Greifswald. Translated from the German by the Rev. SAMUEL T. LOWRIE, D.D. With an Introduction by the Rev. A. A. HODGE,

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is to show the condition of man after death in that intermediate state which intervenes between the departure of the soul from the body on earth and the final resurrection, and also to set forth the prominent position that the resurrection of the body occupies in the Bible. There is no attempt at theoretical exegesis or fanciful speculation in his treatment of these gravely interesting subjects, least of all any disposition to penetrate the hidden secrets of the Divine will and purpose; and its doctrine, as is vouched for in an introduction by Professor Hodge, of Princeton, except in one particular, that of the possibility of conversion after death, "is completely in accord with the straitest standards of orthodoxy." Indeed, the author's method is purely Biblical and non-speculative, and the positions that he takes are based upon his reverent and very acute interpretations of the Scriptures. Dr. Cremer holds some original and rather peculiar views, especially with reference to the point just indicated, and also as relates to the condition beyond the grave of those who died under the old dispensation, before Christ came to redeem man, which condition he assumes to have been different from and less blissful than that of those who have lived and died since Christ purchased their redemption by His sacrifice of Himself upon the cross. The subjects treated are profoundly interesting in themselves, and are made trebly so by the force and simplicity with which they are discussed, and the strong warrant that is shown for them in the Revealed Word. Appended to this thoughtful and eminently instructive treatise is a tenderly consolatory essay on the "Death of Little Children," and their condition beyond the grave. The volume is enriched with an able introduction by Professor A. A. Hodge, D.D., elucidating the style and method of Dr. Cremer, and traversing some of his opinions; and also by a scholarly note by the translator and American editor, the Rev. Samuel T. Lowrie, D.D., criticising the author's views on the subject of the possibility of conversion after death, but indorsing the remainder of the treatise.

The volumes that have been included by the Messrs. Harper in their "Student's Series"[3] comprise an exceedingly well-selected collection of books, by writers of acknowledged eminence in their several specialties, and intended as manuals or text-books in colleges and in the higher departments of public and private high schools. The series is unequalled by any other educational series in excellence or extent. While each separate volume is of such a quality that it must prove a constant and great aid to the student who is pursuing the particular course to which it relates, the entire series is in itself a complete reference library, and should form a part of the equipment of every college and high school library. But the value of this excellent series can be intelligently estimated only after a view in some detail of its scope and of the subjects treated in it, and after a consideration also of the quality and character of each one of the score of volumes of which it is composed.

Seven volumes of the series are allotted to Ancient History, each being devoted to a specific department, and all combined forming a continuous and very complete survey of the entire field. Thus—referring to each of these volumes in the order of the period to which it relates—the "beginnings" of secular history are admirably epitomized by Philip Smith, B.A., a historical writer of exemplary ability, in the volume entitled *The Ancient History of the East.* Mr. Smith's survey extends from the prehistoric and earliest historic times to the Conquest of Tyre by Alexander the Great, about 332 B.C., and it includes sketches of the history of the great Oriental states—Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, Media, Persia, Asia Minor, and Phœnicia. The work is based on an independent study of the ancient writers, coupled with a careful and discriminating use of the best modern authorities. The next volume in the order of time is a *General History of Greece*, by George W. Cox, M.A. This gentleman is one of the ablest and most painstaking of our contemporaneous historians, and his volume includes—after brilliant preliminary sketches of prehistoric Hellas, of the origin and growth of Hellenic civilization, and of the intellectual characteristics and education of the Greeks—a full outline of the history of Greece from 510 B.C., to the death of Alexander the Great, 323 B.C. Two supplementary chapters briefly epitomize the history and fortunes of the Greek people from the death of Alexander to the deposition of King Otho in 1882. This is one of the best of the smaller histories of Greece, and its style is delightful. Covering nearly but not quite the same period, is *A History of Greece from the Earliest Times to the Roman Conquest*, by William Smith, LL.D. As the author of the previously named history follows the theories of the celebrated German historian Ernst Curtius, especially in the assumption that mythology is a key to the early civilizations, and also in his manifestation of monarchical sympathies when dealing with political questions, so Dr. Smith adopts the re-

D.D., Professor of Didactic and Polemic Theology, Princeton Theological Seminary. 16mo, Cloth, pp. xl, 154, 75 Cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[3] "The Student's Series. 12mo, Cloth, Illustrated. Twenty-one Volumes. *Ancient History of the East.* By PHILIP SMITH. $1 25. COX'S *General History of Greece.* $1 25. *History of Greece.* By WILLIAM SMITH. $1 25. LIDDELL'S *History of Rome.* $1 25. MERIVALE'S *General History of Rome.* $1 25. GIBBON'S *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.* $1 25. *The Student's Classical Dictionary.* $1 25. HUME'S *History of England.* $1 50. HALLAM'S *Constitutional History of England.* $1 25. STRICKLAND'S *Queens of England.* $1 25. HALLAM'S *Middle Ages.* $1 25. LEWIS'S *History of Germany.* $1 50. *History of France.* $1 25. *Old Testament History.* $1 25. *New Testament History.* $1 25. *Manual of Ecclesiastical History.* Parts I. and II. $1 50 each. SKEAT'S *Etymological Dictionary.* $1 25. LYELL'S *Elements of Geology.* $1 25. *History of Modern Europe.* (In press.) WESCOTT AND HORT'S *Greek Testament.* (In press.)

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publican convictions of the yet more celebrated English historian George Grote, and bases his work mainly on the lines of the larger history of that great historical scholar, though it is not without evidences of original and independent investigations of his own. The work is especially full in its outlines of Grecian geography, and in its summary of the growth of the Grecian states and colonies. It is also enriched with valuable supplementary chapters on the history of Greek literature and art. Three volumes in this department having treated of the great Oriental monarchies and of Greece, as many more are appropriated to the history of Rome. Of these, the *History of Rome*, by Dr. Liddell, Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, has been aptly described by an able historical critic as "a book as full of facts as an egg is of meat, a store-house of accurate information by a careful scholar." This work was prepared by its learned author expressly as a student's manual. It embraces the period from the founding of the city, 753 B.C., to the final establishment of the Imperial Monarchy 32 B.C. Its chapters on the physical geography and the early populations of Italy are especially interesting and valuable. The *General History of Rome*, by Charles Merivale, D.D., Dean of Ely, covers the ground traversed by Dr. Liddell, and carries the history down some five hundred years later, to the fall of Augustulus, A.D. 476. His work is less crowded with facts and details than is that of Dr. Liddell, but his arrangement and groupings of materials are far more effective, and his style is much more engaging. This history is one of results and conclusions rather than of evidences, and it is remarkable for the lightness of its literary touch, and the truth and spirit of its portraits of men and its pictures of life and manners. This department is completed by an excellent abridgment of Gibbon's famous *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, by William Smith, LL.D. Of the character and merits of Gibbon's great work it would be an affectation to speak at this day. It is enough to say that it forms the connecting link between Ancient and Modern History, and that while Dr. Smith has omitted or treated very briefly the polemical discussions and many circumstances of inferior importance that entered into Gibbon's text, he has preserved intact all of the original work that relates to those grander events and more imposing personages that have influenced the course of history. He has also incorporated in his version of Gibbon's text the researches of recent scholars and commentators. Finally, this branch of the "Student's Series" is equipped with an indispensable auxiliary reference volume, being a compendious yet sufficiently full and comprehensive *Classical Dictionary* of Biography, Mythology, and Geography, by Dr. William Smith. All the above are fully illustrated with engravings and equipped with maps.

Modern History is treated with equal ability, and on a like extensive scale with Ancient History in this sterling series. The volumes appropriated to it are as follows: *A History of England*, by the late Professor J. S. Brewer, of King's College, London. This volume was prepared by its accomplished author expressly as a Student's Manual. It is based on the history of Hume, corrected and supplemented by the results of the investigations of recent trustworthy historians, and also by the fruits of Professor Brewer's own independent researches. In addition to the period covered by Hume, it continues the survey of English history from the close of the Stuart dynasty, where Hume left it, through the later periods, until the Treaty of Berlin in 1878.—*The Constitutional History of England*, by Henry Hallam. This standard work was justly pronounced by one of the greatest modern critics and historians "the best and most impartial book he had ever read." "Its whole spirit," says Macaulay, "is that of the bench, not that of the bar. Eminently judicial, it sums up with a calm, steady impartiality, turning neither to the right nor to the left, glossing over nothing and extenuating nothing." Dr. Smith has prepared this important history for a manual, leaving the great bulk of the work practically unchanged, omitting nothing of importance, and incorporating the author's latest additions and corrections.—*Lives of the Queens of England* is an abridgment by Miss Strickland herself, with a view to its use in schools, of her delightful larger biographical, historical, and anecdotal work of the same name, with additions by Caroline G. Parker, continuing the "lives" to our own times.—*View of the State of Europe During the Middle Ages*, by Henry Hallam. This standard work comprises the period from the middle of the fifth to the end of the fifteenth century, or from the establishment of Clovis in Gaul to the invasion of Italy by Charles the Eighth of France. It exhibits the same admirable qualities of impartiality, of enlightened but cautious philosophy, and of firm but temperate love of liberty that distinguished the same author's *Constitutional History of England*. This edition of the work has been prepared by Dr. William Smith, with the concurrence of Hallam's representatives, and is enriched with the results of the author's latest researches, and with additions from more recent historical writers.—*A History of Germany from the Earliest Times*, by Charlton T. Lewis, is founded on Dr. David Müller's popular *History of the German People*, but with important additions illustrative of the empire before the period of the Reformation, derived principally from Ranke, Menzel, and Wirth, and of the principal events that have occurred in Germany since 1870, by Mr. Lewis himself. President Adams, of Cornell University, in his excellent *Manual of Historical Literature*, has justly pronounced it "the best brief history of Germany for the use of students we have." The name of the author of *A History of France* is

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not disclosed, but it is evidently the work of an English scholar who is intimately acquainted with its literature and history. It gives a perspicuous view of French history in all its departments, from the earliest beginnings of the national life to the establishment of the Second Empire in 1852. The work epitomizes the relations of the most eminent French historians, especially including Henri Martin, Velly and Villaret, Sismondi and Lavallée, for modern times, and for the earlier times Guizot, the two Thierrys, and Lehueron.—*A History of Modern Europe*, by a standard historical writer, now in the press of the Messrs. Harper for early publication simultaneously with the English edition, will be a new volume in this series, and will add materially to its value and completeness in the department of modern history.

The Department of Scripture and Ecclesiastical History is adequately provided for, in another department of the general series, by four volumes of unusual excellence. Of these, two are by Dr. William Smith, whose sterling *Dictionary of the Bible* is recognized as a standard authority by Biblical scholars; and they are respectively entitled *The Old Testament History, from the Creation to the Return of the Jews from Captivity*, and *The New Testament History, with an Introduction Connecting the History of the Old and New Testaments*. Both volumes are models of what manuals of Scripture History should be, reverential, sympathetic, full, accurate, scholarly, and replete with materials derived from the best and most authentic sources, bearing upon the books of the Bible, their authors, the date of their composition, their special or leading characteristics, the history that is recorded in them, and whatever throws light on the general purpose and scope of the sacred text. The other two are *The History of the Christian Church During the first Ten Centuries*, and *The History of the Christian Church During the Middle Ages*. These volumes are by Mr. Philip Smith, the author of *The Ancient History of the East*, and the two combined form a very compact and complete manual of ecclesiastical history from the advent of our Saviour to the Reformation. They embody concisely, but with satisfactory fullness, symmetry, and literary grace, an orderly and consecutive view of all the important facts, movements, crises, and events, and of all the important personages who have been associated with them, which for sixteen centuries exerted a plastic influence upon religious thought and activities.

The remaining books in the "Student's Series"—of course we speak only of the present moment, its number being constantly added to, and its scope as constantly broadened—are *A Concise Etymological Dictionary of the English Language*, by Rev. Walter W. Skeat, M.A., Professor of Anglo-Saxon in the University of Cambridge, and *The Student's Elements of Geology*, by Sir Charles Lyell. The author of the first-named volume is probably the most accomplished living etymologist of the words of the Anglo-Saxon, Old English, and English periods. His work is a perfect hand-book of the history of the words and grammatical forms of our tongue, presenting the parent forms and stems, and their mutations from the earliest to the latest period, rightly spelled and accentuated, and their derivations and origins clearly designated. Its definitions are models of brevity, the use of a multiplicity of words and illustrative comments being rigidly eliminated from them, save only where some special point is necessary to be known for the sake of the etymology. The *Elements of Geology* is an abridgment by the distinguished author of his larger work on geology, made by him with the specific object in view of preparing an elementary treatise of those parts of the science of geology which are the most indispensable to a beginner. The changes required by its preparation have given it a form so different from the original work as to render it substantially a new work. Sir Charles Lyell has himself most aptly characterized it when he describes it as "a short and cheap book for beginners, in which they may find a full explanation of the leading facts and principles of geology." This comprehensive series will shortly be further enriched by the addition of a volume containing *Westcott and Hort's Greek Text of the New Testament*, with appendices on textual criticism, prepared especially for the use of students.

The simplicity and practical good sense of its directions, the freedom from risk and danger of the exercises it prescribes, the inexpensiveness and the readiness to hand of its proposed outfit, and the ease with which its methods may be applied by any judicious teacher or elder pupil, render Mr. William Blaikie's little volume on physical culture, *Sound Bodies for Our Boys and Girls*,[4] an invaluable manual for school and family use. His aim is not to train boys and girls to become mere gymnasts and athletes, but to make them erect, graceful, vigorous, and healthy men and women, at the cost of a trifling amount of time regularly and methodically devoted, in the intervals of other studies and occupations, to the few simple and easily performed exercises that he prescribes. It will need only a brief examination of this sterling little manual to convince any intelligent teacher of either sex that its simple and sensible exercises may be easily practiced by the youngest as well as the more advanced boys and girls, with the moral certainty of eradicating many bad physical habitudes, and many acquired physical defects which stand in the way of health and vigor, and with the further reasonable certainty of developing each youthful limb and muscle so as to insure the perfection of bodily grace and strength to the entire frame.

[4] *Sound Bodies for Our Boys and Girls*. By WILLIAM BLAIKIE, author of "How to Get Strong." Illustrated. pp. x. 168. 16mo, Cloth, 40 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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LITERARY NOTES.

NOTE.—Since my article, with which the present number of *Harper's Magazine* opens, was printed, further inquiries have revealed facts which demand a supplementary revise. The representative of Essen in the Reichstag —"Christian-Social," and not a "Social-Democrat"—did not, strictly speaking, defeat Mr. Krupp, whose candidature was unauthorized by himself, and who, it was known, would not accept an election. The guns referred to as having had their hinder part blown off, in the war with Denmark, 1864, though made of Krupp's steel, had loading mechanisms made in other factories. The unhealthiness I have attributed to a portion of the work must not be supposed greater than that incidental to similar work everywhere. The twelve hours' daily work of the furnace hands is less for those under sixteen years of age, and the average time for other laborers is eleven hours. Mr. Krupp was not, as stated, an only child, but the eldest of three brothers.

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

NO more desirable contributions have been made to our American educational apparatus than those which are comprised in Mr. William J. Rolfe's edition of the "English Classics."[1] These now consist of forty-two beautifully printed and illustrated handy volumes, suitable for the pocket or the reticule, of which forty are devoted to the *Complete Dramatic and Poetical Works of Shakespeare*, and one each to *Select Poems* of Goldsmith and Gray.

Of Mr. Rolfe's edition of Shakespeare no words of commendation can be warmer or heartier than it deserves. Intended to be used in schools and families, and social or Shakespeare clubs, Mr. Rolfe has pruned the text of the plays of such gross or indelicate words or phrases as it would be impossible for any one with the instincts of a true gentleman or gentlewoman to read aloud before a mixed audience of young men and maidens, or of adults even of both sexes. To this extent the edition is an expurgated one. But the expurgations have been made with great discretion and reserve, and without any sacrifice of the sense or beauty, the omissions being generally verbal and not essential to the text. The text adopted by Mr. Rolfe is that which has the sanction of the best Shakespearean authorities. Each "play" occupies a distinct volume, and is prefaced by trustworthy historical and bibliographical summaries, showing the sources from whence it was derived, and giving accounts of its earliest representations upon the stage and its earliest editions. These summaries are followed by a large array of critical and æsthetic comment—sometimes quite extended, and always able—selected from the writings of the most eminent Shakespearean scholars and commentators. Then comes the text, undisfigured by the slightest note or comment, the lines, however, being so numbered that if the reader is in doubt as to the meaning of a word or passage or allusion, he may easily refer to the expository and explanatory notes, or to the glossary, which are collected in a body in an appendix following the "play." These notes form an invaluable repertory of illustration and explanation, and of interpretation of the manners and customs, languages and costumes, of the times, and of the historical, archæological, and other allusions that occur in the text; and they embody without prolixity or pedantry the opinions and conclusions that have resulted from the researches of the most acute and learned scholars and critics. The native good sense, the sound judgment, and the unintermitting sagacity that have presided over Mr. Rolfe's annotations and interpretations are everywhere manifest in this edition of our greatest English classic.

Besides this school edition of Rolfe's Shakespeare, the Messrs. Harper have also published an elegant library edition in twenty volumes, styled "The Friendly Edition,"[2] which is admirably adapted for a holiday or birthday present.

The poems of Gray and Goldsmith which Mr. Rolfe has edited, though in themselves familiar, are enriched, as is his edition of Shakespeare, with an opulence of elegant pictorial illustrations, and an overflowing store of delightful and instructive notes and comments illustrative of allusions and passages in the poems, or of incidents in the lives and companionships of their authors.

Although Mr. William Swinton's *Studies in English Literature*[3] have been prepared with a definite aim as an educational manual, they deserve attention not only for their value as such, but also for their substantial literary merits. Mr. Swinton's selections are always presided over by good taste, and have been drawn from those authors of recognized eminence who are representative of the style and the distinctive literary methods and characteristics of the respective eras in which they flourished. Mr. Swinton has made a judicious choice of examples from forty of the most prominent writers in our tongue, each of which challenges admiration for some

[1] *English Classics: Shakespeare—Gray—Goldsmith.* Edited, with Notes, by WILLIAM J. ROLFE, A.M., formerly Head Master of the High-School, Cambridge, Mass. Illustrated. Small 4to, Paper, 40 cents; Flexible Cloth, 56 cents per volume. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[2] *Friendly Edition of Shakespeare's Works.* Complete in 20 vols. 16mo, Cloth, $30 00; Half Calf, $60 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[3] *Studies in English Literature.* Being Typical Selections of British and American Authorship, from Shakespeare to the Present Time. Together with Definitions, Notes, Analyses, and Glossary, as an Aid to Systematic Literary Study. For Use in Normal and High Schools, etc. By WILLIAM SWINTON. With Portraits. Crown 8vo, pp. 638, $1 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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intrinsic excellence, either of beauty, grandeur, eloquence, elegance, or imaginative power, and the whole form a series of readings of the first quality, *in* rather than *about* literature, from Shakespeare's until our own day. Each selection is furnished with what Mr. Swinton appropriately styles a "working outfit" of definitions and principles, and of directions for the application of the canons of literary art to the analysis of the texts presented. This analysis comprises a great variety of exercises, grammatical and rhetorical, logical and etymological, and a large body of explanatory notes interpreting the writers cited, and making clear their references and allusions. The sterling and distinctive worth of the volume, aside from the copious and valuable instruction it dispenses, resides in its influence to incite the scholar into whose hands it may fall to further reading in sound authors, and to evolve an active and refined literary taste that will make it impossible for him to remain in ignorance of the works of the great writers who have enriched and adorned our literature.

The general principles on which all free governments rest, and more especially the manner in which these principles are applied in our own government, are very clearly and succinctly stated by Mr. Charles Nordhoff in an exceedingly practical and sensible little hand-book entitled *Politics for Young Americans*,[4] which is an admirable manual of instruction upon the duties and responsibilities of citizenship for use in families and in grammar and high schools. It may also be read with profit by many persons of more mature age. Mr. Nordhoff's treatment of the subject embraces a complete expository analysis of our federal government in all its departments, their functions and powers, and a statement of the processes by which its officers are nominated and elected or appointed, its administration, legislation, and judicial functions carried on, its foreign and domestic affairs regulated, the rights and privileges of its citizens protected and secured, and the strength and resources of the country generally developed and augmented. In connection with this are special expositions of the part borne in our system by the executive, legislative, and judicial branches, and of the powers, duties, responsibilities, and limitations of each; of the powers and duties of the citizen; of the province and influence of town meetings; of the nature of political constitutions and the character and operations of political parties; and of such important incidents of government as education, taxes, public debts and sinking funds, banking, credit, manufactures, commerce, tariffs, and the like. Brief but sufficiently full reference is also made to many of the practical and living issues that must inevitably engage the attention of the citizen and the legislator, such as the power and sphere of corporations, the conflict of capital and labor, strikes, trades-unions, diversity and conflict of industries, and the tendency to the enactment of restraining and prohibitory laws. Concise and perspicuous outline sketches are also given of the Confederation and the Union, of the American political system, and of our Indian, public land, and Territorial systems. In conclusion, a compact and valuable body of rules is given for the conduct of deliberative assemblies; and in an appendix are printed the complete text of the Constitution of the United States, the Declaration of Independence, and Washington's Farewell Address. The work is an accurate and comprehensive survey of our entire political system, and is dominated throughout by that practical wisdom which is the natural offspring of sound common-sense.

Young people, who are often so lamentably deficient in their knowledge of mythology as to be incapable of comprehending many of the classical allusions that occur in books of poetry, art, history, or general literature, and even in the books which they are required to study in school, would no longer suffer from this disadvantage if a small portion of their hours of study were systematically appropriated to a convenient little work on *The Mythology of Greece and Rome*,[5] which has been translated from the German of O. Seemann, and published in this country by the Messrs. Harper. This admirable little book is peculiarly adapted for an educational manual alike by its skillful and systematic arrangement, the clearness and simplicity of its diction, and the fine classical and artistic taste which pervades it. It embodies in moderate compass a clear and engaging account of the ancient legends relating to the creation of the world, the origin of the gods, the province filled by and the functions attributed to the greater and lesser deities of Greece and Rome; and also of the provincial legends relating the origin and deeds of the semi-divine, semi-human, and altogether human heroes and other imaginary or traditionary beings who were the products of the earlier and the later heroic ages, special regard being had in each case to the legends of those gods and men which occupy a prominent position in history, poetry, and art. The various myths and legends are illustrated with engravings after some of the most celebrated masterpieces of ancient art.

The study of ancient classical and Oriental literature in high schools, academies, and colleges may be greatly facilitated, and greatly popularized also, by the use of a judiciously

[4] *Politics for Young Americans.* By CHARLES NORDHOFF. A Revised Edition for Schools and Colleges. 12mo, pp. 200. Half Leather, 75 cents; Paper, 40 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[5] *The Mythology of Greece and Rome.* With Special Reference to its Use in Art. From the German of O. SEEMANN. Edited by G. H. BIANCHI, B.A. With 64 Illustrations. 16mo, pp. 311, 60 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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condensed text-book on the subject, which has been prepared by Professor John D. Quackenbos, and to which he has given the title, *An Illustrated History of Ancient Literature, Oriental and Classical.*[6] The volume is the fruit of the compiler's long experience in the lecture-room, and it presents a full and attractive account of the literature of the ancient nations—Hindoo, Persian, Chinese, Hebrew, Chaldean, Assyrian, Arabic, Phœnician, Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman—unencumbered by obscure names and wearisome details. In his account of these nations the author treats of the origin and relationships of their languages and peoples, and incidentally brings forward some of the most interesting facts, discoveries, and conclusions that have been reached by eminent scholars during the last quarter of a century in the domain of comparative philology. In this latter department particular attention has been given to the explanation of the hieroglyphic picture-writings of the Egyptians and to illustrative descriptions of the literary treasures that have been unearthed in the Nile Valley, in Assyria, and elsewhere. The author gives a full and clear outline of each literature as a unit, and, while doing so, grafts on the narrative, at the points where they appropriately belong, brief biographies of the great writers in each literature, accompanied with short and carefully selected specimens, so as to give the pupil a just idea of each author's style and genius. The volume is copiously illustrated, and is a valuable addition to our more select educational literature.

The almost universal recognition throughout the United States of the importance of music and singing as a part of education renders a good collection of songs and music an essential part of every school apparatus and of every comprehensive educational series. Unfortunately many of the collections that are in use are limited in their range, and also of inferior value so far as relates to the literary merit of their songs and hymns or the quality of their musical scores. Undoubtedly the best —very far the best—collection that has yet appeared is *The Franklin Square Song Collection,*[7] selected by J. P. McCaskey. It consists of three separate parts, each containing two hundred choice songs and hymns, with the accompanying music. The collection comprises many favorite tunes and airs of recent date, but its chief attraction and excellence reside in its large infusion of the fine old glees, ballads, carols, songs, and hymns which are endeared to us by their associations, and whose melodies have stood the test of time through many generations, and deserve to endure for many generations yet to come. The entire repertory comprises six hundred selections of that chaste and moving kind which is suitable for use in schools and homes, in the nursery and at the fireside, on festal and anniversary occasions, and at family or social worship.

Many features of unusual excellence are combined in *A Popular Manual of English Literature,*[8] by Maude Gillette Phillips, recently published by the Messrs. Harper. Among the most prominent of these are the helpful systematic method of its arrangement, the comprehensiveness of its general surveys, the abundance of its illustrative and critical citations, the taste and discrimination of its criticisms, the amplitude of its outlines and summaries, and the thoroughness of its introduction of the reader to the *persons* as well as to the productions of these representative writers in prose and verse who have exerted a potential influence upon English thought and literature. The work treats English literature under ten general divisions, extending from the Anglo-Saxon to the Victorian Age, each representing a definite period in the historical development of our literature, the study of which as a distinct unit is combined with a collateral study of the contemporaneous foreign literatures that exercised a modifying influence on the English thought and style of the period. The study of the literature of each of these "ages" opens with a concise general survey of those distinguishing characteristics of the age which impressed themselves upon its literature, and found utterance in the productions of its greatest writers and thinkers. Then follows a similarly concise survey of contemporaneous foreign literature; and then a series of elaborate specific studies of several of the more distinguished writers, comprising descriptions of their personal appearance, dress, etc.; a collection of comments that have been made on their writings and character by eminent contemporaneous and recent critics; brief biographical sketches; chronological classifications of their works, so arranged as to illustrate the march of their literary and intellectual development; and separate analytical studies of their productions in the order of their composition or publication, each study being accompanied by a selection of such of the lines, thoughts, or passages in their works as have become familiar or famous, and by a symposium of critical and æsthetic comment by other eminent writers. The student at school or college, or the general reader, may thus easily refer to special points in the literature of either of the ten periods of English literature, or to particular

[6] *Illustrated History of Ancient Literature, Oriental and Classical.* By JOHN D. QUACKENBOS, A.M., M.D. Accompanied with Engravings and Colored Maps. 12mo, pp. 432, $1 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[7] *Franklin Square Song Collection.* In Three Parts, each containing Two Hundred Favorite Songs and Hymns for Schools and Homes, Nursery and Fireside. No. 1, pp. 160, 8vo, Paper, 40 cents; Cloth, $1 00. Nos. 2 and 3, each, pp. 176, 8vo, Paper, 50 cents; Cloth, $1 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[8] *A Popular Manual of English Literature, Containing Outlines of the Literature of France, Germany, Italy, Spain, and the United States.* With Historical, Scientific, Art Notes, Diagrams, etc. By MAUDE GILLETTE PHILLIPS. Two Volumes, 8vo, Cloth, pp. 580 and 569, $4 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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features in the lines or writings of the central figures who have been chosen to illustrate it.

Among the valuable additions that have been made by the Messrs. Harper to their sterling educational publications is a volume of ancient biographies entitled *The Lives of Greek Statesmen*,[9] by the Rev. Sir George W. Cox, author of *The Students' General History of Greece*. The work was undertaken by the author in the conviction that animated personal sketches of the great men who moulded the Grecian commonwealths and gave direction to their destinies would be more attractive to youths in schools or colleges than the more formidable histories, and at the same time would give them closer and more interesting views of the people and institutions, and also of the history, of ancient Greece than they would get from a perusal of the more extensive and more elaborate works. The book includes lives of Solon, Peisistratos, Kleisthenes, Polykrates, Aristagoras, Miltiades, Aristeides, Pausanias, Gelon, and Themistokles, and these present in epitome a picture of the whole Greek world down to the close of the great struggle with Persia. In the preparation of these lives the eminent historian has fully exercised his own independent judgment, and does not hesitate to traverse the views of other historians where he has satisfactory evidence of their inaccuracy as to facts, or their prejudice or injustice as to individuals or institutions. This is especially apparent in his vindication of the patriotism and abilities of Themistokles. The biographies are gracefully as well as vigorously written, and leave no essential incident in the life of the individual or in the national life and literature unconsidered. A second volume, devoted to the lives of Greek statesmen who flourished subsequently to Themistokles, is in preparation.

Mr. Oscar Browning's *Introduction to the History of Educational Theories*[10] is a small but very noteworthy volume, in which he gives a lucid and popular historical outline of the main lines of thought on educational subjects which have prevailed and have been reduced to practice from an early period in Grecian history to modern times, so far as they have any present interest. The purpose of the outline and inquiry is to ascertain what ground there is for retaining existing methods and practices in education or for substituting others; and also, by recalling what great teachers have attempted, with good or ill success, to stimulate the educators of to-day to complete the work of their predecessors on easier conditions. The work is of great value for its suggestive reflections upon the merits and demerits of the several systems that have been put to the test of trial, and for its judicious observations on the parts in each that are promising or unpromising of substantial good results, when considered with relation to the educational needs of the present day.

Old Greek Education[11] is the title of a brilliant little treatise by Professor Mahaffy of Trinity College, Dublin, in which he attempts to interest the public generally, as well as those who are professional educators, in the ideas of education that were entertained by that people—the Greeks—who, as he conceives, succeeded better than any other people in fitting its members for the practical requirements and also for the higher ends and enjoyments of life. To this end he outlines the Grecian methods of education in infancy, in early childhood and boyhood, at school (including in this branch physical and musical training), and finally in young manhood. It is the deliberate judgment of this eminent educator that we may derive important lessons in the great problem of education from the example of the people of Greece; for although, as he admits, they were far behind us in the aids and stimulants to human activity and progress, they were, he insists, infinitely better educated than we in the entire round of moral, social, artistic, physical, intellectual, and political training. The treatise is as pithy and incisive in its style as it is suggestive in its arguments and reasonings.

Mr. John Swett's *Methods of Teaching*[12] is emphatically what in its title it professes to be—a hand-book of principles, directions, and working models for common-school teachers. No less emphatically is it a wise manual for use in normal schools and normal classes as a basis for instruction in methods of teaching, or for the use of those who intend to become teachers without taking a course of professional training. Mr. Swett's statements of the general principles of education are rich in useful information for teachers or those who intend to become teachers, those portions especially which relate to physical, moral, and intellectual training, and to school government. The intelligent and conscientious teacher will derive constant assistance from its condensed and specific directions for teaching common-school essentials, and from its working models for beginners in those essentials. Also of substantial value to school trustees and patrons, no less than to teachers, are the eminently sensible and practical hints in school ethics which form the substance of the concluding chapter of this compact and perspicuous treatise.

[9] *Lives of Greek Statesmen.* Solon—Themistokles. By the Rev. Sir GEORGE W. COX. 16mo, Cloth, pp. 220, 75 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[10] *An Introduction to the History of Educational Theories.* By OSCAR BROWNING, M.A. 16mo, Cloth, 50 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[11] *Old Greek Education.* By J. P. MAHAFFY, M.A., Fellow and Tutor in Trinity College, Dublin. Author of "A History of Greek Literature," etc. 16mo, Cloth, 75 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[12] *Methods of Teaching: A Hand-Book of Principles, Directions, and Working Models, for Common-School Teachers.* By JOHN SWETT. 12mo, Half Leather, $1 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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LITERARY NOTES.

MR. JAMES F. HUDSON'S book, *The Railways and the Republic*,[1] is of absorbing interest to every American, if only as a contribution to contemporary history. The facts concerning the railway system, which he has compiled with great industry, will be more novel and more surprising to most readers than any narrative of party struggles in Great Britain or of Russian aggression in Asia. Many writers have given glowing descriptions of the growth of railways, of the ingenuity and energy which have built them up, and of their services to civilization, showing how they add efficiency to productive industry, improve and enlarge our national resources, and overcome the narrowness of local and provincial life by diffusing a broad national spirit. But Mr. Hudson, while recognizing the full force of these familiar thoughts, examines the subject from another point of view, and finds in it one of the gravest social and political problems which ever confronted a great people. He shows that the railway corporations have acquired and now exercise a power over trade and industry such as no government, however despotic, ever dared to usurp; that the managers of the roads, by their secret and irresponsible control of rates, became the arbiters of success or failure in mining, manufactures, and commerce; that they can thus acquire unearned fortunes for themselves, and can largely dictate the distribution of wealth in society at large according to their caprice or favor, and without regard to industry, enterprise, or merit. He describes in detail the process by which these powers have been used in several typical instances to neutralize the laws of trade, to destroy the natural advantages of particular places, to ruin whole groups of independent competitors, and even to build up actual monopolies. His account of the rise of the Standard Oil Company by the aid of discriminations made in its favor by the "Trunk Line" railroads, until from one among many refiners of petroleum it has become absolute master of the trade in this staple, is the romance of a career of conquest in business not less marvellous than was Hannibal's in war. He explains how the rapid development of agriculture in the Western States, with advancing values of lands, has been coincident with a decline of the same interest in the Eastern and Middle States, and an actual decrease in the value of farms, as the direct result of the persistent discrimination of the railroads against "local freights." He sketches the history of "pooling" among the railroads, from its origin in the combination of two or three parallel lines to destroy their mutual competition, down to the audacious and magnificent scheme by which it is now proposed to subject all the great highways of the nation to the dominion of a secret commercial oligarchy. He proves clearly that if such a conspiracy is successful, it will have the power to subjugate and rigidly monopolize other branches of trade far more important than that in oil, and that its controlling minds will have the strongest temptation to exercise that power. He exposes the true nature and causes of the "railway wars," of late so frequent, so disturbing to trade, and so disastrous to investors. They are the direct result of the pooling method, and of the desire of each road to extort from its rivals concessions in the pool; but they are always tainted with the suspicion that managers, knowing how such contests and the agreements which end them will affect the price of shares, are administering their trust so as to gamble with loaded dice against the public on the Stock Exchange.

Many of these facts have been widely published, and are known in a fragmentary form to all intelligent men, yet every reader will be startled by their terrible significance when grouped together. Mr. Hudson brings into just prominence their influence upon business morality and national character. As far as success in trade is made to depend on railway favor, instead of being the reward of sagacity and enterprise, mercantile independence is destroyed. When estates vaster than that of Lucullus or of Seneca are built up in a few years by men who have rendered no signal service to the community, the whole financial world is corrupted by such examples, and multitudes aspire to grasp sudden wealth by the same means of railway "financiering," by conspiracies to issue fictitious securities through construction companies, consolidations, and stock dividends, by secret contracts for discriminating rates, or by the perilous "manipulation" of prices in the stock market. The enormous masses of capital which are swayed by a single purpose hidden behind impersonal forms, seeking aggrandizement and deterred by no scruple, must protect themselves against encroachment or confiscation by the community; and so it becomes "necessary" to control legislatures and courts, municipal councils and public officers; and these are sometimes made instruments of the corporations through the managers of party machinery, and sometimes are directly bought and sold. The principles of the common law, which inexorably suppressed every form of monopoly, and forbade every combination in restraint of trade, are subjected to gradual encroachments; and the courts of to-day dare not repeat the rulings of Baldwin and Walworth made a generation ago. The positive prohibitions of half our State Constitutions against combinations between competing lines and discriminations in rates are openly defied. In short, mighty forces are at work undermin-

[1] *The Railways and the Republic.* By J. F. HUDSON. 8vo, Cloth. (*Just ready.*) New York: Harper and Brothers.

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ing public and private morals, and the tendency of the times is to bring the nation under the rule of a group of irresponsible and conscienceless corporations. The economical revolution which the railways are working in facilitating intercourse and multiplying wealth is accompanied by a less obvious but more profound revolution in the moral structure of our civilization. Its strength in the supremacy of justice, in the independence of the individual citizen, in the certainty of the rewards of labor, is every day impaired; and it may be doubted whether the institutions and laws which met the needs of society forty years ago can bear the strain of the forces which now agitate it, and of the emergencies which threaten it.

Mr. Hudson proposes a solution of the problem which is startling in its simplicity, and which must take a prominent place in the future discussion of the subject. It is the re-establishment by law of the principle of the public highway. Let the ownership and maintenance of the railway be effectually and completely severed from the business of the common carrier. Let every railway be made a public highway, open on equal terms, under fixed, uniform, and reasonable tolls, to the trains of every carrier. He contends, with a weight of argument which must command attention, that this single measure is practicable, that it will in no way impair the usefulness of the roads, and that it is within the legitimate powers of legislation. And he proves beyond question that, if enforced, it would end all the great abuses of the railway system. This plan has never yet been fairly tried. Mr. Hudson is, indeed, the first who has ever intelligently proposed and discussed it. But it finds powerful support in the legal principles which governed all forms of public highways until the railways asserted their monopoly of transportation, in the fundamental law of political economy that free competition is the true and only perfect regulator of trade, and in the unquestionable fact that the union of ownership of way and the exclusive right of transportation in our railway corporations has led to evils which are fast becoming intolerable. The growth of these evils cannot continue unchecked for another generation. Statesmanship must bring the forces of law and order to suppress them, knowing that if these forces are permanently perverted to the service of oppression and wrong, other forces will arise to do in other ways the work they have neglected. For while there is no limit to the arrogance, injustice, and corruption of which corporate sovereignty is capable, there is a limit to the forbearance of a people which retains its traditions of liberty. The railroad riots of 1877, and many a wild cry of wrong heard since among the classes on whom the burden of all such oppression falls, have warned us of the truth that Pindar sang and Plato proclaimed: "The law of the strongest is king of heaven and earth, and at times with overbearing hand carries all before it, justifying the extreme of violence."

The territory included within the boundaries of the United States attained its present area slowly and by consecutive enlargements. Civilized occupation and use of this territory goes on now as heretofore under conditions not paralleled elsewhere. The American pioneer pushes the frontier forward daily in spite of vast obstacles. Deep interest attaches to the enterprises and endurances by which inanimate nature is overcome— river and forest, desert and mountain chain. Far more intensely, more absolutely interesting, often more thrilling, than any possible work of imagined romance, is the story of the ceaseless attrition of the white race with the red, and of the slow compulsion of order among the discordant white elements inevitably present in such a feverish border-land.

The preservation and setting in readable order of the materials and elements of this marvellous story are a task the importance of which is better understood than are its difficulties, and the writer who searches out and rescues any considerable part performs a valuable public service. Such a work is that of Mr. J. P. Dunn, Jun., entitled *Massacres of the Mountains*.[2] It is a history—full, accurate, just, and teeming with dramatic interest—of the acquisition of the Western territory, and of the wars with the Indian tribes which were the consequences of that acquisition. The localities of the several occurrences selected for narration are for the greater part included in the vast central mountain country of the United States, extending from the British frontier on the north to the Mexican line on the south—that portion of our national domain now opening to settlement, and which for the next hundred years must present unceasingly its peculiar problems of administration. The work is indispensable to a thorough understanding of the Indian question. Long and patient investigation has supplied the author with the most ample material for the presentation of the tragic events of these mountain conflicts, not only in their immediate details, but also in their relation to the circumstances, of whatever kind, which acted as their near or remote causes, or which influenced them in any way. He describes the aboriginal population, the customs and characters of the various tribes, the hardy and daring intruders who entered into possession of the country, the provocations to hostilities given and received on different occasions, and the manner in which they were met and resented on both sides. The physical characteristics of the country, as affecting conditions of life, are brought out clear-

[2] *Massacres of the Mountains.* A History of the Indian Wars of the Far West. By J. P. Dunn, Jun. Profusely Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth. (*Just ready.*) New York: Harper and Brothers.

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ly. Local history is laid under contribution when necessary to show the effect of race origins and former political relations. The source and nature, as well as the legislative and executive treatment of the possessory rights to the lands held by the Indians under their treaties with the United States are grimly illustrated by the frauds, blunders, tyrannies, and stupidities of acts of dispossession and eviction. The Indian agency system is placed in the strong light of its results, which appear in red men dying of disease and starvation or driven by wrongs to acts of blind revenge. Not the least important of Mr. Dunn's pictures of the bloody scenes enacted among the mountains of the far West is that which gathers and preserves all that is known of the "Mountain Meadow Massacre."

The work cannot in any just sense of the term be classed as "sensational," although its title is barely an adequate suggestion of its terribly vivid presentations. Possessing the true spirit and method of the judicial historical investigator, the author has wisely refrained, on the one hand, from injudicious attempts at mere word-painting—leaving his plain, unvarnished tales to produce their own proper effect—and on the other from the advocacy of any theory or policy, exposing the facts on both sides with rigid impartiality. From page to page the facts and figures given tell their own story and point their own moral with startling distinctness. In revealing the simple truth relating to the events which constitute his theme, and around which, as centres, could be grouped the evils or mistakes or defects of administration operating as their causes, Mr. Dunn has produced a book which will have a place of its own in American historical literature.

It has been said that all human history is thoroughly organic, but that it has no "plot" visible to the eye of the ordinary observer. The *Massacres of the Mountains* are separate pictures of detached subjects, yet through the entire group of narratives runs the well-kept idea of continuously operative forces, breaking out at given opportunities into disastrous effects. The sanguinary tragedies depicted in these pages had their causes, and as these causes still exist and call for action through many voices—notably in the reports of consecutive generals of the army—the interest of Mr. Dunn's work, for those who are solicitous for the welfare and honor of the country, will be of the present as much as of the past. The book is one which will not be read in haste, and which will be returned to again and again when once taken up.

It is an interesting incident of English literature that the writings of naturalists have always been noteworthy for the purity and beauty of their style. This has been amply illustrated by White of Selborne, Buckland, Kirby and Spence, Wilson, Audubon, Darwin, Thoreau, and many others, whose chroniclings of the beings and doings of the lower creation still retain all their first freshness and attractiveness. This charm of a genial and graceful style, superadded to the interest excited by their close observations of the creature world around them, and by their minute unfoldings and revealings of the traits of familiar or rare or beautiful forms of animal and vegetable life, has secured for the writings of naturalists an assured place in our choicest literature, and has won for this department of letters an unusual degree of popular favor. It would be difficult to find among recent naturalists one who more worthily maintains the literary standard of his brotherhood, both as to charm of style and minute fulness of observation, and, we may also add, as to the faculty for graphic description, than the author of the delightful volume entitled *Upland and Meadow*.[3] This gentleman, Dr. Charles C. Abbott, of New Jersey, shows what a wealth of interesting material is to be gathered from the systematic observation and accumulation of the facts concerning those "unconsidered trifles" which people the air, the land, and the water immediately around our homes, and the study of which requires no considerable expenditure of time or money, and no long and distant journeyings, but is within the ability of every intelligent man who knows how to use his eyes while pursuing his occasional recreative rambles in the intervals of his daily avocations. The special suggestion of *Upland and Meadow* is the magnitude and interest of the results that may be secured by studying with the eye of a naturalist an exceedingly limited and familiar area, even in the closely settled parts of one of the "Old Thirteen." In this book Dr. Abbott makes the scene of his observations and investigations of nature the few miles of country that environ his rural home in southern New Jersey, with its upland and meadow, its cultivated fields and spreading orchards, its sequestered brooks and creeks, its quiet nooks and corners, its clumps of woodland and underbrush, its solitary trees, and its tangles of shrubbery and wild flowers. Here he studied the creature life around him—birds, beasts, reptiles, insects, etc.—in his diurnal rambles, and surprised many a secret from them touching their habitats, their times of coming and going, their modes of summering and wintering, their ways of intercommunicating with each other, their peculiar physical and psychical endowments, and all that related to the entire round of their lives and their special habits and characteristics. And in the book before us he has chronicled all that was revealed to his keen and nature-loving eye, with a geniality, a heartiness, and a kindly sunniness that will be reflected in the mind of the reader, and also with a zest-

[3] *Upland and Meadow.* A Poaetquissings Chronicle. By CHARLES C. ABBOTT, M.D. 12mo, Cloth, pp. 397, $1 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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fulness that haply may inoculate the reader with the tastes of a naturalist, and go far to convert him into one.

An impartial, comprehensive, and connected narrative of European history during the last four centuries, sufficiently concise to be available in the class-room as an educational text-book, sufficiently attractive in its style to win the attention of youthful students or readers, and sufficiently clear in its method and general treatment to be intelligible to them, has long been a desideratum with those who are charged with the higher education dispensed in our academies, preparatory schools, high schools, and colleges. There has been no book which precisely met this want, although there was no lack of excellent books of general history relating to the earlier periods, or of special histories of limited periods and of particular European nations. *A History of Modern Europe*,[4] which has been prepared for the "Student's Series," by Richard Lodge, M.A., Tutor of Brazenose College, Oxford, supplies the "missing link" most satisfactorily. Very wisely the author has made no attempt to go into the details of the domestic history of each European state, but has confined himself to those current public events and occurrences which, while profoundly influencing the affairs of each particular state, also exercised a mutual and controlling influence over all the Continental nations. He has also very judiciously abstained from entering into the history of England, except so far as it is directly involved with the history of the Continental states. The period treated in the book is that which is comprised in the four hundred and twenty-five years from the capture of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453 to the Treaty of Berlin in 1878; and the author has invested his narrative with the charm of unity and of connected interest, too often lacking in works of general history, by grouping the history of the different Continental states around the central and main currents of European affairs. No state is given greater prominence than its influence deserves, none is passed over slightingly or perfunctorily, and the history of each, and of its differences and contests with other states, is related with exemplary accuracy and impartiality. In like manner the references to those statesmen, soldiers, and sovereigns who were prominent in the history of the several states, or who exerted a potential or a modifying influence upon the destiny of Europe, are full, graphic, and noteworthy for their judicial candor. The book is equipped with an elaborate chronological table showing the procession of the more memorable events of the period, and with an index so exhaustive as to make reference and comparison easy. Although primarily designed as a manual for the use of pupils and students, and admirably adapted to that end, the general reader who has not the means to acquire or the time to peruse the larger histories of modern Europe will find this a most satisfactory compend, sufficiently full to give him an intelligent view of the current of European history during a most important period of transition and development.

No book better deserves study and perusal by our public men, and indeed by all men who give solicitous attention to the pressing political problems of the day, than a little pamphlet from the pen of the veteran historian and statesman George Bancroft, entitled *A Plea for the Constitution of the United States of America Wounded in the House of its Guardians*,[5] which has just been published by the Messrs. Harper. The unpretentious size of this little book bears no proportion to its great importance. As its title dimly intimates, it is an examination and review of a recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States. Mr. Bancroft shows indisputably that the Supreme Court erred egregiously when it declared that the impressing upon bills or notes of the government the quality of a legal tender was a power universally understood to belong to sovereignty in Europe and America at the time of the framing and adoption of the Constitution, the historical fact being, as he overwhelmingly proves, not only that this peculiar prerogative of sovereignty was *not* universal either in Europe or America, but that the reverse was the case. He also shows by the acts and carefully weighed statements of the framers of the Constitution, and of its early administrators and expounders, that even if this kind of sovereignty had existed in Europe and America, it had no place in the Constitution of the United States, but that, under it, Congress has no powers in an unlimited sense, no *inherent* powers in any sense, no powers but those that have been delegated to it by positive grant, and that anything that is not given is reserved to the States and the people. And finally he shows conclusively, by the record of the Supreme Court itself, that the power of Congress to emit bills of credit is not now (*i. e.*, at the time of the decision under review in 1884) nor ever has been established by its decisions, but on the contrary that the uniform and universal judgment of statesmen, jurists, and constitutional lawyers has denied the constitutional right of Congress to make paper a legal tender to any extent whatever. Mr. Bancroft's argument is convincing, and it is weighted with a degree of earnestness, solemnity, and apprehensiveness that makes it profoundly impressive.

[4] *A History of Modern Europe, from the Capture of Constantinople by the Turks to the Treaty of Berlin.* 1878. By RICHARD LODGE, M.A. "Student's Series." 12mo, Cloth, pp. 772, $1 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[5] *A Plea for the Constitution of the United States of America Wounded in the House of its Guardians.* By GEORGE BANCROFT. "Harper's Handy Series." 16mo, pp. 95, 25 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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LITERARY NOTES.

THE author of *In the Golden Days*[1] has made an adventurous break from the ranks of those novelists whose "perpetual nineteenth-centuryism" sadly needs a relief. And fortunately for us and for herself, she has been able to give us a historical background carefully painted with real living human beings to interest us. Had she offered the public a hastily sketched set of scenery of the time of Charles II., or arrayed a group of modern characters in doublet and hose, with a garnishing of "peradventures" and "prithees" to give local flavor, she would have added another to a long list of historical novels as tiresome as they are misleading that are responsible for the disrepute into which modern novels of history, with one or two brilliant exceptions, have fallen. But Miss Lyall has committed neither of these blunders. A high respect for her art, a tender and sympathetic understanding of what is best in human nature, and a conscientiousness in matters of detail, have evidently made her story what it is — a novel of character, of manners, as well as of morals. It is hard to say on what side *In the Golden Days* deserves most praise. It is exceedingly well rounded. The author gives us only glimpses of real historical characters; but pages of careful analysis could not more impress the reader with reverence for Algernon Sidney or pity and contempt for Charles II. Miss Lyall's art is shown in the subtle yet broad strokes with which she paints characters so diverse and so complex as those of the great republican and the pleasure-loving king. There are half a dozen scenes in the book that are startlingly vivid. The king's interview with Hugo, whose fortitude and manliness are admirably sustained, is one of these. The reader is in suspense—an element used by Miss Lyall in a manner that would seem audacious if she had not such command of her powers—but the suspense is soon merged into the development of character caused by the meeting of the enervated and artificial king with a pure and honest nature. This episode, which might so easily be made theatrical and false, is an example of the reticence skilfully exercised in the scene between Randolph—in despair at the noble firmness of his brother—and the Duchess of Cleveland. In other hands, this scene might have been tinged with a sensuous coloring; but Miss Lyall's grasp is firm, and the sympathy of the reader—we may say the watcher, for the scenes have the vividness of a good picture—never wavers for an instant from the side of the highest sentiments. The death of the little boy in Newgate is simply and unforcedly pathetic. The expedient of the rescue of Hugo from prison is not new, but few writers have so skilfully used it. Joyce, one of the heroines—*In the Golden Days* is a fresh and beautiful love-story—is a sweet Puritan maiden, and her surroundings at the old country house of Mondisfield are redolent of peace and contentment until love, with its shadow, trouble, comes. *In the Golden Days* is a religious novel in the best sense; it holds up the Christian virtues to admiration; its charity is sweet and broad, and its lesson, taught perhaps unconsciously, but none the less directly, is that the spiritual is best, and that life, even when lapped in all the luxuries, is nothing without fidelity, honesty, and purity. History is made accessory to the portrayal of character, and yet the historical color is so correct that one submits one's self to the swift current of the interest of the story with entire confidence in the scholarship and good taste of a novelist who has learned what few have caught, since Sir Walter Scott wrote, the secret of amusing and instructing at the same time.

Atla[2] is a poetical fantasy in prose. Mrs. J. Gregory Smith adroitly tunes the mind of the reader for her narrative by a brief but cleverly written introduction. When one finishes this, the wonders that succeed it have an air of reality which it is hard to dissipate. If the ancients could make transparent gold, and chisel the flinty statues of Elephanta, Ellora, and Ajunta, if the Egyptian priests used the audiphone and the telephone in their inconceivably splendid mysteries, why may we not believe that Atlantis, with its floating garden, existed and gave concreteness to the golden fable of the Hesperides? Mrs. Smith does not argue on the subject of the island of Atlantis; she frankly takes us into it, and there we live on the gorgeous banks of Lake Ziclan until the fatal omen appears, and the island, with colonnades, palaces, gilded domes, and swarming streets, sinks from sight into the sea.

> "Temples, towers, and domes of many stories
> There lie buried in an ocean grave,
> Undescried save when their golden glories
> Gleam at sunset through the lighted wave."

Mrs. Smith has clothed the dry bones of the old tradition and theory with flesh and blood. Kron the king, Astera the princess, Atla the gift of the sea, Thalok the evil high-priest, and the youths Herekla and Zemar, live and move, "where all the air is balm and the peach is the emblem of beauty," through a round of incidents that follow one another naturally and without jar. Without any waste of rhetoric or apparent striving for dramatic effect, the author of *Atla* gives an impressive and striking picture of life as it might have been on the island of Atlantis. Indeed, the reader who finishes the book—and he who begins it will finish it, unless he is very gravely preoccupied—must believe that if Atlantis ever existed, it

[1] *In the Golden Days.* A Novel. By EDNA LYALL. 16mo, Half Bound, pp. 418, 75 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[2] *Atla: a Story of the Lost Island.* By MRS. J. GREGORY SMITH. 16mo, pp. 284, Cloth, $1. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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was as it is described in *Atla*. Imagination, fancy, simplicity of style, and sometimes elevation, which never gets beyond the line where bombast begins, go to make a very charming and fascinating prose poem. The feast of Raynir, the immolation of the human victims before the splendidly attired Atlantean world, the horrible struggle of the populace, are episodes to which fine blank-verse would hardly give more impressiveness than Mrs. Smith's clear prose. The dreadful noonday following the announcement that the quenchless lamp had expired, in spite of the watching of the vestal and the frantic efforts of Thalok, during the eclipse of the sun, to rekindle the fire by means of a sun-glass, are rapidly but vigorously etched. The strong effect of *Atla* is due to the fact that its author writes like one who actually believes her story. No parenthesis or "aside" meets incredulity, and while turning the pages of *Atla* the reader will have to acknowledge that he is under a spell.

The *Index to Harper's New Monthly Magazine*[3] covers a period of thirty-five years. In possession of the seventy volumes of this Magazine, and this exhaustive index to them, one has a many-sided and complete history of the nineteenth century. The book forms a key to many problems which were unsolved when this great chronicle was in process of being made from month to month. Looking back through the index, the reader loses himself in that anxious time of the civil war when the future was impenetrable. It is no history written in cold blood to which we are led, but a record as vivid as the letter of a wounded soldier written on the field of battle. The very references in the index—Antietam, for instance—stir the blood of the reader who remembers how closely the *New Monthly* reflected the life and aspirations of the American people. The whole history of the civil war is contained in these volumes; the mere references are charged with the color of the time, and are suggestive of retrospections more grateful and more regretful than usually come from a compilation like this. Turning to the Literary Record, the reader finds reference to inexhaustible riches. *Little Dorrit, Our Mutual Friend, Bleak House,* and the minor stories of Dickens are set down here, complete, like the author's life at last. If we turn to other pages, we shall find *The Virginians,* with Thackeray's own quaint and peculiar pictures. Name after name of writer and artist appears which has since become famous, and which was growing in brightness as this living history unrolled. Every movement of modern thought is indicated in this index, for nothing of moment seems to have escaped the attention of the *New Monthly,* whose varied departments received from month to month all that could instruct, interest, or entertain. The department of travel and exploration, as the index shows, is particularly rich. And its great importance is well brought out by the system adopted in this index. Each contribution is put in under the author's real name, under the title as given in the text, and under the subject or class heading. Not only are the illustrated articles marked by an asterisk, but illustrations of lasting value have been carefully indexed in the same manner as reading matter. The system of cross references introduced is very satisfactory. This arrangement is particularly valuable in the department of travels and adventures, where general titles, sometimes suggested more by the picturesqueness of the subject than by its practical bearing, might be misleading. The plasticity of the method adopted is peculiarly evident in its application to the Editor's Easy Chair. If it were not for this index, it would be almost impossible to find, without much waste of time, many observations on social and other events which seemed to have an evanescent value when read in the current numbers, but which now have historical as well as æsthetic worth. The Editor's Historical Record, formerly Current Events, has been analyzed with such skill that the events of over one-third of a century are seen almost at a glance. Even to persons who do not possess the volumes of the Magazine, or who live at a distance from a large library, this index will be of incalculable usefulness. A note has only to be made of the information needed, and the page where it is to be found, a friend in town or a librarian can in a short time supply the gist of the article, or perhaps the number or the numbers of the Magazine containing it. For the old reader of the Magazine this index is a treasure; for the new one, a surprise. It enables the former to secure at once the half-remembered gem almost lost, and it shows the latter a mine of wealth that he never realized the existence of. In some of the papers, the *obiter dicta* of the writers have great value. The indexer has not forgotten them, and in the cross references we often find by-paths to information which the general heading of articles would give us no hint of. "Statistics" is a model of thoughtfulness and literary tact. "Places" occupies ten columns, and shows a range that covers the whole known civilized and uncivilized world. Over eight pages of references to portraits are very interesting reading, although the volume is of that kind not generally supposed to be other than "dry." It is almost impossible to mention the name of a living or dead celebrity whose picture is not in this list. Edmond About and Alfieri; the three beautiful Americans, the Misses Caton, who became respectively Lady Stafford, Duchess of Leeds, and the Marchioness of Wellesley; Father Beckx, the General of the Jesuits, Mutsuhito, Emperor of Japan, Rufus Choate, and a host of others,

[3] *Index to Harper's New Monthly Magazine:* Alphabetical, Analytical, and Classified. Volumes I.-LXX. inclusive, from June, 1850, to June, 1885. Compiled by CHARLES A. DURFEE. 8vo, pp. 783, Cloth, $4. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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equally eminent or interesting, appear in this pictorial gallery. The consideration and tact used in the making of this volume are marvellous. It is only necessary to have cause to use it to appreciate this fully. All the resources of the printer's art that can be applied to such an undertaking have been brought under contribution for this. The result of this exhaustive thought is felt by the student, who finds his tasks made easy and his eyesight saved by expedients which have brought technical skill to the aid of the brain. All groups of titles under headings or names of authors have been set in nonpareil type, while the headings and names of authors appear in a form of brevier. To persons having unbound sets of the Magazine the table of final pages in each number, with the corresponding month and year, will be most useful. It is evident that no care has been spared to make this volume a perfect and comprehensive index.

The second series of the *Lives of Greek Statesmen*[4] begins with Ephialtes and ends with Hermokrates. The fitness of the Rev. Sir George W. Cox for the work of portraying the statesmen of Greece, and interpreting the meaning of their relations to one another and to their states, has been shown by the first volume. But the epoch of the present volume and the men who made it—Ephialtes, Kimon, Perikles, Phormion, Archidamos, Kleon, Brasidas, Demosthenes, Nikias, Hermokrates—have even greater lessons for modern thinkers than the time of Miltiades and Aristeides. Athens and Sparta are in deadly combat—a combat inexplicable to those who have not discovered the wide difference between the polity of the two states and the characters of the statesmen who ruled them. The author accentuates the contrast between the state-crafts of Athens and Sparta by comparing the career of Perikles with that of Brasidas. Perikles was growing doubtful and clouded in Athens when Brasidas bounded into the political arena of Sparta. The author's sketches of these two leaders—following Thucydides, but drawn with important additions, evidently the result of solid scholarship and keen insight—are full of careful and graphic work. That of Perikles is specially interesting, perhaps because it appeals more to modern sympathy. The Athens of his time was trying to solve a problem at which civilized nations are still trying their power. Athens was a city of ease for those who were not slaves. Although the whole elegant Athenian system of a democracy of culture was founded on slavery, the citizens of Athens had reached a high state of judicial and political education. The description of the condition of Athens under Perikles is one of the most important parts of this volume of the *Lives of Greek Statesmen*. Such a lucid exposition of the strength and weakness of Athenian society and polity could only be made by an author who had studied his subject thoroughly from the root of it. The disadvantages of the Athenian in times when the sterner qualities, not fed by the study of beauty—in which the poorest citizen of Athens could indulge—were needed, are clearly pointed out by Sir George Cox. He shows us that even the superiority of the Athenian fleet was neutralized by the sense of loss which the Athenian warriors felt in leaving their beautiful and easeful home. At Sparta all was different, as the author points out; every citizen was surrounded by a net-work of restrictions. He knew nothing of the pictures of Polygnotos or the statues of Pheidias; his home was a gloomy barrack, to which he had no burning desire to return. Sir George Cox's analysis of the picturesque story of the massacre of the prisoners at Plataia leaves the impression that Thucydides believed that a partial exaggeration of events, or even the invention of them in an epic manner, was one of the duties of a historian. Perikles and the condition of Athens are, however, subjects which, as treated in this remarkably well-planned series of *Lives*, form a subject worth close study. Though in a small space, nothing is left unwritten that needed to be written; and the Spartans, with all their unattractive rigor, are invested with a new interest. They make a dark contrast to the lightness and grace of the Athenians, and when Brasidas appears among them—the only Spartan untrammelled by the awful tyranny of civic life—we understand the contrast between the struggling states and the depths of antipathy that must have existed between them. The author has cultivated the art of drawing the reader closer to his subjects by indirectly suggesting parallels with the conditions of modern life. The method in which Ephialtes, the Athenian and colleague of Perikles, is treated, causes his *Life* to be one of the most attractive and instructive in the book. Sir George Cox has succeeded in dealing with the character of this Greek reformer, who broke down the power of the hereditary legislators of Athens and filled the Areiopagos with the people, in a startlingly new way, yet in the strictest accord with history. This second volume of *The Lives of Greek Statesmen* is a book of comparatively small compass, but the author has put into it a most valuable and readable series of scholarly studies.

Mr. Charles H. Ham's *Manual Training*[5] comes at a time when the subject he treats has assumed the importance it ought of right to have with the public. Mr. Ham regards tools as "the great civilizing agency of the world." This respect for the implements which divide bar-

[4] *Lives of Greek Statesmen*. Second Series, "Ephialtes—Hermokrates." By Sir GEORGE W. COX, Bart. 16mo, pp. 286, Cloth, 75 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[5] *Manual Training: the Solution of Social and Industrial Problems*. By CHARLES H. HAM. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 426, Cloth, $1 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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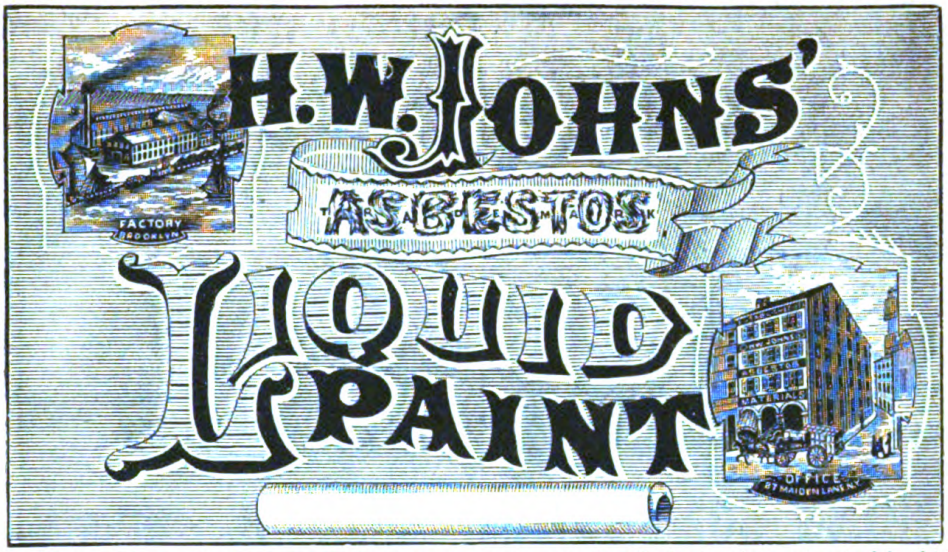
barism from civilization is the key-note of the book. Mr. Ham's plea for manual training is not intolerant. He holds that the new education is a blending of manual and mental training. He demands, and with much show of reason, that the state cease to teach the mind while neglecting the hands. The laborer of the future must have manual and technical training; otherwise he will, Mr. Ham insists, become only a machine. To avert this dire misfortune is his aim. He proposes to do so by making the public schools institutions of manual as well as of intellectual training. He supports his theory by a wealth of practical illustrations and facts drawn from experience which deserve attention from students of the educational problem. The great worth of this volume consists in the practical nature of Mr. Ham's suggestions. He is not only a theorist, but a worker. His connection with the Chicago Manual Labor School, and the knowledge of practical methods of manual training that he has for several years labored to acquire, make him a specialist in a line in which he has been also a pioneer. He gives a list of questions used at the first examination for admission to the Chicago Manual Training School, a list suggestive of the thoroughness of his scheme for rendering the eye, the hand, and the ear skilled and ready servants of the brain. His list of studies for the first, second, and third year is brief, but consistent with his plan. The brain and the hand keep time together. Mr. Ham forcibly states why the hand should be educated, and made the accomplished ally of the mind. He uses with aptness the testimony of Ruskin and others, who foresee the evils arising from a popular education which does not adequately suit means to a useful end; he thinks that the change from automatic to scientific education ought not to be hard; things must be given for signs; geography should be taught by means of sand moulded to represent mountain ranges, coast-lines, etc. He quotes the assertion that it is practicable to let every child of fair capacity start in life from his school a skilled worker. He admits with deep regret that young people are growing up in large numbers with a decided repugnance to industrial labor; he is aware that a social revolution must occur before manual labor will be redeemed from contempt, but this revolution must be an educational one, and when it has accomplished its work, the skilled laborer, purged of the scorn borne by him during ages of slavery, will assume the high social place he deserves. Mr. Ham's first chapter on the Chicago Manual Training School will repay close attention. We are told in it how sixty merchants of Chicago, forming the Commercial Club, alarmed by the rapid decrease of skilled labor, founded the school, which was an experiment on the success of which the future of combined mental and manual education depended. The theory of the school is, as Mr. Ham expresses it, that the idea should never be isolated from the object it represents. The chapter on "The Majesty of Tools" is a protest against the confining of education to abstractions, and it concludes with the assertion that public education ends when it ought to begin to practise the theories it has imparted; words go on without fruition, instead of blossoming into acts. Mr. Ham is not content with abstractions himself; for every argument in favor of manual training he has a fact, or he can point to some example of its importance that has come under his observation. He lays heavy stress on the immense value of drawing as the first step in manual training. He describes it as a universal language. "Each line is a word; an angle completes the sentence; with a curve and a little delicate shading we have a paragraph." Mr. Ham devotes a chapter to the necessity of educating women as teachers, which has additional interest in the context of the strongest plea for the spread of manual labor schools that has yet appeared. Mr. Ham's volume was delayed by the unexpected magnitude of the work he had undertaken, but its interest is increased by the timeliness of its appearance now, when thoughtful men are seriously considering how the subject of supplying skilled labor shall be attacked. Mr. Ham's volume answers fully and frankly all the questions that have so far come up.

Trustees of public schools, boards of education, teachers, and parents will each find much matter that will repay them for its perusal and study in a handy little volume[6] recently published, which contains a collection of juridical decisions in the several States of the Union bearing upon the power and authority of school officers and teachers in the management and government of public schools, and over pupils *in* and *out of* school. The volume is the fruit of a careful examination and collation of numerous officially reported cases in many of the States; and the points to which these apply have a direct and practical interest, being such as are liable to be forced upon the attention of school officers and teachers at any moment, and such also as often involve serious personal difficulties and other unpleasant consequences. The collection is very properly confined to cases that have been decided in the courts, those which have been pronounced upon by school officials only being omitted for the reason that they are not final and authoritative, and may be traversed and overruled by the courts. Familiarity with this compact and useful manual will save teachers, trustees, and school officers generally, and also parents and pupils, from many vexatious, many irritating, and many demoralizing misunderstandings and conflicts.

[6] *The Power and Authority of School Officers and Teachers in the Management and Government of Public Schools, and over Pupils out of School, as Determined by the Courts of the Several States.* By a Member of the Massachusetts Bar. 16mo, pp. 181, 75 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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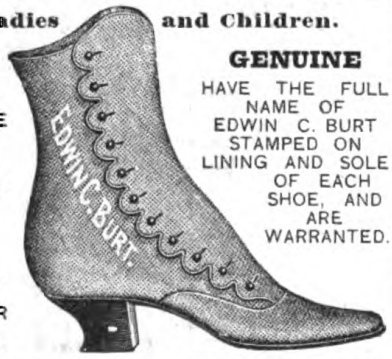
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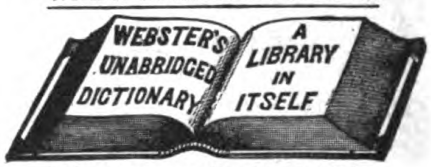
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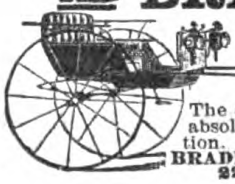
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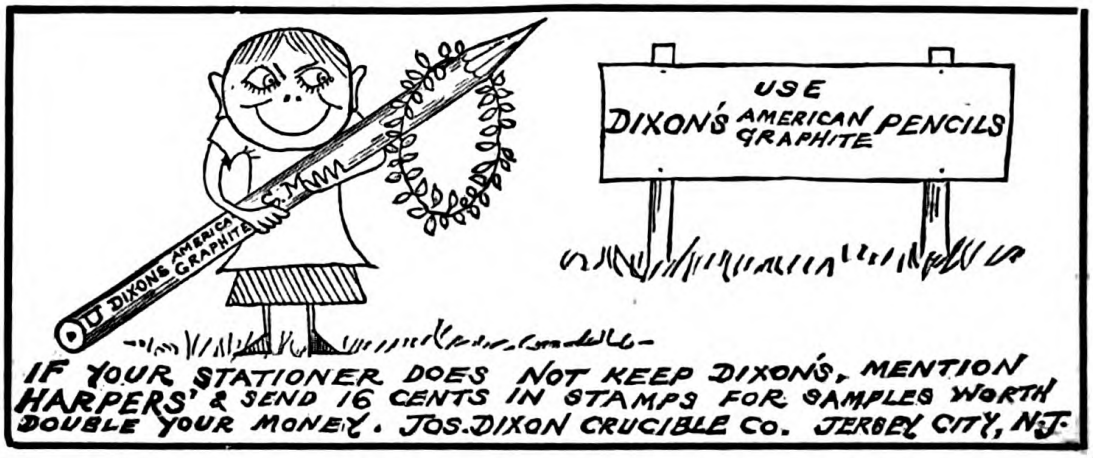
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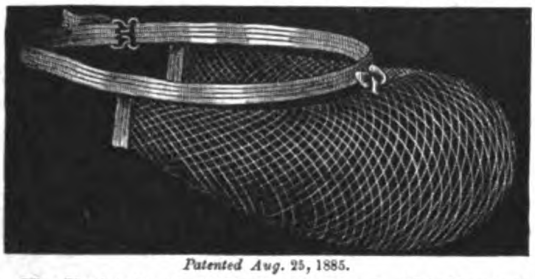
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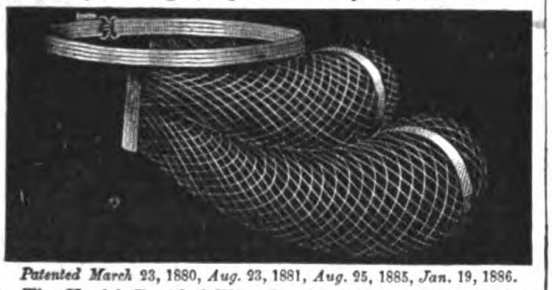
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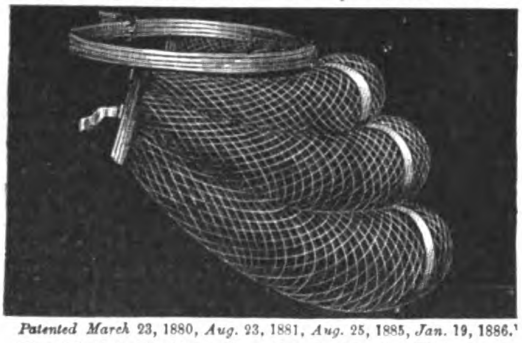
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Patented March 23, 1880, Aug. 23, 1881, Aug. 25, 1885, Jan. 19, 1886.

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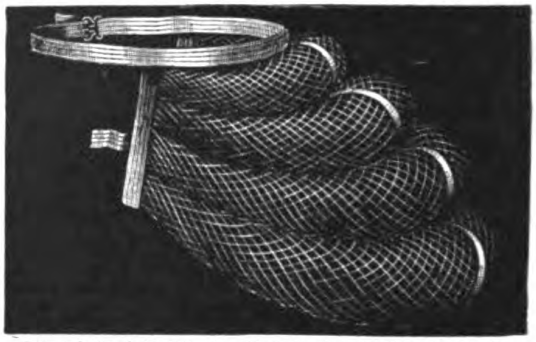
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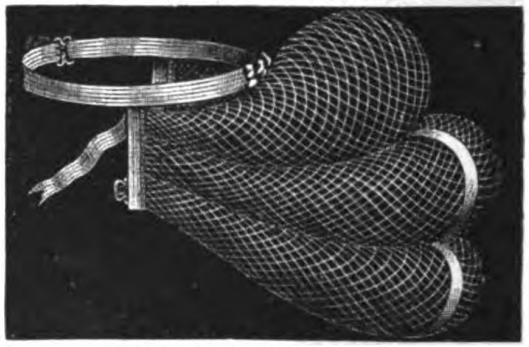
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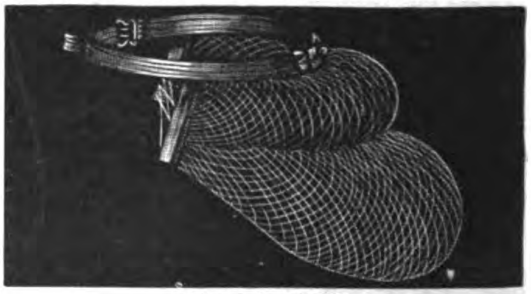
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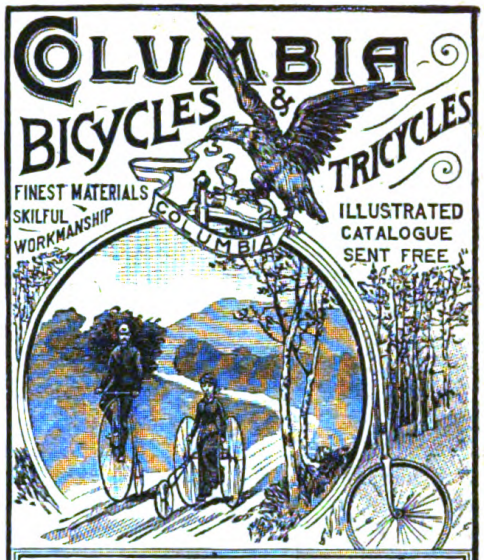
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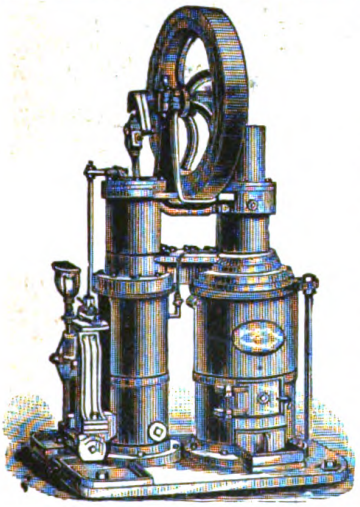
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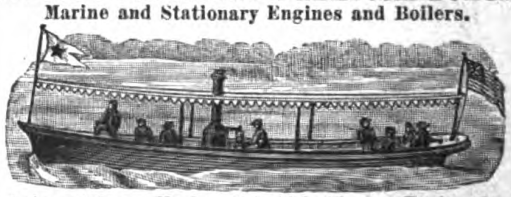
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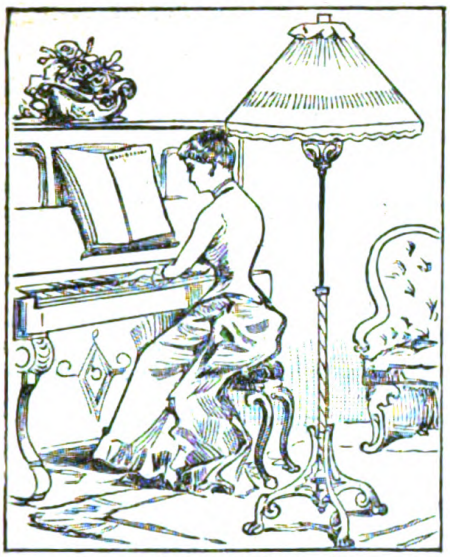
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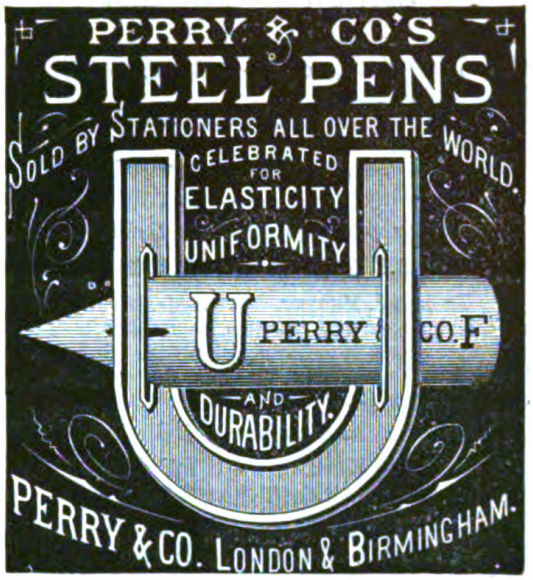
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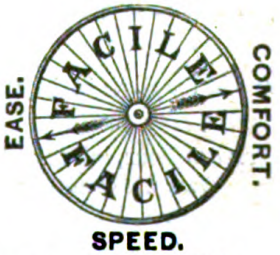
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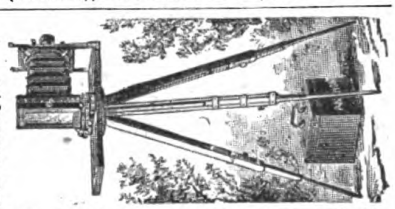
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VOLUME 72. NUMBER 432. HARPER'S MAGAZINE. NEW YORK, MAY, 1886.

"Faith." Engraved by W. B. CLOSSON, from a Painting by E. ARMITAGE, R.A. ..... *Frontispiece.*

The London Season 821
Illustrations. Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.
Anglers.—A Brace of Spring Captains.—Dancing Men.—The Supper.—"Where two or three Couples sit in a blissful State."—"A stately Staircase winds round a large Hall."—The Charity Bazar.—At a Garden Party.—"The English take their Pleasures sadly."—Meeting of the "Row" and "Drive."—The Gondolette.

Return. A Poem ..... JULIET C. MARSH 837

Sap Bewitched ..... WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON 838
With Four Illustrations. Drawn by W. H. GIBSON. Engraved by MARSH, STEWART, and WELLINGTON.

She Stoops to Conquer ..... OLIVER GOLDSMITH 844
Illustrations. Drawn by E. A. ABBEY.
"And yet he might have seen something in me."—"You saw the old Lady and Miss Neville drive off, you say?"—"Tut, Boy, a Trifle."—"Did he talk of Love?"

With the Bluecoats on the Border ..... RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM 849
Illustrations. Drawn by R. F. ZOGBAUM. Engraved by STEWART, WOLF, and LINDSAY.
Ride through the Storm.—A Soldier's Welcome.—The Vigilants.—A "Wood-hawk."—Fair Sharpshooters.—A hot Trail.—The Captives.—Good-by.

Springhaven. A Novel. Part II. ..... R. D. BLACKMORE 861
Illustrations. Drawn by FREDERICK BARNARD and ALFRED PARSONS. Engraved by HEARD and TINKEY.
Head-piece.—"Here was beautiful cantering Ground."—Stonnington Church.—"What wonderfully good Boys!"—"Two pretty Ladies in Riding-habits."—Tail-piece.

The Home Acre. Part III. ..... E. P. ROE 877

Face to Face. A Poem ..... PAUL H. HAYNE 884

Their Pilgrimage. Part II. ..... CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER 885
Illustrations. Drawn by C. S. REINHART. Engraved by WELLINGTON.
Head piece.—Rip Van Winkle.—The Bride from Kankazoo.—Excursionists.—"The Artist's favorite Occupation."—"There was all day long a Competition of Dudes and elderly Widowers and Bachelors to wait on her."—On the Red Path.—The Ascent to Kaaterskill Falls.—"The Danger increased as she descended."

The Story of Feather Head ..... LIEUTENANT H. LEMLY, U.S.A. 899
With Two Illustrations. Drawn by T. DE THULSTRUP.

King Arthur. Not a Love Story. Part II. ..... BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN" 904

Clairvoyance. A Poem ..... HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD 931

Portraits of our Saviour ..... WILLIAM H. INGERSOLL 933
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Editor's Study ..... WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS 972
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Monthly Record of Current Events 976
Political Intelligence.—Disasters.—Obituary.

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VOLUME 72. NUMBER 432. | **HARPER'S MAGAZINE.** | NEW YORK, MAY, 1886.

Illustrated. Four Dollars a Year.

THE June Number, beginning the Seventy-third Volume of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, will contain "The United States Navy in Transition," by Rear-admiral EDWARD SIMPSON, U.S.N., with twenty-one illustrations; "Through Cumberland Gap on Horseback," by JAMES LANE ALLEN, illustrated by JULIAN RIX; "A Lump of Sugar"—the Fifth Paper in the Series of "Great American Industries"—fully illustrated; "She Stoops to Conquer" (continuation of Act V.), with illustrations by E. A. ABBEY; the Third Part of "Their Pilgrimage," a series of papers, taking the shape of a story, and depicting characteristic features of American society at summer resorts—written by CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, and illustrated by C. S. REINHART; the Third Part of "Springhaven," a new novel by R. D. BLACKMORE, illustrated by ALFRED PARSONS and FREDERICK BARNARD (an illustration by the latter serving as a frontispiece to the Number); the conclusion of "King Arthur: Not a Love-Story," a new novel by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman;" the Fourth Part of "The Home Acre," by E. P. ROE; Short Stories, Timely Articles, Poems, etc.

VOLUME XXX. | **HARPER'S WEEKLY.** | For 1886.

Illustrated. Four Dollars a Year.

HARPER'S WEEKLY is an illustrated record of and commentary upon the events of the times. It treats of every topic, Political, Historical, Literary, and Scientific, which is of current interest, and gives the finest illustrations that can be obtained from every available source, original or foreign. A special attraction of the current volume is Mr. THOMAS HARDY'S "Mayor of Casterbridge," an illustrated novel of rural life in England, which began with the new year, and will be concluded in May, to be succeeded in July by a characteristic and interesting story of Mr. WALTER BESANT'S—"The World Went Very Well Then."

VOLUME XIX. | **HARPER'S BAZAR.** | For 1886.

Illustrated. Four Dollars a Year.

HARPER'S BAZAR (published weekly) has no equal as an Illustrated Family Journal. It comprises every subject of interest to the home circle. While it is universally acknowledged to be the leading fashion paper of America, its literary and artistic merits are of the highest order. Two powerful serial stories, "The Heir of the Ages," by JAMES PAYN, with brilliant illustrations, and "Paston Carew, Millionaire and Miser," by Mrs. E. LYNN LINTON, began with the first numbers of Volume XIX.

VOLUME VII. | **HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.** | For 1886.

Illustrated. Two Dollars a Year.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is an illustrated weekly for boys and girls. The range of its contents includes Serial and Short Stories; articles on various subjects of an instructive character treated in an entertaining manner; articles having a special timely interest; Short Sketches, Poems, Indoor and Outdoor Pastimes and Sports, Practical Mechanics; and a variety of other interesting and entertaining matter, both in letter-press and illustrations. "Silent Pete" is the title of the new serial story by JAMES OTIS, author of "Toby Tyler," "Mr. Stubbs's Brother," etc.

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